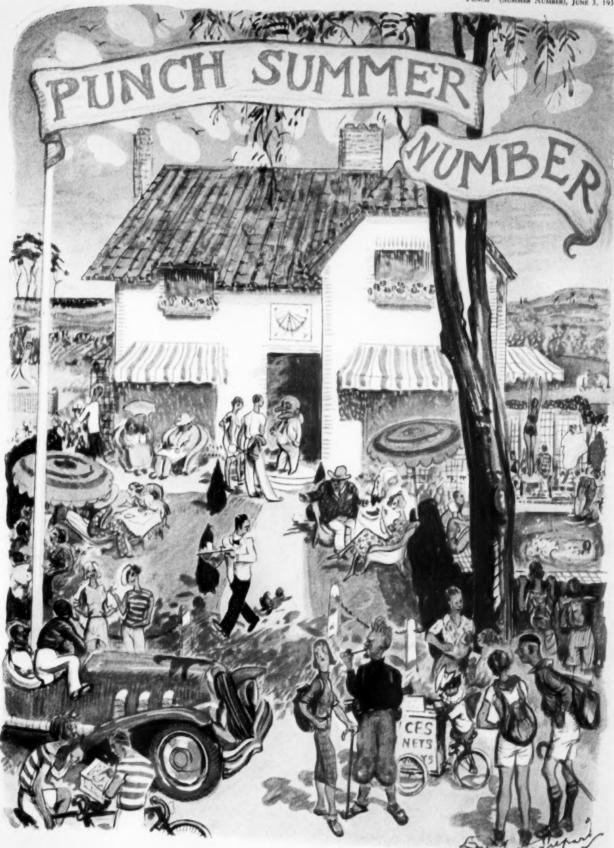


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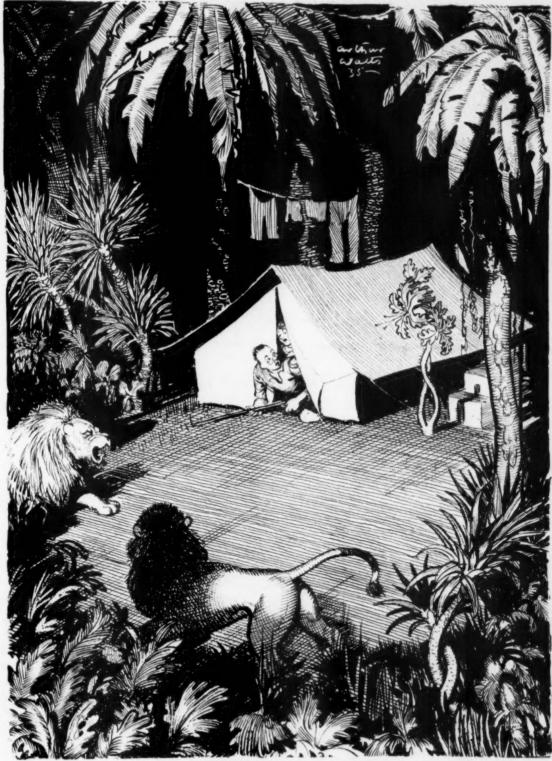
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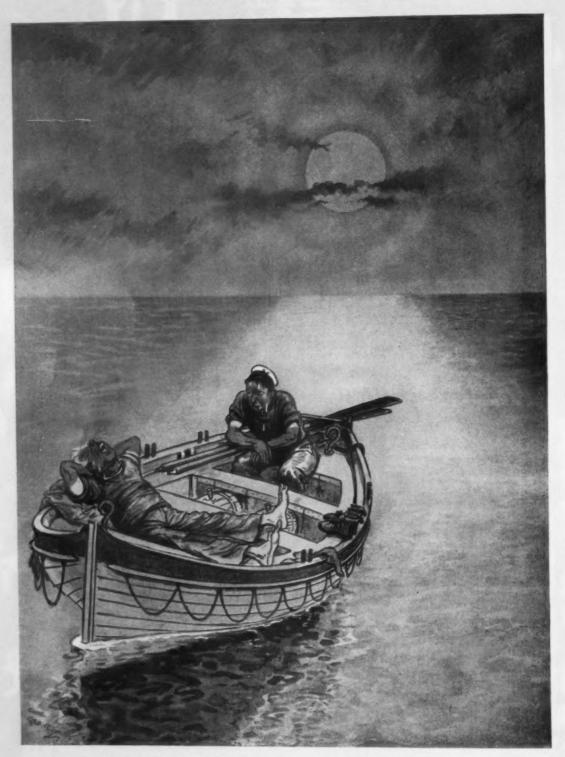




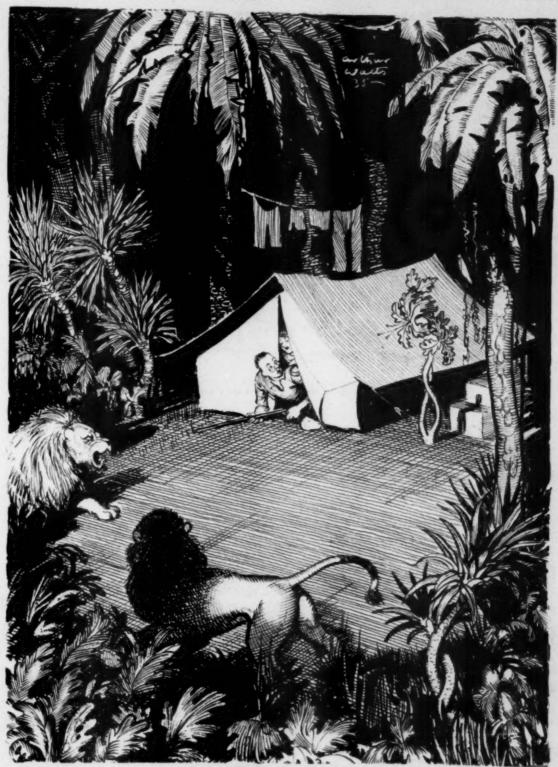
"D'YOU RECKON IT'S TRUE, GEORGE, WHAT THEM SCIENTISTS SAYS, THAT THE WORLD IS SLOWLY COOLIN'?"



"NO, THERE AREN'T ANY MORE CARTRIDGES, DEAR. WOULD THIS TIN OF RAT-POISON BE ANY GOOD?"



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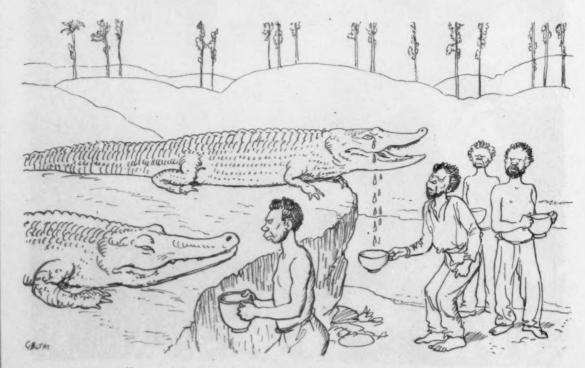


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TRAVELLERS' TALES FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

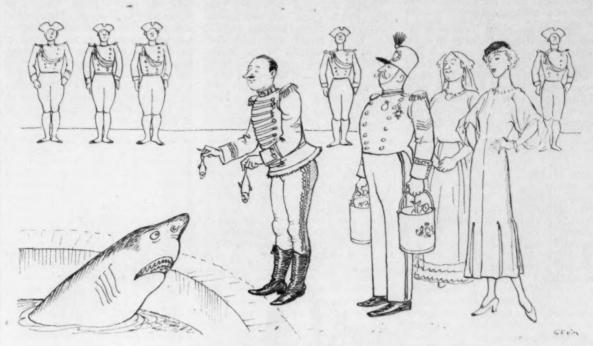


THE GRAND KHAN OF BHUNKERISTAN USES A YAK AS A CADDIE.



NATIVES OF QUEENSLAND COLLECTING CROCODILES' TEARS FOR MEDICINAL USE.

TRAVELLERS' TALES FOR THE SILLY SEASON.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF TOSHNOVIA FEEDS HIS PET SHARK EVERY MORNING.



DOCTOR ESTEBAN ALVARADO, WHOSE PATIENTS LIVE IN A MOUNTAINOUS PART OF PERU, FINDS THAT A LLAMA IS PREFERABLE TO A MOTOR-CAR FOR VISITING PURPOSES.

The Passionate Passengers. (A Tale of the Permanent Way.)

CHAPTER 1.

TEN men sat round the table in the nobly-proportioned Board-room at St. Eustace station. They were not particularly beautiful men. Lord Edward Ruffsox, for instance, whose moustache was widely claimed to be the most bedraggled in all Worcestershire, would never have risen to eminence simply on the score of mere facial pulchritude.

the set of their shoulders and in the strong decisive lines they drew from time to time across their blotting-pads.

A crisis was upon them now. That things had for a long time been unsatisfactory even Admiral Hotpoll, who had been on the Board, some said, since before the invention of the steamengine, was aware; and the summoning of an Extraordinary Meeting of Directors at a time when the mayfly were just beginning to appear on the water made it amply clear that the situation was now of a gravity unparalleled in

of Hummingham. That town is also served by the Central Railway, with whom in the past we have more than held our own"—(Hear, hear)—"Of recent months, however, a most deplorable and rapidly accelerating decrease has been observed in the number of passengers carried by us to Hummingham, while a corresponding increase has taken place in the numbers travelling by the Central. Last Wednesday only fourteen passengers travelled on our special Business Express, and all of them were women.



"I AM BELLAMY SMITH."

General Oxfoot had a squint. And as for the Earl of Cumber, who had so often in his younger days been mistaken for a goat, the best that could be said for him was that in the present company his grotesqueness might easily pass without remark.

But Beauty, as has often been observed, counts for little at board-room meetings. It is Character that tells; and with this quality the Directors of the London and East Midland Railway Company were richly endowed. Ugly, repulsive even, they might be, but when difficulties had to be faced and crises met these undoubtedly were the men to meet them. You could see it in the way they held their pens, in

the history of the Company. Exactly how grave it was Sir Benjamin Droop, Chairman of the Board, had just risen to explain.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we are met together here to consider a problem of the utmost importance—so important indeed that I gravely fear unless it can be solved the whole future of our great Company may be imperilled."

The Directors, with the exception of Admiral Hotpoll, who was already asleep, sat up suddenly in their chairs.

"The position briefly is this. Much of our revenue is, as you know, derived from the conveyance of business-men to and from the great industrial town

"None of us can be unconscious"—
(A Voice. What about the Admiral?)—
"few of us can be unconscious of the
tremendous loss that this means for
the Company, and you may rest assured that no effort has been spared
to ascertain its cause. But unhappily
without result. Our expresses are
faster, our services more regular, our
carriages altogether more comfortable—"

General Oxfoot. What about the food?
"I was coming to that. Our own
three-and-sixpenny luncheon has always, we maintain, been second to
none. The current menu of the Central
Railway, which I hold in my hand,
reads as follows: Pea Soup, Boiled Cod,

Stewed Mutton and Potatoes, Stewed

Figs or Tapioca, Cheese.'

"And you mean to say," asked the Earl of Cumber incredulously, "that business-men still travel on the Central?"

"In their thousands," said Sir Benjamin, and a silence fell on the Board-room deeper perhaps than had

ever fallen there before.

"Under these circumstances," went on the Chairman at last, glancing up for encouragement at the proud arms of the Company (two trucks reversed in a field of oats, over the motto, Accidents Will Happen) which hung above the great fireplace, "I have taken a most unusual step. I have in fact requested the assistance of a Private Inquiry Agent."

"A detective, eh?" said Lord Edward with characteristic acumen.

"Exactly. A detective. He is coming here to-day—he should, in fact, be here any moment now—to give us the benefit of his advice. The name of Bellamy Smith may possibly be familiar to you?"

It was not.

"Tall and thin," suggested a Field-Marshal, who, like all the Directors, was widely read, "fond of playing the violin, and possessed in moments of emergency of surprising strength?"

"On the contrary," said a gentleman sitting between General Oxfoot and the Earl of Cumber, "he is an averagesized man of unprepossessing appearance with a passion for making money."

"You know Bellamy Smith?" exclaimed Sir Benjamin in surprise.
"I am Bellamy Smith," said the

gentleman quietly.

"You are Bellamy Smith?" "Certainly."

"Nonsense, man!" said General Oxfoot loudly. "You're one of the Directors. We should have noticed the presence of a stranger immediately."

"Of any ordinary stranger, perhaps," replied the detective mildly, "but not me. I am, as I say, an unusually ugly man. Now, Sir Benjamin," he went on when the coughing had subsided, "as to your difficulties. They are not, I am happy to be able to say, insuperable."

"You have thought of a way of tackling the problem?" put in the Chairman eagerly.

"I have solved it," replied Bellamy

Smith simply.

"Great heavens! But how?"

"By making a journey on the Central Railway," said the detective. "I am surprised that none of you gentlemen had thought of so simple an expedient."

"My dear sir! We have a duty to our Line, you know." "We should have to pay!" added.

"My first act on hearing from your Chairman," the detective continued calmly, "was to take a first-class ticket to Hummingham by the Central Railway (you will find the item on my expenses-account), and at a certain stage in the journey I observed a most interesting and revealing—er—circumstance. What that was you shall learn the moment my fee of five thousand pounds has been paid over. The firm of Bellamy Smith," he added pleasantly, "has always been conducted on a payment-in-advance basis. Cheques should be made out to Bellamy Smith, esquire, and crossed, 'Pte Inquiry a,""

"I saw," he went on a minute later, pocketing the cheque, "a very beautiful woman. A Helen, gentlemen! A Cleopatra! A veritable Venus, rising phœnix-like from the smoke and ashes of the Permanent Way! Her hair, her eyes, her enslaving nose—I cannot describe them. It must suffice to say that men would go through fire and water just for a glimpse of her."

"You mean to say," asked the Earl of Cumber in amazement, "an ordinary business-man would voluntarily submit to a menu of stewed figs and tapioca just on the off-chance of seeing

this lady in the train?'

"She does not travel in the train," explained Bellamy Smith patiently. "She sits at the first-floor window of a house overlooking the Central Line to Hummingham just beyond Cuttleberry Junction."

"Ah!" said the Directors all in a

breath. "We see."

"But what are you going to do about it?" asked Sir Benjamin pathetically.

Bellamy Smith gazed up at the ceiling. "That, gentlemen," he said, "I shall be prepared to tell you on receipt of a further ten thousand pounds."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Louise Clover, thirty-one, a widow and the most perfect example of feminine loveliness since Helen of Troy, sat at the window of her first-floor back in a little house just beyond Cuttleberry Junction. The 11.40 uptrain to Hummingham was due in some seven minutes.

Her landlady's head appeared round the door. It looked all of a-twitter.

"There's ten gentlemen to see you, Mrs. Clover," it said.

Mrs. Clover did not even raise her indescribable eyebrows. "Show them up, please," she said.

The ten gentlemen who shortly tried to crowd themselves into the room were so uniformly hideous that it would be idle any longer to conceal

the fact that these were the same men whose deliberations in the board-room at St. Eustace we have already been privileged to overhear. The apartment seethed with Directors. They stood in the fireplace, they climbed over chairs, they wedged themselves into corners. One or two, unable to gain admittance on account of the press, hung about disconsolately in the passage.

Sir Benjamin Droop, who had been the first to enter and now found himself wedged up against Mrs. Clover by the window in a position of the utmost familiarity, attempted with his usual old-world courtesy some form of

introduction.

"I am Sir Benjamin Droop, Mrs. Clover," he explained, "Chairman of the London and East Midland Railway Company, and these are my colleagues on the Board. General Oxfoot, Lord Edward, Field - Marshal Viscount Bloomby of Allahabad, the Earl of Cumber, Admiral Hotpoll behind the aspidistra, Sir Reginald Roop and—er—others in the passage. I hope we do not intrude?"

"But to what," asked Mrs. Clover, who was not unversed in the rules and manners of polite society, "am I indebted for the honour of this un-

expected visit?'

"That, dear lady, I hope briefly to make clear. Our Company has, as any of my colleagues would tell you, but one concern—the comfort and enjoyment of our passengers."

"The comfort and enjoyment of our passengers is of paramount import-

ance," chanted the Directors.

"Their comfort is, I believe I may say, already more than adequately provided for. We now have in hand a scheme for increasing their enjoyment by adding to the attractions of the scenery through which it is their good fortune to travel. A start is being made by the erection at a suitable spot on our main line of a house of exceptional charm and beauty. But, as you will realise, dear Mrs. Clover, a house, however lovely in itself, is but a whited sepulchre, the setting without the jewel, unless there dwells in it someone of a charm and beauty excelling even its own-someone to light and-erhe glanced at his cuff-"irradiate it. To find that someone, Mrs. Clover, we have searched high and low, and at last we have succeeded. Madam," he con-'cluded, "we have found you."

"You want me to live in this house?"
"That is the suggestion we have come here to make. We offer you this superb dwelling, fully furnished and free of all cost, on the simple condition that you agree to live in it for the space of—shall we say ten years?"

"Make it less," said General Oxfoot. "She'll be past her best in five.

This unmannerly observation was fortunately made inaudible by the rumble of the 11.40, which was now approaching. Sir Benjamin, glancing out as it passed, could not repress a shudder as he saw tier upon tier of business-men's faces gazing up adoringly from every carriage-window.

Mrs. Clover watched the train disappear.

"It is very kind of you," she said at last, "but I am afraid I cannot possibly accept your offer. You see, I have not the means to live in such a grand house.

The Chairman smiled kindly. "I ought to have mentioned," he said, "that the Company is prepared to make you the very generous allowance of—ah—one thousand pounds a year during the period of your occupation.'

She looked down demurely at his waistcoat-so near,

in a sense, her own.
"I am afraid," she said timidly, "that I could not possibly manage on less than two thousand pounds a year."

"My dear young lady!"

"Three thousand pounds, I meant."



"PASSIONATE PASSENGERS."

"Four thousand!"

"Done!" shouted all the Directors together.

There was little more to be said. With an assurance that papers would shortly be forwarded for her signature, the Chairman bade Mrs. Clover a somewhat stiff farewell and shepherded his Directors out of the room. The last to take his leave was Bellamy Smith, the well-known Pte. Inquiry Agent, who during the interview had been lurking outside in the passage but now came boldly forward and clasped the lovely widow by the hand.

"Dear Mrs. Clover," he exclaimed as soon as they were alone, "may I offer you my most respectful congratulations?

"Mr. Smith, this is indeed a pleasure. I have always longed to meet a real Private Inquiry Agent. And thank you. thank you a thousand times for your warning note. Without it I should never have dared to demand a quarter of what I have got."

"Dear lady," he replied, and a light shone in his eyes such as is rarely seen in the face of Pte. Inquiry Agents, "from the moment I caught sight of you from the window of the 9.15 up express I knew that nothing would please me better than to do you a service. What I have done so far is but

trifling. I hope to be able to secure you far larger sums in the near future."

"It is sweet of you to do all this for me. I only hope that you too, Mr. Smith, are getting something out of this."

"Not more than fifteen thousand so far," he said complacently, "but we

are only just beginning.

She looked at him tenderly and drew him down beside her on the sofa which had so recently accommodated a Field-Marshal, an

Earl and part of a Baronet.

"Bellamy," she said softly—"may I call you Bellamy?—we must see a *lot* of one another."

CHAPTER III.

We are back in the capacious Board-room at St. Eustace station. Once again the Directors are assembled in full force and once again the astute brain of Bellamy Smith is present to assist them. Admiral Hotpoll is asleep, the Chairman is on his feet addressing the meeting. It is as if time had stood still.

But in reality nearly a year has passed and the affairs of the London and East Midland Railway Company are still far from satisfactory. If we listen to Sir Benjamin Droop we shall gain perhaps some idea of what has been going on.

"Gentlemen," he is saying, "I will not weary you with a detailed account of our travails during the past year. Mrs. Clover was, you will remember, persuaded, at a cost of four thousand pounds a year, exclusive of the cost of

the residence erected for her at Compton Bovis, to sign an agreement binding her to occupy that residence for a period of ten years from the date of contract. For a time all went well. A considerable—a very considerable increase in our passenger-traffic between London and Hummingham immediately resulted. Then came the first shock. Through our friend Mr. Bellamy Smith here we learnt that an offer—I may say a most dastardly offer—had been made to Mrs. Clover by the Central Railway management—an offer, in short, of ten thousand pounds on con-

dition that she would undertake to use only the front apartments, that is to say, the rooms not overlooking the line, in the house we had built for her. To buy her refusal of that offer cost the Company some £20,000, including Mr. Smith's fee for advice of £5,000. No sooner was that crisis over than our opponents made their second shameful move. They offered Mrs. Clover £15,000 to wear blue spectacles whenever a train went by, entailing the

"THE APARTMENT SEETHED WITH DIRECTORS."

expenditure by us of a further £30,000 in all

"Gentlemen, this cannot go on. It will be the ruin of us. I put no limit to the audacity of the Central Railway. Even now they may be bribing Mrs. Clover with unheard-of sums to wear a false moustache or paint her eyebrows green. We cannot afford to purchase her face feature by feature. Some method must be found whereby once and for all we can secure her unfaltering and unbribable co-operation."

Hardly had he sat down when Bellamy Smith was on his feet. "I

have a suggestion to put forward, Sir Benjamin."

The Chairman drew his cheque-book towards him. "Very well, Mr. Smith," he said wearily, "we are in your hands."

"My suggestion then is this. It has come to my knowledge, by methods which I need not disclose, that the affections of Mrs. Louise Clover are no longer free. She is, in fact, engaged to be married."

"Aha!" said the

Directors.

'Now it seems to me that the only way to ensure the lasting and effective co-operation of Mrs. Clover is as far as possible to identify her fortunes with the success or failure of the Company. Accordingly I propose that a block of shares, let us say fifty thousand One - Pound Preference, be made over to her future husband, and that he be elected, as an additional safeguard, to the Board of Directors. I can see no other way."

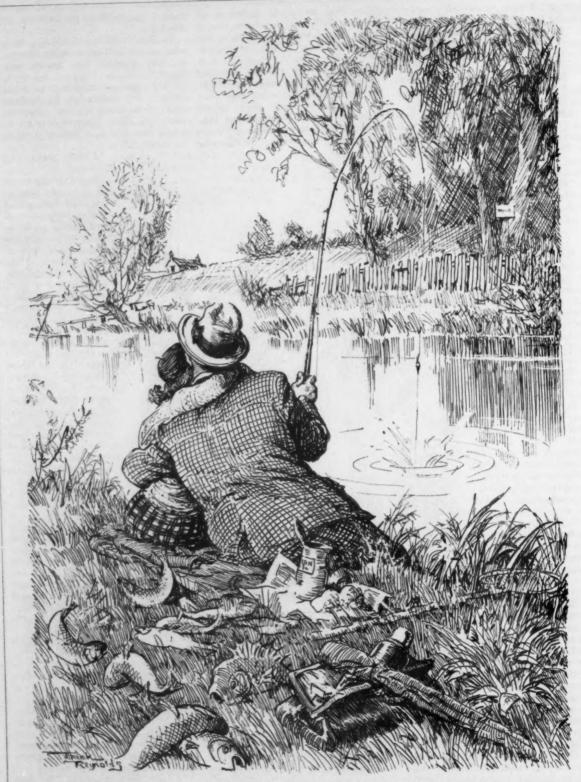
After some deliberation the Chairman put this proposal to the vote and the motion was carried by a majority of eight votes to nil, Admiral Hotpoll, who was still asleep, not voting.

"It only remains then," said Sir Benjamin in conclusion, "to thank Mr. Smith for what I think I may call a very satisfactory solution of our difficulties and to ask him for the name of the gentleman to whom I am to send the share-certificates and the invitation to join our Board."

"As to that," replied Bellamy Smith crisply, "there is no difficulty. The certificates and invitation should be addressed to me. And may I take this opportunity of inviting you all, in return, to my wedding?"

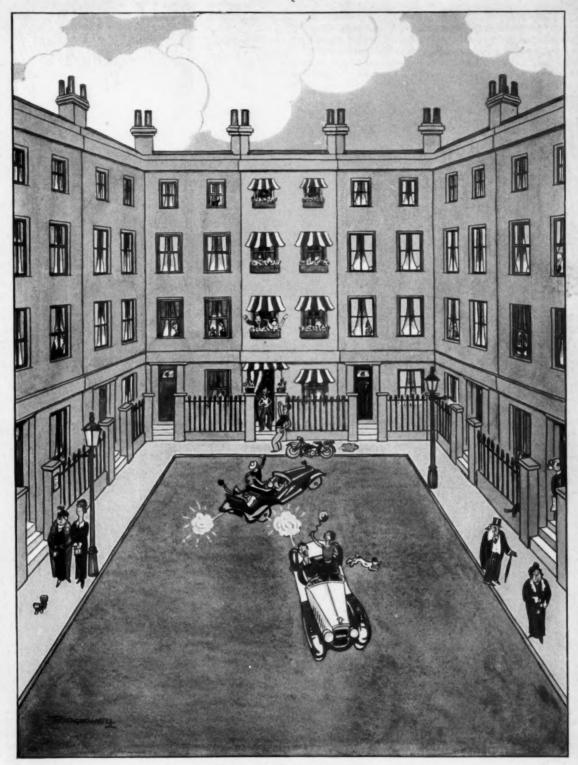
It was Admiral Hotpoll who, awakened by the unprecedented clamour which now broke out in the sumptuously appointed Board-room, supplied the only fitting commentary on this remarkable denouement.

"I have been dreaming," he said with a pleased smile, "about snakes in the grass." H. F. E.

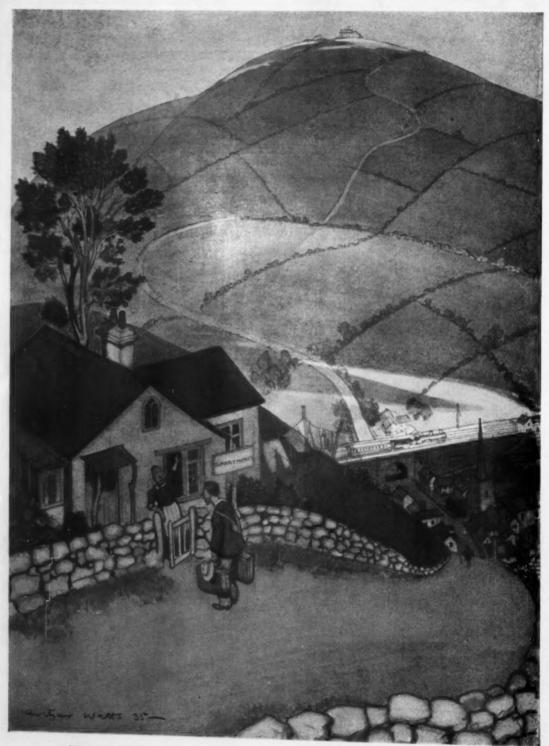


"OH, FREDERICK, ISN'T THERE SOME PLACE WHERE THERE ARE FEWER FISH?"

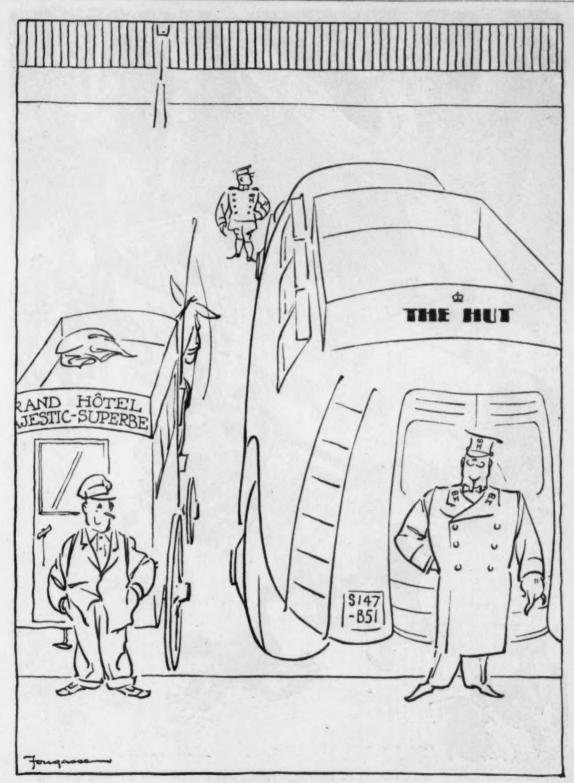
OUR SQUARE.



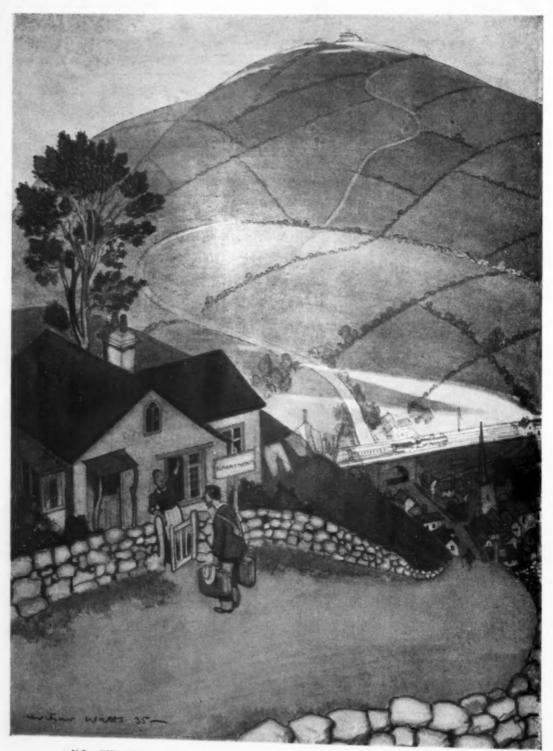
No. 5 CHANGES HANDS AND GOES GAY.



"NO, SIR, THIS IS 'HILL RISE.' 'HILL CREST' IS OVER THERE."



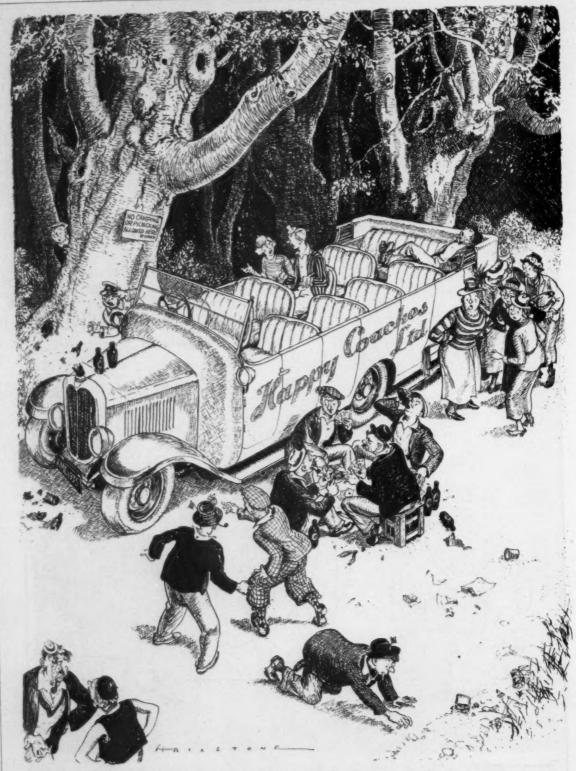
THE STATION YARD.



"NO, SIR, THIS IS 'HILL RISE.' 'HILL CREST' IS OVER THERE."

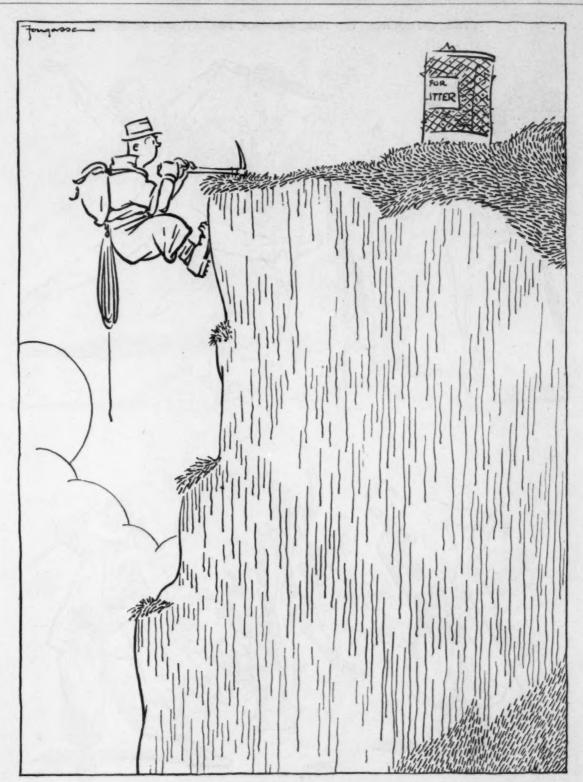


THE STATION YARD.

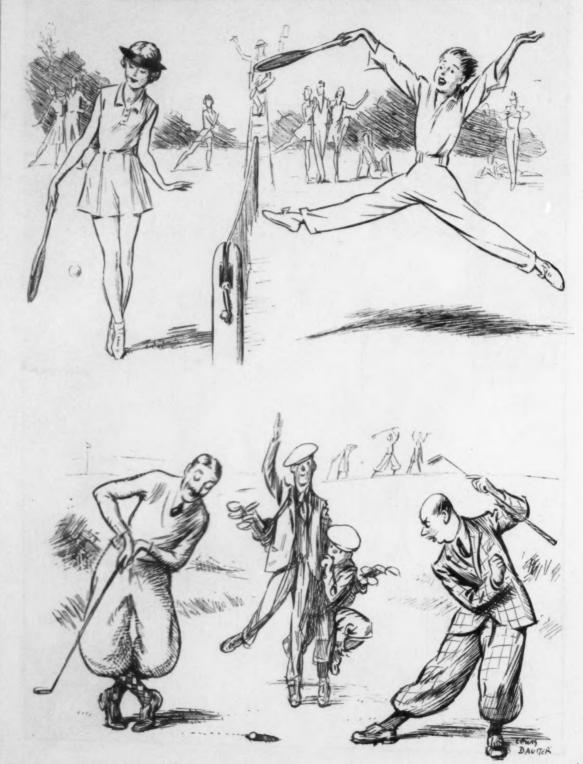


"... A GOOD DAY IN THE COUNTRY BEING THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BY ONE AND ALL."

Extract from Provincial Press.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE MODERN BALLET ON SPORT.



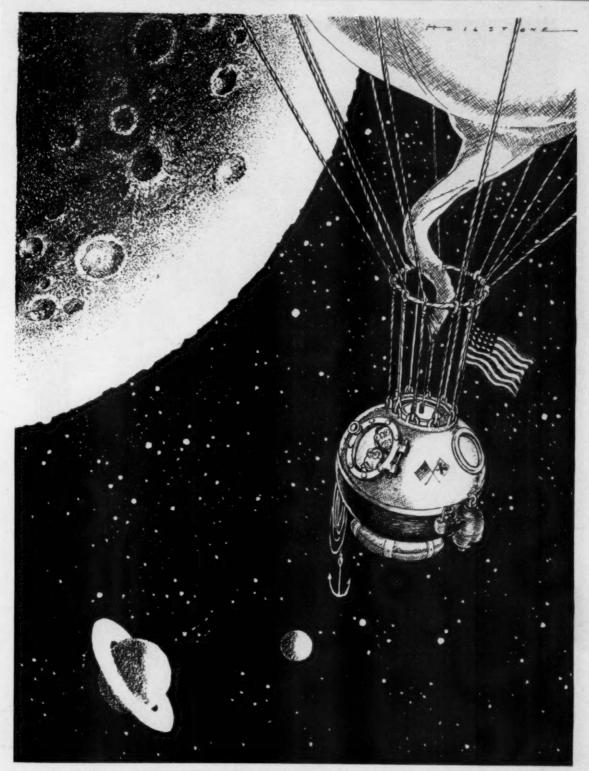
June 3, 1935

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MODERN BALLET BY THE SEA.

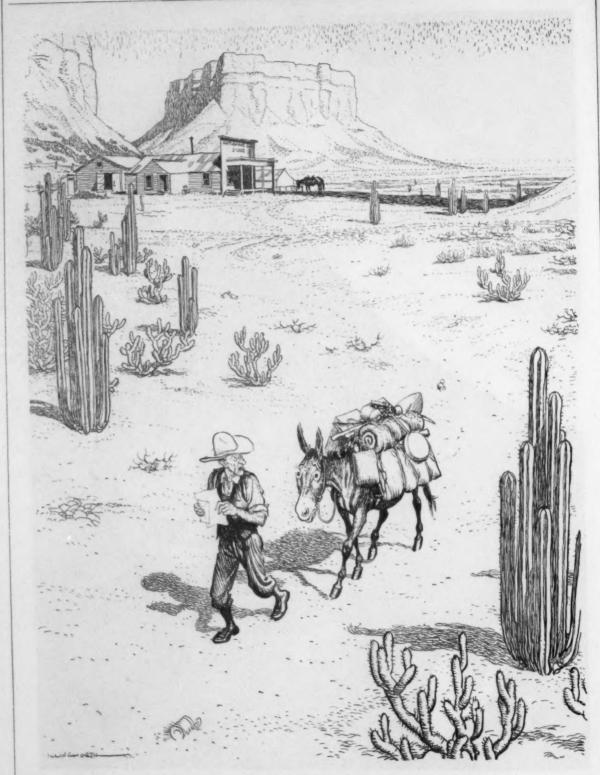








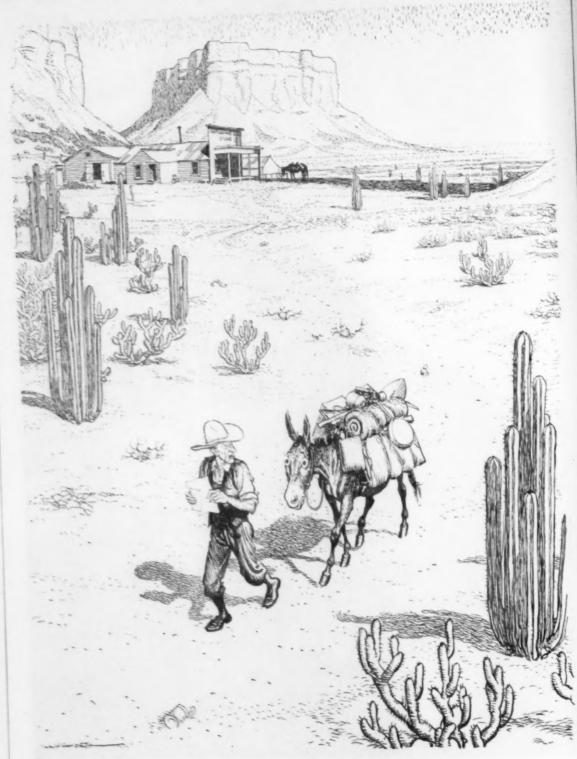
"WAL, ANYWAY, I GUESS IT LOOKS JES' LIKE I'D SORTA FIGURED IT WOULD."



"DOGGONE IT! WHERE'S YO' MANNERS, READIN' OVER MY SHOULDER!"



THE PRIZEWINNING STATION.



"DOGGONE IT! WHERE'S YO' MANNERS, READIN' OVER MY SHOULDER!"



THE PRIZEWINNING STATION.



"HE ONLY IMAGINES HE DOES IT."



Short-sighted Lady. "I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR, NOWADAYS NOTHING SURPRISES ME."

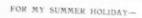


"NO, I NEVER STAY-



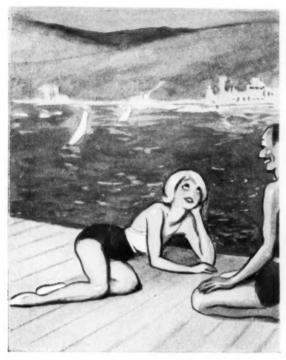
IN ONE PLACE-







BUT MOVE ABOUT-



THINK I HAVE

HERE-

AND THERE-



BECAUSE I LIKE A CHANGE-



OF SCENERY,"



"YES, I AM GIVING AN AFTERNOON LECTURE AT THE VILLAGE HALL ON 'SOME ASPECTS OF BIMETALLISM' AND I THOUGHT THAT BY GOING ON THE PLATFORM LIKE THIS I MIGHT AROUSE INTEREST IF NOT ENTHUSIASM ON THE SUBJECT AMONG MY AUDIENCE."





THE SUPERFILM THAT SUFFERED A SET-BACK.

"I'LL SHOOT THAT PROPERTY-MAN! I SAID STREW ROSE-PETALS AND ORANGE-BLOSSOM, NOT ORANGE-PEEL!"



AN AEROPLANE, 1910.



A SQUADRON, 1935.



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AN AEROPLANE, 1910.



A SQUADRON, 1935.

Batter-Sweet; or, "Not Cricket"

(Or, what might happen if Mr. NOEL. COWARD—to whom our compliments were to turn his attention to the National Game, which he has surprisingly neglected).

An Operetta.

SCENE 1.

Front-cloth, a nursery. An elderly lady, strikingly beautiful in spite of her advanced years and white hair, is wheeled on L. in a bath-chair.

A small boy bounds on R. carrying a small cricket-bat.

Max. Oh, Granny, may I play with this bat?

Lady Bane (gently). Mais, mon petit, c'est le "bat" de Grand'mère. Where did you find it ?

Max. In your secret cupboard, Granny. (Smelling the bat) It smells of lavender.

Lady B. You know you mustn't play with Granny's toys.

Max (stoutly).
But, Granny, when I grow up I'm going to be a soldier and kill the Australians.

[He makes a violent yesture with the bat, as if bringing it down upon the head of an enemy.

Lady Bane is much moved and sobs

Max. Oh, Granny, what is it?

Lady B. (sings). La vie est dureUn peu d'amour-

Et puis bonjour.

Max (clinging to knee, L.)—

Granny, tell me, Granny, have you anything upon your mind?

I'll give a penny.

Let me tenderly partake
Of your evident heartache—
Will you tell me the tale?

Can it be some poignant recollection has revived an old affection? Can it be that this little toy Has awakened the brittle joy Of a dream that is stale?

Lady Bane. Ah-ah!
Max. Does it bring back again

The ecstasy and subtle pain
Of yesterday?
Lady Bane. C'est vrai.

(Frantic with reminiscence)— Fling away—all fettering things, Find a way-of bettering things;

Shatter whatever Spoils our endeavour

To keep our love gallant and gay. Let us dream—romantical things, Though they seem—impractical things;

Let romance lead you On, for I need you. If things impede you Fling them away!

SCENE II.

Scene—Lord's Cricket Ground on the occasion of the Oxton and Camrow Match. A sunny day.

Time: The present—and the end of the luncheon interval.

THE PARADE.

(Music.)

First Spectator. The wicket's wearing.



"HE MAKES A VIOLENT GESTURE WITH THE BAT."

Second S. And how is Madge?
Third S. The bowling's putrid.
Fourth S. What batting!
Fifth S. Have a good lunch?
Sixth S. They can't play forward nowadays.

[Enter three Young Cricketers, arm-in-arm. Flannels, blue blazers, caps and scarves and long cigarette-holders. Each carries or rather dangles, a bat.

A bell rings and a policeman begins to clear the ground. The crowd melt away gradually, looking back at the young men with regret.

They sing-

"SPRIGS OF NOBILITY."

Sprigs of nobility we,
Twigs on the Family Tree.
Like everyone else in the plays of dear
Howard
We're flowers that wonder just why we
have flowered—

Delicate cuttings of class,

Why are we kept under glass?
Life's such a bore—
What are we ron?
Sprigs of nobility we—we—we, sprigs
of nobility we!

At our most expensive schools the masters taught the rules Of cricket, football, squash—in fact

of all games,
And sent us up to college with the satisfying knowledge

That life is just another of the ballgames.

games.

If a boy can keep his bat
Perpendicular (like that),

He is sure to be successful as a banker;

If he's handy in the slips He is certain to eclipse The business-man whose game

The business-man whose game is Crown and Anchor.

In every trade and calling take the richest and the greatest—

Their brains may be appalling, but their bats, you'll find, were straightest;

straightest; While huddle in the gaols

Or on the gallows dangle The miserable males

Whose bats were at an angle,

And those who dropped a sitter
Or played forward to half-volleys

In squalor long and bitter Must expiate their follies.

Sprigs of nobility we, Twigs on the Family Tree, We've wielded this curious weapon correctly

And so we may count on an income directly;

Possibly, probably shove Into His Majesty's Gov.; Still, we implore:

What are we FOR?
Sprigs of nobility we—we, sprigs of nobility we!

[Exeunt R. the Young Men. Enter R. (higher up) two Umpires in white coats, carrying enormous books labelled "The Laws of Cricket." One should be tall, one short and round. They enter pompously to Handelian music.

Both. We are the British Umpire, Of Equity the model,

And the hearts of our race beat twice the pace

As to the pitch we waddle.

First U. These are the Laws. Second U. . . . do. . . .

First U. do. . . .

Second U. . . . do. . First U. These are the Rules, The cause of fear

Second U. To knaves or fools Who flout 'em.

First U. But we have heard They're not quite clear,

Second U. And so a word About 'em. Both. First U. Few men can

Second U. Not I. for one-

First U. What is or is not cricket;

Second U. But, briefly, anything may be done,

First U. So long as the other side stick it.

The bowlers may strike batsmen down

With hideous blows on trunk or erown:

Second U. A captain may compel the foe

To bat in darkness, fog or snow:

First U. And if the foe does not protest Second U. We take it all is for the

best. First U. All shady tricks shall we allow,

Second U. Provided no one makes a row

Or dies upon the wicket. First U. But if a player starts a

Second U. That player has infringed

the law,

In short, it is not cricket-First U. Not cricket-Second U. Not cricket-

Both. Not cri-i-ick-(ad lib.) Not cri-i-ick-

In short, it is not cricket. [Both turn and march up-stage to their posts, one going off R.

The Camrow team come out on to the field to take their places.

BALLET.

[Loud applause as Howard and Second Batsman emerge from the Pavilion (R.) and proceed towards the wicket. Howard touches his cap and hitches up his trousers. His bat is a veteran, bound with many strappings, and is a tawny brown. He is a tenor-dark and sinister.

Sadie runs forward and confronts him. She carries under her arm a small, new, very white bat. Second Batsman goes on and off-up-left.

Basil, the Camrow captain, "cleanlimbed" (bass-baritone) stands down-left, ready to field, and listens darkly to this scene.

Howard (halting). You!

"THEY ENTER POMPOUSLY TO HANDELIAN MUSIC."

Sadie. Howard, I hear you are with them! captain of Oxton now.

Howard. Yes. Isn't it foul?

Sadie. Isn't it rather big to be at the top of the tree?

Howard (with a bitter little laugh). It's a lonely place, Sadie, the top of the tree. There's nothing up there but last year's birds'-nests.

Sadie. You're so unserious.
[With sudden passion he kisses
her. Basil observes the gesture with dissatisfaction.

Howard (breaking away). How beastly! Sadie, we shall have to marry. Do you mind !

Sadie. I should hate it. (Intense) Howard, let's get away from our horrible set-away to the South, to the sunshine.

Howard. To escape from our horrible set you'll have to go North. The South is crawling with it.

Sadie. Nobody but you could make cricket decadent. And yet-I hate it too. Will you make a hundred to-day?

Howard (shaking his head). Running wearies me. Besides, a century's so snobbish.

Sadie (a sudden decision). Howard, if you make a hundred I'll marry you. Howard. And if I make nought you'll live with me. Is that it?

Sadie. I want to see if you can do something big. (Holding out her bat) I have bought you a bat.

Howard. I have a bat. Sadie (looks at his bat with disgust). But it's strapped up like a duchess. Use my little clean bat, Howard.

Howard. My dear, a virgin bat is no more use than a virgin cow.

Sadie. Oh, Howard! To please me!

Howard. Angel, I can't carry two bats.

Sadie. Why not? The tennis-champions carry six.

Howard. Yes, but they play with six balls. (Yielding, puts her bat under his arm). Very well, fish-face.

He is going to embrace her but she stops him.

Sadie (looking down at his pads and fingering his gloves). Darling, I don't think you ought to kiss me in those things. It's too inelegant.

Howard. Darling, how right you are! Off

[She kneels and unbuckles his pads while he takes off his gloves.

"FLING AWAY!"

Sadie and Howard: Fling away—all fettering things!

Find a way-of bettering things. Shatter whatever

Spoils our endeavour To keep our love gallant and gay! Let us dream—romantical things,

Though they seem-impractical things; Let romance lead you

On, for I need you! If pads impede you Fling them away!

[Terrific musical climax. Sadie and Howard vehemently fling one pad away each, one of them being caught, in self-defence and indignantly, by Basil, who throws it off into the wings.

Howard then kisses Sadie and marches up-stage to the wicket. (Music.)

Sadie goes towards her seat, down-

Basil! (Calling to the Camrow captain)
Basil darling!

[Basil turns and, self-conscious, motions them with his hand to be quiet.

Second L.L. Oh, darling, don't be pedantic! I only wanted a cigarette!

[All, yawning, turn front,



"SADIE AND HOWARD VEHEMENTLY PLING ONE PAD AWAY EACH."

left, but on the way she and Basil All three, suddenly see each other. They stop and stare, registering intensity.

Sadie (glances up-stage, then back to Basil, dazed). Hell! Have I made a mistake? (Passes on, still dazed, to her seat.)

[Meanwhile Howard is "taking guard," etc. The score-board is illuminated and gives the following information:—

Batsman . . . Howard
Father's name . Lord Fennel
Clubs Carlton and
Buck's

Howard flourishes his bat, there is a sharp crack, and Howard's score at once leaps up to "10."

During the following the game proceeds quietly at the back, Howard's score leaping up by tens and fifteens.

Enter, down-left, three Ladies of Lord's.

First L.L. (without looking towards the field, hearing the applause). Oh, my dear, has something happened! Second L.L. My dear, what could

Second L.L. My dear, what could happen? They seem to do nothing but drink lemonade.

Third L.L. It's too stupefying. First L.L. And yet the moment one relaxes somebody is dismissed or something and one misses the real event of the season.

Second L.L. Oh, darling-there's

All three. Ladies of Lord's, Easily-boreds,

And frantic from sitting like sardines

Sucking hot sweets
And ignoring the feats
Of our embryo Hobbses and JarDINES.

But nobody'd care if we died of the drought.

Ladies of Lord's!

It's treason to state it,
But, oh, how we hate it—
The Ladies of Lord's!

Ladies of Lord's,
Mortally-boreds!
It's all very well for our brothers;
Maybe it's fun
To run round in the sun;
They don't have to sit next to their
mothers.

Nobody cares For our pretty frocks;

Everyone stares
At young men and clocks!
It's a game that develops the character

(As the schoolmistress said when they barracked her),

But, though it is good for our brothers, no doubt, It seems to bring all that is worst in

us out!
Ladies of Lord's.
It's treason to state it,
But, oh, how we hate it,
The Ladies of Lord's!

The Ladies of Lord's!
[Ladies of Lord's exeunt—R.

A waiter brings on to the field from the pavilion a tray full of glasses, with a jug of lemonade. The players bound towards him and pose with glasses round him.



"A WAITER BRINGS ON TO THE FIELD . . . A TRAY FULL OF GLASSES."

Ladies of Lord's,
Oh, how we suffer,
Sitting on boards
And growing no tougher!
We never know what it's all about—
Why do they keep throwing that ball
about?

Every half-hour they have drinks

taken out,

During this, Sadie (who has formed a passion for the handsome Basil) goes to him. Sadie. Are you really Basil Maybew?

Sadie. Are you really Basil Mayhew? Basil. Yes.

Sadie (intense). I might have known.

Basil. Tell me, is it true that
you will marry him if he makes a
hundred?

Sadie. It was. Do you think he will?

Basil (grimly). Not if I know it! His late-cuts poison the air!

Sadie. Oh, Basil, since I have watched you in the long-field I have understood cricket at last. (Holding out the bat) Will you teach me?

THE CRICKET LESSON.

[Sadie makes passes with her bat; Basil, with an imaginary bat, shows her what to do.

Basil. No, Miss Sadie, that's unsound; Bring that left elbow more round!

No, not like that! Excellent! you have it pat.

(Sadie, miraculously, knows the whole art already.)

All our lives we will be two good cricketers

In our cosy little flat,

Pillars of the Church and season-ticketers,

Joined together
by a bat.
Sadie (speaks).
When may I bowl

someone, please?
Basil. Not until
you are confirmed
and have a permit
from the Foreign
Office.

Sadie (sings). Something so deep in my soul Tells me that

I'd like to bowl.
(Waltz.)

I'll—play—games with you

Whenever you've—no—dames with you;

You'll be the bat—I the ball, And you can hit me anywhere at all.

Then-I'll-bowl to you,

Surrender my—whole—soul to you— All the common world will seem Players in a distant dream—

You and I will be a team
Of two.

[Howard, up-stage, observes the end of this affecting scene with dismay, but the Lemonade Interval is over, the fielders return to their places, and Howard, with a long lingering look, goes back to the wicket, i.e., OFF, up R.

The players (and Sadie) return to their places.

Howard's score is now eighty-two. There has been an over, and Howard is now batting OFF, i.e., R. We therefore see the Second Batsman and the Umpire; and we now see the Bowler run on from L., bound into the air and fling the ball into the wings. There is a crack, applause, and Howard's score leaps up to ninety-nine.

Spectators (in unison, say). Ninety-

[Basil, now down-left, is in a fever of tension. All lean forward eagerly.

(Chord.)

The Bowler bowls, there is a crack, the Second Batsman runs off, and Howard runs on; but he halts and, like everyone else, gazes skyward. He has struck the ball very high into the air and it looks like falling in Basil's neighbourhood. Basil shows that he is aware of

[The ball halts in mid-air. Basil and Sadie turn front and sing to the audience, supported by all the Lord's audience and players.

Finally Basil turns up-stage, the ball descends and he catches it. Applause, Sensation.

FINALE.

But Howard, who all this time has been running runs, now bounds down-stage and, gracefully, elegantly but none the less forcibly strikes Basil on the head with the little white bat.

Basil falls to the ground and lies on his side, facing the footlights, dead, but holding up, tightly clasped against his chest, the

fatal ball.

Sadie runs to him and kneels at his side.

The Crowd cluster behind.

TABLEAU.

But the picture is broken by the Umpire (bowler's end), who thrusts his way through the crowd (centre) and inspects the body (or rather the ball-the only thing that interests him). Assured that the ball has not touched the ground, he rises to his full height, points a majestic finger

to heaven and says in a great voice-

"OUT!"

VERY LOUD MUSIC—Full Company
—"Fling Away," and

CURTAIN.

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"——'s Burma Cheroots are quite exceptional. So fragrant and satisfying, Ill. cat. free."—Daily Paper.

Rough Stuff at the Card-Table.

"First prize in the men's was won by Mrs. L. Savage (playing as such)."

Report of Whist Drive.

A reckless young fellow from Fiji
Put a shilling each way on a jiji;
But in spite of the "naps"
Of the newspaper chaps,
It was N.—dare we mention it?
—biji.



"THE UMPIRE . . . THRUSTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD."

this by dodging about like a lizard.

MELODRAMA.

As the ball approaches-

Basil. See the ball! It must fall.

Clinging fingers, play your part!

Happiness is near

If you grip—grip it with a will:

It may disappear Like the whip-whippoor-whippoor-

[The ball comes into view, descending slowly at the end of a string.

Sadie (rising). Give romance Every chance—

Catch it bravely, though it smart. Tra-la-la, etc.

Both. Love is all! Hold the ball.

And you hold { my heart.

Ars Longa.

The paragraphs which follow are taken from The Evening Yarn of 25th April, 1945. They appear to indicate the permanence of the national institutions, such as the Royal Academy and the Artistic Temperament:—

A dispute has arisen between the authorities at Burlington House and one of the foremost painters of controversial pictures. Mr. Marlstic submitted two pictures to the Hanging Committee and one of them was accepted.

Mr. Maristic told our reporter: "It is not so much that I am indignant at the insult offered by the acceptance of my picture so much as that I see in

the action of the Royal Academy the first step towards electing me an Associate. My pictures have been rejected for the last ten years, and I consider the Committee's action underhand in departing from this tradition without giving me warning of their intentions."

The Yarn reporter asked whether Mr. Marlstic would refuse election as an A.R.A.

"If anything so unpleasant should occur," Mr. Marlstic replied, "I would feel it my duty to my Art to accept the

indignity. The R.A. is of course obsolete and has been replaced in the artistic life of the nation by our Society of Exhibitionists. The R.A. cannot be changed by abuse from outsiders. It would become my duty to seize the opportunity of gaining a footing in the stronghold of the Pre-Exhibitionists in order to reform it."

Mr. Hogbristle, the famous artist (painter of "Moonshine on an Orange" and other works), commented with his usual charming modesty:—

"I congratulate Mr. Marlstic on his courageous action," he said. "He is one of the two greatest living artists, and our work is too valuable for us to sacrifice ourselves in the interests of our profession by pandering to the R.A. We may safely leave that to the lesser members of the Exhibitionist Group who are willing to incur the odium of popular approval. Mr. Marlstic intended to hold a private ex-

hibition. Of course he could well do so with one of the pictures only, but unfortunately the two are complementary and the meaning of each is incomplete without the other."

Mr. Scathe, the eminent critic and editor of Seeing Things and D.T.'s Weekly, writes: "The R.A. have made a colossal blunder. Mr. Marlstic's two pictures are undoubtedly the event of the year. When I saw 'Vicissitude' in his studio, half-an-hour's contemplation of the masterpiece carried me so far from the world of petty reality that I was only aroused with difficulty when the charlady wished to brush the divan on which I reclined. 'My 'Darkroom,' on the other hand, has no such hidden depths, and the celestial meaning shines clearly behind the intricate tracery of Mr. Marlstic's virile work. The mystic

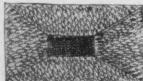


weh of polyahramatic lineals manaly a

web of polychromatic lineals merely occludes the subject in an ambient aura.



"VICISSITUDE."
(Size, 180" × 72")



" My DARKROOM."
(Size, 150" × 60")

Exclusive reproductions of Mr. Marlstic's pictures of the year, specially obtained by "The Evening Yarn."

"Mr. Marlstic's two pictures well illustrate his astounding versatility," Mr. Scathe continues. "They are so diametrically opposed in their dynamic values that it is clearly impossible to hang them in the same building. Certainly Burlington House can scarcely admit one of them with dignity. The Royal Academy should arrange for their simultaneous presentation in the Albert Hall, which would of course require a new system of floodlighting."

Mr. Marlstic, when informed by *The Yarn* of Mr. Scathe's remarks, told our reporter: "Surely everyone knows that my method is to recline on my right side with my left hand in my hippocket while painting. This necessitates the canvas being poised on the easel, as one might put it, on its side. Mr. Scathe viewed the picture while in

this position, and, apart from exposing his stupendous ignorance, he betrays a curious lack of observation, for he must know that I sign my canvases in the top right-hand corner before commencing work. The fact that the signature was in the bottom right-hand corner should indicate at once that the picture was wrongly placed."

We understand that the matter is likely to come before the courts. Mr. Marlstic talks of a claim for heavy damages from the R.A. on account of injury to his

reputation if the Committee persist in their intention of hanging his picture. Mr. Scathe proposes to sue Mr. Marlstic for libel.

Mr. Hogbristle tells The Yarn that he will seek an injunction against the R.A. to show cause why, if they accept Mr. Marlstic's work, they should not also hang his "Almost a Murder" and "Result of an Accident."

"McVeigh hesitated. His eyes flickered over Reilly's face, dropped to the floor, went back to the papers. He picked them up, arranged them neatly, laid them down carefully."—Magazine Story.

And then popped them back into their sockets.

"A number of settlers in the area between Warkworth and Mahurangi Heads had a terrifying experience yesterday morning when a cyclonic gael swept down from the north."—News Item from Auckland, N.Z.

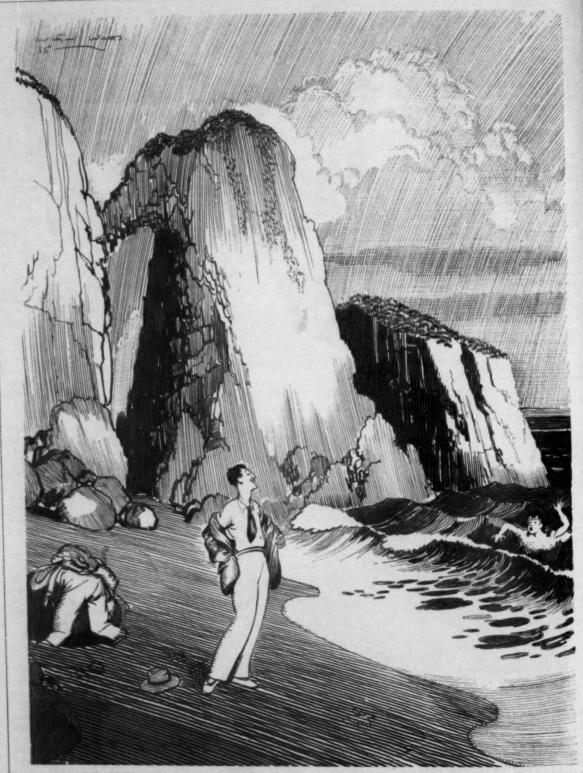
We know the feeling.



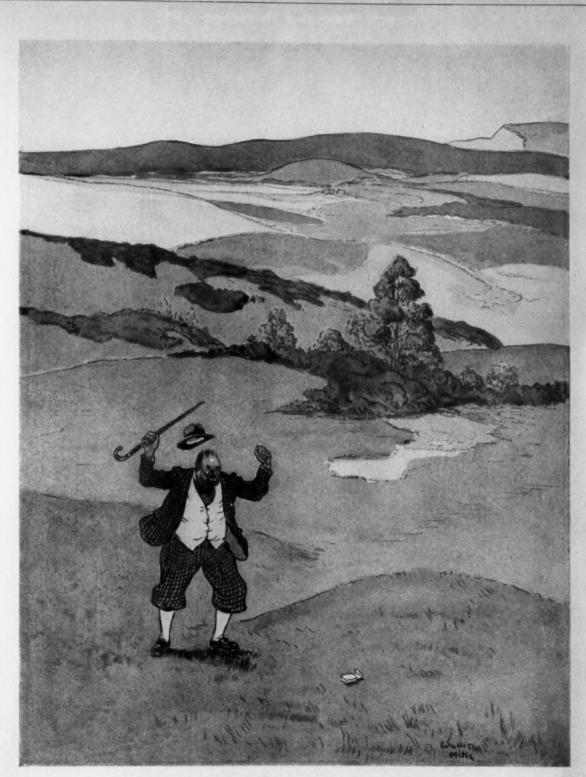
Amazon. "I'LL TAKE IT, DEAR, WHEN WE GET BOUND THE CORNER, BUT I LIKE THE NEIGHBOURS TO THINK THAT YOU'BE THE CRICKETER."



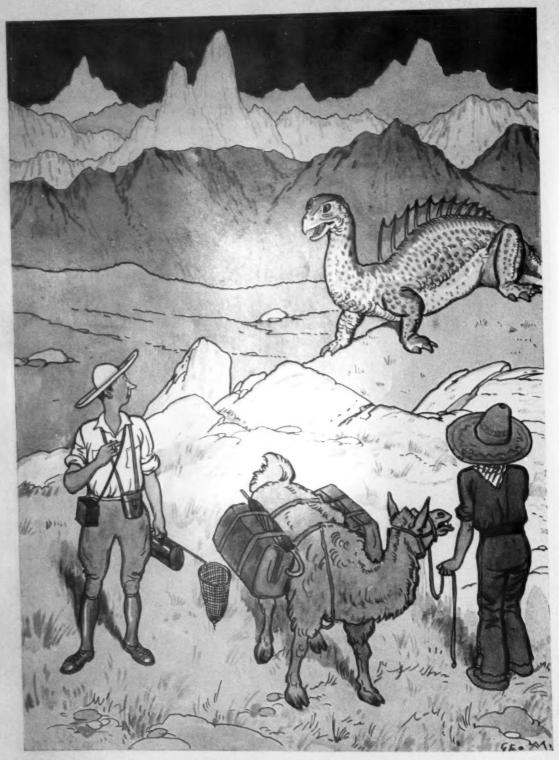
"NEVER MIND ABOUT MY BALL NOW, CADDIE; COME AND FIND ME."



"I'M QUITE PREPARED TO RESCUE YOU, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY NOT KEEP ON SAYING 'OI' AT ME?"



VANDALISM!



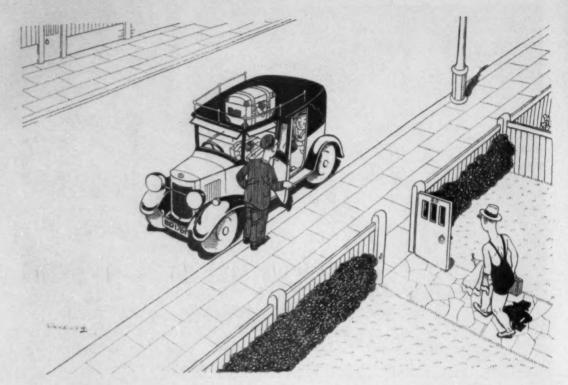
The Specialist. "THIS IS VERY INTERESTING, BUT I MUST NOT FORGET THAT I CAME HERE TO COLLECT SPECIMENS OF LEPIDOPTERA."



'I ONLY SAID, MOTHER, 'HOW NICE TO BE A SEAGULL,'"



"Now, stop it, George, do. There's an aeroplane."



"THAT'S MY HUSBAND. OH, YES, HE'S COMING WITH US-YOU SEE, HE DOESN'T WANT TO LOSE ONE MOMENT OF THE ROLLDAY."

An Artist at Work.

What I think about gardens is this; the mushroom may not perfume the air and feast the eye, but orchids-ontoast are a dead failure. A mere nasal and optical dividend is surely a small return for the horrors of tilling and moiling in the loam. And in this view, though I differ abruptly from my family, I fancy I have the great army of right-thinking men behind me.

Now in the corner of my own urban half-rood stands an ancient fig-tree, a magnificent veteran which sees fig-tofig with me in this matter. Not that it falls short of beauty in its own tousled way, but its conscience as regards a fair return for the ground I lend it is so acute that it actually produces two full crops in the year, declaring an interim dividend in the spring and a final one in the autumn. Unfortunately, in spite of the old tree's good intentions, neither of these crops is ever entirely ripe, and there is not much you can do with even a large number of unripe figs. Last spring we did try going for a holiday while we left the house in charge of a lady with red hair who asserted that the only true recipe for

fig chutney was locked in her bosom; but we returned to the curses of asphyxiated neighbours and forty jars of indescribable green matter which, until Christmas brought its blessed slackening of standards, we failed to give away.

This recurrent unripeness began to prey on me, and the other day I reached for the telephone and called up George Twigg, who is something to do with Forests.

"George," I asked, "what can one do with a Queen Anne fig-tree which comes out in a rash twice a year but never quite happens?"

"The less drastic procedure is to bury a dead horse under it," he replied in his prim official voice, "preferably

a Clydesdale. The other is to prune its roots."

"I like the sound of that much better," I said hurriedly, "but where's

the difficulty?"

"In finding the ends of the roots, which may be almost anywhere. But we've got a professional root-diviner here, and if you don't mind paying him a nominal three guineas I'll send him out to you. To-day?"

"Please," I said.

Two hours later a wizened little

terrier of a man was shown in, looking as if he were seeing roots everywhere, even in my study. Together we went into the garden.

"Ever failed?" I asked.

"Only once in forty years," he answered, "with a tree which 'ad been planted upside-down in the Mafeking excitement."

He was not a conversationalist. I showed him the fig-tree. He scarcely looked at it but whipped out of his pocket a small strip of whalebone and balanced it between his hands. A look of profound sagacity flashed across his face, he emitted a low snuffling sound and began to tip-toe down my garden, swerving at the end into Baggley's fence.

"'Ere!" he cried, "give me a leg-up quick. I may lose the trail."

"You can't possibly——" I started, but the urgency in the man's eye quelled me. I yanked him over and somehow scrambled across myself. Instantly he was off again, snuffling up the centre-bed, crushing half-adozen baby chrysanthemums at every step. I followed, feeling pretty dazed.

At Baggley's dining-room window he paused only to rap authoritatively on the glass. Mrs. Baggley, caught in the

act of giving lunch to two bishops, admitted him. Ignoring a certain coldness in her manner he removed his bowler-hat and went straight to ground with a triumphant snuffle under the bigger bishop's chair.
"Just 'ere," he murmured, "about

six feet hunderneath, and well into the

"My good fellow," began the smaller bishop, before choking on a fritter. "Sir," rasped Mrs. Baggley, whom I have never liked, to me, still outside, "if this is yours, kindly remove it."

I removed it, judging, I still think

correctly, that here was no moment to hang about and prattle of fig-trees.

Back at the parent trunk once more I was about to get off a few white-hot sentences about my social obligations when the little man was away again in a fury of radical concentration. Without my assistance he zoomed over the other fence, landing almost at the feet of that least pacific of neighbours, Symes-Crumpett, who was spraying glyco-thymolin over some of his commoner plants, and made direct. through an orgy of snuffling, for the greenhouse where the real rarities are kept combination-locked. Direct, that is to say, across the famous dwarfsweet-pea bed and direct enough across the budding Liberian tulips to leave an awful swathe behind.

Symes-Crumpett was happily bereft of speech. At the greenhouse my Root-Diviner paused a moment, plainly toying with the notion of smashing in the door; then, with the single exclamation "Further!" he leapt the far wall and disappeared into the yard of "The Three Bells."

Although Symes-Crumpett remained miraculously dumb I thought it wiser to go round by the road. But I reached the saloon-bar just in time to see my Diviner marking down with his bowler-hat underneath the bagatellemachine.

"What's below 'ere?" he demanded. "Cellar, stoopid," said Gertie, not looking up from her knitting.

Well, hunder that's your secondary root, Sir," he assured me with a bright

I handed him three guineas and told him that if he cared to come back he could have the run of the garden with the three Alsatians.

During the high wind the other night you may not have noticed a sudden crashing of timber. I didn't until the next morning, but there, when I looked out, was the veteran lying on its back and waving in the air the ridiculous little roots which had let it down. It would be an exaggeration to



Waiter. "I GET AWFULLY TIRED OF EVENING-DRESS, MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT. I LIKE SOMETHING A BIT DIFFEBENT WHEN I 'AS AN EVENING OFF.

say, even after what had happened, that I don't care a fig, for I still have a warm feeling for the old tree which amounts at least to a half-ripe one.

Smith Minima Again.

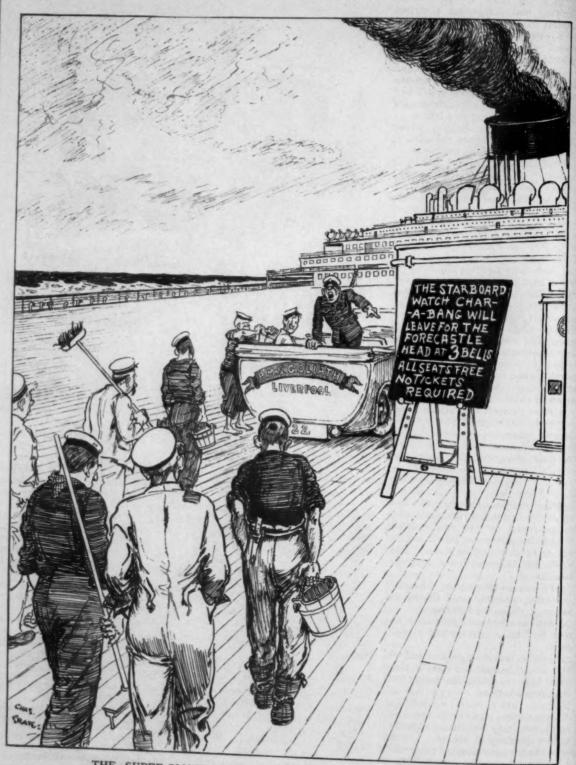
"Caviare is made of surgeon's roes." Schoolgirl's Answer.

Another Big Merger.

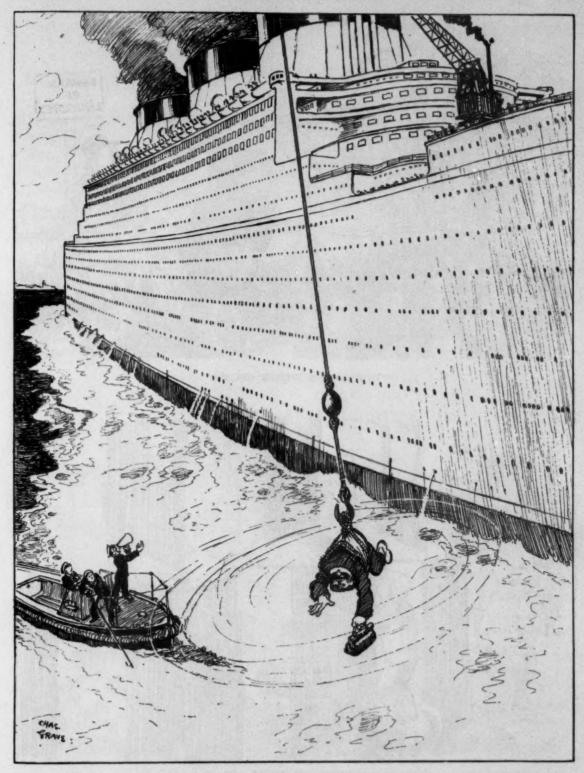
"Hatherleigh and Sticklepath were plunged into Dartmouth, through an electric light failure, during a violent thunderstorm." Local News Item

How Weathercocks Work.

"Rotation of crops is what makes birds turn round."-Schoolgirl's Answer.



THE SUPER-GIANT LINER'S TRANSPORT PROBLEM SOLVED.



THE SUPER-GIANT LINER'S DROPPING-THE-PILOT PROBLEM ALSO SOLVED.

IDEAL HOLIDAYS.



THE SCENE-SHIFTER'S HOLIDAY.



THE CHIROPODIST'S HOLIDAY.

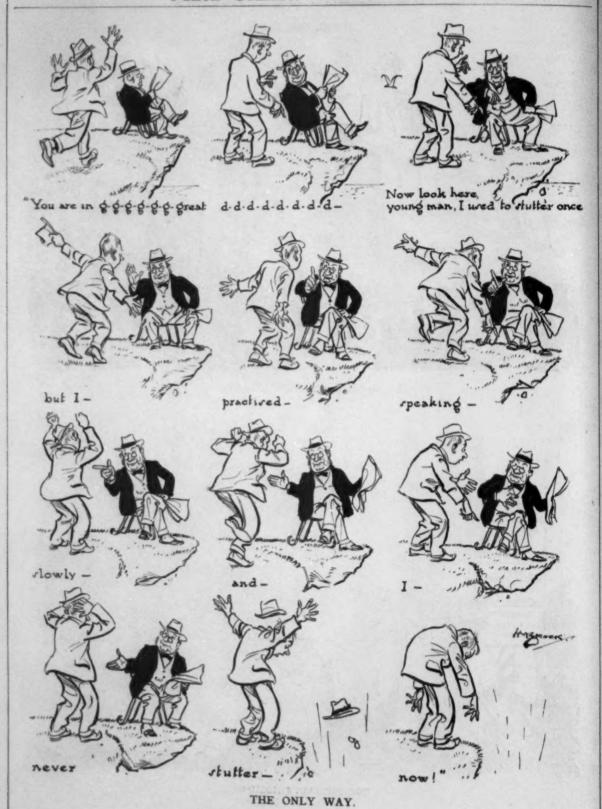
IDEAL HOLIDAYS.



THE BROADCAST-ANNOUNCER'S HOLIDAY.

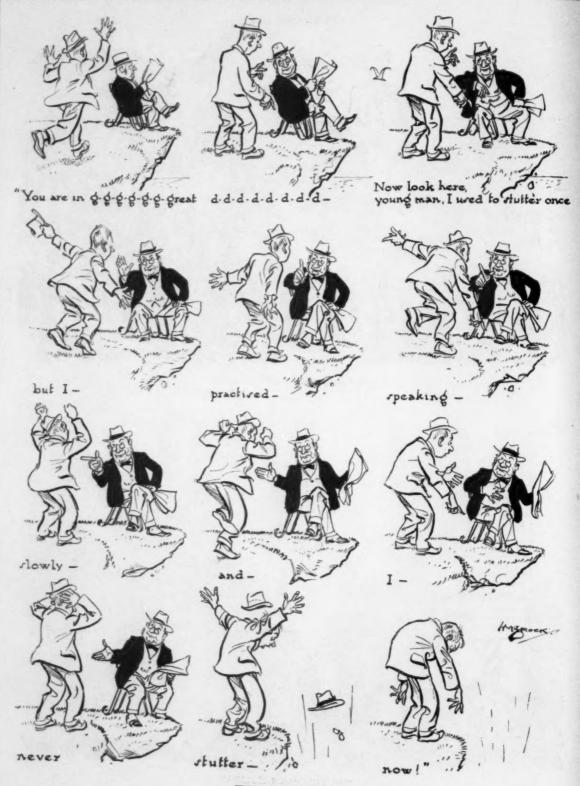


THE FIREMAN'S HOLIDAY.





"I'LL TAKE THE SHOVE HA'PENNY SCORE ALONG WITH US, OLD MAN. YOU'RE JUST NINE HUNDRED POUNDS DOWN ON THE TEN YEARS WE'VE BEEN HERE."



THE ONLY WAY.



"I'LL TAKE THE SHOVE-HA'PENNY SCORE ALONG WITH US, OLD MAN. YOU'RE JUST NINE HUNDRED POUNDS DOWN ON THE TEN YEARS WE'VE BEEN HERE."

PLAGIARISM IN PERSIA.



"THIS MOST UNWORTHY TUNE, O COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL, IS A LITTLE COMEDY NUMBER CALLED 'IN AN ENGLISH MARKET GARDEN."



Plaint of a Traveller

On Being Taken into an English Club Abroad.

"That there's a corner of a foreign field
That is for ever . . ." Yes, and many a one!
Outside in the piazza bells are pealed,
Flowers and fountains sparkle in the sun;
But here, in this secluded British grot,
Transported bodily from Piccadilly,
The "beakers of the South" are simply not,
The days are shadowed and the nights are stilly.

My friend, on tiptoe, shows me room by room
Full of armchairs once purchased from the Stores;
Some, screened by blinds, are thick with luminous
gloom

But faintly hum with purely English snores; But one, the card-room, hums with ardent life, It hums as loud as any evening midge, For here is waged, with four long drinks, the strife Of four old Colonels playing (auction) bridge.

"This happy earth, this realm, this . . . !" Why go home.

Facing those perils that I so much fear, Braving dread Biscay's Bay, the Channel's foam, When one can get all one is used to here? I stay; I shall not lack the accustomed files Of *Times* and *Punch* and *Blackwood's Magazine*; And here are ancient *Tatlers* ranged in piles, And here, for lady-guests, there is *The Queen*.

A portal opens somewhere in the dark,
The Secretary appears, polite and grey,
Bows and shakes hands and makes the kind remark:
"I hope you'll use the Club throughout your stay."
(He wears a tie that's very widely known.)

"Now ask for something," cries my old inward Doom . . "Oh, thank you, Sir! Might I just telephone?" . . . "But, oh," as Shelley cried, "but, oh, to whom?"

J. C. S.

Set-Back for National Government.

"It is rather long, but Mr. Baldwin gets his punch in at the end, when he says that if the electors vote for the Socialists depression and unemployment will return as in 1931, and the country will lose its proud position of being the envy of the whole world.

This trial of patience, with an occasional jump to vary it, went on for some time, but the cat apparently got tired, or perhaps went away for its lunch like other people."—Account of National Government Film.

"Sir.,—Is it remarkable that an egg bearing the letter J was laid on June 1; collected by Joan, my daughter aged 10, in Jubilee year?"

Letter to Press.

Not more remarkable than an egg bearing the letter "B," laid on Bob's Birthday Before Breakfast in a Barn; collected By Bob's Brother Bertie, Boiled By Beatrice, the cook and found to be Bad when opened.

PLAGIARISM IN PERSIA.



"THIS MOST UNWORTHY TUNE, O COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL, IS A LITTLE COMEDY NUMBER CALLED 'IN AN ENGLISH MARKET GARDEN."



Plaint of a Traveller On Being Taken into an English Club Abroad.

"That there's a corner of a foreign field
That is for ever . . ." Yes, and many a one!
Outside in the piazza bells are pealed,
Flowers and fountains sparkle in the sun;
But here, in this secluded British grot,
Transported bodily from Piccadilly,
The "beakers of the South" are simply not,
The days are shadowed and the nights are stilly.

My friend, on tiptoe, shows me room by room
Full of armchairs once purchased from the Stores;
Some, screened by blinds, are thick with luminous
gloom

But faintly hum with purely English snores;
But one, the card-room, hums with ardent life,
It hums as loud as any evening midge,
For here is waged, with four long drinks, the strife
Of four old Colonels playing (auction) bridge.

"This happy earth, this realm, this . . . !" Why go home.

Facing those perils that I so much fear, Braving dread Biscay's Bay, the Channel's foam, When one can get all one is used to here? I stay; I shall not lack the accustomed files Of *Times* and *Punch* and *Blackwood's Magazine*; And here are ancient *Tatlers* ranged in piles, And here, for lady-guests, there is *The Queen*.

A portal opens somewhere in the dark,
The Secretary appears, polite and grey,
Bows and shakes hands and makes the kind remark:
"I hope you'll use the Club throughout your stay."
(He wears a tie that's very widely known.)
"Now ask for something," cries my old inward Doom . .
"Oh, thank you, Sir! Might I just telephone?" . . .
"But, oh," as Shelley cried, "but, oh, to whom?"

Set-Back for National Government.

"It is rather long, but Mr. Baldwin gets his punch in at the end, when he says that if the electors vote for the Socialists depression and unemployment will return as in 1931, and the country will lose its proud position of being the envy of the whole world.

This trial of patience, with an occasional jump to vary it, went on for some time, but the cat apparently got tired, or perhaps went away for its lunch like other people."—Account of National Government Film.

"Srr,—Is it remarkable that an egg bearing the letter J was laid on June 1; collected by Joan, my daughter aged 10, in Jubilee year?"

Not more remarkable than an egg bearing the letter "B," laid on Bob's Birthday Before Breakfast in a Barn; collected By Bob's Brother Bertie, Boiled By Beatrice, the cook and found to be Bad when opened.

Charivaria.

A Danish astronomer announces that the world will end in June, 1967. Here's hoping they will have better weather for it than we have had this year.

In explanation of his theory of Serial Time, Mr. J. W. Dunne assured an interviewer that in the next existence we shall be able to live in any period as the fancy takes us, and meet whom we like. This is a glorious prospect for those who have not yet succeeded in meeting

A recent photograph shows a heavyweight boxer playing halma. Everyone has a wild streak in him somewhere. * **

the Best People.

"France and Britain drifting apart," ran a recent headline. This news will be most discouraging to prospective cross-Channel swimmers.

There could be no more convincing evidence of the softening of bitter feelings in the Irish Free State than the news that two factions have met at WOLFE TONE'S grave and fought with sticks.

sung at eisteddfods.

The Highway Code is to be translated east, many prudent holiday-makers into Welsh, and the Ministry of Transhated have decided to go to the west this year.

"Man has always been a collector," said a speaker at the Philatelic Congress, "whether of scalps or wives, of stamps or match-boxes or books." Or taxes.

port is understood to raise no objection to the idea of its being set to music and

A circus elephant being taken for a walking exercise was startled by an explosion which tore up a main street. The frightened animal tore up a side-turning.

In view of the disclosure before a Select Committee of the House of Commons that England is tilting to the agreeing to prevent people from rushing to join insurgents in the other. It has been found that these affairs attract a rather rowdy element.

The golf-course where the Belgian Women's Championship was played is dotted with plantations of rose-trees.

Players have been heard to complain that it was roses, roses all the way.

A correspondent wonders what would be a safe place in which to store a small quantity of petrol. We suggest he tries an automatic lighter.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON points out that there are fewer clocks in London than there used to be. Still, we are glad to think that he keeps a watch. * *

A small child at a painting class in a play centre was asked what were the three primary colours. "Red, white and blue, Miss," she replied.

A competition was recently held at a South-Coast resort to see who possessed the most beautiful nose. Hundreds turned up. **

Wide flowing picture-hats are the latest vogue for women. Bit by bit

our womenfolk are losing their manhood.

It seems there is a boom in antiques.

Many makers of Chippendale and Queen

Anne furniture are in fact working

overtime.

According to an historian, the Ancient Britons played a game slightly resembling golf. Many still do.



SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Professor. "That will do for the first lesson, Sah. Next tahm I wanta make you what I call punch-conscious."

have decided to go to the west this year.

Miners do not whistle in dark places

Miners do not whistle in dark places as they think it unlucky. Burglars have a similar superstition.

Brazil and Argentina have signed an anti-revolution pact, each country



THE DANCE OF THE THOUSAND RIBBONS.

[The MINISTER OF TRANSPORT seeks to disembarrass himself of an entanglement of over-built arterial roads. See page 17.]



"Of course, my dear, it was done by a real portrait-painter, not a mere animal-painter."

The Exploratory Conference.

THE beginning of the conference at Rhombús between representatives of Pentagonia, Octagonia, Hexagonia and Tetrahedronia was marked by an unfortunate incident.

Rhombús is situated in the Octagonian province of Cône, where the climate, particularly in the summer, is very warm. It is not, however, tropical, and some astonishment and indignation were aroused in Octagonia when it became known that the Tetrahedronian Foreign Minister had arrived to represent his country clad only in khaki shirt and shorts and a pith helmet and borne in a rude litter by two tall Africans who, though stalwart and genial, wore little but a coat of polish.

"It would appear," said the Octagonian Prime Minister, trembling with rage as he stared down from the window of the conference chamber at the Africans, who were having some difficulty in getting their burden up the steps—"it would appear that in Tetrahedronia the people of our well-beloved province of Cône are regarded as benighted savages, leading a precari-

ous existence in the heart of some trackless jungle. The assumption is interesting," he went on in a voice charged with passion, "but inaccurate."

charged with passion, "but inaccurate."
"Hooré!" agreed the Octagonian
Foreign Minister, throwing up his right
arm. There was a loud report and
broken glass showered on to his head.

An official retained for the purpose hurried up with a new electric-bulb. Wrapping his hand in a handkerchief, the Foreign Minister murmured that he was not used to this room and would be glad when they were out of it. The Prime Minister gave him a warning glance.

"Remember," he said—"no concessions."

"Certainly not," the Foreign Minister agreed. "Purely exploratory, purely exploratory." And they took their seats at the conference table.

There was at first a little difficulty with the representative of Hexagonia, a fatherly old gentleman who wished to open the proceedings by saying grace. It was pointed out to him, however, that since the conference was purely exploratory no one was about to receive anything; and business was begun.

The representative of Pentagonia

asked the assembly's permission to read a message of goodwill from his Prime Minister, who was unable to attend. Several interpreters were seen to blench, but permission was given. He thereupon read as follows:—

"I need hardly decline to fail to deny that any attempt on the part of no matter whom to view with grave concern the sending—nay, more, the despatch of wishes for the avoidance of failure of the international conference at Rhombús would be disquieting—"

He paused, astonished. Then he resumed with a deprecating smile: "I entreat the assembly's pardon; I omitted a line. To resume: '... would be in the highest degree very far from not disquieting to me.' I should like also to take this opportunity," the Pentagonian representative went on, assuming a stern expression, "of denying the dastardly rumour that the Prime Minister of my country now employs a chartered accountant to check his negatives. The Prime Minister's mathematical ability is as good as ever it was, and he passes many a happy hour checking them himself."

All three other countries had, through one or another of their spokesmen, some good-natured comment to make on this. Even the African bearers of the Tetrahedronian representative were seen to beam a little more widely as they stood behind his chair and were heard to express flattering though uninstructed opinions in the Swahili tongue.

But in these compliments the Octagonian Prime Minister took no part. He sat back in his chair glaring at the Tetrahedronian representative, whose attire and bearing still rankled in his mind. When the Tetrahedronian representative began to hand round a small bottle of quinine pills the other's indignation knew no bounds. He leaned over the table.

"Octagonia," he whispered with a look of hate, "will not stand the pretensions of a so-called delegate who arrives in a litter no ruder than himself."

"Hooré!" corroborated his Foreign Minister in a passionate undertone, throwing up his bandaged right hand.

The Tetrahedronian representative started to his feet full of wrath at this—as he believed—unprovoked insult. At the same instant the second delegate from Hexagonia (the first one had been asleep for some time) flung himself on the Octagonian Foreign Minister and with a cry of warning tore the handker-chief away from the latter's hand, which he believed to contain a small bomb or other lethal weapon.

Finding nothing but a few scratches, he was momentarily nonplussed. Not so the two African bearers, who, grasping at a glance what they took to be the situation, sprang forward with loud whoops to complicate it.

Since it was some hours before anyone had recovered sufficiently to issue a statement to the Press, a lamentable accuracy was visible in the reports that were shortly in print throughout the world. The newspaper Putni Brij, published in Decagonia (which had no part in the conference) was able to be most light-hearted about the whole affair, and indulged freely in such head-lines as:

Conference Rough-house, Octagonia Gets Coshed. Dusky Bearers Wade In Too.

But its more sober contemporaries took a serious view. "Hexagonia," said one of them, "having forced Octagonia to show her hand, nothing remains for Pentagonia but to put her foot firmly on a rapprochement beneath the very nose of Tetrahedronia. Hexagonia and Pentagonia must stand shoulder to shoulder and say

"PLEASE TURN TO PAGE SEVEN."

No war started, however, because the only persons who knew on whom



"ALL OUR TROUBLES SEEM QUITE INSIGNIFICANT WHEN COMPARED WITH THE GRANDEUR OF NATURE."

"Gosh, YES!-I WISH WE HAD BROUGHT YOUR DRESSMAKER'S BILL."

to declare it and for what reasons were in bed, most of them unconscious. Happily, too, the Tetrahedronian representative recovered first and explained to a reporter that, the Tetrahedronians being a literal-minded people, they had naturally wished their delegate at an exploratory conference to dress like an explorer.

A leading article in the Pentagonian newspaper Monotny summed up the affair as exemplifying the great dangers of personal diplomacy. Nevertheless the conference was resumed, as a result of pressure from the hotel-keepers of Rhombús; and the delegates parted at

length, happy to possess verbal confirmation of nearly all the views they had previously exchanged in writing.

R. M.

From Our Naval Expert.

"In other words, if A has two 35,000-ton ships and B has two 25,000-tonners, the tactical advantage lies with A. But A's superiority disappears as soon as B produces two 35,000-ton ships."—Daily Paper.

"Will ladies who are not attached to the Guild or Mothers' Union please form up behind the banner, 'Blessed art thou among women.'"—Parish Magazine.

We think this is putting it a little strong.

At the Pictures.

STILL AMERICAN CRIME.

Two at least of the unities are unusually well preserved in the film called Four Hours to Kill! where, although five separate stories are being shown,



A KILLER IN CUSTODY.

Tony Mako . RICHARD BARTHELMESS.

the time and the place remain the same. The action takes place in a theatre and within the allotted four hours the drama is over: that is to say, the four hours (due to a missed train) have been killed and during their passage someone has been killed. Ingenious naming.

The separate stories bear upon (1) the love of the cloak-room attendant who, in the American way, when he can save enough for the fees, is going to be a lawyer, and who recently, although engaged to another, has been too fond of Mrs. Anderson, one of the attendants; (2) the love of the young man-abouttown for Mrs. Temple and the smoothness of their plans for Reno, until she loses her diamond pin; (3) the mixed relations of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, he being a crook and she the naughty attendant; (4) the anxiety of an expectant father who, while he waits, is looking to the musical-comedy to soothe his feelings; and (5) and most important, the ennui and desperation of the hero of the piece, Tony Mako, the pickpocket (RICHARD BARTHELMESS). who, handcuffed to a detective, has to get through the four hours before the next train takes him back to his gaol, but meanwhile is eaten by the desire to settle up an old account with Anderson. When with his free hand he secretly secures a revolver for that purpose, the play-and our pleasuremay be said to begin.

Not a bad plot, and I can promise you an exciting time as (in an hour-anda-half) you watch its unwindings, in

which a terrifying police-officer is by no means idle. In fact, as I have said with some fervency before, preserve us from police wherever they are but from the American police in particular!

If I have said this with some fervency before, you may guess my depth of emotion now, after seeing the first film to depict the methods of America's G-men. For G-men, as they are called (G apparently standing for Justice). form the new licensed killers authorised by the Federal Government to override all State laws in the suppression of gangster crime and the capture of every Public Enemy. Fitted for that purpose with revolvers, machine-guns, bombs and tear-gas, they can, it will be perceived, be as capable of providing entertainment to film-goers as once, in less circumspect times, the criminals they pursue.

After hard training in boxing, ju-jitsu, shooting and sleuthing generally, the G-man is ready for the foe, and I hope I shall never be so unfortunate as to meet him in his professional capacity. I don't expect to; but you never can tell. For further information and the excitement of watching these grim and vengeful phenomena at work I urge you to see JAMES CAONEY in G-Men at the Regal and watch the part he plays in tracking to earth and



No. 1—A G—HE-MAN.

Brick Davis James Cagney.

exterminating DILLINGER, who is here called Leggett, and his adherents, the last to withstand the authorities being Collins. Those who admire JAMES CAGNEY and follow him (as I do) will know what to expect, and they will not be disappointed. But what a lot

of shots are needed to put a very few men out of action, and in these fusillades how few men are hit!

In order to increase the realism of G-Men the management of the Regal provide on the stage the "personal appearance" of MARCIA MARSH, who, though billed as "DILLINGER'S girlfriend," denies this claim to distinction



No. 2—AND SHE-MAN.

Kay McCord . . MARGARET LINDSAY. Brick Davis . . . JAMES CAGNEY.

—or so I think I heard, but she was not too audible. Accompanying her is an ex-American policeman, who, while luridly describing by word and picture the cases in which he has been involved, expresses his pleasure at the freedom from attack that England offers. It seemed to me that he professed too much and that both were unnecessary.

E. V. L.

Wash-Out.

THE gentleman, announces a Messwaiter, is ready for us.

Reluctantly we heave ourselves off our shoulder-blades and, donning our harness, saunter outside, wearing our caps at unusually daslung angles.

The photographer, standing beside his camera, watches us emerge with a coldly calculating eye as he tries to estimate his profit. The result appears to depress him, and he scowls upwards to where the sun, refusing to countenance the show, has withdrawn behind an ominous thundercloud.

With an air of studied boredom we take our places. We booted and spurred potentates, as befits our exalted rank, occupy the seats, and the subalterns, exchanging puerile witticisms, line up behind. The Colonel sets himself in a commanding attitude, trying to register a mixture of ruthless determination and kindly humanity on features suitable for neither, and the resultant expression sets the photographer busy strengthening his tripod. The Adjutant, sitting beside him, pulls the peak of his cap down and tries to hide behind his



"Now that's the first specimen of that species I've seen-and I've swallowed it!"

own knees. We Company-Commanders, who have been celebrating a birthday before, during and after lunch, are just one great big happy smile; and the Quartermaster, conscious of the increased price of gold, is wearing a dental leer so hideous that two orderlies waiting to deliver messages shrink away appalled. The subalterns, having few illusions left after a fortnight's incessant criticism, are making the most of temporarily inflated chests.

But the photographer is not satisfied. He has just photographed the warrant-officers and sergeants-a petrified phalanx of boots and brawn-and it seems to have unsettled him. We must all look pleasant, he says optimistically, like the four gentlemen in front. He gives a demonstration with a mass of prominent teeth and rolling eyes. Normally he is an uninspiring sight, having two separate moustaches divided by a strip of neutral territory and a mop of greasy black hair artistically trained like mudguards over his ears, and one glance at his idea of pictorial pleasure kills our birthday jubilation stone dead. Instead of four smiles he has now none.

He shrugs his shoulders in despair and, realising the futility of making stern warriors smile to order, embarks on a rearrangement of our poses. To our great joy he insists upon the Adjutant coming up out of his breeches and joining the party, and destroys the Quartermaster's snarling leer by telling him that gold shows black. For a second he hesitates before the Colonel, but, deciding not to risk it, passes on to the Second-in-Command, who, possessing two rows of medals, is sitting sideways so that future generations studying his portrait will marvel at the temerity of the Teuton. He straightens the bulging veteran with a series of mesmeric passes and turns to the pneumatic subalterns. Will they, he asks, push their caps back so that he can see their faces? They oblige him, and with delightful tact he tells them that perhaps their original pose was the best after all.

He skips coyly back to his camera and takes a peep at us through the lens. Apparently the result is unsatisfactory, for he is back again almost at once. This time he tackles the M.O., but, discovering that a chosen person with a hooked nose in no match for an outspoken one with a hobnailed liver, retires to brood in the seclusion of his instrument.

The Colonel, whose face is aching with the strain of trying to keep it from telling the truth, booms at him to get on with it, and an answering boom comes from overhead as a few drops of rain patter down. A sudden warm breeze on our necks tells us that the distended subalterns are releasing their used air prior to inhaling a fresh supply.

The photographer inserts a plate and, inquiring if we are ready, raises his hand in a commanding gesture, and stares at his watch.

And then, in a solid sheet, the rain comes down. . . .

It is not a good photograph but, as the artist plaintively informs the Mess President, the fault is our own. The frantic stampede back to the Mess, however, is admirably depicted; and the Colonel's expression as he collides with the Adjutant whilst leaping an overturned chair may be justly described as a speaking likeness.

Ballade of Domestic Calamity.

("Look! Our postillion has been struck by lightning" is one of the "useful Common Phrases" appearing in a Dutch manual on the speaking of English.)

To every man upon this earthly ball
Misfortune comes, and not a soul is free;
It claims alike the master and the thrall,
The hungry plumber and the proud J.P.;
But never did the eye of mortal see
A tragedy more sudden or more frightening
Than what has happened to my wife and me:
Look! our postillion has been struck by lightning!

We had attained the topmost branch of all
In our slow progress up the social tree;
We had quite recently acquired the Hall,
Our nenial staff had swelled to twenty-three;
And now, in this blest year of Jubilee,
When all seemed fair and every hope was brightening,
When Lady Parks had asked us out to tea,
Our —— postillion has been struck by lightning.

Not singly do terrestrial troubles fall:
Our second-groom has water on the knee;
The seventh-footman thinks he is St. Paul,
The butler and the parlourmaid agree;
The gardener's boy is out upon the spree,
The cook is tight, the scullery-maid is tightening,
The under-boots has failed his Pass Degree,
And our postillion has been struck by lightning.

Envoi.

Prince, we intended for a moderate fee

To come and drown you in a pail of whitening;
But life is life, and it was not to be,

For our postillion has been struck by lightning.

The Probation of an Offender.

"A summons under the Public Health Act alleging that he gave toy windmills to children in exchange for jam-jars was brought against —, a dealer, at Windsor to-day."

The words are not mine. They are taken from an ordinary news-column of an ordinary paper—in case you should still suspect the silly invention of an Aunt Sally to shy at, from the Final Night Edition of *The Evening Standard* of June 3rd, 1935.

A statement such as this, so mysterious and so inviting, a tribute at once to the ingenuity of the legislator and to the imperturbability of the journalist, should not be passed without careful contemplation.

Why the Public Health Act? And which was the offence—giving the windmills or taking the jam-jars? Would the public health have been endangered had he given the windmills away without taking the jam-jars? Or, on the other hand, if he had pinched the jam-jars without giving the windmills, would that have brought him up against one of the Road Transport

Suppose they had been old ladies instead of children, would be have got around the law?

And anyhow, in which commodity was he a dealer? Was he a toy windmill dealer trying to increase his turn-

over by accepting barter payment? Or was he a jamjar dealer trying a novel device to corner supplies? The latter, I fancy, for the account goes on:—

"He wrote that he was giving white mice as well as windmills, and that he usually gave goldfish, but had been unable to obtain a fresh supply."

The sentence should be read carefully once or twice.

What I want to know is this: Did that make it better for him or worse? Was it a plea in extenuation or was it the shameless boast of a sin-sodden criminal conscious that retribution was at hand and determined to take his medicine with a kind of gallows jauntiness? When the Justices retired to the room behind the court did one say to the others, "After all, the chap seems to have been trying to go straight and just had bad luck in getting caught short by the Goldfish Pool?" Or was it, "But, damme! the fellow admits that he's been giving away mice and goldfish as well. If we let him off now, next time it'll be rocking-horses or paper-hats"?

I wonder how the children felt when, after the first glow

I wonder how the children felt when, after the first glow of exultation at becoming possessors of goldfish had died away, they awoke to the fact that they had given away all their jam-jars and would have to keep the creatures in the sink?

"The summons was dismissed under the Probation of Offenders Act."

Was it wise? Presumably the Court regarded him as an offender or they would have dealt with the case under the Fatuity of Statutes Act or the Commonsense of Magistrates Act, and it may be questioned whether it is judicious to permit too readily departure from the high standard of conduct which the law demands.

I leave the public to argue the question in its homes and its taverns. PLATO, it will be remembered, recommended strongly the public debating of legal causes and decisions. I cannot recall all the arguments that he used. Most of them would probably be inapplicable, anyhow, now that we have electricity. But two of them were—that the practice induces in the young a clear and ready sense of the distinction between Good and Evil, and that it inspires in all love and respect for the State, which marshals and employs the resources of physical force in defence of abstract right.

The Artist and the Realist.

The folks that comes out from the city
They liked for to laze around and see
Them great old 'eavy 'orses there,
Luggin', strainin' an' tuggin'
Steady but 'ard, their old 'eads noddin',
And the man be'ind 'em whistlin', ploddin'
As the plough turned out the furrow on Peter's Lea.

"It's restful," they'd say, "and it's pretty;"
And I've 'eard 'em say that it's a sin
We 'ave them noisy tractors now
Chuggin', spittin' and cluggin',
Oily and black, their petrol smellin',
And the men that works 'em shoutin', yellin'
To make their voices carry above the din.

Well, it's easy for them folks—talkin';
They comes down 'ere for fun,
And them 'orses was a picture doin' the work . .
But tractors gets it done.



The Word War.

XVI.

Inst., Ult. and Prox. again.

EXERCISE.

Write a love-lyric about these pompous little beasts.

Answer.

I heard the happy lark exult,
Too soon, for it was early ult.;
And now the land with rain is rinsed—
Ah, mournful is the month of inst.!
Love, like a lizard in the rocks,
Is hungry for the suns of prox.

Boy Cupid with his catapult Could find but sorry sport in ult.; But through the woods, with bluebells chintzed,

My lady comes to me in inst. And oh! may Cupid speed the clocks, For she will marry me in prox.!

Confusion reigns in the redundant month department. In an earlier lecture I mentioned the odd month of "idem": and I murmured mildly that this should be "eodem" (ablative) to conform with "proximo" and "ultimo," with which "mense" (ablative of "mensis," month, Bobby) must be "understood." Two warriors have disagreed with me. They say it should be "ejusdem"—genitive. I think they are wrong—but I heartily wish they were right. For then the other two would have to be "ultimi" and "proximi," and the Ulters and Proxers would be proved to have been guilty of a gross bloomer in every letter on the files.

Well, I have consulted certain scholars: all were doubtful and burrowed obligingly in dusty schoolbooks; but the highest scholar thinks that either the genitive or the ablative might be used, though probably "mense proximo," ablative absolute (like "consule Planco," Bobby), is the better. I take that view myself, but am still a little uncertain, and, not being a Proxer, do not care half a hoot which is right.

Business Man, if he has read so far, is probably saying, "But what do I care about ablatives and all that bunk?" The answer to which is: "Don't talk unnecessary Latin if you don't know the language, old boy. For this is blazing inefficiency."

Yet two citizens have dared to defend the Proxers. They say that "on the 1st ult." means not merely "on May 1st" but "on May 1st, 1935," and that "on May 1st" leaves the reader in doubt about the year.

This is only to add insincerity to in-

defensibility. The number of the year is always announced at the head of a letter, and in the rare cases where a different year is intended in the text it is very simple and short to say so. I hope that I shall not have to speak of this painful matter again.

I am "advised" that there is a fifth redundant month, "curt."—for "current," or "currente"—or "currentis"?

I still think that the old-fashioned "May" (or even Dec.) is better—and briefer.

Infer and Imply.

"Infer," Bobby, is not (or shall not be) the same as "imply." "Infer" is a sort of thinking and "imply" is a sort of suggesting. If you see a man staggering along the road you may infer that he is drunk without saying a word; but if you say, "Had one too many?" you do not infer but imply that he is drunk.

Deratization.

What does this word mean? I will

give you three guesses.

I have many zealous and faithful warriors in the armed forces of the Crown, and all good sailors and soldiers are with us. The odd—and sad—thing is that dolichological longiverbosity and "re"-fever rages increasingly in the higher ranks of the strong silent Services where the orders and operations are devised. The man of action in his official utterances is often far more wordy than the despised attorney. Indeed, the best lawyers are masters of concise and clear expression. But a Staff Officer, preparing for battle, assumes that Providence is on the side of the big words.

I hope that in the next war, when they send us home from the firing-line, they will not think it necessary to say that they are "evacuating" us.* That can be left to the hospitals.

A Naval officer tells me that once a year there is, or used to be, a "Rat Week" in every dockyard, during which intensive war was waged on the rat in ships, shops and warehouses; and a few years ago, at a certain port, the Rat Orders were full of the new and pretty word—

"DERATIZATION."

Methods of "deratization," for example, were to be reported in order of merit.

I did not think that I should meet "deratization" again. But here is a

letter sent to me by a gallant warrior in India:—

"GOVERNMENT OF BENGAL.

OFFICE OF THE PORT HEALTH OFFICER.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your letter dated the 3rd April, 1933, and in confirmation of the telephonic conversation of this morning, I have to inform you that the ss.—will be inspected by the Fumigation Officer of this Department at 8 A.M. on Sunday, the 7th instant, for the purpose of granting a deratization exemption certificate as applied for by you.

Yours faithfully,

Port Health Officer (Offg.)."

Is there, I wonder, Bobby, a "demousization exemption certificate"?

Outrage at the Film Institute.

Then I was shocked to see a Monthly Film Bulletin of the British Film Institute (which was set up to put more "culture" on the screen). It is headed "Educational Films Section" and contains some searching criticism of numerous films. In an account of a film distributed by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries I found these fragments of culture:—

- (1) "The de-ratization of ships and the rat-proofing of structures could with advantage be treated more fully."
- (2) "As a health film, more attention to this aspect would be valuable."—Medical Panel.

They must be valuable critics who have so delicate a sense of words. The Film Institute, like other bodies, is, I suppose, so deeply obsessed with the protection of our morals that it has no time for the protection of our language. But that is much more easily corrupted. A child will forget a bad film to-morrow, but it remembers a wicked word. Few children have suffered morally from the films; but all can sneer, "Sez you!" And soon, no doubt, they will be singing songs about "The Deratizationer's Daughter."

To-day's Double—
"Deratization"
and
"Redecontamination."

Rendition.

A warrior-Colonel writes plaintively from Aldershot that for thirty years he has been fighting in vain against this kind of foe:—

"You are requested to expedite

^{*}But see The Times (June 4th, 1935): "The mass evacuation of Quetta is proceeding . . . 10,000 survivors have been evacuated to a camp." Here are the two senses, "to empty" and "to transport," in a single paragraph.

the rendition of your Return of Musical Horses, etc."

And why, at concerts, another comrade aptly inquires, do "vocalists" never sing, but give "a pleasing rendition" of Tosti's "Good-bye"?

"Rendition," I see, is dated 1601: but I do not care. And I gravely fear that before long the vocalists and staff officers may be caught "renditioning" or even "re-renditioning." Tread on this word in good time.

HAPPY METAPHORS.

Aftermathematics.

"Aftermath" is much overworked. It means "second or later mowing: the crop of grass which springs up after the mowing in the early summer."

But what does this mean?

"... ideas of individuality, freedom, tolerance and eternal youth with which the aftermath of war was impregnated." I cannot tell. But one of the special prizes for Happy Metaphors will go to the Impregnated Aftermath.

Why, by the way, is the metaphorical "aftermath" as a rule unpleasant?

Very often it is a hideous "aftermath"; and I have seen one "sinister aftermath." There is nothing very sinister (is there?) in a second crop of grass.

Ship of State, Public Trough, etc.

". . . The only answer is a national government that will scrape the barnacles off the Ship of State and will see that those who for years have been feeding at the public trough are ruled out of court."—Dr. Bruce MacDonald, as reported in "The Toronto Evening Telegram."

This, I think, is the first recorded appearance of barnacles on the Ship of State. (It has always been decently assumed by orators that a Ships' Bottoms Anti-Fouling Composition was used.) If this sort of mundane detail becomes customary we shall soon see the Ship of State being "re-conditioned," "laid up," "neaped," "hedged off," "quarantined," or even "deratizated," and the vessel will lose her majesty and mystery. And I shall then have to press my old question: "Is the Ship of State a sailing-vessel or a steamer?" This issue has never been "faced up to." (Game, Set and Match.)

Postscript.

You are quite right, boyos. Many of my prepositions last week were adverbs, or prepositions masquerading as such. But the argument remains the same.

A. P. H.



"BUT, GODFREY, PLAY THE GAME! I CAN'T DISAPPOINT MY PUBLIC."

Mr. Pompilius.

THE smug lawns sleep contentedly
Under the leopard sun
Whose hungry hands stab viciously
The haggard dry-lipped beds,
And marigolds raise wearily
Their tangled gipsy heads.

Gathering radishes in the kitchengarden, Ernie wipes his face;

Gargantuan fingers scrabble the firegreen lace, Tossing in aromatic heaps

Clean-scented parsley, mint and heady thyme.

Down the long box-bordered paths Beside his vast hot-houses Slowly,

majestically

atally

Mr. Pompilius,

Puffing

complacently
Between thick mottled lips his fat eigar;
His little eyes dart sharply
Left and right,
Appraising greedily
Wide painted cedars, medlar-black,
As brows bent frowning on the sun;
And dappled planes
Whose laughing towers
Climb swiftly upward
High as the cool sweet limes.

Down the tawny gravel walks, Confined in Harris tweeds and rolls of fat, Slowly,

majestically

etalke

Mr. Pompilius.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR WHELK,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 27th inst. from which I note that you have been approached by the East Regional Broadcasting Station to broadcast your experiences as a golf secretary one day next month.

Yes, I suppose it will be all right as far as the Club is concerned, and I for one will not stand in your way; but really I fail to see how anyone could be interested in such a subject.

Yours sincerely, RALPH VINEY.

From Alfred Volume, Director of Programmes, East Regional Broadcasting Station.

7th May, 1935.

Dear Str. — Thank you for yours of the 2nd inst. enclosing talk for the series, "Confessions from the Professions." It seems to be very good indeed and just what I want.

Kindly note that I am allocating Monday, 3rd June, 9.30 to 9.50 P.M., and shall be glad if you will arrange to be at the studio at 8.30 P.M. on this date to enable me to put you through a short voice test.

Our Agreement is enclosed herewith for your signature and return.

> Yours faithfully, ALFRED VOLUME, Programme Director.

From Julian Square, Roughover.

Tuesday, June 4th, 1935.

Dear Pat,—I listened-in last night and thought you came over very well, but in case you are under the impression you disguised your many experiences at the Club by using different characters and settings, let me tell you, old son, a child could have seen through them.

I'm afraid you're in for a pretty stiff week as I know for a fact that the Big Four (Forcursue, Nettle, Nutmeg and Sneyring Stymie), were all going to listen-in.

Yours ever,

JULIAN.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughmer.

SIR,—I was greatly annoyed while trying out a new valve on my wirelesset this evening to hear your odious voice come bleating out of my loudspeaker. And allow me to tell you, Sir, that if you think I am fool enough to be hoodwinked by hearing myself described as a Major Pepperdupe and the setting for that unfortunate incident in which I was found looking for my golf-ball in Mrs. Gibson's asparagusbed altered to a Miss Winifred Pooper's rhubarb, you have another guess coming.

Kindly note that I am handing the matter over to my solicitors and am switched on to the East Regional Programme and was disgusted to hear your voice—suave, lying and blatantly insolent, as usual.

This then is to warn you, Sir, that if it was not for the fact that I am most averse from publicity I should take instant proceedings against you for your libellous remarks about myself and the bicycle-shed. As it is, I am now engaged on working out a plan for putting you once and for all in your proper place.

Yours faithfully,

P.S.—Granted you called the building a garage and referred to me as a Japanese bank-manger; but this, to my way of thinking, only makes

matters worse.

From the Honourable Norah Spoon, Roughover.

Tuesday, June 4th, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—My butler tells me your talk was too marvellous last night, so I am putting you down to do the blah-blah outside the palmist's tent at my Bazaar on the 15th.

Thank you so much. Yours very sincerely, Norah Spoon.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., Member of Roughover Golf Club Committee.

4th June, 1935.
SIR,—Much against
my will I was persuaded
to listen-in to your talk
last night, and frankly I

think you have descended to a pretty low level, for, after all is said and done, your twenty minutes on the air amounts to nothing but this: that you accepted a broadcast fee for washing the Club's dirty linen in public.

Really, Whelk, I have always hoped that one day I might find an element of decency in your make-up, but from what has now happened I fear it is

definitely non-existent.

I shall be mentioning the matter at the next Committee Meeting and also at the Annual General Meeting next month, and you can take it from me that if you still occupy the position of Secretary to Roughover Golf Club thereafter I shall be very surprised indeed.

Yours faithfully, C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

P.S.—If, however, you guarantee to never again mention about the boat



"It's only old Bangstick. It's his first match this season and he's out l.b.w. (n)."

also taking the matter up with the Broadcasting station.

Yours, Sir,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Mrs. Whelk, 103, Southward Street, London, S.W.

My Darling Boy,—I think your talk was too wonderful, but the reception on my set was very poor. I suppose it must be those horrid atmospherics, or is it that your plate still fits badly?

Your loving MOTHER.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

SIR,—While endeavouring to get the News last night I inadvertently



"IF IT'S SECOND CHILD'OOD THEY'VE GOT, THEN I RECKON THEY COMES WITHIN THE MEANIN' O' THE HACT."

and my nocturnal collection of golfballs out of the lake I shall be prepared for my part to let bygones be bygones.

From Richard Whelk, St. Augustine's College, Whinley.

4th June. 1935. DEAR UNCLE PATRICK,-Congratulations on your talk; it really was a stout effort. Your voice came through very well and the chaps in my form all liked the bit about the man giving the caddy a dirty look over the dead

Why did you alter the names, though? Surely it was Commander Harrington Nettle?

I suppose you couldn't lend me a quid? I'd try to pay it back in the Christmas holidays. Your talk really was the best thing I've heard on the wireless this year. Your loving Nephew,

DICK.

P.S.-If you could make it thirty bob it would be all the better. You'd make a jolly good M.P.

Nettle, From Commander C.M.G.D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover. (By hand.)

SIR,-Re your wireless talk of last night, I shall be glad if you will kindly meet me behind the quarry near the 7th tee to-morrow afternoon at 2.30.

I am not in the habit of taking insults of this nature lying down.

Yours faithfully,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.

From Alfred Volume, Director of Programmes, East Regional Broadcasting Station.

8th June, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-It may interest you to know that your talk has gone down extremely well with the public and that already we have received 521 letters, nearly all of which have been complimentary; in fact I think there were only four acrimonious letters, and they all curiously enough came from your district.

It has occurred to me that you might

be able to manage a further talk in the autumn, and if you would be agreeable I shall be glad to hear from you in due course.

> Yours faithfully, ALFRED VOLUME.

From Alfred Volume (address as above).

10th June, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry you will not consider a further talk, but under the circumstances I quite understand, and I very much regret that the one you gave the other evening has got you into such trouble.

No, I'm afraid that it would be quite impossible for us to broadcast a public apology in the Regional News this evening to the four gentlemen mentioned in your letter.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED VOLUME.

Good News for Divers.

"Last year more than a million sterling was sunk in swimming pools in England alone."—From a Periodical.



THE 100% HE-MAN.

I Took My Aunt to Wimbledon.

I TOOK my aunt to Wimbledon;
She'd never been before—
The second week at Wimbledon,
Which cost me rather more
Than I had any right to spend;
But aunt has always been a friend,
And I was sure that in the end
Her cash would come my way;
So off we went to Wimbledon
To see the thrilling play.

Aunt Jill proved keen on Wimbledon
Despite advancing years,
And all that week at Wimbledon
We shared our hopes and fears.
No stroke she missed, and as she sat
Her grey head swung this way and that
Like clockwork image on a mat
Or advert. in a shop,
Until the end of Wimbledon—
And then it wouldn't stop.

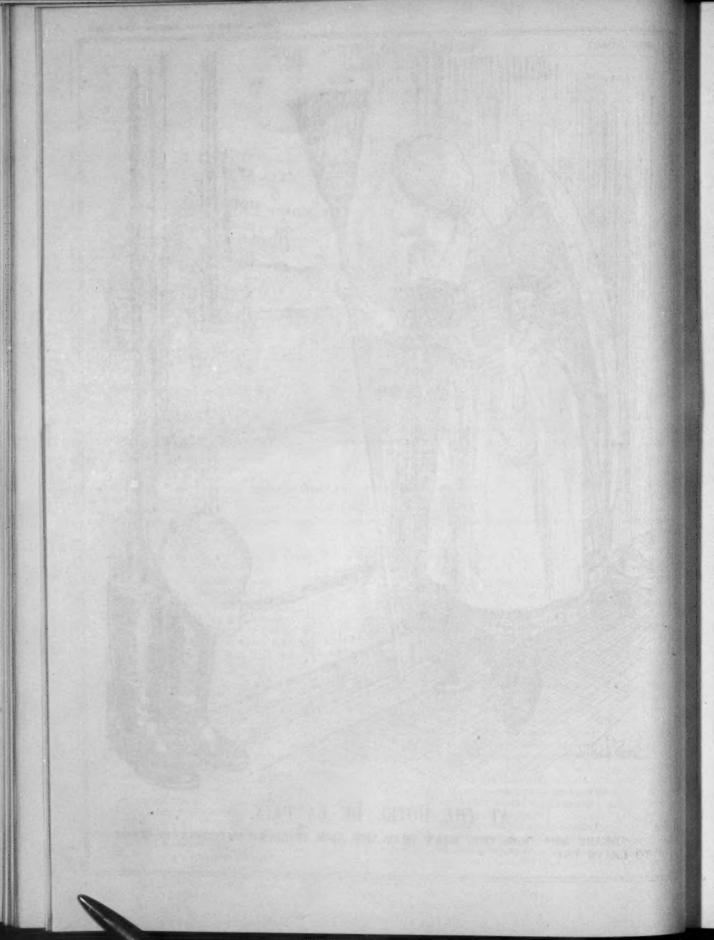
In secret, home from Wimbledon I amuggled Aunty Jill, For nobody at Wimbledon
Could make her head keep still.
The doctors said a case like this
Defied expert analysis.
We fed her—it was hit or miss—
And got her up to bed.
She lay and dreamed of Wimbledon
And wagged her poor old head.

Aunt Jill now lives at Wimbledon
That handy she may be,
And every match at Wimbledon
My aunt is there to see.
All other times she roams where'er
The tennis stars perchance appear
(To this her strange complaint, poor
dear,
Compels her to resort),
And if her movements cause surprise
(They do not always synchronise)
She'll jokingly apologise
To neighbours round the court
For what occurred at Wimbledon;
She really is a sport.
D. C.



AT THE HÔTEL DE LA PAIX.

"DEARY ME! DOES THIS MEAN THAT THE NICE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN IS GOING TO LEAVE US?"



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, June 24th.—Lords: Housing Bill considered in Committee.

Commons: Finance Bill considered in Committee.



"STATUE OF A PHILANTHROPIST."

Design for a statue of Mr. MACQUISTEN to be erected, it is hoped, in Parliament Square as soon as circumstances permit.

Tuesday, June 25th.—Lords: Housing Bill considered in Committee.

Commons: Restriction of Ribbon Development Bill given Second Reading

Wednesday, June 26th.—Lords: Naval Debate.

Commons: Debate on Cattle Subsidy.

Monday, June 24th.—The International Council for the Exploration of the Sea may congratulate itself, if it has not already done so, on possessing a title in which poetry is exquisitely blended with simple grandeur. That the Council sets sail now and then to have a further look at the ocean is more than likely, but apparently it also contemplates marine problems in the abstract-at the moment the destruction of under-sized fish, so Mr. ELLIOT told Mr. Loftus this afternoon. Vast numbers of infant plaice are being snatched by unthinking fishermen as it were from the bassinette, and unless the population of the North Sea is to drop grievously, effective steps must be taken.

The Chief Constable of Newcastleunder-Lyme, who must be a most courageous fellow, has for six months now forbidden the drivers of his policecars to use their horns at all, day or night, and the results of this experiment have been entirely successful, said Mr. Hales, in asking if the Minister of Transport would consider an experimental 24-hour zone of silence for one month for everyone in Newcastle-under-Lyme. Captain Hudson, replying, assured him that the Minister would willingly consider any such application from a local authority.

The Lords began the Committee stage of the Housing Bill, and the most interesting Amendment was that of Lord Balfour of Burleigh to allow an appeal to the Minister from a housing association which had suffered unreasonable treatment from a local authority. The Amendment was warmly supported, and Lord Halifax agreed to introduce a similar Amendment on the Report stage.

Further consideration of the Finance Bill in the Commons drew from Mr. MACQUISTEN his annual and eloquent appeal for a reduction in the tax of 8s. 5½d. on the bottle of whisky. He described this as grotesque and wished that whisky could be regarded entirely as a medicine. While Mr. Chamberlan could not agree that the financial condition of the country justified the suggested remission, he went so far as to admit that the tax was altogether out of proportion.

Tuesday, June 25th.—If slumdwellers are to be re-housed in vast blocks of flats on the German model, it seems very important to ensure that each flat will have a balcony, however small, where children can be aired. Lord DUDLEY moved an Amendment to the Housing Bill this afternoon to make



"That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can."

[Promising contribution to the Concert of Europe by Mr. A. BEVAN, according to the view of the First Lord of the Admiralty.] balconies compulsory in all blocks higher than three stories, and he put the extra cost as low as £1 a balcony; but, although Lord HALIFAX was sympathetic, he asked that the Amendment should be withdrawn as he thought it



"HATS OFF TO GERMANY."

[N.B.—Dotted lines indicate position of hat before being doffed.]

"I THINK THAT WE OWE A DEBT OF GRATI-TUDE TO GERMANY."—"Earl BEASSY.

would be a mistake to single out one desirable amenity.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh also agreed to withdraw an Amendment to delete the clause allowing compensation to shopkeepers who might suffer from a sudden artificial decrease in population, Lord Halifax assuring him that there was not much fear of local authorities being too generous

with public funds.

In answer to Admiral Campbell, the First Lord stated in the Commons that the German Naval representatives had announced their willingness to adhere to Part IV. of the London Naval Treaty, which would mean that never again would Germany make use of unrestricted submarine warfare. Mr. Aneurin Bevan's doubts as to whether any country would stick to such a treaty if near defeat were met by the First Lord with the retort that that argument would prevent anyone from ever making a treaty, which would

A comfortable Second Reading was given to the Ribbon Development Bill to-day, after an admirable speech from the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT and after it had been subjected to considerable criticism. On the methetic side of the Bill, Mr. HORE-BELISHA explained, it

mean returning to jungle rule.



"I BELIEVE HE DOESN'T NEED TO DO THIS FOR A LIVING-HIS OLD MAN OWNS NEARLY ALL THE MAMMOTH IVORY IN SOLUTRE."

gave local authorities powers to protect their amenities, and on the traffic side it aimed at securing a freer flow of traffic with greater safety.

traffic with greater safety.

The Labour Party, led by Mr. Greenwood, made much of the compensation which the Bill allows to landowners, but there was fairly general agreement that as a life-saving measure the Bill would achieve its

Wednesday, June 26th. — Perhaps rather prematurely, since Mr. EDEN has yet to go to Paris, Lord LLOYD to-day initiated a debate on the Naval situation and criticised the Government's action in condoning Germany's unilateral revision of the Treaty of Versailles. In the last few days, he said, the Stresa Front had been severely dented, and in the ratio principle he saw danger, because whenever we built ten destroyers for far seas we should be increasing the proportion of strength against us in the North Sea.

That toughest of tars, Lord STRABOLGI, followed him and fired a loud broadside into the Government for acting not as a co-signatory but as a unit, which he said struck at the whole basis of collective security. But he admitted

that a strong case had been made out for a strengthening of the Home Fleet.

In Lord LOTHIAN the Government found a warm champion, though he



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO!

Those who bet on Colonel GRETTON Being a "middle voice" find, alas! He 's bass.

wished that the standard of comparison had been between Germany and ourselves alone rather than with the British Commonwealth; also in Lord RENNELL, and in Lord BEATTY, who maintained that it was a great thing that naval rivalry between Britain and Germany should be ended, and at the same time asked for a larger Navy (particularly more destroyers) and for a Fleet Air Arm independent of the R.A.F. The official reply was made by Lord LONDONDERRY, who insisted that by refusing Germany's offer we should have struck a serious blow at world peace, that France had been warned of our intentions and had offered no overwhelming objection, and assured the House that Germany was not only bound to reduce her Navy in proportion to any reduction upon which this country might embark, but also by accepted qualitative limits in calculating her 35%.

The Commons, concentrating on fat oxen, were enlivened for a moment by Mr. Lambert's suggestion that if Mr. J. H. Thomas pulled off as good a bargain for the farmer as he had for the railwayman he should be immortalised by Mr. Epstein—the only person

who could do him justice.

How to Write the Humorous Article.

WE will suppose that you already have pens, ink and paper and, if you consider it essential, the watering-can (arrosoir) of the gardener's aunt. You have already drawn various modern designs for curtains on the edges and top of your first (or top) sheet of paper. You have changed a palpable piece of bedroom furniture (drawing of) into a girl's face, then into an old man with a beard, and finally into an elephant with an abnormal trunk, and now you feel you ought to write something.

The great thing is that you have got to be funny. Therefore get a funny idea. Do you think it funny? No. Would anybody think it funny? No. Therefore discard idea.

Now think of something funny and write about it. Failing this, write something serious and send it to a serious paper or tear it up.

Think of all the funny things you have ever seen or heard and discard nine-tenths of it as too vulgar or too hackneyed. Take the remaining tenth and revolve it in your mind until it strikes you as being all of it thoroughly tragic or pathetic.

Now draw some more pictures and think of something funny and write about it.

If this doesn't work, go into another room and have a drink. When you come back draw a Gothic cathedral, put a flagstaff on it somewhere, run a flag up the pole and put a skull and crossbones on the flag. Now draw a top-hat above the flag and a pair of scissors on top of that. As the drawing is now rather silly, cross it all out heavily with ink, refilling your pen to do so if necessary.

do so if necessary.

The first sheet being by this time full of drawings, discard it and make it slowly into spills or just let it lie.

Take your second sheet and, putting your tongue out, draw very carefully a sailing-ship in full sail in the top left-hand corner, afterwards adding a modern liner and a rowing-boat.

Scribble in irritation all across second sheet and discard it. Now light a cigarette and sit back to get a good idea or to watch a fly on the window-pane. Decide to watch fly on window-pane and think about struggling insects, Robert Bruce, Scotland, Macbeth, The Old Vic, Waterloo Station, and a man you saw there last week with a face like that which you have always supposed Jack the Ripper had.

supposed Jack the Ripper had.

Wake up from reverie and clean
your fountain-pen-nib on your pockethandkerchief. You find that pocket-



"I SUPPOSE I OUGHTN'T TO GRUMBLE BECAUSE IT'S SO QUIET, BERT, BECAUSE PERHAPS THAT MAN IN THE LIGHTHOUSE IS LOOKING AT MY NEW HAT THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE."

handkerchief has left a whisker in the nib, so you now spend several minutes trying to catch it to pull it out. Eventually you succeed. Try nib to see that it is all right by drawing a bath-chair with a cheerful invalid in it.

By this time you should have thought of something funny. . . .

You find perhaps that you have not yet thought of anything funny. You catch yourself at this point about to spoil your third sheet of paper with a large drawing of a giraffe; restrain yourself before the third sheet is quite useless for writing on.

Now go and look out of the window for a bit and think about the fact that you must go out soon and buy some more cigarettes. You might sing a favourite song now. When you have bored yourself sufficiently with the only line of it you know, sit down and thoroughly ruin your third sheet with a picture of a railway-engine at full speed. This effect is not difficult to get with a lot of smoke and little lines to represent the invisible air being sharply pushed on either side by the snorting monster—it is the same technique as for a shiny penny.

shiny penny.

Well, now think of something funny and write about it. If you still fail to do this it is bad luck, but you will have some very nice drawings, and if you persevere with your writing you may be hung on the line one of these days—or maybe not.

At the Play.

"ACCIDENTALLY YOURS' (SHAFTESBURY).

THE reference on the programme to

the "original French" from which this farce has been taken by Mr. CLIFFORD GREY may have been intended as a joke, for anything less original it would be difficult to imagine. That apparently it took two Frenchmen to conceive the thing at all seems to me something of a slander on a race whose fertility of mind is beyond dispute.

The First Act was almost unrelievedly dreary, the Second and Third contained bright intervals; but even when Mr. Robey was going at full pressure there was little there of that magnificent lunacy which flings all considerations of plot to the winds and, casting a magic mist of unreality over the players, is the real business

of farce. In the farce I reviewed last authors so intended the play I humbly week, Anything Goes, Mr. SYDNEY HOW-ARD sets such a pace of noble absurdity in the first minute that anyone who cavilled at the plot would have con-fessed himself blind to the sublime.



ONE OF THE CLINGING SORT (MALE). Ginette . . . MILE, ALICE DELYSIA.
Lucien Cambolle Mr. Jack Hawkins.

But here, instead of a wholesale and generous rejection of logic, there is such constant insistence on the intricacies of a plot so hopelessly involved and idiotic that I, and I suspect also its authors, gave up all attempt to follow

it In its main theme, the embarrassment of a banker whose ex-mistress is invited to stay in his house by his wife, who is under the impression that the girl is his daughter, there is the stuff of comedy proper, and if the two French



AT THE CAFÉ GINETTE (Hen cocktail party à deux).

Angele Bertin MISS MURIEL MONTROS Ginette MLLE. ALICE DELYSIA. MISS MURIEL MONTROSE. Ginette .

> beg their pardon. In Mr. GREY's version so many complicated furbelows are tacked on to the simplicity of this situation that the cast are left standing as often on their heads as on their heels.

Of these, designed by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND, the first was such a pleasing likeness of the inside of a small Paris café that it was all a thirsty and thinlyentertained audience could do to restrain themselves from rushing the stage and clamouring for a bock. In this Act Mr. JOHN E. COYLE'S Barman was all and more that a barman should be, for not only did his technique at mixing champagne-cocktails call for the highest commendation, but he was also prepared to accept bets at all hours of the day and night, and even, indeed, on races with the results of which he was already acquainted. To this pokerfaced comedian we were indebted for several honest laughs.

The strains of a violin filtering through the curtain and unmistakably played by Mr. Robey warned us that better things were coming, and there sure enough was our amorous banker in his shirt-sleeves, fiddling as only Mr. ROBEY can fiddle, every flourish of his fingers being accompanied by a selfcongratulatory twist of the eyebrows and the sternest glances at us over the mowing bow to make certain we missed nothing of his skill.

This interlude with his violin seemed to put him into the highest spirits. He was at his funniest with gags unintended

by the authors, which often shattered the gravity of the rest of the cast, who were sometimes too shaken by convulsions to get out their lines at all. But they enjoyed it, and we were grateful for anything. Poor Mile. DELYSIA

in particular, whose back was suffering from the pinkest sort of sunburn, came in for a sotto voce commentary which frequently doubled her up. Her part gave her small scope for the exercise of her gifts, and she got most of her effects by mocking it; but her personality has the right kind of quick good-humour to go well in loose-harness with Mr. Robey's.

I think the main honours went to Mr. JACK HAWKINS. who had the best-written part and made full use of it. As a pure-minded young writer whose first novel was drawing its inspiration word for word from his love-affair with Mlle. DELYSIA'S caféowning Ginette, he was constantly dropping in, note-

book in hand, to find material for his next chapter; and he never lacked it for long, being prepared, as all ambitious young writers should be, to turn triumph and misfortune equally to account.



GEORGE PAGANINI ROBEY.

Of the rest Miss NEVA CARR-GLYN'S Maid was a clever vivid little sketch, and Mr. ROBERT NAINBY's desiccated old clerk was splendidly done. Nearly all the cast suffered from an inability to decide first of all how to pronounce the banker's name and then whether to call him Mister or Monsieur.

Those Were the Days.

It took one back a bit, said Charles. The bit actually turned out after computation to be thirty-eight-and-a-half years. Recollections, however, were still vivid.

"No porters and never enough cabs at the station," Charles said contentedly. "I've known fifteen or twenty people have to stand about waiting their turn for a cab for the best part of an hour before they could get up to the School."

He looked rather resentfully at the cars parked just outside the gates of the Sanatorium. No one deals more competently with the old four-seater Moonbeam than does Charles—and what he thinks and says about the thirty-mile limit is never allowed to affect his driving—but on this occasion he evidently felt that the motor-trade

Fortunately the Sanatorium distracted his attention

was interfering with tradi-

"I hope they're not going to build a new San. or any nonsense of that kind. Why, I remember spending something like five weeks in that old building, with carbuncles."

"What are they, Daddy?" asked his son respect-

fully.

"A kind of boil. They hurt like the very dickens, and I had three—one after another. I remember how they used to keep me awake at night too. I don't know that I've ever known anything quite so painful, before or since. Went on for ages,

too."
"I say, how awful!"

"It was pretty bad. There was a boy called Old Magnesia in with me—he'd smashed a leg or something. He had a fearful time, poor chap, being pulled about by the doctors."

A wife and mother has but little to say on these occasions, but I did, now,

say it.
"Old Magnesia, Charles?"

"Old Magnesia," said Charles in tones of quiet assurance. "That's what he was always called."

He looked up at the Sanatorium.
"I must say I hope they won't ever do away with this dear old place.
I must have spent hours looking out

of that window with nothing to do, thinking of the other fellows enjoying themselves outside, and more or less wishing I were dead."

We crept reverently past the dear old San, and went into the quad.

Charles broke out with a strange emotional sound.

"Do they still go up those steps when there's a beating in store?" he asked tenderly.

"Oh, yes," said the younger generation. "I haven't myself—yet, but people do."

"By Jove, I remember how frightened I was the first time I was sent up

Chelsea animal-lover (off to Zoo). "Will you exchange this bun? It might mystify the elephants, having come unwound."

there," said Charles, standing still and gazing up the dark stone stairs with an expression of affectionate yearning. "I suppose one got used to it after a bit; I really only remember feeling absolutely green with fright the first time. Well, well—I'm glad the old customs still go on."

One old custom, however, failed him. "Have you been tossed in a blanket in the Headmaster's garden?" he earnestly asked as we went in there.

His son seemed a little startled.

"No. I don't think I've ever heard of that being done to anybody," he

"Have they given it up?" said Charles in deeply displeased accents. "It used to be a regular thing in my

day. The small fellows used to be done
by the bigger ones. Tossed up from
a blanket as high as they could go.
When you came down again you didn't
know if you were on your head or your
heels. I've seen fellows as sick as
a cat. I'm sorry they've given that
up."
To this I noticed that his son made

To this I noticed that his son made no reply.

Instead, he offered to fetch us ices. Charles—casting to the winds a theory which I had supposed to be life-long, to the effect that bread-and-butter and seed-cake are the only adornments worthy of any tea-table—accepted with

enthusiasm.

Whilst the boy was gone he pointed out a couple of parents—or perhaps they were grandparents—and said that one of them had fagged for him in '97 and that the other—a Bishop—had once eaten six pounds of milk-chocolate at a sitting for a bet.

I could understand why he did not make himself known to the Bishop, if this was the only recollection that bound them. But when it came to Charles's identification of a large bald-headed distinguished-looking manold Bughead de Willeby—I was defeated.

"Aren't you going to speak to him?" I asked when we had gazed in silence for some time.

"No," said Charles. "Oh, Lord, no. I never could stand the fellow at any price. We'll go and watch the cricket."

We did, and then Charles uttered his memorable witticism.

"What's that thing that comes in that poem?" he rather unreasonably inquired. "Something about his old School?"

"'Wearing his old school tie'?" I

"No, it wasn't that. By that chap who writes about the sea and England and all that."

"KIPLING?"

"No, no, no. Quite a modern chap. Something about 'Twice two hundred boys were we——'"

"Oh! You mean NEWBOLT. The one that ends up: 'Clifton for

aye!"
"That's it," said Charles contentedly, "but instead of 'Clifton for I' he ought to have said, 'Rugby for me."



"Would you believe it? Dancin' lessons when 'e ought to be studyin' 'arp music an' learnin' how to wag 'is wings!"

Scandinavia from Within.

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Now that cruises to Norway and Sweden have started once more, now that Aurora Borealis is getting ready to welcome her fans, and the Scandinavian phrase-books are going into new editions, I feel the time is just ripe for me to publish these few little helpful notes for the information of intending visitors. Having last year spent every single day of two-and-ahalf weeks in either Norway or Sweden, I naturally consider myself pretty well qualified to write practically anything on the subject; indeed, if only I'd been able to stay on the extra half-week, I should probably have called these articles "The Real Scandinavia" and thrown in Denmark as well. As it was, I slept all through Denmark and well out on to the other side.

Norway is the first country you hit if you leave England and go North-East. Don't put too much North in the glass, however, or you will merely

strike Norway a glancing blow on the Tromsö and pass harmlessly off into the Arctic Circle, ending up probably in Alaska viā the back-door or trades men's entrance. Not only, therefore, will your Norwegian phrase-book be quite useless to you, but you'll find the Eskimos, Alaskans, Ashcans and other inhabitants still in the middle of yesterday. This will probably upset you so badly that for the rest of your life you'll be trying to go to Saturday matinées on Sunday afternoon.

Assuming the boat is properly aimed from England, you should hit Norway at or about

Bergen.

Bergen is called Bergen by the inhabitants, but the tourist agencies, in accordance with the rules of their union, cannot do anything so simple as that. Just as Copenhagen is to them the Athens of the North, Stockholm and Copenhagen again are both the Venice of the North, and Oslo is probably the Copenhagen of the North, so do they refer to Bergen as the Gate-

way of the Norwegian Fjords, or sometimes the Grimsby of the North.

The population of Bergen is about This number is made up of 95,000 inhabitants and over a quartermillion fish. The better-class fish will be found in shop-windows in the main streets, but the majority occupy tanks and stalls in the market-place. The wretched condition under which these fish exist is seriously engaging the attention of the authorities. Probably the high proportion of live fish to the square mile has also something to do with the fact that it is perpetually raining in Bergen. Indeed, it is a wellknown fact that the local horses shy if they meet a man not carrying an umbrella. The visitor, therefore, who happens to go out without one should remember this and not look upon the incident as a calculated insult on the

part of a Norse horse.

The best view of Bergen is from the near-by Floien mountain (ascenseur, restaurant, eau courante, chauffage central, English spoken). On a clear day the whole town except the mar-

ket-place can be seen stretched out beneath you. The market-place itself is invariably hidden by wreaths of

low-lying fish.

Those tourists who are not fishlovers rarely stay long in Bergen. They
leave almost immediately by train, car,
tram or on foot, pushing their belongings in front of them. Bergen and its
environs are soon left behind; the smell
of fish, however, generally lasts for
twenty-five miles or so and sometimes
—if you travel by train and keep the
windows shut—you can carry particularly powerful samples with you right
across the country to Oslo. Travellers
are warned, however, that there is a
tax on importing it into Sweden.

This brings us to

The Bergen-Oslo Railway.

The Bergen-Oslo Railway is the usual method of egress from Bergen. This railway is a wonderful example not only of engineering but of nomenclature. It possesses a tunnel 17,500 feet long, and, among others, stations called Hop, Hol, Gol and Al. At a place called Roa further along the line you can change if you like and go straight to Hell. Hell is the name of a junction up near Trondhjem. But it's better far to keep the ticket and bring it back to show the kids at home.

Other Communications.

Once the traveller has left the railway he must proceed either by steamer or by car—"by fjord or by buick," as the Norwegians say. The fjord-steamers are built to navigate everywhere except up the steeper waterfalls; the motorcars keep to the roads, except in exceptional and unforeseen circumstances.

Most of the main roads of Norway would break a snake's back and a monkey's heart, and since they are con-structed for preference along the edges of precipices or cliffs overhanging lakes with but a bare synopsis of a parapet. they induce in the tourists occupying the back of the car an extremely thoughtful frame of mind, which amounts almost to religious fervour in the case of those in the outside seat. The Norwegian chauffeur, however, is only exhilarated by all this. The more dangerous the scenery the prouder he becomes of it; and the prouder he becomes the more he likes to point it out to his passengers. Between hairpin bends he will frequently turn right round in his seat to indicate a waterfall far above or an iridescent pool of oil on the shimmering surface of a lake far beneath. "Foss—waterfall—good," he will comment upon the one with



"PUNK!"

a smile. "Automobil—tumble-plop—yesterday," he will explain the other, with a merry laugh. The travellers will shut their eyes and he will turn back just in time to skid round the next corner. Afterwards the tourist will ask himself how it is that the Norwegian chauffeurs know so well just what a car will stand in the way of being swerved abruptly round three hundred and-sixty degrees. The answer quite possibly is that they don't till it doesn't.

The native Norwegians themselves don't seem to notice anything unusual about their roads. A thing which has twenty-seven double hairpins, climbs three thousand feet and disappears into a glacier is a winding and undulating highway with many picturesque features; while what looks like the dry bed of a mountain torrent descending into

the outskirts of a village at an angle of fifty degrees is merely the first side-turning on the left past the hotel. Their ideas of distance seem on the generous side too, for a Norwegian mile is ten kilometres, or over six English miles. It used to be twelve kilometres a little while ago, but now is worth only ten. Something to do with our coming off the Gold Standard, no doubt.

This brings us to

Currency.

The unit of currency is the krone. This is divided into 100 öre, which, however, cannot be smelted down any further. In the better hotels and restaurants you can often change one of your kroner into two half-kroners—one to smoke and one to put behind the car.

Impossible Stories.

III .- The Princess and the Toad.

ONCE upon a time there was a Princess who was renowned for her bad looks. She was as plain as a pikestaff, whatever that may be, and no Prince in all the princedoms of the world would look at her-at least, not more than once. They just took a peep at her flat ugly head, with its squinting eyes, squashy nose and enormous mouth, and then, leaping onto their horses or into their carriages, they rudely galloped back to their native lands as quickly as possible.

The Princess therefore was without suitors, and thus had ample time to devote herself to the drearier things of life, such as good works.

Every day she would leave her castle of Dunkelheim-it was in one of the blackest parts of the Black Forestand, laden with fruit and vegetables, would go about the villages being bountiful. The villagers loved her. They would stand outside their cottagedoors with their eyes shut and their arms open, and as she gave them the little presents she had brought with her, such as a cow or a piece of parsley or a pound of tea, they blessed her, carefully crossing their fingers the while.

So the Princess, though ugly without, was lovely within; and it was therefore not astonishing that when she met a toad in her boudoir, or, as the Germans call it, her Gelounge, she gave orders that it should be taken away and cared for and given food, drink and shelter.

But, your Most Serene Highness," said one of the Princess's henchmaids, "it is a monstrous creature. I vow, in sooth, eke an' you should give me a barge-pole I would be loth to touch

The Princess went and looked at the toad as it sat smugly on the floor. It certainly was very ugly. But then so

"Pick it up, Ermyntrude," she commanded, "and take it to the conservatory. Nothing that comes into this house shall ever be forcibly expelled. It doesn't usually have to be!" she sighed sadly, remembering her fugitive

So the toad took up his residence at Dunkelheim. He seemed quite an intelligent beast and was no trouble at all. He simply sat in the conservatory eating strawberries and rather genteelly dropping the stalks into a flower-pot.

Every evening the Princess went to visit him. It did her a world of good. Seeing the toad's beige and corrugated coat and his goggly swivelling eves

made her feel positively good-look-

You are an old ugly," she would say rather tenderly, and the toad would put his head on one side and wink at the Princess in the most shamefaced manner.

This carefree camaraderie continued for some months, until one night the Princess had a dream. She dreamt that her Fairy Godmother was sitting at the foot of her bed saying to her, "My child, the toad you have in your conservatory is a Prince in dis-

"What?" asked the Princess, too astonished not to speak.

"He was turned into a toad by a cruel witch because he would not kiss her," continued the fairy, "and now, to release him from this dreadful spell, he must himself be kissed. Then he will become a Prince again, young and tall and handsome.

The Princess sighed. "Oh, dear!" she said, remembering the reactions of all tall handsome men on seeing her. Then her face brightened. "Perhaps if I kissed the toad and he became Prince he would have to marry me, she said hopefully.

The Fairy Godmother shook her head, "I don't think that necessarily follows," she said as she disappeared.

The Princess was much shaken by this dream. In fact she was more than shaken, she was rattled. She didn't know what to do. First, because she liked having the toad around-it helped her to conquer her natural inferiority complex; secondly, because she did not think she could bring herself to kiss the toad; thirdly, because it would be nicer to have a toad one knew about the house than a prince one didn't. And the prince would be gone in a flash-of that she was

On the other hand, was it quite right, was it quite kind to keep a man imprisoned all his life in a conservatory? The Princess rushed to the conservatory to see. It seemed a bit hot, she had to admit. But the toad looked quite contented. He was sitting with his eyes closed beneath the shade of an aspidistra leaf, having his afterluncheon siesta. He was breathing very heavily through his open mouth and looked particularly repellent.

The Princess blanched. Could she kiss him or could she not? She was the prey to conflicting emotions: nausea and charity fought like tigers in her chest, inwardly rending her into little pieces. At last, however, good prevailed.

She poked the toad with her forefinger and he woke with a start,

evidently a little ashamed of having

been found asleep.
"To-day," said the Princess, "I am
going to kiss you."

A look of anguish passed over the toad's face and he retreated a few hope behind the aspidistra.

"Because," continued the Princess, "I know that you are a prince in disguise and I am determined to release you from your cruel bondage so that you may be free again to go wherever you please. Come here!'

With faltering steps the toad came forward. Clenching his feet on to the rim of the flower-pot and with tight-set lips he awaited the Princess's kiss, After all, at heart he was a kindly fellow and didn't wish to hurt her feelings. The Princess leant forward, her face screwed up into an agonised ball, and planted a kiss on the toad's

forehead. "Ugh!" she exclaimed, recoiling with shut eyes.

"Ugh!" echoed the toad, closing

"Rise, Sir Prince!" cried the Princess, curtseying to the floor.

The toad opened his eyes and peered at her from the table. The Princess opened hers and peered back. Nothing had happened. They remained peering at one another for a short while and then the Princess got up off the floor and the toad went and had a quick strawberry, of which he was by that time in dire need.

The Princess and the toad are still living happily at Dunkelheim. They really get on admirably, as each thinks the other the ugliest creature in the world, and so they are both always more than amiable to one another. The toad has learnt how to do one or two simple after-dinner tricks, such as balancing a strawberry on his nose and sliding down an aspidistra leaf, and is quite funny sometimes.

Neither he nor the Princess ever mention that curious lapse in their relationship, when passion seemed temporarily to get the upper hand. A veil is drawn over that fateful day, and they are just "jolly good friends

As for dreams, the Princess knows exactly what stuff they are made of.

To the Sun.

THOUGH only eagles with unblinking

Thy splendour can absorb, Mighty monosyllabic monarch of the skies.

Sol, giant orb.



Doctor. "BRING ME THE AURISCOPE, NURSE." Old Lady. "OH, DOCTOR, ARE YOU GOIN' TO TELL ME FUTURE?"

Potent for evil when, from heavens of

Thou shed'st thy rays on seas of molten glass,

Yet in the healing art

Playing a noble part, All rivals incidentally defeating As the prime origin of central heating.

Your glorious homage to the Jubilee Can never be forgotten,

Though marred, or so it seemed to

By spells of weather "fair to rotten"; Still, with all reservations Due to thy rapid fluctuations,

Since, as I write, thou seemest "hitched for shining,"

Without undue repining,

Though precious critics have been found

To call thy shape "ridiculously round," Though pugilists may weave a vulgar

Between thee and the epigastric plexus, And though in beauty-parlours countless shekels

Are spent upon eradicating freekles-I hail thee as the essence of rotundity, Lord of benignant therms,

Sworn foe of germs, Incomparable cleanser of immundity.

Though not a Zoroastrian hedonist, Nor yet a solar balneologist-

One of that curious band

Who sprawl from dawn till dusk upon the sand-

I reverence thy virtues paregorie, Great fount of all calorie,

Whose radiance beggars all our eulogies Save those enshrined in old "Telegraphese."

For, though great DOUGLAS, our impavid JAMES,

Might hold a candle to thy seorching flames, Only the purple pen of G. A. SALA Can render justice to the cosmic gala.

C. L. G.

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OUR BIRD-LOVERS.

"'IS LORDSHIP REQUESTS THAT YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN SHOULD TALK VERY QUIETLY, PLEASE. YOU ARE IN CLOSE PROXHIMITY TO A WARBLER'S NEST, AND SHE'S JUST 'ATCHED OUT."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Protective Custody

AFTER reading Herr STEFAN LORANT'S restrained account of his own and his beautiful wife's experiences while in the "protective custody" of the Nazis, I can only be thankful that I am unable to say with him that I Was Hitler's Prisoner (GOLLANCZ, 10/6). His sole offence in Nazi eyes appears to have been the widespread popularity of the illustrated newspaper which he edited and which was a refreshing non-political oasis in the dreary desert of Nazi journalism. At any rate, no charge was ever preferred against him or his wife. For six anxious months Herr LORANT was forced to remain as HITLER'S unwilling guest before the Hungarian Government finally obtained his release without explanation or apology. His indictment of Nazi methods is the more convincing because he does not attempt to dramatise his facts. Although actual physical maltreatment did not come his way, the mental strain and the sight of the brutalities suffered by other innocent prisoners nearly drove him to suicide. A strange experience awaited Herr LORANT on his release. His three-year-old son greeted him with upraised arm and "Heil, HITLER!"

Portrait of a Square-Rigged Girl.

As the nineteenth century recedes our novelists discover some difficulty in reproducing its characteristic attitudes.

Miss Rachel Field, who has written a delightful story of a shipbuilding family on the New England coast, spoils a fine Mary E. Wilkins heroine of the staunch, sonsy, pinafore-wearing type by endowing her at the crisis of her fortunes with a hundred-per-cent. post-War mind. She has, however, dealt convincingly with the Fortune family of Portland, Maine: the Major, blindly set on the building of clippers and "barks" in defiance of modern demands; his beautiful selfish daughter, Riesa, and Nat his musician son, ruined physically and morally in the interests of the firm. Kate, his housekeeper's daughter, half friend, half retainer, torn between a vulgarly prosperous marriage and her love for Nat, should, I feel, have been kept, where two-thirds of her story is passed, on the heroic plane. That her creator does not feel that she has let both Kate and the reader down is due to a failure to appreciate the moral atmosphere of the 'nineties—a failure that allows Time Out of Mind (Macmillan, 8/6) to fall just short of complete success.

Adventure Unlimited.

Mr. DORNFORD YATES has two distinct manners, the humorous, as exemplified in the Berry books, and the exciting; though occasionally, as in Adèle and Co., the two are combined. His latest book belongs emphatically to the second class, and in it we meet once more the irrepressible William Chandos and our old friend Jonathan Mansel, that great and godlike man. When these two get together, as readers of those heart-shaking epics, Blind Corner and

Perishable Goods, will readily agree, something of note is liable to occur. and in She Fell Among Thieves (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) they are at it again with undiminished vigour and enthusiasm. Their eyes are not dim, neither is their natural force abated. All Mr. YATES'S customary ingredients the dastardly and diabolically clever "enemy" (in this case an elderly lady with a penchant for poisons), the isolated castle, the maiden (nay, rather two maidens) in distress, the roaring cars, the pistols, the stratagem and counterstratagem - all these are assembled again for our delight. For speed of action, ingenuity of situation and breathless excitement I do not believe Mr. YATES has an equal to-day.

Green England.

There comes from Cobden-Sanderson
A book of copious words—
A floral book, a choral book
Of flowers and bowers and birds.
Its name is Through the Wilderness,
It waves an oriflamme

It waves an oriflamme For countrymen who would progress With H. J. Massingham.

From here to there it wanders on,
It wanders far and wide
To preach to us and teach to us
Our clean green countryside
Which ribbon-road and villadom
Have well-nigh choked to-day,
Unless from Herts to Wilts we come
Along the Icknield Way.

At last one stops and ponders on Our old White Horse, who still Is history and mystery Scrawled sprawled on White Horse Hill.

Who made him once at Uffington— A Greek or Saxon thing? And thus a scholar's book is done And leaves us wondering.



Tim. "Too wide is it? Divil a fear! If I had a good ass and a handshtick it's meself would be jumpin' it for divarsion."

Country Joys for Town Maidens.

In the early days of VICTORIA, I suppose, any age over thirty was considered almost to bar the path to matrimony, at any rate in fiction. But to-day things are different, and when Miss Kit Findlay opens the ball at Pollywillow Farm by informing her brother Benjamin that it is her thirtythird birthday the hardened reviewer is quite prepared for what is going to happen at the end of the book. Especially when Kit is engaged by a conspiratorial cousin to take charge of young Verity, who has been running into debt in London and incidentally making undesirable acquaintances, for she is one of those young ladies who exercise a mesmeric influence on any young male animal she happens to meet, and is moreover well aware of the fact. Accordingly we have a sort of feminine Odyssey, with some pretty picaresque work in France and Switzerland, hotly pursued by numerous admirers, and so back to the farm, Kit doing her best to fulfil the terms of her contract. And at the end, of course, Verity takes to country life and marries Benjamin, and the chief ineligible from whom the pair have been flying all the time turns out to have been in love with Kit and not Verity at all. In the meanwhile there are lively sketches of horse-shows and tennis tournaments and other country joys. Cuckoo in June is the name of the book (Chatto and Windus, 7/6), and it is illustrated with a number of slight sketches and eight hand-coloured plates. The authors sign themselves And Stafford and Jane Oliver, and seem to have between them a pretty sense of humour and a certain liveliness that may serve them well for another book or two yet.

Science for Pleasure and Profit.

The B.B.C., whatever benefits it may confer on the listener-in, is certainly an excellent school for expositors; for he who talks over the ether must be lucid or perish in the attempt. Many good books have consequently been made out of wireless "talks," and among them Science in the Making (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) will take highest rank. Mr. GERALD HEARD not only discourses over the ether but discourses about it with such clarity as to make its

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pathless ways plain to all but the hopelessly incompetent map-reader. As a self-instructed layman he has constituted himself a liaison officer between the expert cloistered in laboratory or observatory and heedless of the practical results of his astounding discoveries, and the as yet uninstructed layman whose interest and perhaps duty it is to know something of those sciences which every day are getting him deeper in their power. I confess that I opened Mr. HEARD's book with some apprehension that he had set himself an impossible task; but I quickly found my fear diminishing as my fascination increased. The latest findings of the physicists, astronomers, biologists, geologists, psychologists and anthropologists were set forth in such a way, in so admirable a proportion and with so sure a sense of their larger significance as to enlighten an intelligence which has hitherto shrunk even from the genial JEANS; to satisfy a temper inclined to pragmatism, and to please a palate with a predilection for good writing over bad.

"Tout Comprendre . . ."

characters with some common interest and write a tale about each, or told by each, so presenting a decent air of having produced a novel rather than a bunch of short stories; but Miss KATHARINE M. WILLANS is the first author, I believe, to make the meet ings of a country literary society her rendezvous. The Proceedings of the Society (CONSTABLE, 7/6) seem to take place in Bournemouth; her one or two men and dozen or so ladies are all elderly or nearly elderly, cultivated, rather ineffective people whom life has left high and dry, and the book's tone is perhaps inevitably rather more

pathetic than high-hearted or humorous. The stories up to his climax with admirable perseverance and skill. themselves are in most cases less stories than incidents from the past lives of the members, which in some measure illustrate their present selves. And, to Miss WILLANS' great credit, they are absorbingly interesting-as interesting as it would be to receive similar explanations of the characters of the people whom we meet in real life.

The Will and The Way.

Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON'S sense of humour has not deserted him in Our Member, Mr. Muttlebury (JENKINS, 7/6), although it is a little difficult to believe that such a ridiculously pretentious man could occupy positions of importance. But if Mr. CLOUSTON has inflated Benjamin Muttlebury almost to bursting point, I derived considerable entertainment from several of those who suffered from the M.P.'s self-importance. Among Benjamin's dependants I commend especially his young nephews and nieces, who, whether individually or as a flock, sturdily strove to puncture their uncle's pomposity. This is not one of Mr. CLOUSTON'S most successful stories, but it contains a generous supply of amusing incidents and an admirably neat conclusion.

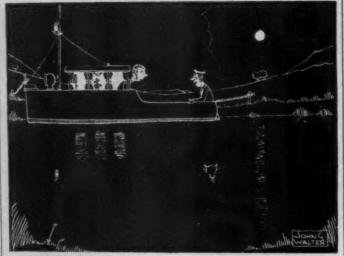
Foreign Affairs.

Sir Philip Gibbs wastes no time in setting his stage for Blood Relations (HUTCHINSON, 8/6). Paul von Arnsberg, a young Bavarian aristocrat, goes up to Oxford, where he becomes friendly with Edward Middleton. Presently he visits the Middletons, falls in love with Edward's sister and marries her in "the merrie month of May, 1914." PHILIP has divided his carefully considered tale of the War and of its consequences into four parts—"The Lost World," "Red River," "The Price of Defeat" and "Dragons' Teeth"—and in all of them ample food for thought can be found. Some of us, it is true, may be weary of the theme, but if your appetite for novels based on the War remains unsatisfied nothing could be more welcome than this vivid record of Audrey von Arnsberg's experiences during years of perpetual crisis.

A Woman of Property.

Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE, in Four Winds (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 7/6), has made a really notable study of a queer It is an ancient literary device to assemble a group of and complex character. Miss Beth Vellandy, with her one

overpowering sentimental obsession, was in many respects an odious woman. Yet, remorseless and almost insane as she was, Mr. PERTWEE has compelled me to feel more than a little sympathy for her. In fiction, Devonshire has produced - even more often, it may be, than other counties-strange and memorable characters, but none stranger nor more hauntingly memorable than this warped and frustrated lady. I could wish that the story had not ended in scenes of melodramatic violence, although fairness compels me to admit that Mr. PERTWEE has worked



"YES, DEAR, I'VE PUT THE CAT OUT FOR THE NIGHT."

Soldier's Protest Evoked by a Night Operation.

Atalanta arose from her bed in the snows Of the Acroceraunian mountains, And I from a bed on a bleak watershed Where the heavens are spouting like fountains; And I very much fear that the moment is near When as surely as I am a sinner They will tell me to fight for the rest of the night And then run seven miles for my dinner.

It was all very well for that slip of a gal If to sleep in the snow was her liking. And I do not deny that in Greece in July There is pleasure in running and hiking; But I'm blowed if I see why a fellow like me No more in his physical heyday Must needs emulate at the whim of the State An Acroceraunian lady.

Charivaria.

CRICKET is making such headway near New York that Test matches between England and America within ten years are predicted. America will hardly be strong enough by then to play the Dominions.

The L.C.C. is seeking powers to spend money on publicity for London. Regret will be felt by those for whom the charm of this little-known place is its seclusion.

At no school Speech-Day, we note, has the innovation been adopted of inviting a conspicuously unsuccessful

man to tell the boys that in his time he won every prize.

An M.P. who asked whether the HOME SEC-RETARY would introduce legislation to prevent horses being urged to jump dangerous obstacles was answered in the negative. The supplementary question whether followers of hounds would be compelled to ride through gates therefore did not

In view of the disclosure that Herr HITLER employs a "double," it is expected that assur-

arise.

ances will be given that statesmen representing other countries have met the Führer himself.

Holiday campers in Devon woke to find all their equipment missing. A run or walk rapidly immediately after rather fantastic theory is that it was the work of a wandering band of Arabs who folded the tents and silently stole away.

In parts of Hungary farm labourers are paid in vegetables. Occasionally a workman will ask for an increase in his celery.

A new baby car is claimed to be practically silent. We understand, however, that if picked up and held close to the ear the engine can be heard ticking.

"There is no buying or selling in

heaven," remarked a lecturer the other Paris vogue. Everyone will be hoping day. This seems to give conclusive this will not lead to wrought-iron proof that this is not the place to whiskers for men. which business has gone.

A scientist explains that moths are attracted to a candle by its wavelengths, which they receive as sound. It is hoped that further experiments in this direction may determine the wavelengths emitted by a dress-suit.

According to a dramatic critic many of our comedians make their own gags. The trouble is that none of them wear

The protest against the employment of Society women in film-crowds is

A large cheese used for exhibition purposes is reported to have "caught a cold." All its public engagements have been cancelled.

"There is an art in tricking a person into accepting a summons," declares a writer. One simple way would be to print it on the back of a five-pound note.

A complaint from Chelsea about the local bus-services is made on the ground that there are now fewer artists and more workers in the borough.

> Artists resent this distinction. ...

It is estimated that if the latest type of Tube railway carriage was filled to its utmost capacity, another dozen or so people would crowd

The annual angling contest at a South Coast resort was won by a local amateur boxer. He used the right hook.

A Mint official declares that too many shillings and sixpences are being put into slotmachines. We gather that this view is not

shared by slot-machine proprietors.

Because the man in charge at an Irish fair couldn't stop the roundabouts several passengers were carried round and round for nearly three hours. It is thought that this establishes a whirled record.

"It costs nothing to whisper a word of advice in somebody's ear," declares a writer. Unless the ear is at the other end of a telephone.

A centenarian says that his secret of longevity is eating onions. But it must have been difficult to keep secret.

"Will pedestrians have to dodge traffic in the next world?" asks a writer. Glass hair for women is the latest Needs must where the devil drives.



"THE RESIDENTS EVIDENTLY REMEMBER US FROM LAST YEAR, HAROLD, A LOT OF THEM ARE TURNING ROUND AND SMILING."

calculated to provoke a retaliatory demand for the exclusion of filmactresses from Society crowds.

"I strongly advise people never to a meal," says a doctor. Except, of course, when they find that they haven't enough money to pay the bill.

Another doctor says that after years of careful experiments he has proved that any kind of work before breakfast is harmful. We feel much relieved.

A noted preacher says nothing helps a man so much as feeling he is wanted. The C.I.D. ought to be flattered.

Drawing the Line.

THE celebrated gangster, Lew Cerne, and his bodyguard, Sam O. Thrace, were walking one fine day in the park discussing matters of policy, when they met an old gentleman of remarkable appearance. Lew Cerne bit hard on his cigar to make sure he was not dreaming.

"Do you see what I see?" he inquired in a low voice.

"I dono," replied Sam dubiously.
Perceiving their interest, the old
gentleman took off his hat, bowed and
walked on.

"He's makin' a fool outa us," declared Sam with conviction.

"Wise guy, huh?" said Lew, shaking an automatic revolver out of his sleeve and sending a couple of bullets through the old gentleman's hat.

The old gentleman took off his hat again, inspected the holes, put it back, and in a stately fashion retraced his

steps.
"Was either of you gentlemen responsible for this?" he inquired with an appearance of affability.

"Sure," replied Lew, jerking the pistol up his sleeve again; "that was me"

"My card," said the old gentleman instantly, handing it over. "I demand satisfaction. You, I believe, are Mr. Lew Cerne? My friends will wait upon you."

So saying he raised his perforated hat once more and withdrew among the trees.

"Say, what is this?" inquired Lew, bewildered.

"He's makin' a fool out of you," replied Sam, sending a few bullets after the challenger.

Lew rocked menacingly on his feet and murmured, "Is that so?"

However, he had forgotten all about the incident when a few hours later he was told as he sat in the office above his night-club that there was a goofylook'n' bozo to see him.

"I cain't see the D.A. now," he objected. "I got business," and indeed there was a chorus-girl on his knee.

"It ain't the D.A.," said the messenger gloomily. "Goofier 'n him." Lew was thunderstruck. "Goofier 'n

Lew was thunderstruck. "Goofier'n the district attorney?" he cried, rising. The chorus-girl fell indignantly to the floor, and he picked her up and began to soothe her mechanically. "G' wan in there, Baby," he said, indicating another door. "I gotta take a peek at this guy. It cain't be true."

When shown up, however, the visitor proved to look every bit as goofy as the messenger had said. He

was an elderly gentleman of remark-

able appearance.
"Say," said Lew, inspecting him
narrowly, "where did I see you
before?"

Speaking very rapidly in a dry precise voice and addressing himself to Sam, the visitor said that as far as he was aware they had never met before, but that Lew had insulted a friend of his in the park that morning and that he, the visitor, was acting as his second.

"Daybreak to-morrow, if that is convenient? Good! You will act as Mr. Cerne's second? Good!"

Upon which he hurried away. Lew stared after him with an air of stupefaction.

"Say, what is this?" he said. "Is that guy making a fool outa me too?"

For some moments Sam was silent, cogitating. Then he announced that he had it all figured out.

"Hear what he said—second? It's a duel, that's what it is. You plugged that old bozo's hat and he wants to fight a duel."

Light dawned on Lew's countenance.
"The old-fashioned way?"

"Sure. He's the challenger, so you have the choice of weapons."
"You're telling me," said Lew.

"You're telling me," said Lew. He did not intend to keep the appointment; any old time would do to plug that coupla palookas. It happened, however, that when the following day dawned he had not gone to bed, and therefore he, Sam and one or two other members of his gang dropped into the park to get the job over.

Sam had explained to him the principles of the routine, and Lew ran over their arrangements at the last moment when the two old gentlemen became visible.

"You offer the guns, see? He chooses the empty one. Then there's all that walking backward and forward, and then we let'm have it. It's a pushover."

"It's in the bag," Sam agreed.
A slight hitch occurred, however.

"Lew! Lew!" exclaimed Sam, running back much agitated after offering the guns, "he picked the wrawng one!"

"Reelax, Sam, reelax," said the unmoved Lew. He took a spare magazine out of his pocket and slid it into the empty automatic. "It don't mean a thing. Who does the shooting?"

"We do," Sam admitted.
"Okay. This is just in case of accidents. Now, then, let's go."

In accordance with instructions the members of the gang hidden in the vicinity opened fire with sub-machineguns almost as soon as Lew and the old

gentleman had begun their measured pacing away from each other. Not in accordance with instructions, however, they hit their leader in the leg without harming his opponent, and ceased firing in consternation. Lew fell to the ground groaning. As they gathered round him, much concerned, the two old gentlemen hastily withdrew.

At the gates of the park they were buttonholed by a respectful policeman who had watched the whole affair. They explained precisely that Lew Cerne had been fighting a duel.

"Fighting a what?

"A duel."

"Hot dawg!" exclaimed the policeman, delighted, and he hurried to a drug-store and telephoned for a fleet of armoured cars.

"I'm gonna arrest him," he announced complacently, coming out.
"Duelling's against the law." R. M.

"I Never Kissed You, Marion."

I NEVER kissed you, Marion . . . Although we loved in days gone by;

You were too shy
And so was I

To plunge with such precipitation Into a sea of osculation;

And so, though Fortune smiled upon The progress of our mild flirtation, I never kissed you, Marion.

I never kissed you, Marion . . . I wonder, had the deed been done, Would we have smiled and said "Goodbye"

After I'd pecked you in the eye, Or gulped—and had another try? Would you have tossed your ruseet

And turned and slapped my face—and fled?

Or gripped me firmly by the ear, Saying, "Let's have another, dear," Until I wished, distraught and wan, I'd never kissed you, Marion?

I never kissed you, Marion . . . The mood was there, the time, the place, Our pose was almost an embrace, Yet somehow, I still wonder why (Perhaps 'twas something in your eye) I took my hand from near your head And talked about the view instead.

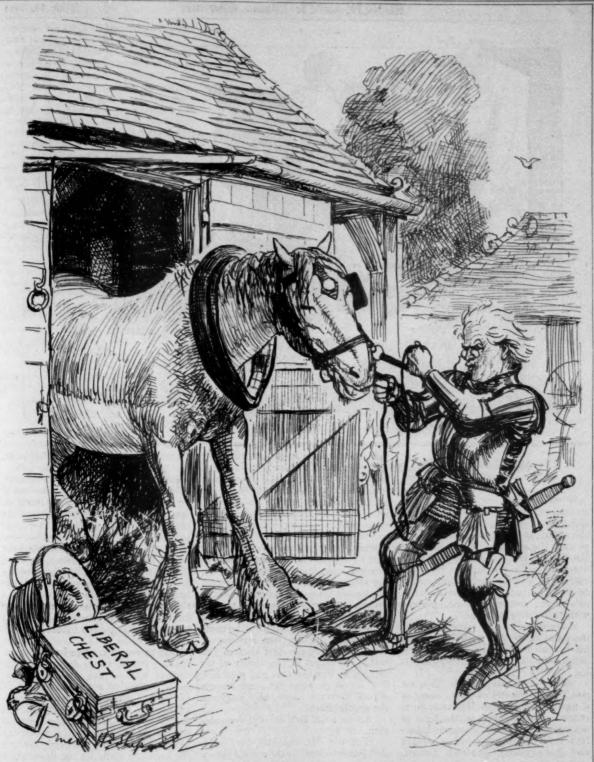
Though all our chances now are gone That memory still lingers on— I never kissed you, Marion.

"WOMEN TAKE ALL DOG CUPS."
News Headline.

"And so the poor doggies had none."

"Newmarket, adorned in all its best summer garbage, is to be visited to-day and for the next three days."—Evening Paper.

How perfectly offal!



THE INCORRIGIBLE WARRIOR.

"COME UP, DOBBIN; WE MUST FORGET THE CHARM OF NATURE AND HEARKEN TO THE CALL OF THE WILD."



"YO HO! MUM. IT'S THE STREAMLINE BAKERY SERVICE."

A Bit of Gardening with Sutcliffe.

It was a grey day. Ten thousand spectators sunk in gloom huddled silent on their little benches. Out in the middle the fieldsmen were restless, pawing the ground and champing at the bit, and the stumper seemed to be appealing mutely to heaven to be his witness. The bowler fumed. The pavilion fretted. Only the umpires, solid men, seemed content, playing with their little counters.

Halfway down the wicket an immaculate figure was gravely dabbing his bat at a spot here, a spot there. Sutcliffe was doing a spot of gardening.

"Others abide our question, thou art free," is the verdict of every lover of a nice bit of turf on HEBBERT SUT-CLIFFE, viewed purely in the light of a batsman-gardener. Batsmen before him have disapproved of a wicket and have poked, prodded, patted, smoothed, scraped, pounded, beaten and otherwise dealt with the turf in an effort to make it conform more closely to their own ideas of what a wicket should be. But all these were mere

industrious mechanics at the job, either lumpish, loutish fellows whose talents lay rather in the direction of stone-breaking than of gardening, or puling potterers, vague dabblers in an art of which they knew not the rudiments.

SUTCLIFFE, here as elsewhere, is the Master. Every movement of that magic bat speaks of the hours of thought that have been spent—no, not spent, devoted rather to the cult of horticulture, the worship of the wicket. "Heaven," he seems to say, "has given me this row to hoe. So be it. I will hoe it." And hoe it he does.

You may picture him arriving at the ground on the first day of the match, confident in the ability of his captain to win the toss and give him first knock on some favourite stretch of turf. Gravely, courteously, he greets the groundsman.

"Looks a bit soft on top, groundsman," he says,

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Sutcliffe, Sir," says the groundsman, with an air sycophantic, eager to please. "I've kept it a bit on the soft side, Sir. I thought you might like a bit of gardening."

SUTCLIFFE nods kindly and proceeds without haste to don his robes and

vestments. In the fulness of time he emerges from the pavilion, his fellow-priest at his side. A great cricketer, this fellow-priest, but one who would be the first to admit that his gardening, compared with SUTCLIFFE's, lacks the classic touch. Yet cricket knows no sublimer sight than to see these two, when the heavy spadework has been done, each starting from his own end of the pitch and lightly grasping his bat at the extremity of the handle, tap, tap, tap their way down the wicket until they meet in the middle, there to have a brief chat before resuming their labours at the

But to proceed. The bowler, great hulking fellow, slings down his thunderbolt wide of the off-stump, recklessly tearing off some half-an-inch of the sacred surface. Sutcliffe, non-chalantly resting his bat on his shoulder, watches with grave approvalthe ball lodge itself in the stumper's gloves, then strolls forward towards the abrasion made by the desecrating ball. He stops at the edge and peers for a few moments down into the abyss. Then, perhaps with a silent prayer, he makes those magic passes that inaugurate this new term of office and

retraces his steps to the crease to deal with the next delivery.

Writers have drawn attention before now to SUTCLIFFE's greatness as a Test-match batsman. SUTCLIFFE, they have said, is the rock on which we shall build our score. With SUTCLIFFE at one end, the young aspirant to a permanent place at the other will take heart from his example and find shelter under the mantle of his impenetrability. And so, with a long first-wicket partnership, will the foundations of our

score be firmly laid.

Yes, yes, but have they considered what it means to SUTCLIFFE's partner to know that, come what may, be it meteorite, shooting-star or just plain thunderbolt, the ten yards of turf at the other end will present a surface smooth, unscarred, immaculate? When he has finished all his own clumsy efforts, when he has scurried hither and thither over his own half of the wicket, poking here, prodding there, in a vain and pituful effort to cope with the everincreasing shortcomings of the scarred and pitted turf, what peace must it not bring to his quivering mind to know that he has only to score a single and with God's grace he will reach a haven from which nothing but his own ineptitude need dislodge him! Then, while the unsullied charm of his new surroundings is bringing balm to his shattered nerves, SUTCLIFFE will be busy again over there, bringing order to the pathetic wilderness he has left behind.

And so through the long day SUTCLIFFE will bear the burden that none but he could shoulder, and gradually both turf and bowlers will give up the unequal struggle and acknowledge that they have met their master. If by the perversity of Fate (and no other agency is powerful enough to achieve it) SUTCLIFFE's span at the wicket should be cut short, then the later batsmen will live precariously on a pitch that may rapidly assume the appearance of a Flanders battlefield. And in the pavilion an immaculate white figure will be observed with bowed head praying that some of his own genius may be transmitted to his followers.

A Tale of Tact.

I HAVE a rich relation. Sir Fortunino Phipps, A credit to the nation In oil, I think, or ships. He has a corporation, A heavy jowl and lips; His only recreation Is dodging giving tips.

Now Cousin Fortunino Is simply made of cash,



"DIDN'T I MEET YOU OUT WITH THE QUORN LAST WINTER?"

And when he has a beano He likes to make a splash; He dines chez Something-ino, No sausages-and-mash; But would he think of me? No, He looked on me as trash.

"Do anything for money," Is what I always say And so with words of honey I sought him every day, With friendly talk or funny, With grave remarks or gay

But when I'd scarce begun, he Would bid me go away.

At last I found his vapours Were due to deep distress Because he cut his capers Unnoticed by the Press; Though chief among the apers Of fashionable dress, The illustrated papers Ignored him none the less.

With diabolic cunning I settled what to do, And quickly took to running A gossip column too, All other subjects shunning Except my cousin, who Described my work as stunning, And sought me out anew.

And now my cousin's face is Most famous of the age, And every day grimaces From every picture page; Roehampton and the races, The stable and the stage: At fashionable places Sir F. is all the rage.

So Cousin Fortunino And I are very thick, And nowadays for me no Variety or flick; We dine chez Something-ino Or somewhere very chic, And go to the Casino (He stakes for me on tick); And I am all serene O, Until I drop a brick.

Celestial Tests.

In his seventieth year (says the historian) the Emperor Wang, having ruled the Empire to the satisfaction of all save the intelligentsia, determined to retire. Calling Go Long, his Chancellor, he bade him assemble the wise men of the Empire and place the reins of government in their hands. This done, he departed to a distant palace, intending to spend the rest of his life in contemplating the infinite, an exercise which the urgency of State affairs had rendered difficult if not impossible.

After six months of contemplating the infinite, however, being seized with the urge to return, he suddenly appeared at the palace called Informality and called on Go Long to give an account of the difficulties which had been

"There have been no difficulties, Patron of Veracity," said Go Long, smiling. "Or, alternatively, if there have, they have been successfully overcome. Or, alternatively, if they have not been overcome, it is not in the public interest to give details."

"H'm," said the Emperor, "there would appear to be a flaw in that reasoning somewhere.'

"It is the usual government reasoning, Your Majesty," returned Go Long stiffly. "Government procedure being always correct, the Detector of Iniquity must see at once that flaws are non-existent."

"True," said the Emperor. "The contemplation of the infinite must have warped my judgment. Then I may take it that under the control of the Committee of Wise Men the Empire is better governed than ever?

"That statement is not too hyperbolical," said Go Long cautiously. "The Committee of Wise Men has devised many sets of regulations.

With what end?" asked Wang. "This insolent worm was about to explain," replied Go Long. "Under the new regulations each citizen will be able to live a freer, fuller and nobler life than before.

"Good," said Wang. "Let us go and see them living it.'

Accordingly, they went out into the street called the Street of Unfinished Ambitions, where the first thing they saw was a man wearing the cangue,

with a torturer guarding him.
"Recite the crime of this scoundrel," said the Emperor, stopping.

"Seourge of Unrighteousness," replied the torturer, "this ruffian's offence is very serious indeed. He made use of a blasphemous expression (which I should be sorry to repeat) concerning the Committee of Wise Men.

"Infamous!" remarked the Emperor. "Nevertheless, if there are any extenuating circumstances I shall be

glad to hear them. Begin."
"Your Majesty," said the prisoner, "my first trouble was with that member of the Committee of Wise Men who is in charge of the nation's diet. When the list of tests for eaters was published I made haste to submit myself to the testers. I recited the Eaters' Code. I

"Could I have a pound of tomatoes, top ones, please?"

ate various foods to the satisfaction of the testers. Unfortunately the Chief Examiner miscounted the number of times I chewed a mouthful of rice, and was given a Provisional Eater's Licence only. It expired yesterday. "What is all this?" demand

demanded Wang, frowning.

"Patron of Dietetics," interposed Go Long, "the wise man concerned demonstrated that most of the ills of the Empire came from improper eating. The rest is obvious to the trained observer.

"Oh!" said the Emperor. ceed."

"Next," said the prisoner, "I submitted myself to the sleeping tests and almost passed, but was so unlucky as to snore in the hearing of the

examiner. Consequently I was only given a Provisional Sleeper's Licence. which expired last week.

"I see," said Wang. "Another of the Committee of Wise Men had demonstrated that most of the ills of the Empire arose from improper sleeping!"
"The surmise of the Marvel of Per-

spicacity is correct," replied Go Long. "Continue," ordered Wang.

"Next," said the prisoner, "I submitted myself to the singing tests. another of the wise men having demon. strated that singing is necessary to health. I was dismissed from that test with contumely, never having sung before, and ordered to take a course of

lessons. My Provisional Singer's Licence having expired, I daily break the law by not singing.

"That is most reprehensible." said the Emperor. "Why not sing?

Then," said the man, "I should break the law by singing without a licence from the Board of Singing Testers."

"That would be equally reprehensible, of course," said Wang. Go on.

"Next," said the man, "I came under the displeasure of the Board of Terpsichorean Experts. Another wise man had demonstrated that dancing is necessary to health, and the Board is a very enthusiastic, not to say rigorous body. I danced the Fan Dance, the Peacock Dance and the Dance of the Animated Gazelle. Yet my rendering did not please them, and I find myself, owing to the absence of a dancing licence, compelled to break the law by not dancing.

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"All this is very sad," commented the Emperor, "yet it hardly justifies the use of a blasphemous expression concerning the Committee of Wise Men. Have you

anything further to communicate? "I have, Your Majesty," replied the "Another wise man having demonstrated that correct breathing was the only source of true health, I submitted myself, after due preparation, to the Board of Breathing Testers. I breathed as I was ordered. I breathed fast: I breathed slow: I breathed deep; I breathed shallow; I breathed noisily; I breathed with the silence of the desert Eventually the Board at noonday. Eventually the Board gave me a Provisional Breather's Licence. It expired this morning. Let the Miracle of Compassion conceive the situation. I was continually breaking the law by not singing and dancing. I might not eat. I dare not sleep. Now, through the mistake of a clerk who



"WHY I LIKE THIS, IT KINDER REMINDS ME OF A BIT OF MY ROCK-GARDEN IN WISCONSIN."

filed my application for a second breathing test in the wrong pagoda, I cannot breathe. However, I suppose I am justly punished for impugning the wisdom of our rulers."

"What was the expression you used?" asked the Emperor curiously.

The man told him, and Go Long and

the torturer shuddered.

"Admirable!" said Wang. "Go Long, have that expression inscribed in letters of gold in every government office at once. Release this prisoner, decapitate the wise men, and proclaim to the Empire that Wang will contemplate the infinite no more." W. G.

More Poetic Licence.

"JUST OUT.
THE POET'S TONGUE."

Publishers' Announcement.

How to Get Rid of Your Aspidistra.

"Make good use of your old tea-leaves by placing them round the roots of any indoor plants such as geraniums and ferns and aspidistras. These will eventually sink into the soil, making splendid manure."

Woman's Journal.

The Word War.

XVII.-SNOB-WORDS.

"Commence."

EXERCISE.

(1) Are the following passages correctly quoted?:—

"In the commencement God created the heaven and the earth."—Genesis I.

"Blossom by blossom the Spring commences,"—Swinburne,

"The lights commence to twinkle from the rocks."—Tennyson.

"In the commencement was the Word, and the Word was with God." John I. 1.

"A work commenced is half done."

Proverb.

"When the pie was opened the birds commenced to sing."

Nursery Rhyme.

(2) Commit these lines to memory, and when you meet an incorrigible "commencer" open rapid fire with them until he cries for mercy.

"Ideology."

"Ideology" means "(1) The science of ideas: the study of the origins and nature of ideas. . . . (2) Ideal or abstract speculation; esp. visionary theorizing.

According to J. Adams it was Napoleon who invented the word, and he meant by it "visionary theorizing."

It does not mean a given person's principles, beliefs or mental attitude to life and politics. But that is how the intense people who love a wriggling snob-word use it. It is most employed in what are called "progressive circles." If you meet a young woman who has just returned from an eight-day visit to Russia she will probably inform you that you have "a bourgeois ideology." and unless you know that she is using the word wrongly this may make you feel very uncomfortable. Or you may hear a young man murmur dreamily to another from the depths of a shaded sofa, "Your ideology is so antagonistic to mine"-by which he means that they do not wholly agree about certain unimportant things.

This is both erroneous and nasty. So now, brothers, you will know what to

You will find it easy, Bobby, to attain

high honour in almost any walk of life without ever using the word "ideology." "Mentality" too. O Gosh!

"Phenomenal."

"That was why the Opposition refused to support the Government in this phenomenal expansion."—Sir Stafford Cripps.

Sir Stafford Cripps was educated at Winchester College, and I shall always be grateful to him for giving me my football colours. But after this promising start he should know better than to use the swaggering but gutless

"phenomenal."

"Phenomenon," Bobby, is a Greek participle (neuter) meaning "appearing" and nothing more. The noun, no doubt, is useful in science and philosophy, signifying "a thing that appears or is perceived or observed—a fact or occurrence." Just any thing, fact, occurrence or whatnot. It need not be an enormous or astonishing thing: it can be a beetle or a wet day. There is nothing in its origin, history or scientific usage to justify us in using it as a substitute for "prodigy," though this was done, I believe, by some loose fellow in 1771.

Nor does "phenomenal" properly carry the meaning of "prodigious," "extraordinary" or "exceptional." It means "apparent, perceptible," as opposed to "real, absolute." So that, strictly, Sir Stafford, you would speak of a "phenomenal expansion" of the Air Force if you meant or knew that it was not really, substantially, or in the long run being expanded at all. Your use of the word is merely parrot-patter; and, whatever you may do to the House of Lords and the banks, this must not occur again.

NOTE FOR STATESMEN.

Don't believe everything you see in the dictionary.

"Intriguing."

Here is a horrid offence, attributed, in The Times, to Mr. J. EWART SMART, Director of Education (!) at Acton:—

"Two intriguing questions areanamely, how did we expect to inculeate road sense in the case of children from three to five years of age . . . ?"

"Intriguing" does not—at least it shall not—mean "very interesting."

An intriguing question, I admit, is less hateful than an intriguing hat or pair of pyjamas; but I can see nothing in this question that is intriguing in any sense. It is a simple, rather silly question. My dictionary says that "to intrigue" is "to trick, deceive, perplex (now rare): to carry on underhand plotting, etc."; and, "as a recent Gallicism, to excite the curiosity or interest of."

Feeble, as usual. This "recent Gallicism," brothers, I declare to be not rare but redundant. It must lose its licence.

EXERCISE.

Are the following passages correct ?:

"He wore an intriguing bowler hat."
"The Bishop preached an intriguing

"The Bishop preached an intriguing sermon."

"The Majority Report of the Royal Commission on the Disposal of Sewage provides intriguing reading."

"Vicinage."

". . . welcomes you for a stay at modest
Tariff while you explore the vicinage."

Hotel Advertisement.

Yes, "vicinage" is in the dictionary and was used by Burke and Horace Walfole. But I should like to hear the gentleman who wrote it pronounce it.

In my view, Bobby, we should never write a word which we cannot comfortably read aloud. And I will wager that "vicinage" would trouble much the author of that advertisement; it would certainly trouble me.

"Brochure."

In the United States Senate, I believe, the affected "clôture" brings debates to an end. And innumerable hotels in England offer to send me an "Illustrated Brochure on request."

Why?

And how do the managers pronounce

EXERCISE.

Say quickly-

"Nonchalantly he commences to envisage the vicinage."

"Proceed."

"Proceed" was a fine word once—a dignified word to be kept for dignified occasions. "Then shall the Bishop proceed to the Communion." It was well enough for our dignified policemen to "proceed to the scene of the crime." But now the whole world proceeds—and even "proceeds to go"; and those who merely "go" or "pass" have become the dignified exceptions. So it did not surprise me much to see that oil had caught the habit:—

"Diagram of oil proceeding from feeder pipe into main pipe."—Monthly Bulletin, British Film Institute.

"Prepared to admit."

"I am prepared to admit that years ago our nation was one of the most drunken nations in the world."—A Member of Parliament, "Haneard," 31st March, 1933.

Then why not admit it? This is a good specimen; for the speaker cannot plead that he is waiting for additional evidence or final argument before he makes the great admission.

"Voice."

"The letter which you published on April 5th . . . voices, I believe, the opinion of a very large proportion of the thinking people in this country."

I do not greatly like "to voice," even when the Mayor "voices" the feeling of the whole Borough. This may be unreasonable; for we "eye" people or fail to "stomach" them; we "head" the fox (or the list) and "foot" the bill; we "shoulder" a burden and "back" a friend. So, I suppose, we must let the Mayor continue—in his speeches—to voice the opinion of the Borough. But I still feel—a pedant, maybe—that a letter cannot legitimately be said to do any voicing.

"Feasible."

"He found that they had taken in imaginary letter seriously and published it, as though it was feasible that the Chancellor would send him a letter divulging Budget secrets."—Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P.

"Feasible," Bobby, means "doable," not "possible" nor "likely." Some things are all three, but not all. A revolution might be feasible tomorrow, but not rain. I am possibly, probably, and very likely—but not feasibly—an ass.

EXERCISE.

What did the charwoman say when invited to forgo her early-morning cup of tea?

Answer.

"Not blooming feasibly!"

"As to."

"To consider as to the provision of landing-stages on the Embankment..."

L.C.C. "Agenda."

"As to," I suppose, makes the Councillors feel that they are not committed to actual consideration.

"At this Juncture."

"The Italian standpoint is that at the present juncture the League has no local standi in the dispute. . . ."

Compare:--

"At this juncture thank we all our God."

Hymns A. & M.

From a description of the joys of residence in a new block of flats:-

"Telephone Amenities.—Residents not wishing at the time to take a call can have their presence negatived by the operator."

Diploma Piece.

"Count A. was made the recipient of a national presentation."—The Times Literary Supplement.

It is more blessed to be made the recipient than to receive. A. P. H.



A GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT.

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Impossible Stories.

IV .- The Three Sisters.

ONCE upon a time there was an old man who, with his three daughters, lived in a large ramshackle house in the country. They were not very well off, and so they could not entertain on a large scale; but what with Women's Institute meetings and Girl Guide Rallies and a Fair every second year on the heath, the two elder daughters enjoyed a good deal of quiet fun one way and another.

The third and youngest, of course, had a rotten time, as was only fitting. since she was remarkably plain and wore pince-nez. Her elder sisters treated her abominably, ordering her about in high disdainful voices and telling her how privileged she was to be allowed to sweep the rooms, carry the coals cook the food, wash the dishes, water the flowers, roll the lawn and darn the stockings without a word of thanks from anyone.

So Ethel, for that was the poor girl's poor name, was nothing but a drudge, a back, a beast of burden. At night when she crept upstairs to her bare attic she was so tired that, falling on to her bed, she would be asleep in a second. Meanwhile downstairs her sisters, resplendent in printed chiffon, played wild games of cribbage with the local curate.

One day, while Ethel was cleaning the kitchen grate and talking in a singsong way to the six white mice that her father had given her on her twentyfirst birthday, her elder sisters entered the room with their noses high in the air and an intolerable look of smugness on their faces.

"We have been asked to a ball at the Palace," they said, "and you have not."

Ethel was not in the least surprised. She just blinked and went on with her work.

"Since it is the first ball we have been invited to for five years," continued one of the sisters, "we must have new dresses, as the dresses we wore at the last dance are certainly now a trifle démodés."

"Unfortunately," said the other, "we have not enough money to buy new ones. How much money have you, Ethel?"

"Well," sighed Ethel, reaching for the brown teapot which she kept on the mantelpiece and peering inside it, "I have only about seventy-seven pounds, ten and a penny. Not much, I know, but it is the savings of over a quarter-of-a-century.

That is sufficient," replied the sister, rudely snatching the teapot

from Ethel's hand and running from the room with a nasty cackling laugh.

"Well, I must say-" Ethel, wiping her pince-nez on her duster before returning to her work.

The night of the Palace Ball found Ethel sitting in front of the kitchen-fire nodding over a detective-story. Her sisters had driven away in a Daimler Hire and her father had gone to bed in a dudgeon. Perfect peace reigned. Ethel stretched her legs and yawned.

Suddenly, for no reason, there appeared before her a fairy. She was a beautiful fairy, dressed in a ballet skirt of white organdie and ballet shoes. In her lily-white hand she carried a wand crowned with a tinsel star.

"You did give me a turn!" cried Ethel, jumping to her feet.

"I have come to take you to the ball, dear child," said the fairy with a radiant smile full of mawkish love.

"Impossible," replied Ethel; "I

haven't been invited.'

"Here is the invitation," said the fairy, waving her wand over Ethel's book, which immediately became an invitation-card.

Now look what you've done! You've lost my place," cried Ethel

"You can find it again later," said the fairy irritably, "for now you are going to the ball in a glass coach drawn by six white horses. Your dress shall be of purest white satin encrusted with diamonds, and your shoes shall be of crystal."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried Ethel, "I don't want to go to the ball. Do you realise, young lady," she continued, tapping the fairy on the shoulder-"do you realise that this is the first evening I've had off for years, and that all I want to do is to sit on a nice comfy chair and read a book? Thanks all the same," she added, not wishing to appear too ungrateful.

The fairy paid no heed but merely waved her wand. Immediately there appeared a glass coach drawn by six

white horses.

"Those are your mice," she said

"Oh, no, no!" cried Ethel, wringing her hands; "you couldn't be so un-kind! They are my only friends. I don't want six white horses. I want

And she started to cry.

The fairy waved her wand again and Ethel's dress became a diaphanous satin creation liberally sprinkled with diamonds. Ethel shivered.

'Could you throw in a knitted spencer as well, do you think?" she asked. "I feel very naked. There's one in the top left-hand drawer of my

wardrobe if you'd be so kind as to magic it down.

The fairy pushed her into the coach "Now mind you're home by twelve, she warned her, "or you'll find yourself changed back into an ordinary girl

Ethel brightened up considerably. Shall I?" she said. "That's very good news. Anyhow, I shall be back long before twelve. I hate dancing and I want to finish my book."

"Whew! I wish I had a cardigan!" said Ethel as she trundled off down the drive. "I'm just perishing!"

Ethel staved half-an-hour at the ball. She knew no one. Her shoes were too small. Her hands were too big. She had never disliked anything

so much in her life. Just as she was leaving she bumped into a tall young man at the foot of the stairs. It was Prince Charming.

"You should look where you are going," he remarked rather haughtily. "Why?" retorted Ethel, walking

briskly on.

"That is a very offensive and very plain woman," said the Prince to one of his courtiers. "A gate-crasher, I suppose. But I'm thankful to see that she is leaving.

Ethel climbed into her coach, took off her left shoe and flung it out of the

'The agony of it!" she groaned,

rubbing her foot. As she drew up in front of her house

she heard the stable clock strike twelve. In a flash she found herself back in her cosy kitchen; the coach and horses had gone, the mice were restored, panting but alive, and Ethel was once again warmly clad.

"What a waste of a good evening!" she muttered crossly as she settled down into her comfortable chair, opened her book and started reading where she had left off.

Next morning the Prince's headgardener found Ethel's crystal slipper in the front drive and took it to the Master of the Cloakroom

"They must have had a high old time last night," he said with a knowing wink, "taking off their shoes and all!"

The Master of the Cloakroom nodded. "I don't expect this will be claimed," he said, poking the slipper into pigeon-hole in the palace lost property office. And he was quite right-it

Later on the gardener, a kindly man with original ideas, potted a maidenhair fern in it and sent it to the Vicar's Jumble Sale. As TENNYSON says, "Nothing walks with aimless feet." Jumble Sale. V. G.

Thoughts on 30.

A RECENT crossword clue to eleven letters—"a prophet at the foot of a mountain who is interested in automobiles"—took me so long to guess that when once (by the usual process of assembling adjacencies) I had it, I could think only of motors and motoring.

One of the odd things about the new rule as to thirty miles an hour in builtup areas is the slowness of the car when these areas are entered. "Surely," you say, "this is less than thirty miles an hour; this is five at the most." But it is thirty all right.

Such misgivings as to speed occur, I may say, only as one slows down at the beginning. After a while, when cognizance of the new rule has been accepted, you wonder why anything so high as thirty miles was ever allowed. "Surely," you say, "this is too fast to be safe?"

Another perplexity is the immunity of the car which, while you yourself are strictly behaving and doing your exact thirty, rushes past and vanishes into the distance unnoticed by anyone but those who, gentlemen like yourself, are patiently and scrupulously, and (apparently) pedantically, obeying the new rule. "Why does no one stop it ?" you ask. "Where are all these wonderful road police?" They seem to be somewhere, for I read of prosecutions and fines; but they are never in my neighbourhood. At least they haven't made an appearance yet.

The joke will be when they arrive and, full of zeal, indiscriminately accuse me of forbidden speed. Without cause, naturally, but I assume that the police always win. I have read that lenient magistrates with hard hearts for the authorities and soft hearts for motorists are often on the Bench, but would they be there when I was the culprit? Isn't it always the other fellow that they befriend?

Another of the odd things about the new limit is the unwillingness of certain motorists to take any advantage of it. Although permitted and even urged to go up to thirty, they remain, just ahead of you, and not safely to be overtaken, at, say, twenty-seven.

Buses and charabanes too. Few of us have the pluck to overtake and pass such clouds of witnesses. As it is, the conscientious driver never exceeding thirty can remain behind these for what seem to be hours.

Another problem connected with the thirty-mile limit is the absence, in certain fairly populous parts, of any



"SPEAKIN' PERSONALLY. I SHOULD SAY THAT PICTURE IS A GENUINE SAM 'IGGINS."

restrictions at all. There is the built-up area; there are the people and the perambulators and the children; but for some reason or other it was decided that no limit should be imposed. I could supply a long list of such places.

It looks as though local option was the deciding factor; but one wonders how many deaths must occur before the 30 goes up.

Yet it is possible that the new notice is only a genial warning (engendered by cynical knowledge of the British character) that motorists must be careful and that prosecutions very rarely follow. I guess this to be the case, both from general indifference to fractures of the regulations and from the fact that, although for many years no one has been allowed officially to proceed in the London parks at a rate higher than twenty miles an hour, no one has ever paid the slightest heed to

it. Somewhere around twenty-five has been the average.

It is not until one engages in a long journey to the North, with the luxury of by-passes early in the run, that these new thirties really weigh on the mind. Recently I had to go for ninety miles on the road to Lincolnshire, and the frequency with which, after the first untrammelled miles, we were checked in built-up areas was extraordinary. "Another 30!" I exclaimed as we began to slow down. "Another 30!" But at last the hotel was reached and, having ordered dinner, I was led upstairs to my room.

I sighed with relief as I remarked "A truce to motoring problems now!" Is it necessary to state that the number of the room was 30?

And, you ask, the eleven letters that led to all this? Oh, yes, I had forgotten. They made HOREB ELISHA. E. V. L.

A Day in the Country.

It's just as we're closing down one evening that Mr. Thomson of the Fancy Goods comes up to me. "Ah, Mr. Blenkinsop," he says, "the club is going for a run to Kirkdale Abbey come Sunday. Perhaps you would

care to join my party?

Well, as I expect many of my readers will know, Mr. Thomson is a very refined gentleman indeed, and, though I have had the pleasure of his acquaintance for several weeks, this is the first occasion on which he has asked for the pleasure of my company out of hours. so I accept with some alacrity, and then a thought strikes me. "Will it

be young lady friends on Sunday?" I ask him.

I could have bitten out my tongue as soon as I said it, because I see at once that Mr. Thomson begins to think that perhaps I am not familiar with the usages of social life. "Certainly it will be young lady friends," he says, polite but cold, and I have a feeling that he is wondering whether my young lady friend will be genteel enough.

Well, fortunately there is no doubt about that. After supper I go round to see Miss Smith, who works in a very highclass establishment-Messrs. Eastman and Elliot, which I expect most of my readers will know-and tell her that

a gentleman friend of mine has asked for the pleasure of my company during the club run to Kirkdale Abbey, and she soon agrees to accompany me.

Sunday comes, and my young lady friend and I are waiting at the corner of Church Lane when the club comes riding up with Mr. Thomson leading them. He dismounts and I introduce Miss Smith; after which he introduces his own young lady friend, a Miss Evans, to us, and she says that she is pleased to make our acquaintance-all very friendly and genteel. But it soon appears that Miss Evans, though ladylike in appearance, is one for a lark. While we are dismounted she picks a sprig of holly that's growing by the wall and fixes it into Mr. Thomson's saddle. After that we all mount again and Mr. Thomson ejaculates strongly as he makes contact with his saddle. Though, mind you, he takes it in good

part and smilingly tries to put the holly down Miss Evans's back. All the same I feel he wishes that Miss Evans had not been so unconventional so soon after we have been introduced.

Once we get going outside the town we discover that both Mr. Thomson and Miss Evans are most accomplished riders, and we soon leave the rest of the club behind. At the top of a long hill I mention that I am perspiring freely and suggest that we reduce speed to allow the rest of the club to catch up; but Mr. Thomson says no. He says that the present generation is getting soft and that is why we are the slaves of the Government. And at the next hill I try to help Miss Smith to keep up by pushing her along on the steepest

" HAVE YOU GOT MY LITTLE DOG CALLED FIDO? "No, MUM-ONLY A LITTLE COLLAR CALLED 'CLAPHAM JUNCTION.' "

part. But Mr. Thomson says I mustn't do that. He says that women have equal rights with men nowadays and so they ought to have equal responsibilities. Miss Smith says it is quite a treat to meet someone with an intellectual mind for a change; but Miss Evans says that she once had a gentleman friend just like Mr. Thomson and he burst two blood-vessels all through cycling up steep hills. So in the end we all get off and walk to the top.

When we have got on again Mr. Thomson-who proves to be a most interesting and well-informed gentleman-starts to tell us all about the traffic problem and what ought to be done to solve it. He says that the greatest disgrace of the twentieth century is the way the cyclists are being driven off the roads, and that that would never happen if they showed a little more spirit. And so the next

time we hear a car behind us he tellus that we have all got to ride abreast so as to assert our right to the road.

Well, that isn't too easy for a cyclic of limited experience like Miss Smith and what with the car coming up behind and Mr. Thomson having his eye on her, she gets nervous and begins to wobble. She wobbles more and more, and in the end she wobbles right into Mr. Thomson so that he falls off in the middle of the road. By that time the car is very close behind and it has to stop suddenly. And by the look on the face of the man driving it we can that Mr. Thomson was quite right when he said that motorists expect to have the road to themselves.

However, Mr. Thomson picks him-

self up and is quite ni about it. He just tells the man that that will be a warning to him that other people want to use the roads besides the drivers of motor-cars. And the man says it will indeed; and then he ask Mr. Thomson if he would like to do it again as he couldn't watch him properly the first time. But Mr. Thomson quells him with a look and we all ride on again.

Well, soon after this Miss Evans says it is time we stopped for lunch. We dismount; and just then Mr. Thomson sees a notice-board on a gate which says
"Trespassers will be
Prosecuted." So he explains to us that free access to the country-

side is the Englishman's birthright, and we go across the field to a wo on the other side. And there we have lunch; and while we are having it Mr. Thomson finds that Miss Evans has tucked a sandwich into the lining of his hat, and Miss Evans finds that Mr. Thomson has filled her shoes with sand-all highly diverting and laughable.

But just as we are finishing we a man coming towards us across the fields and it looks as though a very embarrassing and awkward situation may arise. But Mr. Thomson explains that no real gentleman would allow himself to be involved in argument with a total stranger, and so he says the best thing we can do is to run fast as we can to the gate and get out on to the road again.

Well, we set off, and Mr. Thomson leads the way; but suddenly he slows



" Now you 'RE NOT TO DRESS ME TILL I GET BACK."

down to a walk and motions to the ladies to precede us. He then confides to me in an undertone that his braces have fractured, and that he cannot trust himself to run any more without being the innocent cause of needless embarrassment to the party. He tells me to go on ahead; but I decide that it would be the act of a cad to desert Mr. Thomson simply on account of an accident which might have happened to anyone; so we all stop and wait for the man.

When he arrives Mr. Thomson tells him that he has no right to molest people who are doing no damage. And his tone seems to impress the man, for he replies that he has no objection at all to gentlemen using his field. And then he mentions casually that most gentlemen—and ladies too—like to have a wash after an al fresco meal; hot water, he says, can be supplied at his farm for sixpence per person, towels and soap extra.

Mr. Thomson says, Ah, yes, we were just going to suggest that, and so we all set off for the farm. On the way the farmer—a well-educated gentleman—starts describing the history of

the farmhouse. He says that antiquaries are very interested in it and that picture-postcards may be bought from him, price sixpence each. In the end Mr. Thomson even takes him into his confidence over his braces, and the farmer says that by a lucky chance his wife has just finished knitting a pair for the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the Village Hall, but that Mr. Thomson can buy them for seven-and-sixpence.

And so altogether the day passes off very pleasantly. The farmer says that most gentlemen from the town like to buy farm eggs and butter when they get the chance; and so, what with them and the picture-postcards and Mr. Thomson's braces, we leave with many souvenirs of a happy day in the country.

And this only shows how much better it is to have a man of the world like Mr. Thomson when going off on an excursion. But, knowing Mr. Thomson's disapproval of the modern Press and his dislike of self-advertisement, I hope that none of my readers will mention to him that his name has appeared in print.

H. W. M.

Ilseley Fair.

The sheep in olden days that pattered,
All the night and all the day,
Down the hills and through the scattered
Humble hamlets (so they say),
Woke the countrymen and clattered
All their dreams and sleep away.

From Winchester the sheep came tripping

On the little paths that wound Up and over, rising, dipping, Through the rolling highland ground. Behind them, curling ash-staves grip-

Shepherds plodded, Ilseley-bound.

Past the hedgerows came the streaming Cropping flocks to Ilseley Fair: Past the barnyards, basking, dreaming In the blue and summer air. Golden gorse and rivers gleaming

Golden gorse and rivers gleaming Saw them passing, pair and pair.

Ilseley of the wind-swept grasses,
Ilseley high and Ilseley steep;
There the shepherds raised their glasses,
Drank their ale and sold their sheep.
Soon they went with time which passes...
Ilseley sighed and went to sleep.



PEOPLE WHO ARE HARD TO LIVE UP TO.

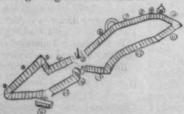
THE 100% SHE-WOMAN.

The Jubilee Game.

No home is complete without this fascinating game, which will provide an everlasting reminder of the Great Day, the day on which you got up at a quarter to seven for the first time in your life-you may as well admit itthe happy hours you spent struggling to your seat and walking back to South Kensington afterwards.

You play it, of course, in the manner of the games of your youth, where you habitually missed two turns in the Enchanted Forest, or went back to London from Crewe. That is to say, you throw dice and move on according to their directions. In my edition the dice are in the form of perfeetly square policemen-a charming idea which adds a human touch calculated to make the game popular.

Here is a rough diagram of the board:



(1) Hyde Park Corner. Impossible to cross. Miss one turn waiting.

(2) Piecadilly. Have a drink at your club and feel better. Move on four points.

(3) St. James's Street. Meet a friend and go back to (2).

(4) Pall Mall. Encounter the oldest member of the Athenæum and hear about his fishing holiday. Miss three

(5) Trafalgar Square. Forget traffic regulations. Go back two points to ask a policeman.

(6) Strand. Take loopway round Aldwych and gain on

everybody. Move forward six points.
(7) Fleet Street. Faint. Miss two turns reviving.
(8) Ludgate Circus. Arrested by mistake for Communist

and taken back to (6) (Bow Street).

(9) Get a lift to St. Paul's in SPEAKER'S Coach. (10) Cannon Street. Absent-mindedly forget day of the week and go to your office. Miss four turns.

(11) Queen Victoria Street. Invigorated by smell of

river. Advance to (12).
(12) Embankment. No Belisha. Go back to (11). (13) Northumberland Avenue. Forget your tickets and

go back to (2).

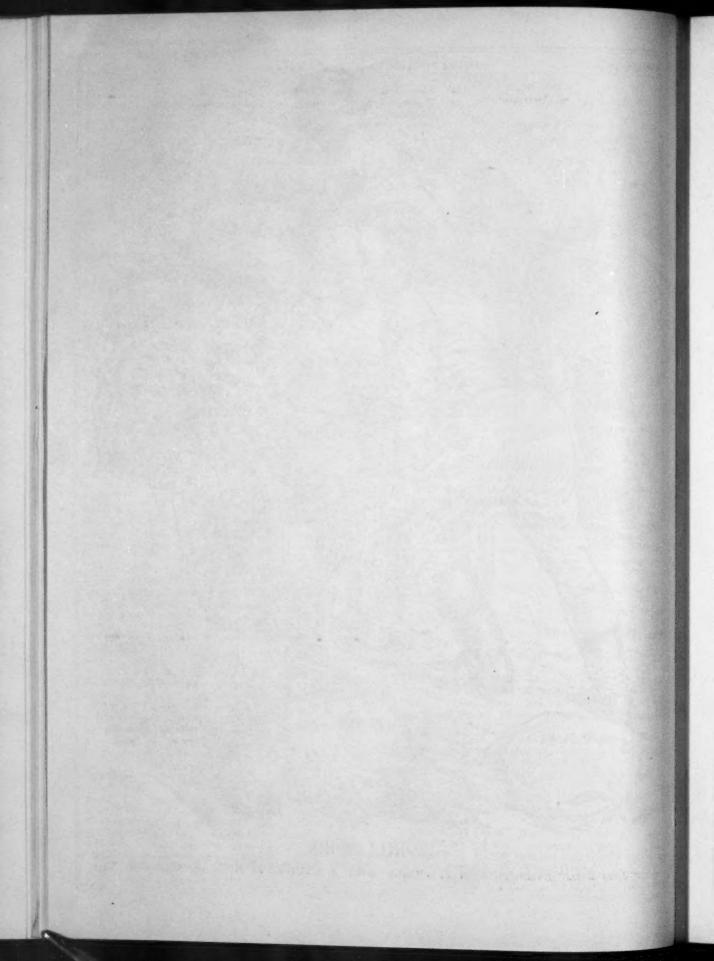
(14) Admiralty Arch. Meet Naval uncle who says, "Come with me, my boy!" Advance one point.
(15) The Mall. Having plenty of time to take a stroll in St. James's Park, fall into lake and give up.

(16) Buckingham Palace.



UP-HILL WORK.

JOHN BULL. "EVEN THOUGH IT'S ONLY HALF A LEAGUE, IT MUST GO ONWARD."



Impressions of Parliament,

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, July 1st.—Lords: India Bill considered in Committee.

Commons: Finance Bill considered on Report.

Tuesday, July 2nd,—Lords: India Bill considered in Committee. Commons: Housing (Scotland)

Bill considered on Report. Wednesday, July 3rd.—Lords: India Bill further considered in Committee

Commons: Mr. Lloyd George refuted. Housing (Scotland) Bill read a Third time.

Monday, July 1st.—The Labour Party is still worrying about India's Dominion Status, and this afternoon Lord SNELL moved an Amendment to include in the India Bill a mention of Dominion Status as our ultimate aim. Lord Ponsonby supported him, but the SECRETARY OF STATE resisted the Amendment on the ground that the phrase was too difficult

to define. Their Lordships' further discussion was mainly about Indian finance, Lord FITZALAN proposing that a Commission should approve of its condition before Federation be established. Lord Zet-LAND, however, put the cost of Federation at the small figure of £500,000, and, as Lord LOTHIAN pointed out, the

threatened liabilities in respect of social reform were an illusion since reform must necessarily be preceded by adequate taxation.

Question-Time found the Commons eager to hear Mr. EDEN'S account of his visits to Paris and Rome, and inclined at be critical of the Government's action in offering a strip of British Somaliland, including, it is suggested, the Port of Zeila, to Abyssinia without consulting them. Mr. EDEN described how he and M. LAVAL had agreed that close collaboration was essential not only between Great Britain and France but also with the other Powers in order to fulfil the programme of the London communiqué. To Signor Mussolini Mr. EDEN had emphasised the fact that British foreign policy was founded on the League, and that on this issue public opinion was strong. But nevertheless the British offer had not commended itself to the DUCE.

Mr. LANSBURY urged that the Government should keep the House in touch with all that they were doing to assist a solution of the Abyssinian dispute, and Sir Samuel. HOARE said he hoped to be able to be more informative when the Foreign Office Vote shortly came up for dis-

Polite expression having been given by Mr. DICKIE to the House's feelings



REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY. NAILING AN LL.-G.-ISM TO THE COUNTER. THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

that they might have been asked about the Somaliland offer, Members turned to various technical matters connected with the Finance Bill.

Tuesday, July 2nd.—On the whole the India Bill is going through the Lords fairly smoothly. To-day, on the question of the Governor-General's

allowed for who would assist with matters arising in the reserved field, and this proved a provocative point, some, like Lord LLOYD, holding that the Governor-General's burden would otherwise be too great, and some, like Lord ZETLAND, that such a "shadow Cabinet" would be a constant source of friction. A long

advisers, Lord RANKEILLOUR moved

that three extra counsellors should be

list of advisers who were already accessible, which Lord LOTHIAN detailed, seemed a sufficient argument against the Amendment, which was rejected.

Lord LINLITHGOW, who is being tipped heavily as the next Viceroy, later presented what seemed a sound case for direct election to the Mahomedan, the Sikh and the general seats in the Council of State, instead of the indirect method laid down by the Bill. He agreed that indirect election was best suited to the needs of the Lower Federal Chamber, but he doubted the capacity of the Upper Provincial Houses, many

of which would be constituted for the first time, to act as electoral colleges.

He was followed by the PRIMATE. who said that indirect election was the only important matter on which he was at variance with the majority of the Joint Select Committee. He feared very much that under the proposed

system the Central Legislatures would be dominated by the Provincial Legislatures, and he hoped that the Government would at any rate consider Lord LINLITHgow's suggestion. The House then adjourning, the matter was left

The rather dull period through which the Commons is passing just now is a little brightened by the opening of the white-waistcoat season, and this afternoon Sir VANSITTART BOWATER'S and Sir BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL'S Were a pretty sight. Experienced observers put the opening of the yellow-waistcoat season, always a little later, at about next Monday.

Apart from Mr. THOMAS COOK'S delicious suggestion that organised fire-brigade competitions should be rated as charitable works and exempted from entertainments duty, Mr. P.'s R. found no amusement in the Commons, where the Scottish Housing Bill was drowsily discussed.

Wednesday, July 3rd, -On their Lordships' resumption, Lord Lin-LITHGOW'S Amendment to substitute direct election for the Council



Master Anthony Eden. "It's FALLEN FLATTER THAN I BARGAINED FOR, BUT ANYHOW IT'S SHOWN WHICH WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING."



Scene at a convalescent camp for office-boys recovering from Jubilee Stamp Tongue.

of State received warm support from all sides of the House, Lord LOTHIAN pleading for a return to the White Paper scheme but saying that if that were impossible then Lord LINLITHgow's proposal was a tremendous advance on the Bill. His main point, apart from the fact that Indian political opinion is strongly in favour of direct election, was the facilities for corruption which the indirect method would offer. Eventually Lord ZETLAND for the Government agreed to accept the principle of the Amendment, the actual details of which would have to be worked out; but he emphasised the necessity for a high property qualification.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S determination to make himself unpopular is ungraceful in an elder statesman. A question of Mr. RADFORD'S to-day gave Sir BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL an opportunity to deny flatly the suggestion made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to the National Convention on Peace and Reconstruction that the Government had rejected Germany's offer to abolish submarines. Time and again, he said, we had expressed our agreement with Germany on this point, but unfortunately these views were not shared by other

countries. The danger, he pointed out, of such a submerged attack was not its effect in this country, where nobody



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO?
The loftiest member of our Witanagemot
Is Mr. EMMOTT,
Who is about as high
As the sky.

would believe it, but in its international repercussions. The loud cheers with which this statement was greeted were a significant censure on the Father of the House, who was unfortunately not

A slight breeze ruffled the torrid atmosphere when, Dr. Addison having asked the Secretary of State for Air whether his new advisers would be able to ascertain the costs of aircraft production, and having been answered in the affirmative, Captain Water-House was unable to resist the temptation to ask that there should be no such waste of money as in the early days of the Housing Programme. Dr. Addison's indignation was further fanned by Sir Philip Cunlifff Lister's reference, in good round words, to his former extravagance.

"LEEDS GREYHOUND RACES TO AID INFIRMARY."

Newspaper Heading.

But what can he do when he gets there!

"Lowestoft is celebrating its golden publice as a borough this week."—News Item.

We presume there will be an application for extension of the usual drinking hours.

Unwelcome Silence.

["A great deal of school efficiency," remarks a writer in a Sunday paper, "is nullified by noise. So says Sir Henny Richards, once a Chief Inspector. When we get our sense of values better adjusted a surrounding zone of silence will perhaps be held as necessary to a school-building as a roof and walls." Perhaps; but the writer overlooks the fact that young people to-day love loud noises of all sorts.]

In the period depicted by TROLLOPE
Young people were "seen and not heard,"
And their fathers were given to wallop
Offenders whenever they erred.
So, forbidden to riot or revel,
And clad in most comfortless suits,
They were often reduced to the level
Of mummified mutes.

Thanks be! The strait-waistcoat is banished
That cramped and constricted their lungs;
Victorian primness is vanished
And we can be free with our tongues.
What is more, in the process of slaking
Our thirst for legitimate joys,
We have claimed the concession of making
Unlimited noise.

The roadmaker's drill, the pneumatic,
Which tortures the old and effete,
Inspires us with rapture ecstatic
And lends a new charm to the street.

And as for the honking and hooting
Of horns which the nervy would hush,
We find it more sweet than the fluting
Of blackbird or thrush.

We care not for notes that are mellow,
We welcome the call of the wild,
We prefer the bull's passionate bellow
To songs that are mawkish and mild;
For the days of the Hall's and Hullahs
Are long irretrievably fled
And the maddest of musical mullahs
Are throned in their stead.

So come back to us, brave Boanerges
And Stentor, as stoutly we strive
To "voice" our invincible "urges,"
And into the wilderness drive
The remnant of pedants unbending
Who tell us that noise is a sin—
Come back and confirm the unending
Dominion of Din.

C. L. G.



"WE'VE SIMPLY NOTHING FOR LUNCH-BUT YOU WILL STAY AND SHARE IT, WON'T YOU?"

At the Play.

"LE NOUVEAU TESTAMENT"
(DALY'S).

M. SACHA GUITRY comes to England this year in Le Nouveau Testament, at Daly's, as a medical man. Although we spend all the time in his consultingroom we never see any patients. But Dr. Marcelin, although famous and rich, keeps plenty of time for private life. He needs it, for he is determined to keep his heart tender and young. A better talker than listener, he pours out his views in rapid torrents. He is not a passive hearer when other people do the same, and there is always excellent comedy when Guitry has to suffer bores gladly. His genial ease makes people ready enough to talk, and all the characters, with two exceptions, have a great deal to say. Being French, they get through it, and the play goes with a breathless swing.

As Dr. Marcelin, Guttry of course sets the pace. He has views on divorce, emphatic rather than novel, and much to say about the need for the amicable but firm termination of marriages which pall. He feels the hand of time upon him and is in a hurry not to lose any emotional sweetness that he can

The wife, Lucie (Mlle. BETTY DAUSS-MOND), talks less and achieves more.

Her lover, young Fernand Worms (M. Jacques Gautier), is one of the two exceptions just noted to the high standard of garrulity. He has plenty to say when he is alone with his beloved, but as complications increase he gets more and more unhappy.

The other quiet figure is the new secretary (Mlle. JAC-QUELINE DELUBAC). She is new to her job and minds her step quietly and efficiently, and takes as a good secretary should the most amazing pieces of news, such as the tidings that she is Marcelin's daughter. She knew it long ago, but she can keep secrets. It is the mother of Fernand, who is also an old flame of Marcelin, who cannot keep secrets, and from her he learns, what the audi-

ence have seen with their own delighted eyes, all that happened the night the will was read. It makes capital comedy, that scene where the *Doctor's* coat is brought home in his absence and his will is found inside it; and inside the will everybody's discreditable secrets.

Perhaps few wives would really jump to the conclusion that they were certainly widowed because their husband's coat was brought to the house, but the temptation to find out what



"I'VE NEVER HEARD YOU LAUGH SO MUCH AS THIS AT AN ENGLISH PLAY."

"No need to, People grow I understand that."

was in the will was too strong. Anyway it gives M. GUITRY the opportunity for a magnificent sudden entry and a nice little dilemma. Shall he pretend to know nothing or everything?

affections they none of them feel very deeply, and whatever the endings of their affairs it would make little difference. If they were to be financially ruined they would be transfigured with grief and dismay; but then this is not intended as a French tragedy. It is a setting for the display of a selection of M. GUITRY's great histrionic gifts. He can do much more than ever comes into Dr. Marcelin's life, but that life gives him plenty of opportunity for convey. ing the successive thoughts and emotions which arise from the small annovances, the vexatious miscarriages of little stratagems, the contrariness of the immediate circle.

Whenever the bell rings and someone is announced we see the *Doctor* assume, with deliberate private rehearsal of bows and gestures, the *rôle* appropriate to his caller; and it is in conveying these little artifices of success, in revealing the mannerisms of sympathy unanchored to real good-nature, that M. GUTTRY finds his best moments in the evening.

D. W.

"A KINGDOM FOR A COW" (SAVOY).

As a fisherman, I had much fault to find with the opening scene of this musical play. The arts of love and angling have never been pursued concurrently with success in either, as Mr. Frank Reynolds pointed out in Mr. Punch's Summer Number. To

drop a Dark Whirling Dun like thistledown into the mouth of a rising trout or to engage Cupid's gentler barb are antipathetic sports brooking no distraction; and if you can picture my feelings when the Curtain discovered a couple expressing their evergreen affection in unmuted song on the very edge of what looked a fine dry-fly stream, you can imagine my agony when the girl secured a respectable pounder by tickling! It was no small effort with which I choked down a stormy protest.

In Santa Maria, the exotic republic where the play is set, they were purists only about bribery, and this delicate art they passed from father to son in an ever more perfect condition. A national craft, vigorously plied.

craft, vigorously plied.
While Juan and Juanita, our handsome peasant couple, were still dallying on the bank, we were shown, in an illuminated box up towards the flies, a commercial gentleman in Oshkosh or Moose Jaw or one of those places telling his representative on the long-distance



OLD WIVES' TRICKS.

Fernand Worms .					M. JACQUES GAUTIER.
Adrien Worms					 M. GASTON SEVEDIN
Lucie Marcelin .					MLLE, BETTY DATISEMOND
Marguerite Worms					MLLE. ALICE BRYLAT.

It is in this range of comedy that he disports himself without much scope for more than the light comedy of characterisation.

The Marcelins and their friends the Worms have little depth; for all their frequent speech about the heart and its

telephone that he must either unload a big packet of armaments on Santa Maria or else get to hell out of it. And we told ourselves that we were in for a nice satiric evening which would show the disastrous effects of expensive rearmament on a peaceful agricultural population. An excellent theme, but one to which unfortunately Herr

one to which unfortunately Herr KURT WEILL and his English adapters adhered uncertainly as they made more and more excursions of no great point into a " wide variety of dramatic idiom.

The story itself was quite well worked out. The armament-salesman, being Mr. George Gee, talked a puppet-President into an order which laid an impossible strain on the already empty exchequer and resulted not only in further mollifying orders and in so offending the neighbouring republic that conscription became necessary, but also in crippling taxes.

This was where the cow came in. It belonged to Juan, and being a nine-litre animal and therefore, as my motoring readers will recognise, very fast and powerful, it was to be his and Juanita's sole support. But Juan having torn up the buff envelopes of the Inland Revenue as soon as they arrived, a stern official came along and in the name of the Government pushed the brute away on its well-oiled rollers. Thus our lovers were separated, one to work on the railway and the other to dance in a cabaret.

Their adventures were suited to comic opera, but the authors failed disappointingly to blend the demands of romance with those of political satire, their latter intention being handicapped, it seemed to me quite unnecessarily, by the indiscriminate use of music. When, for instance, the *President* had embarked on a speech which promised well as a parody of the emptier kind of Front Bench oration, he would begin tiresomely to chant his words to

an unmelodious accompaniment in a manner which doused satire in the dullest farce. And, although now and then there were momentary flashes which got pretty near the roots of the matter and illuminated the face of Mars in its silliest aspects, these were only glimpses, quickly obscured by the mists of facetiousness. Again, the possibilities of the *President's* diplomatic dinner were exploited effectively

for a little, but the vein petered out just as we were settling down to enjoy ourselves; and indeed one could scarcely feel surprise at the political infelicity of a country where they decanted champagne.

With three exceptions I thought the lyrics thin, and the music, to which I



HIS HAND, HIS HEART, AND HIS COW.

Juanila Miss Jacqueline Francell.

Juan Mr. Wesster Booth.



DOUGH FOR THE DICTATOR.

General Garcia Conchas Mr. Bobbie Comber. Leslie Jones Mr. George Gee.

admit I could only apply the elementary test of my own taste, seemed rather harsh and unsympathetic, some of it appearing to derive from the less tuneful of the Psalms.

Miss Jacqueline Francell's voice is small but sweet, and she fitted charmingly into the pastoral as Juanita; so did Mr. Webster Booth as Juan, who sang well and persuaded us for a little that rural poverty

knocks spots off urban ease. When he got half a chance Mr. George Gee showed himself a man capable of selling a submarine to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Council of Action, and was very funny; but we should have liked more of him. Greater scope was given to Mr. HAY PETRIE as the President's

yes-man Secretary, and he put it to excellent account. As the President Mr. Aubrey Mather was inclined to overdo the fooling, and as the Military Dictator Mr. Bobbie Comber roared a great deal to score only a limited number of bull's-eyes. I liked Mr. Heckroth's sets, and particularly his entertaining curtainmap of the Republic. A memorable dolphin.

Sea Change.

Sir Halliday Grymm
Is bathing near me.
Unnoticed by him
I stared and said, "Gee,
It's Halliday Grymm the
great K.C."

When, summoned by law
(Vide Gloop v. Cox),
I dithered with awe
In the witness-box,
Sir Halliday (curse him!) gave
me "socks."

Sardonic and curt
In his wig so grey,
With a will to hurt
And a tongue to flay,
Such, in the Courts, is Sir
Halliday.

But now, oh! my hat,
What grandeur is shed;
His chest is quite flat,
And bald is his head—
A comical sketch when all is
said.

And, oh deary me!
Pray tell it around,
This dreaded K.C.,
When swimming, I've found,
Keeps—yes, he does—one foot
on the ground.
D. C.

". . . on May 8th a fracas, or a series of fracases, took piece."—Local Paper.

Which ended, no doubt, in a fricassee,

"'Summer, autumn, winter, spring, Whirling round in fairy ring'

-such is life on the arable farm almost from one year's end to the other."

From a Provincial Paper.

Of course they do a little ploughing in between times.



THE GUEST WHO ROSE EARLY

or the Early Bird feeling like a Worm

Myself-and Friend.

WE collided on the crowded platform at Baker Street. He was a small and tired-looking man, and at first glance there seemed to be something about him that was vaguely familiar to me. For a fraction of a second I hesitated, and then I thrust forth my right hand impulsively. Obviously taken by surprise, the small man shook hands with me. And at the very same moment I realised that he was a complete stranger.

"How are you?" I inquired heartily, for there was no going back.

"Oh-er-pretty fit, thanks," replied the small man, clearly striving to place me. "How are you?"

"Never better," I replied, hoping desperately that I looked like someone he ought to know but didn't.

"Splendid!" said the small man, beaming nervously.

"Must be years since we met," I said, following the customary formula.

Yes, indeed," he exclaimed, still probing in his memory

'It's odd we should meet like this," I remarked fatuously-"I mean, after

"Yes, isn't it?" he murmured.

There was an awkward pause. I looked at him again. He had all the earmarks of a married man. I took a chance on it. After all I had to say something.

"Your wife is well, I hope?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes, thanks," said he. "And your family? All well, I trust?"

I have no family. I didn't admit it. "Very fit, thanks," I replied.

We eyed each other warily like two cautious chess-masters as I cast about in my mind for some further common-

"Business all right?" I asked with feverish brightness.

"Can't complain," he replied.
"Neither can I," I observed wittily, "but I do.

He smiled dutifully. At the same moment my train slid into the platform. While the passengers were disembarking the thought struck me that it was probably his train too. situation called for swift action. Grabbing his hand I shook it again warmly. "It's been a pleasure meeting you again, old boy," I said hurriedly. "Hope to see you again some time."

"You're not getting this train then?" he inquired, masking his relief

with little success.

I shook my head, mumbling unintelligibly. We beamed falsely at each other, and then with polite farewells

we parted.

Moving away, I strolled leisurely behind the train-indicator for a space. And then when the train was on the point of departure I scuttled to the further end of it and scrambled breathlessly aboard.

As I dropped panting into my seat I saw that there was but one other occupant of the compartment. I looked across at him casually. I gasped, He was the small and tired-looking man!

"Why, hullo!" I said feebly.
"Er—hullo," said the small man

awkwardly.

There was an embarrassed silence. Then, for the situation showed signs of becoming farcical, I leaned forward impulsively.

impulsively.
"I say," I said frankly, "let's be honest. You don't know me, do you?"
The small man hesitated. Then he

grinned ruefully.

"Not from Adam," he confessed.
"Never seen you before to my know-

ledge."

"And I don't know you," I told him, putting my cards on the table. "You see, I pulled you up on the impulse of the moment and then immediately realised I'd made a mistake."

"No wonder I was puzzled," remarked the small man, smiling.

"My fault entirely," I apologised.

"Not at all," he murmured politely.
"These things do happen."
There was a brief silence.

"Well, now that we're established as perfect strangers," I went on, smiling, "I suggest that we should behave sensibly about it—I mean, there's no point in racking our brains trying to keep up a meaningless conversation, is there?"

"None at all," he agreed. "It's almost as harassing as a delayed parting with a relative at a railway-station."

"A mere repetition of inanities," I observed, nodding.

"Quite," said he.

"The sensible thing to do," I suggested, "is to forget it and read our newspapers."

"A good idea," he concurred cordially.

We opened our newspapers sensibly. An unembarrassed and comfortable peace settled on the compartment. I



"I'M EMPLOYING ARTISTS THIS YEAR. CAN'T POSSIBLY AFFORD DECORATORS."

waded at ease through the golf-scores, the latest postponements of the more recently-arranged boxing contests and the immediate prospects of Surrey.

Two or three minutes later the train ran into a station. Looking up casually from my newspaper my glance met the small man's. With the detached air of men who were not really looking we turned our eyes to the carriage-door. And at precisely that same moment the door rattled noisily open and Bristow bounded into the compartment. I nearly groaned aloud, for Bristow is a large and determinedly humorous man who knows five jokes and bellows with laughter at all of them.

Bristow whooped with joy at sight of me. I gave him a sickly smile. Then to my surprise he extended his boisterous greeting to the small man, who acknowledged it with a marked lack of warmth.

Then, without realising that the small man and I were unacquainted, Bristow set the heavy wheels of his humour into motion. And having an audience that could not escape, Bristow indulged himself thoroughly.

The small man left the train first, looking very much more tired than before. Then two stations later I escaped, leaving Bristow alone with his

laughter.

And now I know where I stand if ever I meet the small man again. There will be no embarrassment and no avoiding of eyes. I am confident of that, for there is a bond of common suffering between us, and there are few ties stronger than that.

As Others Hear Us.

The New Outlook.

"I'm frightfully interested in the whole case, because—well, you see, from a psychological point of view."

"I know; that's what I feel. Everything's psychology nowadays, and motive and all that. And if she really did poison her first husband and he second husband and the old grandmother, I think the whole thing's probably perfectly simple really, and one can understand it."

Oh, I can understand it. Absolutely. I believe we're all really murderers at heart, you know—the impulse is there all the time, only one just hasn't got the nerve or the time, or one can't get hold of the weed-killer or something."

"Oh, dear, yes—murder is nothing in itself. The whole thing is motive. I believe some frightfully well-known criminal who'd cut up simply thousands of people with his own hands, once said—"

"What did he do with the pieces?"
"I don't remember. Burnt them or
put them in the cellar or something.

But that isn't the point."

"I only asked because the method of disposing of the body is so frightfully important, psychologically speaking. If you burn the corpse, it means you're really afraid of being punished for what you've done—that's a fearfully old tribal instinct—and if you just dig a hole and bury it you're probably feeling rather ashamed and not wanting people to know what's happened."

ing people to know what's happened."
"Of course, shame is an utterly artificial emotion. I think modern methods are stamping it out, but there's quite a lot of it left."

"I expect so, in country districts and places like that. Do go on about the man who cut people up. It's all so interesting."

"Well, he said that he traced the whole thing back to a repression when he was one."

"I think myself one's a bit old. There's such a lot of rationalisation after the first year. A really bad neurosis hardly ever starts after about eight months, I believe."

"Well, he said he was one. He found out that his mother wore false hair and it simply finished him. He didn't know it at the time, of course, but he really planned then to become a murderer."

"I wonder if the mother knew."

"Oh, dear, no. She wanted him to go into the Merchant Service."

"Well, it just shows what psychologists can tell you about your true self."
"Oh, it wasn't psychologists who

found out. They just looked at him and said he was slightly mad but not

very."
"We're all mad, naturally. Every-body knows that. And it's much more wholesome, I always feel, to come right out into the open and commit murder than just to let it come out in some frightful sinister way, like never eating cabbage or hating cats."

"Oh, rather. So this man—I forget his name, but I believe he had red

"My dear! That accounts for the whole thing. Haven't you ever-"

"Naturally, I've taken all that into account. And I particularly asked at the time, I remember quite well, if he was called Ginger or Carrots or anything like that at school."

"And of course he was. So that his inferiority complex simply forced him..."

"But he wasn't. He was at school somewhere in Wales, and heaps of the boys had red hair, and no one took any notice of it, and he was always called Fred. As far as I can make out he hadn't got an inferiority complex at all."

"Ah, then it was the inverted sort. Actually it all means that his inferiority complex was so terrific that he had to disguise it, and so he turned it the other way round, if you see what I mean."

"Oh, I see what you mean, of course. It's perfectly simple. I've known heaps of cases like that. I had an uncle once who had exactly that sort of trouble, as I told him at the time."

"Was he willing to face it?"
"Oh, dear, no. He used the most frightful language and wanted me to leave the room. Just sheltering himself from the truth by violence, of course."

"Of course. It's quite a common symptom."

"That's exactly what I told Uncle Albert."

"Did it make any difference?"

"Not in the way you mean, it didn't. It did in other ways, but I believe they often find their satisfaction in making and unmaking their wills, poor things. It gives them a sense of power."

"Oh, quite. One knows it all so well."

"Yes, doesn't one? I often look at people—just people I've met, you know—and I think: 'If only you realised what you're really like!'"

"They don't, of course. Probably if they analysed their real motives for what they say and do they'd go mad. I mean, more mad than they are."

"Mad in a different way. Yes, probably. Though I think the woman

who killed the two husbands and the grandmother was perfectly normal myself."

"Oh, so do I. It's the ones who don't commit murder who are the abnormal ones really. Kind of repressed."

"My dear, the one bright spot in that we modern ones are getting less and less and less repressed every day of our lives."

E. M. D.

Scandinavia from Within.

11.

Peasants, Goats and Other Inhabitants.

Most of the interior of Norway appears to the visitor to consist of a mountain plateau grooved by steep valleys. There is usually ice on the top of the plateau and water in the valley. The Norwegian peasants and the Norwegian forests live somewhere in between the two. Both grow generally at an angle of seventy-five degrees, and if ever the peasants find a really flat piece of land they avoid walking across it from fear of getting giddy and falling down.

From the desolate icy mountain plateau, known as the "vidda," the Norwegian peasant can wring very little in the way of a living. In fact he is rather off the whole idea of it, and there is a local saying in many parts of Norway which can be roughly translated as "Always beware of a vidda."

The fjords and rivers at any rate provide him with fish, though his ideas are generous. If you see anyone in Norway excited over what you consider to be a big salmon, you will probably find it is really a trout; their big salmon have to be landed in special barges. Norwegian fishermen rarely tell fishing stories, as they are severely handicapped by not having a long enough arm-span to make it worth while beginning.

With ice above and fjord below the Norwegian peasant therefore has to concentrate on what he has got-or can take when the forests aren't looking. And he does concentrate. When he cuts his hay-crop he does it with a scythe first and then with a reaping hook round the edges of the paths, and finally finishes off any overlooked tufts growing out of walls, round gate-posts, in between the potato-rows, etc., with a pair of scissors. He also grows a good armful or so on the roof of his house. Then he hangs it all up on a line to dry, like washing; and if you want to see him really angry, wait till a couple of sparrows setting up nest together come along and try to pinch a strand.

The peasants keep cows, chickens



"I hear your husband is umpiring the village cricket-match on Saturday, Mrs. Wilks."
"Yes, 'e is, Sir. 'E's quite ignorant of the game, Sir, but they know 'e will be fair."

and innumerable goats. The cows live on what they can eat on the mountainside in summer and on hay in the winter. The goats apparently eat rock and drink ice all the year round. The chickens have a hopeful disposition; they live on intensive scratching and an optimistic belief that some day something will turn up. The peasant lives on the cows, the chickens and

Goat-Cheese.

When one considers that seventy per cent. of Norway's area is barren and twenty-one per cent. is forest, one wonders that the peasant lives at all.

and innumerable goats. The cows live Probably he wouldn't were it not for on what they can eat on the mountain-

No tourist can be in Norway longer than two hours without encountering goat-cheese, though it often takes him considerably longer than that to find out what it is. For the goat-cheese industry is one of Norway's principal manufactures. Day and night factories are turning out the big square brown blocks looking like something between sunburnt stilton and chocolate that has gone pale under its tan. It is loaded on to barges and carried away to the towns, where they put some of it in shop-windows for tourists to buy, and

build town-halls, post-offices and other municipal buildings with the rest. Occasionally even you find little cubes of it in the soap-dish of your hotel bedrooms, but that is probably a mistake. The Norwegian peasant, however, actually eats the stuff, as though his life weren't hard enough already. However, it is probably that which has made Norwegians pre-eminent in another profession: two out of every four Norwegian peasant lads leave home almost as soon as they can walk and join the mercantile marine, where they are called "square-heads," and funnily enough don't seem to mind. A. A.



Village Blacksmith (after three hours' tinkering). "DANG ME IF THEY BAIN'T MADE MORE CUNNING THAN OI THOUGHT!"

Oxford Be --

(Mr. James Douglas recently had an outpouring at the expense of Oxford, an institution of which he disapproves.)

I LET old Oxford have it hot and strong.
I said, "Here is a seat of ancient wrong
Which should be gone for. It need not take long."

"Sink of senility" I termed her. "Sink"
Made a good start; "senility," I think,
Should drive her dons, if they'd the guts, to drink.

As for those relies with their futile jobs, I called them "musty pedants, mouldy snobs"; One, I'm inclined to fancy, for their nobs.

Here's an expression, too, which none should miss:
"Old men and women soaked in prejudice";
I was most happy when I thought of this;

Nor should you lose that master-stroke "A cross "Twixt monkery and nunnery"—not hoss Or decent ass—that were too great a loss.

Lastly, when hunting round for something rich, I gained what I esteem my highest pitch With "doddering diehards left without a ditch

To die in." There, I hold, they had it hot. Without a ditch—one muddy, slimy spot For their demise—appalling, is it not?

It is perhaps a curious problem why, In some more contumacious moment, I At the bare thought of Oxford, must let fly;

More curious yet that there are some who dare To look on me with odium, and declare That I don't know, because I wasn't there;

Though, frankly be it said, of these I reck

Not much. It would take more than them to check

Me when I give it Oxford in the neck.

Dum-Dum.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Devil and His Due.

THE revaluation of the more prominent inhabitants of Restoration England is at present a fashionable exercise of the historians. KING CHARLES has been given a place among the wiser monarchs: DRYDEN reinstated among the major poets. Their age has been displayed as one not only of peculiar licence but of exceptional intellectual activity. This is good work, if there be virtue in the discovery of historical truth; and to it Professor VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO has made (not for the first time) a valuable contribution. For Rochester (LANE, 8/6) has hitherto been regarded as presenting a problem so difficult that no one has had the courage thoroughly to tackle it. He was a scandal even to his contemporaries; and from Johnson onwards the critics and anthologists have averted their eyes and held their noses as they plucked the pearls of his poetry from the midden which contained them. Professor Pinto, being of a generation not only less dainty and more tolerant but more sympathetic to the poet's own, convincingly demonstrates that the pearls are of finer lustre than has generally been recognised and that much of the gossip is probably apocryphal. His pen is no whitewash-brush: ROCHESTER'S vices were substantial and self-acknowledged. But (his literary genius apart) he was much more than a debauchee. He was as tender as profligate, serious as witty. There was philosophy in his hedonism; and his belated conversion was neither the gesture of a poseur nor the hysteria of a terrified sinner. Professor Pinto has performed a noteworthy act of justice.

Portrait of a Libertarian.

I suspect a good many of us would join Mr. DOUGLAS GOLDRING'S ideal political party, the Libertarians, if it

existed. As things are, we should form a receptive public for his interesting autobiography. It is true too, as Odd Man Out (Chapman and Hall, 15/-) maintains, that the difference of outlook between pre-War and post-War is so amazing that any life compassing and illustrating the two periods and their grim interlude, is well worth recording. Mr. Goldring, who swung a thurible at the age of nine in a ritualistic church and started his journalistic pursuits in the offices of Country Life, outgrew most of the orthodox reverences before he was thirty; and the War, which found him with one foot in Bohemia and one in Society, saw him crown a career of self-determination by coming out as a pacifist. More fortunate than many refusers of "work of national importance," he was allowed to go on writing (the



"THE MATE'S TICKING OFF DON'T SEEM TO DEPRESS YOU."

"Bless yer, no. I'm so used to praise that to be cursed at comes as a 'appy novelty."

"free spirit" of his novel, The Fortune, was acclaimed by ROMAIN ROLLAND); he found hospitality, a wife and a casual job in Ireland, while accumulating material for the outspoken social criticism that renders his book the challenging document it is.

High Life in the Eighteenth Century.

GILBERT'S plea for the "well-connected" of Grosvenor Square finds a tender echo in the heart of Mr. Arthur Dasent who, lamenting the empty mansions of the overtaxed present and the lack of blue tablets to commemorate the august past, takes pen in hand to revive more exalted memories. A History of Grosvenor Square (MacMILLAN)

15!) tells the romantic story of the development of "Furzey Close" (as it was known in Stuart days) into the residential quarter of Georgian notabilities: dukes, duchesses, vamps (subdivided into royal mistresses and mere actresses), with a stray Manchester merchant to foreshadow the rise of bourgeois respectability. Mr. DASENT has a shrewd eye for interest and a pleasant pen; and if he finds his information rather miscellaneous and leaves it so, I do not feel that his chronicle is much the worse. He corrects at least one popular misapprehension: that Dr. Johnson waited on Lord Chesterfield at Chesterfield House, whereas the rebuff actually occurred at 45, Grosvenor Square. Forty-five, I think, might have its blue tablet rather than Two, which our author would distinguish on the ground of Nelson's brief sojourn as

the guest of Sir WILLIAM and Lady Hamilton.

The Earth-Shaker.

Mr. H. G. WELLS is nothing if not stimulating. In The New America: The New World (CRES-SET PRESS, 2/6) he displays more clearly than ever that astonishing power of grasping and analysing world-problems which we have come to expect in our major prophet. The "cardinal fact" of history he finds in the acceleration of human inter - communication; and it is to our failure to adjust ourselves intellectually to the community of destiny which this inevitably implies that he ascribes the troubles of the present-day world. The day of merely national reconstructive effort is past; world-planning is the only alternative to worlddecadence. That is the lesson of the whole book. So overstrained and outgrown are the social, political and (above all) financial mechanisms of the modern world that only "after such a strenuous co-operative mental and moral effort on the part of

the human intelligence as has beautiful never been made before" can they be set in order again. This is an intensely interesting and important book, and few, I imagine, will have the temerity (or the knowledge) to question its typically dogmatic conclusions. But I confess I should have enjoyed it none the less if the language had been a little less determinedly "educated." "Exacerbation of xenophobia" is a phrase to which no one but Mr. George Robey could really do justice.

Hollywood Close-Up.

Loosely-written journalism is probably the best medium for getting that interesting but incoherent city, Hollywood, on to paper. Mr. R. J. MINNEY went out there recently to assist with the scenario of Clive of India, and in Hollywood by Starlight (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) he gives his impressions of the place and its people. Much of the book is rather trivial gossip, and all of it reads as if poured without reflection into a dictaphone; but it has a crude strength which makes for a vivid picture. In Hollywood alone there are two hundred lecture-societies, and at one of these Mr.

MINNEY was expected to speak at breakfast-time to seven hundred earnest devotees of uplift. He found it impossible ever to get away from the business for which the city exists, for even in restaurants he was liable to be rung up by his colleagues to whom he would have to talk scenario publicly through a telephone plugged embarrassingly into his table-and this where there are over two hundred Pressmen lurking ready to magnify the slightest incident into a terrific scandal. In particular he was struck by the amazing hospitality and by the disadvantages of film technique, in which fragmentary and therefore synthetic emotions are sedulously tacked together.

Admonition to Gardeners.

Apart from the bright staccato style of a sparrow on the

roof-top which Mr. Middleton's Talks About Gardening (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 5/-) shares with other broadcasting reprints, I can heartily recommend a practical and unpretentious little book to the man who does (or causes to be done) most of his own gardening. Twelve chapters, shorn of the graces that rendered the older gardening books pleasanter reading and worse works of reference, are devoted to timely suggestions of what should be taken in hand each month; and there are eighteen special harangues on Hedges, Greenhouses, Rockgardens, Village Flower-Shows, Allotments and whatnot. The speaker puts forward his views with a valiant disregard of popular prejudice and highbrow disapproval. He refuses to let the small man overcrowd his vegetables-good crops all the year round are his aim, not alternate gluts and dearths. He declines to make a fetish of a herbaceous border or cringe to a rock-garden; and his story of how he enlivened the latter with lobelias when its Alpine constituents let him down will de-

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"Now let me think. How does one address a BISHOP?

light the flower-lover as much as it will horrify the expert.

Treatise on Colonisation.

Two heavy volumes just suffice Mrs. Elspeth Huxley for the telling of the story of Kenya in general and of Lord DELAMERE in particular, under the title of White Man's Country (MACMILLAN, 25/-). I did not find it a word too long, for the author contrives to convey the universality of her subject. As Mr. Winston Churchill, has said, "The problems of East Africa are the problems of the world." Personal interest is amply supplied by the John Bull character of the hero. Lord DELAMERE was a worthy survival from the eighteenth century. Though hot-tempered and a little eccentric, his integrity and disinterestedness made him a powerful leader of the settlers in their disputes with Africans, Indians and the British Government. In this record there is some partiality shown to the colonists, but that is not a serious blot upon a necessary historical work brilliantly executed. I have never met so excellent a guide to the science of pioneering.

Charivaria.

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER still holds his own," says an M.P. To say nothing of a little bit of ours. * *

Following a performance in New York of the play Everything Goes, thievesentered the

thieves entered the theatre, opened the safe, and everything did.

In uttering the boast that Italians have always defeated the black races, Signor Mussollini would seem to have overlooked the recent experience of Primo

**

CARNERA.

A racing greyhound is said to have been trained on asparagus. But it is very difficult to believe that the dog was trained to eat it correctly.

It is noticed that something or other has kept people away from the theatre all this season. Can it have been the plays?

A correspondent says that on a recent visit to an old English village he was swept off his feet by the beauty of the place.

Apparently she was learning to drive.

From the new Chamonix golf-course which is to be inaugurated shortly, there is such a wonderful view of the Mont Blanc range that players may have difficulty in keeping the eye on the ball.

The beach at a certain East-Coast resort is rapidly disappearing. Picnickers are being implored not to consume so much of it with their sandwiches.

A well-known chess-player is to be married after his next championship match. The girl has vowed she will wait for him.

"The man who turns the corner on two wheels is a menace to society," writes a correspondent. This statement, we imagine, is likely to give pain to many innocent cyclists. more and more to bridge. And the trouble is, we suppose, that they are bringing very little of it back.

* *

Articles recently dredged from the Upper Thames included relics of the Neolithic Age. Protests against the reprehensible practice of throwing things in the river were long overdue.

"Men never romance about their ages, as women do," says a lecturer. They can't get away from bald facts. * *

We understand that the B.B.C. has decided that during the very hot weather the "g" in margarine shall be soft.

A young dramatist has had a play banned by the Censor before he was twenty. Many a dramatist has had to wait years for this.

"Some men don't seem to know how to treat a lady," complains a woman-reader. A fairly safe plan is to make it a cocktail.

Seats and railings in the public parks are being painted. A spirit of quiet optimism prevails amongst suit-cleaners.



"WE'LL JUST HAVE A BINDER, OLD MAN, AND THEN I REALLY MUST FIND THE PEOPLE."

"Suffragettes used to spoil the turf in golf-courses," writes a politician. Golfers take on this work nowadays.

An antique collector who died recently has left over one hundred clocks. The executor will have a busy time winding up the estate.

A husband writing to a daily paper complains that housewives are taking A recently-published novel is the first literary effort of a bank cashier. Critics may therefore be justified in finding that some of his characters are overdrawn.

ing America

A leading American chiropodist has fallen violently in love with a Hollywood film-star. He is said to have thrown himself at her feet.

Spithead.

HERE, with the morning light
Glinting on armoured sides,
The heart of a sea-girt Empire's might
In marshalled order rides.

Massive and tall and clear,
Limber and low and lean,
From the battleship with her stately
sheer
To the furtive submarine.

Gathered from all the seas,
Trained in their moods and wiles,
By the dreamy shores of the Celebes
Or the stormy Falkland Isles.

Shrouded in smoky grey,
Blending with mist and squall,
Till the rainbow hues of the bunting
play
As the ships "Dress Overall."

Thunder of guns acclaim,
Swelling, the cheers repeat,
The King is afloat with his own again:
The Admiral of the Fleet.

Innocence Abroad.

When motoring on the Continent it may frequently be a good thing to know the language of the country you are passing through. It is frequently a very much better thing to be a complete nit-wit about it.

We were contentedly making our way along the Orange-Avignon road, fanned by the warm night air and fortified by the good French food, when a shrill whistle rang out through the darkness.

"What's that?" said George, startled.

"Police," I replied humorously.
"I thought they blew trumpets or something," said George.

"My mistake," I agreed, urging the car forward; "I had forgotten."

The whistle sounded again.
"It is the police all the same," said George, looking back. "You'd better stop—they've got you at last."
"I am innocent," I said with simple

dignity. And to prove it I stopped the car.

In due course the gendarmerie rode up, got off its bicycles and propped them against a tree. The fat one was the more terrible, wearing as he did a savage black moustache, but in the half-light they both looked pretty grim.

They strode majestically up to us and the fat one spoke. "Votre feu arrière est éteint," he said in a brusque

determined manner, "et votre numéro n'est pas éclairé." He was not a big man, but we were in rather a low open car and he seemed to tower above us, breathing menace at us through his moustache.

I remembered then that we were far from innocent. Our tail-lamp had developed a tendency to flicker the previous evening, and we certainly ought to have had it seen to. Now, apparently, it had gone out.

The other one corroborated. According to him we had broken the law in several places. "Le brigadier a raison," he said importantly, indicating his superior. "Vous êtes en contravention à plusieurs décrets. C'est très grave de rouler la nuit sans feu arrière."

The brigadier took his note-book out of his pocket, moistened his pencil with a fine omnipotent gesture, and said gravely, "Conséquemment je dois vous dresser procès verbal."

It seemed as though we were for it, and we hadn't any very good excuse. "Mais," I began, "nous n'avons

"Shut up, you fool!" said George, prodding me sharply with his elbow.

I shut up. Fortunately the gendarmes hadn't heard me.

"Talk English," said George.
I addressed the larger gendarme,
"We have been motoring in the South,"
I said sternly, looking him straight in
the moustache. "The weather has
been excellent and the roads, though
straight, are good. We find the French
scenery delightful."

"We think you French policemen are wonderful," said George.

It was a pity they should miss this pretty compliment, but for all they understood we might have been speaking a foreign language.

"We are on our way to Paris," I continued, speaking clearly and distinctly. "There we are going to look at some old buildings. We expect to spend a pleasant week-end in this way."

The fat policeman opened his mouth and kept it open.

"After that," said George, "we are returning to London over the Channel. If there was a tunnel we should return under it"

There was a pause. The two policemen hung their heads guiltily and gazed apologetically at their feet.

"Soon," I said, raising my voice slightly, "we shall be home again. Where we live there is a very good swimming-pool. We often swim there when it is sunny. I use the breast-stroke, the side-stroke and the crawl."

"I can swim backwards as well as forwards," said George severely.

It was enough. The gendarme who had taken out his note-book shut it up and put it away again. He put the pencil back in his pocket.

After an awkward pause he mumbled, "Vous ferez faire les réparations à la première heure, n'est ce pas?"

à la première heure, n'est ce pas ?"
"My friend and I," said George,
"are very fond of diving. Sometimes
we get up very early in the morning
and dive from a great height before
breakfast. When the—"

But the policemen did not seem interested in what we did before breakfast. They crossed the road to their bicycles, mounted them and rode silently off into the night.

How to be Funny Without Being Vulgar.

Those of you who write or who are raconteurs must at times find it difficult to decide whether a subject can be treated humorously without your incurring a charge of vulgarity. In fact you need a guide in these matters. I have taken upon myself the task of being your guide, my intention being to point out to you the dangers that lie in certain subjects and in the treatment of certain subjects. Also, in passing, you will get a lot of useful hints on what are humorous subjects or objects.

Vulgarity in a subject depends greatly on time and circumstances. For example, it is not difficult to make a lot of quite wholesome fun about food before it is eaten, but it needs very skilful handling if you want to be nicely funny about food after it has been eaten.

Distance in space and in time alters cases as well as lending enchantment. A subject like Polygamy can be quite safely employed if you set your story in Turkey during the last century. An early-nineteenth-century Pasha with forty wives can be intensely funny if properly treated, and not at all vulgar; but a modern Frenchman with only three wives is naturally shocking and not very funny.

Having got that point straight, I think that you and I might amble decorously through a corridor of subjects and objects looking for a little

Let us start with seasickness. Seasickness is an excellent subject as long as you leave something to the imagination. In telling a story about seasickness you should watch the face of the person whom you judge to be the worst sailor in your audience. If that person takes out a handkerchief and data feverishly at a slightly-moistened brow



"STAND BY, MY HEARTIES-HERE COMES THE KING!"



"Nonsense, my dear; the Montmorency-ffolliotts have carried their brides over the threshold since the Norman Conquest, and I'm not going to be the first to let them down."

you will know that your story is trembling in the balance between being funny-and-not-vulgar and being notvery-funny-and-definitely-vulgar. Anything approaching realism should be avoided.

You will do well to omit Religion from your list of humorous subjects. Another man's religion is often very funny, but you will never be able to get him to see this, and he will only think you vulgar if you try.

To lose money on horses is funny, somehow; to lose money at cards not very funny; and to lose money at roulette is usually serious. To lose money, however, is not vulgar.

Different classes and types of people vary in their powers of being subjects or objects of fun without vulgarity.

Schoolmasters and university professors are naturally funny and not vulgar. Schoolboys are generally vulgar and undergraduates are often just silly. Doctors are not vulgar nor are they funny; medical anecdotes are usually both. Painters are naturally funny; they are not vulgar, nor are the subjects they paint—these, however, are at times highly

improper. Writers are not very funny. Sculptors vary. Musicians are funny on the whole. No artist (in the wider sense) is vulgar. Clergymen of any denomination are funny and not in the least vulgar. Politicians are dull. Bankers, especially when bearded, are enigmatic—but that hardly concerns us. Foreigners are naturally funny, and for an Englishman to find them so is not vulgar.

Things too have varying coefficients of humour. The exact reason for this I cannot be bothered to work out, but it is so.

Cheese is intensely funny, but not quite as funny as it used to be. Most cheeses are not vulgar. Eggs are very funny; they always were and, I fear, always will be. They stand the test of time remarkably well. Eggs, strangely enough, are not vulgar.

I think we had better take it that the subjects under discussion are not vulgar unless I expressly say so; this will save time.

Straw-hats and bowler-hats are much funnier than top-hats and trilbies. Really luxuriant beards of the kind in which Lear used to look for birds'-

nests can raise a smile, but generally speaking a good beard has sufficient gravity to be impervious to attempts at humour. Elastic-side boots are not really funny.

We will turn to food survey. Fish are not as funny as you would think and meat is quite humourless. Jellies and blancmanges are endlessly funny, so is spaghetti.

The balloon and the tricycle are the only two means of locomotion that strike me as being intrinsically funny. Roller-skates are not funny, and stories about them are almost inevitably vulgar.

Toes are funnier than fingers, and noses funnier than eyes. It is sheer bad luck that funny stories about noses are inclined to be vulgar.

That is all I am prepared to reveal at the moment on the subject of being funny without being vulgar. I think I have given you enough hints now to make you funny fairly often.

And finally I should like to give you this little bit of advice which is entirely irrelevant but otherwise very sound. Nothing does you so much good as a good giggle.

The School Match.

"IF I remember right, You left in '99,

The year that C. B. White was keeping wicket."

"Yes. What's become of White?

His room was next to mine; He used to say that Gadd could not play cricket."

"Extraordinary thing,

I ran across Tom Gadd; I was just leaving Lord's with old 'String' Twine-

"Oh, I remember 'String.'

The shoes that fellow had!

And every day he'd make poor Ransome shine 'em."

"What's Ransome doing now? Amusing little bloke.

I never shall forget when Firth's dog bit him---

"Ah, Firth was queer, you know— Could never take a joke; Remember how the 'Platter' used to twit him?"

"Oh, yes, I know—Jim Platt; He went up to the House And took a First the same year that old Bligh did."

"Ah, Bligh was a bad bat;
We used to call him 'Mouse.'
I think he left the school the half that I did."

"If I remember right, You left in '99. . . ."

"Workmen engaged in breaking up the liner Empress of France were forced to dash for safety when fire broke out in the hull on Friday. The outbreak was finally quelled by the Fire Brigade, who lifted their voices in praise and thanksgiving, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury."—News Item.

How providential that he should be on the scene!



Wealthy Friend. "I LIKE THAT ONE, ABTHUR. ARE YOU ASKING A BIG PRICE FOR IT?"

Poor Artist. "Two guiness."

Wealthy Friend. "AH—um, IF I was a millionaire I'd buy it."

At the Pictures.

POOR MARY SHELLEY.

WHEN, a year or so ago, MARY SHELLEY'S romance of Frankenstein was filmed, with Boris Karloff as the Monster generated out of corpses by



RECREATORS OF LIFE ON THE JOB. Henry Frankenstein . COLIN CLIVE. Dr. Pretorius . . . ERNEST THESIGER.

electricity, we all thought the theme exhausted. So far as I can recall it, after infinite sparks and crackling. flashes and crashes, the Monster was educed from his wrapping and started on his brutal career, mumbling and murdering until he was overwhelmed for ever by the burning of the mill, and his creator was free to forswear Black Arts and

rejoin the girl.

But those of us who thought the Monster dead and MARY SHELLEY a one-book woman, were forgetting the potentialities of the film industry. The ingenious CARL LAEMMLE deciding that there were further possibilities in the Monster. we now have The Bride of Frankenstein, an horrific sequel which MARY SHELLEY used to dream but had not yet written. She therefore, in the prologue, tells her husband and Byron all about it, sometimes addressing the author of Don Juan as Byron and sometimes as Lord Byron, and once so far forgetting the period as to make someone prepare to catch a train, and on other occasions employing the

telephone. The Bride of Frankenstein, then, is again MARY SHEL-LEY's story, and, as no doubt you have guessed, the Monster's original death, like that of Sherlock Holmes, was greatly exaggerated; for it turns out that he was not incinerated in the burning mill at all, but escaped for further mischief. Except that he is now capable of elementary speech, in place of those terrifying grunts, and in the cast is called KARLOFF instead of Boris KARLOFF, he is the same; but whether or not he is really killed in the final explosion, only time can show. From the lassitude and dissatisfaction of the audience at the Tivoli on the occasion on which I saw The Bride of Frankenstein, I should say that this time KAR-LOFF is emphatically and finally dead.

As a matter of fact, I trust that we have done with Monsters, for there is something very grisly in the charnelhouse preparation of the female of that species which Frankenstein and his ally, the fearsome Dr. Pretorius, undertake; and I am surprised that Mr. EDWARD SHORTT, who was once Home Secretary, passed it. There are women enough on the films without the necessity, with the aid of corpses and electricity, to make another; and when, after a further series of sparks and cracklings, flashes and crashes, and (in spite of the train and telephones) the provision of the needful current by kite strings from the stormy sky, this new mate and helpmeet for the Monster was thus frighteningly evolved, I must



SYNTHETIC S.A.

The Mate ELBA LANCHESTER. The Monster . . . KARLOFF.

confess to amazement to find that she was no other than ELSA LANCHESTER. We had seen her before as a very unconvincing Mary Shelley seated on a sofa with her husband and Byron; and here she was again, as The Bride of Frankenstein, even more unconvincing but mercifully so unwilling to fall into the Monster's arms that in his pique he causes the explosion in which he, she and Dr. Pretorius are destroyed, so that once more Frankenstein may



THE OFFICIAL CALMER. Burgomaster . . . E. E. CLIVE.

forswear the Black Arts and rejoin his girl.

I hope I have not been unfair to this deplorable picture; which, however, is noteworthy in providing Ernest Thes-

IGER, as the diabolical Dr. Pretorius, with a new kind of part for him, performed with extraordinary verve. Why, however, such a confirmed gin-drinker does his infamous work on hock, is not explained, nor why O. P. HEGGIE as a blind hermit can see so well, smoke cigars, and play SCHUBERT'S "Ave Maria" (not yet composed) without fingering. Films I know are films; but I hope there won't be any more like this one. E. V. L.



To-Day's Solemn Thought.

"There are still quite a few with their backs to the grindstone and their faces to their counters trying to e their daily bread."—Scottish Paper.

"Cakes and sweets can often be given a nasty flavour by adding ginger to them. either powder, essence cr preserved." Cookery Hints.

Thanks for the tip.



Members of the newly formed SMELL SOCIETY attend a Recital of SMELL HARMONIES given at the Queen's Hall by SIGNOR NOSTROLITHE well-known SMELL VIRTUOSO.

The Word War.

XVIII.-NEOJOLLYOLOGISM WEEK.

According to one of the Jubilee films, in 1910 King George was "coronated." In a magazine called Drama a play is said to have been "premiated"—that is, "first performed"... Golly!

We do not, warriors, as some have supposed, object to the invention of any new word nor to every new use of an old one. We would not trample ruthlessly on the "valuable neologisms" (what a word!) which maintain the "living growth" of the language. We know that the slang of to-day may be a heading in *The Times* to-morrow. (Consider, for example, the odd word bonus.*)

EMERSON, I am told, said:-

"Language is never stationary. New words are constantly being formed: living words are constantly changing their meaning, expanding, contracting, gaining or losing caste, taking on moral or spiritual significance, and old words, though long sanctioned by custom, sometimes wither and die."

Quite.

But would Emerson have sanctioned the use of the verbs "to service" and "to coronate" by people already possessing the verbs "to crown" and 'to serve"? He had in mind an educated and disciplined growth. He lived in an age when the Englishspeakers respected the language more than we do now, or at least had less power to injure it. Not much damage was done then if the barbarian flung a vile new verb into the air; for it might go no further than his own dunghill. But the barbarian's vile new verb may be seen or heard by the million to-day and is halfway round the English-speaking world to-morrow. "Due to" many things we have more barbarians, and "due to" our many inventions they can do more harm.

No doubt we must have new names for our new things and notions. But that is not to say that every lively barbarian who wants to sell a soap or a "sensation" is entitled to invent his own new words, and that we are to sit silent or applauding from fear of obstructing the "natural growth" of the language. That, brothers, would be fudge! We have seen already what shame and ugliness may come to the English language if its "natural growth" is left to the imbecile crook, the film-manufacturer and the high-

* Originally Stock Exchange slang? † As in "Coronate Him the King of Kings!" (Hymns A. & M.)

speed sub-editor. Our North American friends may persuade themselves that a beautiful new "live" language is emerging; but we are not to be deemed obsolete or obstructive if we reserve our judgment.

BRIEF (BUT ADEQUATE) DISCURSION ON SLANG.

Toward slang, Bobby, we must be guilty neither of unthinking disdain nor of cowardly adulation. Much of the North American slang is vivid, amusing, clever and valuable; but most of it seems to me to be no better than baby-talk, unintelligible to anyone except the baby, and discarded by him before six months have passed. It is one part natural growth and nine parts a nervous disorder. It is St. Vitus's Talk. Some of its most successful inventions are found, upon examination, to be old English words dug (very wisely) out of our dictionaries. "Racket," for example, best-known word in the New World, is in my Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, dated 1912-"(slang) A trick, dodge, scheme, game, line of business or action. To belaud or imitate the language of the underworld may indicate a broad mind; it is more likely to be an example of inverted snobbery. However, we are not concerned with North American slang but with the efforts of the English people to talk English.

So, brothers, we who care and think about words have a right and duty to examine the "new entry" without fear or favour, by whatever test we think is fitting.

The new word, Bobby, should, if possible, be elegant rather than ugly, and not only mean well but sound well; and it should not wantonly violate the accepted rules which govern our words, their breeding and employment. A man may improve the thoroughbred; he may usefully breed an intelligent mongrel; but he must not recklessly produce a monster. At least, if he does produce a monster he must be able to plead necessity; there must be a gap for the filling of which he cannot find an elegant or well-bred word.

With this impossibility—don't fidget, Bobby—the new mechanical and political contrivances confront us often today. "Television" is a monster—half-Greek, half-Latin; but we might have had worse; certainly it seemed impossible to find a better word. From hippodrome (a horse-run) we passed easily to aerodrome (an air-run), and no great harm was done (though why not "flying-field" or "sky-port?). "Air-

port" is good, but "air-drome" ghastly; and when some innocent tradesman elects to call his skating-rink a Sports Drome, then, brothers, we must challenge the newcomer. For Sports Drome is not only offensive—because it is pretentious and ignorant, and its creator does not know what he is doing—but unnecessary. We can very easily describe a skating-rink or Hall of Sport without taking half a Greek word and applying it to something which it does not fit.

And, by the same test, "to service," "to premiate," and hundreds more of your neologisms are to be condemned. Here is no new gap which urgently demands to be filled. Here is not "life" but laziness, not growth but grossness; and if a man cannot convey a simple thought to the vast audience of English-speakers without such crude inventions he had better go out of business. He may think that we are snobs or pedants, but the position is that he does not know his job. It is not pedantic to bowl straight; nor is the umpire snobbish who says "Out!"

With these thoughts—pay attention, Bobby!—let us pass to our old friend,

"Stockist."

"Stockists" (of tyres, cameras, cars, etc.) now abound in our land. In happy Cambridge you may see the

STOCKISTS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST PIANOS.

Now, a warrior has written to me stoutly defending "same." "There is no single word," he says, "for a holder of stocks of tyres. What's wrong with 'stockist' except raw youth? You and I are 'purists' and unashamed. . . ."

Well, warrior, I will tell you. First, it is a bad mixed marriage between a Greek suffix, "-ist," and the Middle English "stock." So, you may say, is "purist," and so are many other words; but there is no good reason for breeding more such words unless they are necessary or powerfully attractive.

It is possible, Bobby, that Business Man may not be much impressed by the Greek suffix "-ist." But then, secondly, "stockist" is ugly to see and hear (because of the two "st's"—not to mention the "ck"). It repels the mind of the sensitive and fails to attract the rest: in short it is inefficient. "Purist" is comparatively pretty.

And, thirdly, you do not require it. (We do perhaps require "purist.") Do not think that I am blind to your difficulties. If you must have a new word you may have "stocker," which sounds honest and is well-bred (for the suffix "-er" is "Middle English," like "stock").



Captain (to would-be bowler). "I-ER-WANT TO FEEL THEIR STRENGTH BEFORE I LAUNCH YOU ON THEM."

I hereby pass the word "stocker" into and, from New York, of a Youthifying the language.
But I still do not understand why

you do not say-

WE STOCK THE WORLD'S BEST PIANOS.

It sounds nobler; it is shorter; and it will sell better.

And, O all ye Sellers and Advertisers, before you fling a new word into the world, why not consult some expert word-monger who will tell you about the Greek "-ist," and euphony and whatnot? Yes, I know about your "attention-value"; but what about "euphony-value"? You have to startle the public. But it is no use attracting my attention only to repel me with a wicked word.

High Attention-Value.

The praiseworthy desire to create beauty drives our tradesmen to the vilest conduct. I have seen a scouringsoap advertised as "The Bath's Beautician." I have heard of a "Hairdresser and Beautician" who offers to "lovelyfy" the ladies of Manchester;

Beauty Cream. And here is a pretty piece from The Windsor Magazine:—

"A hand-cream . . . has a lovelifying effect on hands roughened from garden-

"Beautician" and "lovelify" are badly-bred, Bobby. Why not "beauty-monger"? Why not (if it is necessary to lie) "makes lovely"?

"Three-Putted."

"When Padgham three-putted on the first green . .

This valuable neologism, a warrior tells me, appeared three times in a single Evening Chronicle. Too many.

EXERCISE.

Who wrote the following ?-

- "The huntsman three-blew his horn."
- " Passionately he three-kissed his love."
- "What I three-tell you is true."

Valuable Neologism.

". . . playwrights who authored, among other things, The Front Page. . . ."
C. A. Lejeune, "Observer."

"Ticketeers."

"GAMBLING SQUAD on Track of Dublin Ticketeers."—Sunday Pictorial.

A warrior has sent me "ticketeers" for punishment. I am sorry, warrior, but in that context I like it. The suffix "eer" indicates "one who deals inoften with a contemptuous implica-tion." "Ticketeers" is quick and easy to say, and has a racy sound, like "buccaneers" and "musketeers." I like it.

"Indefinity."

And a medal to the Welsh warrior who has invented "indefinity" and truly says that it has a sweeter, softer sound that "indefiniteness." Good. And the accent falls in the right placeon the "in." A real V.N.

Another Nasty Jar for Oxford.

"Formerly a don at Oxford, [he] developed later an interest in education and migrated to Ontario."—Canadian Review.

"Bags this summer tend to be large and roomy."-Fashion Note.

They should see ours.

Impossible Stories.

V .- The Murder.

ONCE upon a time, in a semi-detached villa situated in one of the bleakest and most desolate districts in Surrey. there lived an eccentric millionaire whose name was Mr. Mullins. "Grimby Grange," as it was called, stood partly in its own grounds and partly in the grounds of "Meerut Manor," the semidetached villa next-door, which belonged to a retired Indian Rajah whose household consisted of a native snakecharmer and two naturalised dacoits. At the bottom of his garden the Rajah kept a loose but tame gorilla which used to make rather alarming faces at Mr. Mullins over the wall, and at which Mr. Mullins would make rather wry faces back.

With Mr. Mullins lived his niece, Miss Lucy Simp, who acted as housekeeper companion-a girl of some forty summers, frail and delicate in appearance and kind-hearted to a fault. It was justly said of Lucy that she would not hurt a fly. At the sight of a wasp struggling in the marmalade her eyes would be suffused with tears. Once, when at breakfast she accidentally stuck her fish-fork right through Mr. Mullins's hand-she had mistaken the millionaire's finger for a slightly underdone sausage-she swooned away and remained unconscious until her uncle had left the room in search of first-aid.

The only other resident at "Grimby Grange" was Jabez Goole, the butler, a somewhat sinister figure of whom Mr. Mullins seemed to stand in continual fear. Goole was an ex-convict and had served several sentences for assault, blackmail, attempted murder and various crimes of violence. He had entered Mr. Mullins's service on the recommendation of the S.P.P.T.H.C.—the Society for Providing Positions of Trust for Habitual Criminals—which gave him the highest references.

Goole was a man of violent temper. and immensely strong. He could bite a steel poker in half with ease and had been known to tear a trespassing hedgehog limb from limb with his bare hands. He and his employer had disliked and distrusted one another from the very first. The two would engage in frequent altercations, which were carried on far into the night and were so noisy that the Rajah, the snakecharmer, the dacoits and the gorilla would beat angrily upon the party-wall as though to suggest that it was being made impossible for them to enjoy their natural sleep.

One of the chief causes of quarrel between Mr. Mullins and his butler

was that the former would insist on keeping his entire fortune in banknotes under his bed, and Jabez Goole thought that it would be far pleasanter for all concerned if it could be kept under his (the butler's) bed. Also, as Goole pointed out, it would be safer, as he invariably slept with a carving-knife under his pillow.

Miss Lucy Simp, of course, said nothing, but just looked innocent. She was Mr. Mullins's sole legatee.

One night in midwinter the Sergeantin-Charge at the local police-station of Lower Slodgecombe was awakened by the ringing of the telephone-bell. On applying his ear to the receiver he was surprised to hear a voice which he recognised at once as that of Jabez Goole speaking in an assumed accent which was neither French nor Scotch.

"Come at once," it said. "There's been a murder!"

To put on his helmet, his tunic and the clips on his trousers, and to cycle two miles to "Grimby Grange" did not take the gallant sergeant more than an hour-and-a-half.

He was met on arrival by Jabez Goole, who was drying his hands on a blood-stained towel.

"This way," said the butler, leading the police-officer to Mr. Mullins's bedroom, where Lucy, the Rajah, the snake-charmer, the two dacoits and the gorilla were standing in a semicircle round the bed, on which lay the body of the late Mr. Mullins with a carving-knife projecting from his chest.

Warning all present that absolutely anything they said would be taken down and used against them, the sergeant produced his notebook and proceeded to take depositions from everybody except the gorilla, who was too overcome with shyness to be intelligible.

It appeared that the Rajah and Miss Simp had been awakened at midnight by loud cries issuing from Mr. Mullins's bedroom. "Don't, Jabez, don't!" was one of the phrases used by the late millionaire, followed by "Help! Goole is murdering me!"

Goole strenuously denied having done anything of the sort. He declared that he had either gone to bed at eight o'clock and had not woken up until after the murder was committed, or, alternatively, that he had gone out alone to the local cinema and had only just returned.

After taking the names and addresses of all concerned and remarking that the case was more complicated than at first appeared, the sergeant summoned detectives from Scotland Yard, who arrived next morning, bringing with

them that distinguished amateur of criminology, Captain Archie Brent. Captain Brent's first move was to

Captain Brent's first move was to take some photographs. He took a really beautifully posed group of the Rajah and his suite, and two snapshots of Lucy Simp—one coming and one going. He also took plaster-casts of the gorilla's feet, to compare with some suspicious-looking footprints that he had found in the Rajah's garden.

Meanwhile the village sergeant had examined the carving-knife and found upon it the name of Jabez Goole and seven of the butler's finger-prints. On making a complete search of Jabez's room he further found the whole of Mr. Mullins's fortune in banknotes under the ex-convict's bed.

Jabez Goole was arrested, tried and found guilty of the murder of Mr. Mullins, and was bound over to keep the peace for three months.

The Rajah married Miss Simp, and one of their most cherished wedding-presents was the plaster cast of a gorilla's hind paw, from Captain Archie Brent, inscribed "In Affectionate Memory of the 'Grimby Grange' Murder. My hardest case." V. G.

Very Mixed Doubles.

(With acknowledgments to the B.B.C.)

"... The number of that record is Columbaphone 70581. The time is now 2.14 and we're taking you over to Weltham, where Captain Falconer is going to give you a running commentary on the finals of the mixed doubles in the annual lawn-tennis tournament."

"Good-afternoon-everyone. It's a lovely day down here. There are still a few minutes before the game starts, so I'll try to give you an idea of the court and its surroundings. From where I am sitting in the bathroom-window I can get a good view of the court, which seems to be marked out in more or less the usual way, and about the right size. On my left there is a green-house with two or three panes of glass missing, and I can just see two bicycles inside it. Immediately opposite and about six inches beyond the outer tramline, there's a herbaceous border, and on my right a kitchen garden. Just below me there are several spectators-I can see D. L. Jones, the Singles Holder, the Reverend Arthur Simms, Mrs. Percy Betts and James Bing, who, by the way, is smoking a very strangelooking pipe. The match is between A. J. Smith and Miss Gladys Brown, and J. A. Robinson and Mrs. George Sharpe. The players are coming on to the court now-Robinson is

carrying two rackets-his partner appears to be without one, so I suppose the second must be hers. Smith and Brown have won the toss and are serving from the green-house end. Miss Brown serves. Oh, lovely shot! an ace right down the centre line—fifteen-love. No, I'm wrong—it appears that Mrs. Sharpe wasn't ready. Miss Brown is to have two more. She serves. A fault. She serves again-Sharpe returns deep, right down the left-hand tramline—Smith—Robinson—oh, bad luck, Smith! Robinson played the shot off the wood of his racket, the ball only just went over the net and Smith, whose trouser-button had caught in the netting at the back of the court, was unable to move; very bad luck—love-fifteen. Brown serves from the left-hand side. A fault. She serves again. Robinson returns hard and high-out of court and into the next garden. I think he must have mis-timed that shot-fifteen-all. Brown serves again-a very fast service, but unfortunately the ball hit her partner on the back of his head and never reached the other side of the net-very hard luck! She serves again-oh, good service!-the ball pitched on the inner tramline and bounced into the herbaceous border so that Mrs. Sharpe was quite unable to get her racket to it-a very clever service. Thirty-fifteen. She serves from the left-oh, a very clever service!-the ball pitched on a bump and bounced right over Robinson's head. Brown serving brilliantly. Forty-fifteen. Robinson is wiping his face with a spotted handkerchief. Miss Brown serves from the right-hand court. Afault. She serves again-Sharpe returns down the centre-Smith-Just a minute, there seems to be some confusion. Smith and Brown both went for the ball, which they somehow managed to get into their opponents' right-hand tramlines, and a slight argument is taking place as to whether the ball was hit twice. I'll open the window a little wider so that

you can hear for yourselves."
("I didn't." "Yes, you did." "I
tell you I didn't." "Oh, yes, you did."
"I did not.")

"I hope you got that all right. Smith and Brown have won the point and the game, making the score one game to love—Smith and Brown leading in the first set. The players are changing ends now. Smith has stopped half-way and is mopping his forehead with a blue-and-white towel. I can still see the Vicar down there. Mrs. Percy Betts is knitting something mauve. Robinson and Sharpe are at the greenhouse end now, and it is Mrs. Sharpe's service. She serves—hold on a minute.



"IS YOUR HUSBAND BETTER, MRS. MEADOWS?"

"YES, THANK'EE, SIR; IT DON'T TAKE HIM LONG TO VITUPERATE."

Two dogs have appeared on the court and left it, each carrying a ball. All four players have followed them, but the dogs have a good start. Mrs. Betts is still knitting away down there. The players are coming on to the court again now to resume the game with only three balls, the other having been driven deep into the next garden. Mrs. Sharpe serves. A fault. She serves again-Brown returns-wait a minute; there seem to be two balls. Just as Mrs. Sharpe served for the second time the ball from the next garden was returned and pitched in the servicecourt, making it very confusing for Miss Brown, who mistimed her stroke and hit it back again into the next garden--very hard luck. Fifteen-love. Hullo! the dogs are here again and have left the court with two more balls. The incident seems to have somewhat upset the players, who now have only one ball. I think they've decided to continue. Yes—they have. The score is fifteen—love, Smith and Brown leading by one game to love in the first set. Mrs. Sharpe serves from the left-hand court—a slow one. Smith returns—it seems to be coming this way and straight at the microphone. I think he must have mis——" Crash! Bano!

"We must apologise to listeners for the breakdown during our tennis broadcast. As there is still half-an-hour left before the next part of our programme begins, I shall put on some gramophone records. The first record

As Others Hear Us.

The Dove of Peace

"This is quite, quite unofficial, but I simply felt I had to come round and see if I could help to straighten things out the least little tiny bit. As I said when Dorothea rushed in last night, I said, 'I know—I know for an absolute fact that if I can only manage to see dear Miss Plum we shall be able to clear the whole thing up in no time. In no time at all,' I said."

"I'm sorry, Miss Dodge, but you weren't at the meeting; and after the way that woman spoke—and taking the Chair too in your absence, when Heaven knows nobody wanted her

"I know, I know; I do so understand. Still, of course, there it was, as Vice-Chairman-but I know, I know. And nothing in the world, except dear mother's asthma, would ever have kept me from the meeting. Ever since our tiny causeries started I've always said that nothing in this world should ever keep me away-and I can't help feeling that if only I'd been there last night—though of course, there it is.

"Oh, there it is all right. I'd taken a certain amount of trouble with my little paper, I'll frankly admit. Not that it was anything very much; I'm the last per-

son in the world to pretend to be literary in any way—but I thought—I dare say I was entirely mistaken—that our members might like just to hear it. 'The Split Infinitive in Fiction.' After all, if a thing like the Correct Rules of English isn't going to interest we members of a literary circle, what are?"

"What, indeed, dear Miss Plum? One does so wholly feel with you about it all. As I said to Dorothea last night, when she came flying home, 'Oh,' I said, 'poor Miss Plum!"

"Still, Miss Dodge, I don't want you to think for one moment that it upset me in any way or that I gave it a thought. Lady Barker—ha-ha-ha!—took it upon herself to ring this little bell in the middle—practically—of my reading of "The Split Infinitive in Fiction," because she thought—I can't help laughing—it had gone on long enough and the members would like

to get on to something else. I suppose I may be allowed to have my own opinion about that—but, as I say, the whole thing is too ridiculous. It simply makes me laugh, that's all. Naturally, I shall discontinue my attendance at the meetings unless I receive a full apology from that woman."

"One knows so exactly how you feel."

"Oh, I haven't given it a thought. It's not a question of feelings. I simply view the whole thing as one huge joke."

"I think you're quite wonderful. As I said to Dorothea, 'If there's one thing about Miss Plum, she is quite wonderful.' And I felt that if only we could meet and talk it all out with perfect frankness the whole wretched

DONE CHARGE

"Well, Stanley, if you get struck don't say I didn't warn you not to stand by that tree."

misunderstanding might be cleared up. Now, what about my dashing round to Lady Barker and seeing what I can do?"

"It's not as if there'd ever been a time-limit to the papers read. That was what I naturally resented so bitterly. Simply, it was a personal attack upon myself."

"I do so see how one might look on it in that light. But really and truly, dear Miss Plum, I'm convinced that whatever dear Lady Barker may have said or done at any time, she didn't mean one word of it. Now, I'm going straight off to see her and have a perfectly straightforward chat about it all, and I feel things will be put right again. As my dear father always used to say, 'Life is too short for misunderstandings.' He lived to be ninety-eight, and that was always his creed, up to the very end."

"I don't say I'm clever—I know perfectly well that I'm not—but one

makes one's little efforts, and I'd given a good deal of time and thought, as it happened, to my little paper. As I couldn't help telling Lady Barker, the winter I was in Florence I was asked by an English clergyman in the place to give a talk about 'Literature from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Day,' and it took between forty minutes and an hour; but so far as I'm aware, nobody found it necessary to ring a little bell. Still, I don't want to give it another thought. It's all foo trivial."

"Well, Miss Plum, I feel nobody could have been more frank and helpful, and I think—I may say I'm absolutely certain—that Lady Barker will be the very first person to meet you

more than half-way. Now, what about my popping up there to have three words with her —no more—and then looking in here again on my way home?"

"The whole thing amuses me, that's all. A storm in a tea-cup. Simply."

"One does so know what you mean."

"At the same time I owe it to myself not to set foot in the club again without a formal apology. It isn't that I mind on my own account—the whole affair simply makes mescream with laughter—but it's the principle of the thing."

"Well, do let me just talk, quite quietly and

unofficially, to Lady Barker about it all, and I'm quite convinced it'll all come right. One feels it's too sad to have these little rifts within the lute—"

"And as a matter of fact, one or two of our members have told me how bitterly disappointed they felt at not hearing the end of my poor little

"We shall have to persuade you to let us have it another time. I'm sure Lady Barker would be the very first person to wish it. Now I'm going to fly up there on the wings of the wind and have the whole thing out with her."

"The last thing I've ever been called is touchy in any way."

called is touchy in any way."

"My dear Miss Plum! We all know.
Now, I'm more grateful than I can say
for your most helpful co-operation, and
I'm going straight off to dear Lady
Barker. One does realise so well that
you and she, au fond, are really the
very best of friends."

E. M. D.

Chairs.

I AM staying with my Aunt Myrtle.

"I know that you want to be absolutely quiet and undisturbed for your work," she said, "so you had better use the study, where your dear uncle always wrote his sermons. He used to tramp up and down the room trying to think of an idea for morning and an idea for evening. Do you tramp up and down when you are trying to think of an idea for one of the little pieces you do for the papers?"

you do for the papers?"
"Very rarely," I said. "I usually think sitting down. When the body is absolutely relaxed it stands to reason that the mind is more active. But I find at home that there is only one chair in which ideas come freely. Apparently the body has to be in a certain position for the best results, because I find that in all the other chairs my mind refuses to concentrate."

The study is a large pleasant room overlooking the garden, with its cool green lawn and shady trees. The walls are lined with leather-covered books. There are seven chairs altogether, and I felt reasonably certain that one of them would be the right shape and height for getting ideas. A great opulent-looking armchair covered with hide looked the most comfortable, and I sat down and relaxed.

"I must think of something funny about holidays," I said to myself firmly. But I was so deep in the chair that my feet stuck up in front of me, and I noticed that my shoes needed repairing; and that reminded me that the last time I had had my shoes repaired the man charged me a shilling more than usual, and . . . Obviously this chair was no good. So I tried the low wooden-seated chair in the opposite corner.

"I must think of something funny to write about holidays," I said firmly to myself. But the hard wooden back of the chair pressed against my shoulder and reminded me of that bad attack of neuritis I had in March. I remembered crawling round to the doctor because I couldn't find his telephone number in the book. I met nine people I knew and they all asked me what was wrong and stopped to chat, and then when I got to the doctor he was out, and by the time he came round to see me the pain had practically gone.

Obviously this chair was no good. So I tried the revolving desk-

good. So I tried the revolving deskchair. I raised my feet from the floor and started to revolve slowly round and round, saying to myself, "I must think of something funny about holidays." I revolved until the thing



"CAN YOU BEAT THAT, SYBIL—OUR SPOT? AS IF THEY HADN'T THE WHOLE BEACH TO CHOOSE FROM!"

stopped with a jerk, and then revolved the other way until it stopped with a jerk again. How many times would it go round before it stopped? It seemed to go round four times one way and three times the other way, but that was impossible.

With an effort I resisted the temptation to examine the mechanism, and sought a fourth chair—an oak chair with a leather seat and a high carved back. Sitting in it I had a wonderful view of the garden, and I noticed that a small tool-shed beyond the umbrella-rose quite spoiled the view. It was an ugly black shed, and I wondered whether to advise my aunt to

paint it green or to train a creeper over it. Then I remembered that I was supposed to be thinking of something funny to write about holidays, and sought the fifth chair. This time I chose a small arm-chair that didn't look particularly comfortable. But with chairs, as with men, it isn't looks that count. It was the most exquisitely comfortable chair I had ever sat in. I relaxed and said to myself, "I must think of something funny to write about holidays. . . ."

Two hours later Aunt Myrtle roused me to say that lunch was ready.

After funch I shall try the late vicar's method of tramping up and down.

[July 17, 1935



PEOPLE WHO ARE HARD TO LIVE UP TO.

NEO- SOMETHING OR OTHERS WHO TAKE THEMSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY.



Drawback to Visiting Friends in Italy.

Oн, yes, I've been there all alone;
I've seen the towers of Italy,
Noted the way the vines are grown
Along the writhen willow-tree,
Watched the white oxen statelily
(As Virgil saw them) trampling
through
The stony fields, obediently—
But oh, the home-grown wine, ooh, ooh!

I've learned the little towns, the tone
Of Umbrian hills abides with me,
The shaggy Apennine is known,
The Tiber in its infancy;
I've watched, from hills of Tuscany,
The twilight's deeper, deeper blue
Fade into night's infinity;
But oh! the home-grown wine, ooh, ooh!

Ah, Southern bays, ah! murmurous moan, Ah! classic myths of Sicily, Ah! lilies growing that were grown And plucked by sweet Persephone, Ah! thoughts that plumb Eternity That we could find and share, we two Of all the world and only we; But oh! the home-grown wine, ooh, ooh! Envoi.

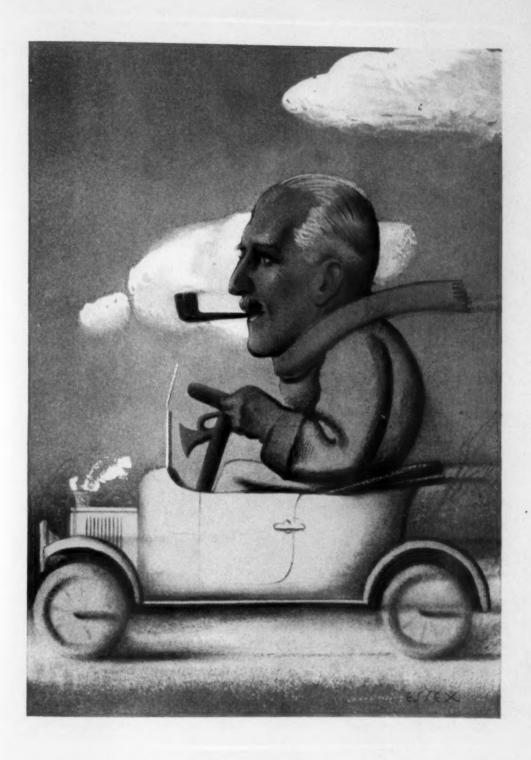
Princess, princess, 'twill never be,
It's much too lovely to be true—
Your hair by the Tyrrhenian Sea;
But, oh! the home-grown wine, ooh, ooh!

J. C. S.

Euclid Bewildered.

Is Life a circle or a square,
a cube, a rhombus or a line,
a point, a parallelopipéd, or,
as the novelists eternally declare,
an acute triangle that is usually rather obtuse?

Or are we radii,
With just a single beginning
And an infinity of ends all circumscribed?
We are not parallel lines,
For they are standoffish, and EINSTEIN says
All things are relative. More likely we are tangents;
Some of us perhaps are projections and others foci.
I fancy that Life is merely an asymptote,
For ever drawing nearer, but really there
Never—don't you?



The Brain of the A.A.



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NEO- SOMETHING OR OTHERS WHO TAKE THEMSELVES TOO SERIOUSLY.



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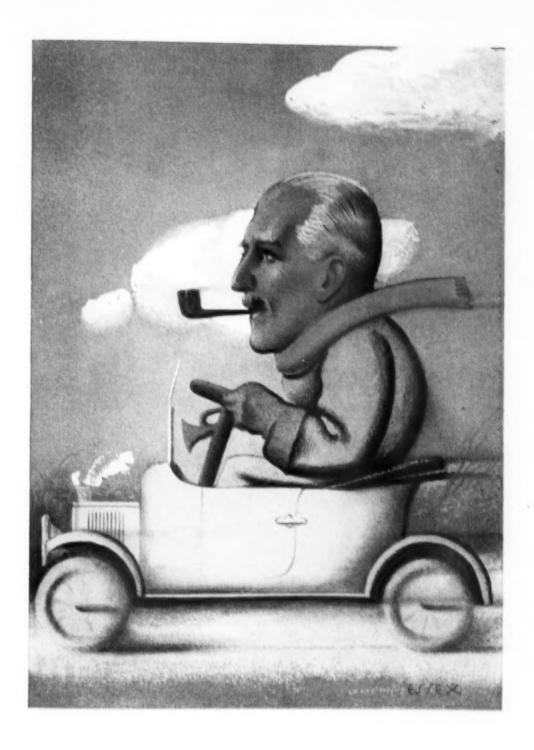
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The Brain of the A.A.





HER BEST HOPE.

BELLONA. "PROMISE ME, DUCE, THAT WHATEVER HAPPENS YOU WON'T DESERT ME NOW."



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, July 8th.-Lords: India Bill further considered in Committee.

Commons: National Health Insurance and Contributory Pensions Bill considered in Committee.

Tuesday, July 9th .- Lords: India Bill further considered in Committee.

Commons: Debate on Labour Party's Vote of Censure.

Wednesday, July 10th.-Lords: Finance Bill given a Third Reading.

Commons: Debates on Reformed Ministry and Relations with LF.S.

Monday, July 8th .- Eloquent tributes to the late Lord AMPT-HILL were paid in the Upper House to-day, Peers of every persuasion uniting to regret a colleague who, as Lord SALIS-BURY said, was one who held his convictions with great strength, and the straightest man with whom he had had to deal.

In subsequent debate on the India Bill Lord ZETLAND censured Lord MIDDLETON for what he described as "a monstrously mischievous speech" which

would create an impression in India that the Government were prepared to break a solemn pledge. The Clause under discussion was one dealing with proposals for the amendment of certain

provisions of the Act, and Lord MID-DLETON had been fearful of a loop-hole through which the Communal Award might be violated.

Spectacular romance has its drawbacks. Doubt as to the validity of their union is apparently gnawing at the hearts of various couples whose hymeneal bonds have been forged on the famous anvil at Gretna Green; and to-day at Questiontime Lieut.-Colonel Moore, who has taken these unhappy creatures under his fatherly wing, ex-tracted from the SCOTTISH SECRE-TARY a statement that he is about to discuss the matter Mr. Greenwood poured out the vials to be hoped, with the blacksmith himself. After all, he ought to know.

Tuesday, July 9th.—The presence of



THE DISPENSER OF HOME-TRUTHS (formerly the Schoolmaster Abroad).

SIR JOHN SIMON AND MR. GREENWOOD.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who was observed to be taking notes (which came to nothing), added interest to the Labour Party's Censure this afternoon, and a packed House listened tranquilly while

with the Church of Scotland-and, it is of his scorn over the Government Benches. To begin with, he objected to the claims which he said the Government were making in their new

poster-campaign of half-truths and worse. The only countries where the increase in industrial production was lower than in this country were those countries which were still on the gold standard or had just abandoned it. While the figures of industrial production had increased, there had been no proportionate rise in employment. More and more people were being driven on to the Poor Law. Where were the profits going? He knew. There had never been a Government which had squandered more money on the big vested interests than the National Government, which measured prosperity by its effect on its own friends. And in this strain Mr. GREENWOOD drooled on, forgetting that even the littlest dash of generosity will give a surprising plausibility to the most improbable whole.

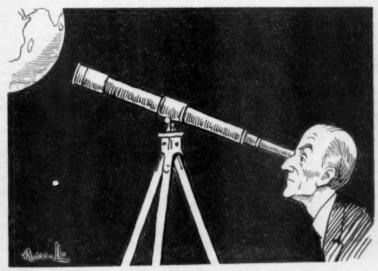
He was followed by Mr. BALDWIN, who confined himself to a sound and untheatrical survey of the achievements of

the National Government, refusing to be sidetracked.

First of all, he argued, the Government had stabilised the country's finances; then, by the Ottawa agreements,

which were working much better, they had greatly stimulated Empire trade: through the use of the tariff instrument they had made trade agreements with seventeen countries in the last three years, with excellent results, for our trade had increased by 7% last year while world trade remained about the same; Conversion operations had saved the country huge sums. and cheap money was proving of enormous assistance to industry.

In regard to the much-advocated policy of public works, the Govern-



"Let observation with extensive view "Survey mankind from China to Peru." SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE.



THE LAST OF THE CENTAURS TURNS AN HONEST OBOL.

ment could not agree that the results would be likely to be commensurate with the expenditure, but they had, after all, spent a good deal on such schemes as shipping reorganisation. As for the Special Areas, Mr. Baldwin hoped that the reports of the Commissioners would be published by next week, and he laid particular stress on the usefulness of the policy of transferring workers from derelict areas to richer districts.

After a number of minor Labour assaults, Sir Stafford Criffs was put up to obscure with professional skill the flimsiness of the case for the prosecution. His delivery is one of the best in the House, but his matter was proportionately poor. And his horror on hearing the Prime Minister's statement that Royal Air Force expansion was assisting employment seemed to Mr. P.'s R. to be ill founded, since he belongs to a Party which has frequently expressed its willingness to fight anybody in order to prevent anybody fighting anybody else.

The debate was wound up by Sir John Simon with one of the wittiest speaches the House has heard for a long time. He was in great form.

Wednesday, July 10th.—This evening the India Bill was passed through its Committee stage, Amendments being



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO?

A Good Sailor Such as Admiral TAYLOR Is not dismayed

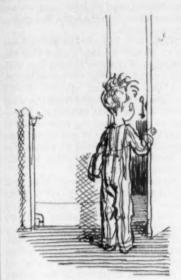
By the perilous currents of Empire Free Trade. agreed to which made election to the Council of State direct.

In a long and rambling speech in the Commons Mr. Lansbury attacked Mr. BALDWIN's adjusted Ministry, which he maintained did anything but represent the nation; Sir HERBERT SAMUEL followed him in frivolous mood, and his peroration on Lord EUSTACE PERCY'S position brought grateful cheers from an over-heated House. He challenged the Continental term "Minister Without Portfolio." Why not Minister Without Red Tape or Minister Without Pigeon-Holes - or what about Minister for Quiet Cogitation? And in any case, he said, the coat-of-arms of the office should be four blank quarterings to indicate an open and receptive mind.

Mr. Baldwin naturally declined to accept Mr. Lansbury's invitation to discuss the cases of individual Ministers who have relinquished or changed office, but he explained that Mr. Eden's new post is in the nature of a

temporary experiment.

The discussion on the Irish situation gave Mr. Thomas an opportunity to review its difficulties, which remain, through no fault of his, unsolved, and Sir Thomas Inskip a chance to defend the Statute of Westminster Bill.





The Story of Robert and the Telephone.

Though Robert, luckiest of boys, Possessed a cupboard full of toys, He liked far more than all his own His mother's toy, the telephone. Upon her desk of satinwood This fascinating object stood, And Robert often saw her sit Quite half-an-hour in front of it, Talking as gaily as could be To people that he couldn't see.

Young Robert, thinking it a game, Decided he would do the same; So down the nursery stairs he crept One morning while his Nannie slept, And found himself at last alone With the delightful telephone.

Now first of all he boldly took
The big receiver off its hook,
Then thrust his eager fingers in
The dial's holes to make it spin.
How merrily the letters go!
He tried them all from A to O,
And then, when he was tired of that,
He dialled Dos and Cow and Car
And Hex and Hoa and Raw and Rar
(For these, as I need hardly tell,
Were all the words that he could spell).

At last the telephone—annoyed,
No doubt, at being thus employed—
Let out in Robert's startled ear
A screech most horrible to hear,
As though the RAT, the CAT, the Dog.
The RAM, the Cow, the HEN, the Hog
Were all shut up in one small cage
And all in a stupendous rage.

With thumping heart poor Robert fled Back to his safe and friendly bed; And since that day he's left alone His mother's toy, the telephone.



At the Play.

"NOAH" (NEW).

It has recently been made plain that descendants are entitled to object to plays about their ancestors, and it is thought quite natural, in an age of realism on the stage, that they should object furiously to the bare idea. But none of the descendants of NOAH who watched Mr. JOHN GIELGUD take him out of the family frame and make him walk and talk at the New Theatre, would have dreamt of invoking privilege to stop him. For NOAH is a credit to us all. Of the type of Daniel Peggotty, with moments of Mr. Micawber, he is, in Mr. GIELGUD's hands, something much more than a delightful old boy. He is man the builder and maker -but even more, man the servant of God.

This, the English version of M. André Obey's play, takes many liberties with Genesis. Sometimes the liberties are a pity, as when the overhideous animals show none of that two-and-twoness with which Scripture and tradition have so firmly endowed them. It seems all wrong with one of each instead of with half as many pairs. But in the main the liberties have been taken that the stage may show, more clearly than Holy Writ, the trials of a good man's faith.

Mr. GIELGUD keeps the pitch admirably natural, even when Noah is talking to the Lord, whom he does not profess to understand, and the play takes rank with the mediæval moralities and Green Pastures in its power of showing great and moving truths in a

medium of the barest simplicity. Very wisely, I think, the producer has eschewed mechanical effects and built his seenes with the help of the onlooker's imagination. Not that there is not a very fine Ark.

The effect, as of a child's picture-book come to life, with clear bright colours and equally clear little incidents, might pall in the course of an evening if the playwright had less to say. But playwrights can seldom have said nearly as much. The manner here is light but the matter of the deepest.

In Ham (Mr. COLINKEITH-JOHNSTON) is incarnate the spirit of self-sufficient rationalism, and his struggle to take command of the Ark and steer a course instead of waiting on the obscure will of an apparently regardless God brings to a point of action a permanent mood of mankind. Ham's generation follow him. From the first trust and dependence of the early days in the Ark there is a change to restless mutiny by the end; and with the firm



"WE MUST MOVE WITH THE TIMES, YOU'RE PRE-FLOOD, FATHER!"

Ham . . . MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON. Noah . . . MR. JOHN GIELGUD.

dry land again, there surges up a new self-confidence in the young and a possessiveness only harmless because the world is so wide. Even Mrs. Noah (Miss Marjorie Fielding), although she shows none of the fractiousness of



Noah (Mr, John Gielgud). "What a relief to get away from those wild people for a time!"

mediæval Mrs. Noahs, fails Noah at the darkest trial of faith, and she too reverts when on terra firma to a querulous smallness.

Noah, who has obeyed and trusted up to Mount Ararat, knows that the prospects of the new Golden Age with this human material are not so bright. But that is, after all, the Lord's business, and he begins from the wood of the Ark to build himself a house—just as long before he had begun to build the Ark. At the end the rainbow appears in the sky and he stands, axe in hand, lost in admiration and exclaiming, "That's fine!"

Before the close Shem, Ham and Japhet and their wives go off to make homes for themselves, looking only to the future and ignoring Ark and parents as they turn, each as his fancy or his wife's-dictates, to Asia, Africa and Europe. In each, in this last appearance, the distinctive characters of the main branches of the human family begin to emerge. It was a little galling to watch the darkening Ham depart without the proper curse on his race. But it was artistically right. The play is not a chronicle, and the Noah of Mr. GIELGUD's vision, although he comes very near to the vine-tree, does not mix easily with the curses and the sterner side of life.

In the beginning he is formidable enough, in his quiet and rustic way, with the wicked Man (Mr. George Devine), that vulgar and aggressive pseudo-democratic representative of the wicked of whom there is to be such a wholesale clearance as soon as the rain begins. Noah fully understands the exasperation of the Lord

at being for ever doubted, defied and asked for immediate proofs of good faith.

He is made unhappy at the sights he sees on the wastes of waters as the evil drown. But he is not surprised at not understanding the reason for everything. Like some vast piece of Tyrolean coloured carving, he stumps the boards of his Ark, with no pretence to know or fathom more than the Lord has chosen to tell him. He is very good company to men and beasts, busy and full of trial and error. Honesty and goodness shine from his ruddy face; but there is also about him a heroic quality which makes of this the most memorable and moving of plays.

"PUBLIC SAVIOUR NO. 1" (PICCADILLY).

This piece begins as a Nativity play in modern terms, an interesting idea but not theatrically easy, and gradually passes, as the difficulties of presenting an inspired latter-day Messiah grow greater, into a gangster melodrama which is by no means un-

Mr. JOHN FRUSHARD'S opening scenes were little more than faithful parallels of Bethlehem, but they contained some promise of subsequent development. To me they seemed entirely sincere and reverent, though sometimes rather crude. In the first we were shown the hall of an American hotel on a Christmas Eve somewhere near the beginning of the century. A tremendous storm having blocked communications for two days, the hotel was crammed to overflowing, and exhausted travellers were being turned back everywhere into the snow; but the harassed manager found sudden compassion for a couple whose patience stood out against the imprecations of the others. He led them not to a stable but to a lock-up garage, and there next day their child was born. Soon afterwards three visitors were shown in, an American financier, a German art critic and an English astronomer—three wise men who had each received in a vision instructions to find the child and assist with his education. The simplicity with which author and producer treated this scene helped to overcome the incongruity of the visitors in their travelling ulsters coming upon Mrs. Smith sitting up in a smart bed beside an ancient Ford; and even more the scene was helped by Miss HILARY EAVES' sympathetic presentation of the gentle, understanding woman. We only saw her once more, loving but troubled, housekeeping for her son and his three tutors after they had begun their ministry. John Smith we never saw again.

The next scene showed the staff of a school debating the eternal verities in their common-room and confounded by a boy in shorts who entered uninvited and, after politely proving to them how little they really knew, cured the materialistic sciencemaster's injured arm. So far as we were told, this was Christopher Smith's first miracle. The action of the play then jumped—it was necessarily very episodic—about twenty years to the office of the President of a big factory where Christopher's ability to read the thoughts of his fellow-workers and his

determination to bring them to a better way of life was causing a labour dispute.

After this preliminary mission had been dramatically concluded, Christo-



THE HEADMASTER UP BEFORE SMITH MINOR.

Christopher Smith . MASTER BRIAN SHERIDAN. BICKERS. MR. RICHARD WHITEHORN. Dr. Hadley .



FOREFINGER VERSUS AUTOMATICS. Sir John Chaffer . . MR. RAF DE LA TORRE. Spike O'Reilly . . . Mr. CHARLES FARRELL.

pher settled down to his main task of fighting the vice-rackets of a great city, and so began to arouse the bitter opposition from corrupt high places which finally brought death to him and

his faithful band of friends in a hail of machine-gun bullets.

This fearless denunciation of the underworld was skilfully used to give a number of exciting twists to the last two Acts, but, although Mr. FRUSHARD was careful to remind us from time to time of his primary intentions by providing such parallels as a modern Mary Magdalene, saved from a wretched speakeasy and miraculously visited by Christopher after his death, and a gangster so grateful for the healing of his daughter that he died gladly beside Christopher, the interest shifted inevitably to the gangsterstory itself, for the reason, I think, that Christopher never developed beyond a point at which he appeared, even in his biggest speech, as any brave, cool and quite unoriginal young missionary might appear, challenging the forces of evil to beware and the people to look to their souls, but never exhibiting anything of the mental sublimity or the divine philosophy which Mr. FRUSHARD had suggested in his premise.

Without the gangsters I am afraid the last two Acts would have been very dull, but while they were on the stage we were never bored, for Mr. CHARLES FARRELL is a master of the art of looking shockingly sinister while yet wholly capturing our sympathy, and his acting when, having heard of Christopher's miracles, he came pistols in hand to demand a cure for his daughter and then very. very slowly comprehended that Christopher would only do it out of compassion, was something to remember, and possibly the nearest Mr. FRUSHARD got to what I take to have been his

true objective. Mr. JOHN STUART played Christopher with tact and a quiet dignity which were impressive, but I thought he would have got a greater effect by showing a little more fire. The three tutors were well differentiated by Messrs. Eugène Leahy, Neville BROOK and RAF DE LA TORRE; Master BRIAN SHERIDAN-BICKERS WAS Christopher the boy, and showed promise which will only be fulfilled when he has learned a clearer diction; and Mr. Nat Lewis's beer baron was a perfect opposite to that of Mr. FAR-RELL. Miss VERA LENNOX, although she shouldn't have talked with an American accent and sung with an English one in the same scene, made a very good thing of Delena

the cabaret-girl, who gave up all to follow her converter-it was she and Mr. FARRELL who bridged, so far as that operation was possible, the criminal and the spiritual in the play.



Mummie. "Eat up the carrots, dear. Don't you like them?" Dickie (aged five). "No, not now. I've grown out of carrots."

The Heel of Achilles.

(Mr. Ernest Newman, the eminent musical critic of "The Sunday Times," who is renowned for his encyclopoedic erudition, recently admitted that he is "not an expert in thirteenth-century Slavonic.")

In the view of the discerning no critic can compare With Newman in his learning, his output or his *flair*. All modern arts and sciences are at his fingers' ends, And, scorning the appliances on which the ear depends, Not for one moment needing a sound to make it plain, He's credited with reading all Prokoficy in his brain.

Most critics are tomnoddies, but Ernest understands How pituitary bodies react on pineal glands, Detecting marked thrombosis, which previous writers missed,

And arterio-sclerosis in the later works of Liszt, And by the strange activity of Chopin's endocrines Explaining his proclivity to arabesque designs.

One star sufficed to fluster stout Correz on his peak, But all the stellar muster he examines every week; And some, though great, he trounces, and some he has debunked.

And others he pronounces to be utterly defunct.
But though he wakes high dudgeon in Ascalon and Gath,
None dares to face the bludgeon of our champion polymath.

Ev'ry crux he has unravelled, all mysteries revealed;
All disputants are gravelled if they dare to take the field.
He is not awed or rattled by RUTHERFORD or JEANS
Or by the hosts embattled of a wilderness of deans;
And KREISLER, when he ventured to assume a
pseudonym,

Was pontifically censured and severed limb from limb.

From Longinus down to Lessing, to the oracles on Art He apportions blame and blessing—he has got them all by heart.

With an appetite unglutted, with the patience of a Job, The classics he has gutted—without the aid of Loeb. He has shown up Aristotle and is alleged to know All about the axolotl in the lakes of Mexico.

But as ACHILLES, fabled for his strength and fiery zeal, Was fatally disabled by a weakness in his heel, Our encyclopædic Newman, though equipped at every point, Is not quite superhuman, for his harness has one joint, And, while he is omniscient when harmonic or hormonic, Is admittedly deficient when it comes to Old Slavonic.

C. L. G.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club. 13/6/35.

DEAR WHELK,—I happened to call at the Bank this morning and the Manager was quite offensive about the Club's account, as apparently we are overdrawn by at least £150 more than this time last year.

Now, Whelk, this is all news to me and unless you can set matters right before the end of the financial year on the 30th June, you can expect trouble with a very big T, so you had better get busy at once.

Yours faithfully

R. VINEY.

P.S.—I have taken it on myself to instruct the Club's auditors to call to-morrow to see how you have been squandering the money. I sincerely hope you will be able to satisfy them.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

14th June, 1935.

SIR,—I hear the Club are in financial difficulties. This more than explains your being able to afford a holiday in Switzerland last winter.

Yours, Sir,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Commander Harrington Nettle, C.M.G., D.S.O., Flagstaff Villa, Roughover.

14th June, 1935.

SIR,—Rumour has it that you have been playing ducks and drakes with the Club's money, and that you are now looking about for some means to increase the revenue.

I shall be glad if you will note therefore that the table fees payable by the Card and Billiard players aren't half enough. For not only have they enormous rooms devoted entirely to themselves, but whenever anyone goes in and makes remarks about their play the whole lot of them are down one's throat on some fatuous pretext or other.

Yours faithfully,

HARRINGTON NETTLE.
P.S.—Billiards are a pooping game

P.S.2.—The Bridge players are a lot of card-sharpers.

From Anthony Olders, Crimea House, Roughover.

Friday, 14th June.

Dear Sir,—I suppose it is not much use a mere House Member making a suggestion for increasing the revenue—however I should like to call your



"I'M GLAD NOW, DARLING, THAT YOU WORE YOUR CRICKETING-SUIT."

attention to the cheapness of golf (as such) at the Club.

And, when you compare the £4 4s. I have to pay for the privilege of moping about the Club-house to the £6 6s. subpayable by those who have the entire use of the course and all other golfing facilities, you will see how ridiculous the ratio is.

I would suggest you look into this matter before you commit yourself to yet another of your proverbial blunders.

Yours faithfully, ANTHONY OLDERS.

P.S.—If you do anything about putting up the Billiard or Card fees I shall resign. Miss Gwendoline Makepeace, Love-inthe-Mist Cottage, Roughover.

Friday.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—In case you hadn't heard about it I wanted to bring to your notice one of those Snowball

schemes for raising money.

I don't quite know how it works exactly, but it's something about all the members sending a letter to each other with sixpence inside and telling them to forward sixpence (stamps will do) to a lot of other people, and then those other people do the same, and so on, until finally everyone will have got their original sixpence back and at least fifteen pounds besides.



Lady (with old cannas, to picture-restorer). "I want this picture taken off to see if there's an old master under-th. If there isn't, I want it put back again."

I don't think I have got it quite right, though, because the Club doesn't seem to come into it at all, but I expeet you will see what I mean. All the same it's rather brainy because a sort of cousin of my sister-in-law's husband was telling me about it only last night. and there's something about ten per cent. somewhere, so perhaps that's it.

Anyhow, everyone has been saying recently you're so clever at juggling with figures I expect you'll be able to work out just how it's done

Yours very sincerely, GWENNIE MAKEPEACE.

Reverend Cyril Brassie, The Rectory. Roughover. (Private)

14th June, 1935. DEAR SIR,-I hear that you are having a Dance in aid of the Club Funds, but believe me, my good friend, it won't be one bit of good, for, from my experience of raising money for charities, etc., people simply won't go hopping and perspiring round a room

or anyone else out of financial trouble. In my opinion, however, and you can take it for what it's worth, you should stage a novelty exhibition Golf Match between two well-known

in the middle of the summer to get you

members, say General Sir Armstrong Forcursue and Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, providing the former with a tennis racquet and ball and the latter with a bow and arrow or something like that, the winner being the first into the hole, etc.

I feel sure if you adopted this suggestion that after eighteen holes spectators would agree they had had their money's worth and you could run another on similar lines quite soon.

I will be glad to do the refereeing and timekeeping if you thought any more about it.

Yours faithfully. CYRIL BRASSIE.

P.S.-A substantial sum (in addition to ground tickets) might be realised from the sale of favours-blue flags for the Admiral and Red for the

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.

DEAR WHELK, -You will be glad to know that the auditors have more or less satisfied me that they have no direct proof that you have been using the Club's funds for paying your debts, as I was at one time led to believe.

However, they have still one or two matters to clear up, so you are not out of the wood yet. They are to give me a final and detailed statement on Tuesday.

Well, now, Whelk, referring to our talk of yesterday A.M., I feel quite convinced that it is absolutely no use your trying to get the Committee to call a General Meeting of members to raise the subscriptions all round. You will never hear the end of it, and I for one will veto it straight away.

I have, however, been thinking over the matter a great deal since I spoke to you, and have regretfully come to the conclusion that there is only one solution. Kindly therefore put "Reduction of Secretary's Salary" on the Agenda for the next monthly meeting of the Committee, as this (I feel confident) will prove the least unpopular measure of all.

Yours sincerely, R. VINEY.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR SIR,-Your remark about being butchered to make a Roman holiday, in reply to my letter of the



"MOTHER SAYS I MUST SAY I'M SORRY I CALLED YOU AN UGLY TOAD, MR. BROWN. WELL, YOU AREN'T ONE. YOU ONLY LOOK LIKE ONE."

15th, is in very bad taste. If you are going to kick at my proposal I shall get the Committee (in addition) to withdraw the privilege of letting you have the free run of your teeth for meals in the Club.

Yours faithfully, R. VINEY.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club, Roughover.

MY DEAR WHELK,—It is all right about the £150. The auditors tell me it can be accounted for by the sale of the Conversion Loan through my own stockbrokers last April (you remember the Committee agreed to this for paying for the tractor). The cheque, however, was inadvertently credited to my account.

I am glad for your sake that you were not found to be dishonest, and you may withdraw the "Reduction of Secretary's Salary," etc., from the Agenda; but kindly put "Curtailment of Secretary's Free Meals" in its place. It will be a lesson to you to check the accounts more carefully in future.

Yours very sincerely,

R. VINBY. G. C. N

To Be Taken with a Pinch of Salt.

"'The course is beautiful,' an official told a reporter. 'There has been a lot of rain during the night and now the turf is fit for a game of crouet.'"—Local Paper.

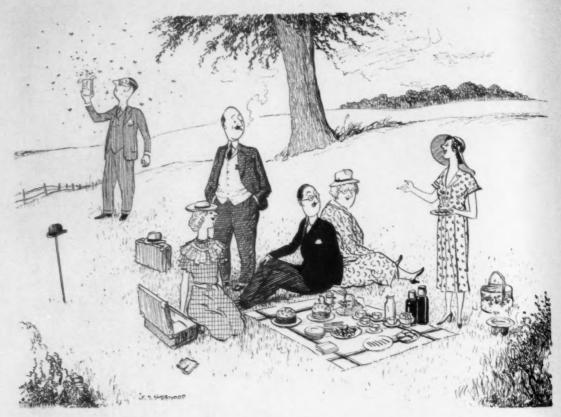
To What Green Hell?

"There seems little likelihood of the British Liberal Party emerging from the cool hades of opposition since they were relegated to it by the National Government."

New Zealand Paper.

"The Irish Free State had held out the olive branch, but nothing of a concrete nature had come out of it."—Report of Debate.

G. C. N. Not even olive-stones?



" ISN'T MY PLANCE A PET? HE 'S GOING TO STAND THERE WITH THAT POT OF JAM SO THAT I DON'T GET STUNG WHILE AT TEA."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Life-Changer's Testament.

THE Group Movement, which a little arbitrarily (and not without protest) has been assigned a local habitation in the home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, attracts or repels less by its intrinsic merits than according to the temperament in contact with it. The great and positive virtue of sincerity, however, will hardly be denied to its adherents by the most radically antipathetic; and the patent and passionate sincerity of Mr. Stephen Foot, for whom Life Began Yesterday (Heinemann, 5/-)-that is to say, on the day whereon the Movement absorbed him-must command our respect whatever value we set on the experiences he relates or whatever the degree of our assent to the possibility or the desirability of the human future which he adumbrates. Its essential desirability, indeed, is not acutely in question, for those who would not welcome a cessation of strife and bitterness are surely fewer than the partisans pretend. But the possibility of a change of heart so general as to be able to achieve what leagues and pacts and conferences have failed to do is (however convincing Mr. Foor's individual instances) another and more debatable matter. Nevertheless, the sceptic will find himself warming to Mr. Foot's enthusiastic optimism, while the psychologist will welcome an authentic record of the great experience of conversion.

The Mercurial Miss Jewsbury.

Admonished that Geraldine Jewsbury (ALLEN AND UN-WIN, 10/6) was "an entirely unimportant person" save for her friendship with the CARLYLES, Mrs. SUSANNE HOWE has nevertheless written a notably interesting biography of that eccentric and much-maligned woman. Moreover she has deliberately refrained from over-exploiting the CAR-LYLE intimacy, though she gives chapter and verse for the couple's many obligations to their enthusiastic friend, and maintains that her well-known confidences to FROUDE concerning their matrimonial differences were no mischievous gossip but the serious testimony of a dying woman. For the rest she has taken well-rewarded pains to reconstruct GERALDINE'S early-Victorian Manchester—the Manchester of inventions and belles-lettres, of Whitworth and Mrs. GASKELL, of HELENA FAUCIT'S Imogen and "Unitarian Here GERALDINE kept house admirably, 80 admirably that her brother opposed her energetic attempts to get married until he had a wife and she could no longer find a husband. Her novels, her contributions to Household Words and The Athenœum, her secretaryship to old Lady Morgan belong to later metropolitan days. A would-be angel-in-the-house condemned to the sterilities of "fame," she has captured her biographer's imagination and inspired a fascinating book.

When Rogues Fall Out.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new mystery story is an instance of the fact that your born story-teller hardly needs good material to tell a good tale. It is not till the last page is turned that one realises the weaknesses of this story of some nasty customers whose evil plans went awry because, as the title expresses it. They Wouldn't be Chessmen (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) and move only as intended. Scott Carruthers, bearleader to young Prince Nahendra Nao, designs to steal the famous Chitipur pearls, persuade him to palm off a copy on his father, and then, himself, to live happily and wealthily ever after, with his innamorata, by blackmailing the Prince. But the lady, falling in love with a handsome crook professionally assisting Carruthers, has a plan of her own to murder a rival; and finally our old friend, Inspector Hanaud, is faced with a situation involving that crime and quite a variety of others. In fact so much is everything involved that even Mr. Mason begins to forget such trifles as the relationships of his characters; but the going is so good that while you are going such things are unimportant.

Whitewashing "Prinny."

It argues courage to attempt a partisan biography of George the Fourth (DUCKWORTH, 9/-), and had Mr. ROGER FULFORD confined his friendly offices to unswathing and interpreting that royal old mummy (as THACKERAY put it) I could have wished him all sorts of prosperity and a little more taste. But his procedure is not so innocent. He attempts to bolster up a discreditable sovereign by identifying him with the military glories of his age-glories with which he had little or nothing to do. He manœuvres to save his reputation by truncating an unfavourable anecdote-Malmesbury's account, for instance, of the glass of brandy he demanded on his first sight of his bride. As for his attempt to whiten George by blackening CAROLINE, it seems to me not only discreditable but clumsy. He omits all the major testimonies to the poor woman's virtue, from her father-in-law's tribute to her "irre-

proachable" conduct at the separation to that of the Bishop of Pesaro and Cardinal Albani during her sojourn in Italy. Finally, he is so unmannerly as to trounce her excessive ugliness, though his innuendoes are sufficiently disproved by the pencils of Cosway and Lawrence.

Moor and Pasture.

Eleven chapters on hunting (with the knowledge of Mr. James Pigg and a better power of expression), followed by eight chapters on shooting by a modest expert who confesses to seventy-two grouse in one drive after running out of cartridges, have produced Sport (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6), by Lord DORCHESTER. I like best the instructions to M.F.H.'s and Field-Masters. They may be summed up quite shortly: "Don't be rude, ride straight, and make every allowance for beginners." Subscribers to the Garth



"The organist says would you mind not singing so loud, Sir, as we're broadcasting this service, and you're messing up the balance of the choir?"

will no doubt recall the south end of a big grey going north over timber after a signal for the field to start fair; also the Children's Day on Easter Monday. There are good hunting anecdotes to smile over, but the author could have quoted well from Huntsman Daniells and made the book much longer. About grouse-driving I absolutely agree. If they come in sight only eighty yards away over the crest of the Knowe you can shoot quicker and better. Over the matter of woodcock in Macedonia—well, I believe the author's theory, but I wish I had known before about contour levels and the birds' habit of sitting just where an observant shot can find them. A good book but too short.

Rosy Rapture.

Exasperation with the subjective raptures of Mr. Adrian Stokes—Public Balletomane No. 2—in Russian Ballets

(FABER AND FABER, 7/6) may blind us to its sound qualities —insight, sympathy and honest propagandist fervour, which prevent these descriptions of the plots and patterns of various ballets being judged a mere wanton piece of bookmaking. There are besides some quite admirable illustrations as good as static photographs can ever manage to be in this field. But surely this kind of thing concerning Sylphides darkens counsel: ". . . notice the crook of the outer arm, away from the body, of the girl at either end of the corps de ballet's crescent. The pose is typical; every limb, every joint have (sic) this freedom of a thicket pierced by moonlight. The air comes from every side; the essence of this freedom beneath the air's uniform caress is the separate enjoyment of each bud and twig: each section and each facet is of the same importance. . . ." And again: "Watching Présages is like watching the gulls over the dark Thames Embankment. Behind, the intermittent trams thunder, cars pass in endless streams. Below the dark stone: beneath the gulls in their array, the waters run"

and very much more to the same arbitrary effect.

On with the New Love.

I began by disliking Miss MARY LUTYENS novel, Perchance to Dream (MURRAY, 7/6), with its account of the state of heart of a widowed mistress (if one may use such an expression), her at-tempted suicide and all her vapourings about the art of love, but I ended by being at least interested. The heroine's confidential autobiography shows a certain sense of humour as the chapters go on. She is a tiresome person, non-moral and much too introspective to be really good company. All the same, she says astute things occasionally and has the grace to realise

the shabbiness of heart which causes her to take a new lover (because he looks like the previous one) and to inform her fiancé by telephone of her change of plan. She mentions her pangs too when the fiancé becomes a power in the world. But though I do not like Laura until the very last line of the book, I can appreciate Miss LUTYENS' portrayal of her and also of James, who is the perfect pattern of an attractive cad.

Anticipation.

Mr. R. Philmore, whose Journey Downstairs was a notable detective story, has taken a step forward in Riot Act (Gollancz, 7/6) and brought us to the General Election of 1936. The Labour Party were known to be gaining seats when the result of Central Colby was declared, and Viscount Riddington, National Conservative, headed the poll. Immediately afterwards it was discovered that he had been killed, and Swan, Mr. Philmore's able deducer, began to investigate a case which in more ways than one was extraordinary. The problem is so fairly stated that ample opportunity to solve it is given; but for me the tale lacked human interest because none of the people who were suspected of committing the murder aroused either my

sympathy or active dislike. Still Mr. Philmore's close reasoning and powers of deduction call for unqualified praise.

Revolution.

A country on the brink of upheaval is a fruitful subject for drama, and in Laurell'd Captains (HUTCHINSON, 7/6) GEORGE R. PREEDY has drawn a vivid picture of France during 1788-89. In his contrast between Phillippe de Bréauté-Beuzeville, a man whose ideas were enlightened, and Louis de Héricourt, who was as unfaithful in private life as he was proud and cruel in dealing with his dependants, the author has got down to the root of France's troubles. Historical novels may at the moment have lost their popular appeal, but if this tale of unbridled passions and of the conditions that promoted them is rather prolix, it is also told with a commendable lack of prejudice.

On Foot.

Among books to be recommended to prospective holiday

makers is Walking in the Grampians (MACLEHOSE, 7/6). Mr. CHARLES PLUMB is not only a sturdy walker but also a most companionable writer, and whether you are or are not acquainted with the locality which he describes so vividly, you will admit that his narrative carries a peculiar charm with it. From the first page to the last he is delightfully in tune with his surroundings, and, although he states that he cannot pretend to be as interesting as Mr. SETON GORDON or as serviceable as the Scottish Mountaineering Club's official guide, the fact remains that his book, with its beautiful illustrations and informing sketch-maps, is an extremely good advertise-



"BUT DON'T YOU LIKE THE ISLAND, REGINA? I BOUGHT IT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU."

ment for the pleasures of a holiday in the North.

Hints for Cruisers.

Now that "cruising" is established as a holiday habit, those who cruise seem to feel it up to them to be able to talk more or less nautically on the subject. Why, it is difficult to say. People who travel by train do not want to talk technical "shop" about the locomotive. And one would rather expect people who spend the whole of their time dancing or roasting themselves in the sun or playing bridge, and, in short, trying their very hardest not to feel as if they are at sea at all to be content to do likewise. But no, going all nautical is part of the game. Hence, among other things, Mr. C. R. BENSTEAD'S Landsman's Guide to Sea Lore (METHUEN, 6/-), to quote the jacket "blurb," "makes navigation not only understandable but entertaining. It perhaps hardly does quite so much as that, and it would be all the better if it were not quite so resolutely facetious. But it certainly tells the inquiring landsman the answer to a good many questions of the kind asked by passengers at the captain's or chief officer's table at dinner, as well as giving some useful hints on tipping and other equally important if less strictly nautical matters.

Charivaria.

It appears that the whydah, an African bird, often puts on weight in captivity. Getting whydah and whydah, as it were.

Abyssinians, according to a traveller, will talk in a continuous drone throughout the night, or will wake oneanothernowand then to tell some pointless tale. But then there is no wireless at Addis Ababa.

"You often see a man who looks as though he has been poured into his suit," saysatailor. And forgot to say "When.'

In view of Lord TWEEDSMUIR'S confession that he has only once played cricket, some surprise is expressed that he has not been invited to join the Selection Commit-* *

Publishers wondering what has become of one of a party of tourists who recently returned from Russia. appears that his manuscript has not yet been submitted.

A man has complained to the police that his wife followed him to a public-house and tipped

* *

the contents of a table over him. The drinks were on him.

Welsh, a schoolmaster suggests, provides a clue to the correct pronunciation of Latin. A clue should now be sought to the correct pronunciation of Welsh.

Mr. RICHARD HALLIBURTON, an American, is preparing to cross the

Alps on an elephant, in emulation of HANNIBAL's achievement. Rome no doubt is making ready for the cry, 'Halliburton ante portas!"

"It is very foolish to run in the hot

seems to have been no rush to dispute the claim of a septuagenarian on the New York stage that she is the world's oldest chorus-girl.

"Some of our big buildings," writes weather," says a doctor. The butter ought to be told about this.

Solid of the control of the local solid of the control of th example.

> A prolific author dislikes being asked whether he has read any good books lately. It would be more tactful to ask him whether he has written any good

A scheme is wanted for popularising tea in America. Why not prohibitit?

books lately.

Two London girls who have been motor-eyeling across Africa declare that lions and tigers just moved out of their way. The tigers of course had no distance to go.

The stock of Jubilee postage-stamps is now exhausted. So are some of those who have had to lick them.

A scientist says our ears are growing larger and our faces longer. No doubt in both cases it is due to broadcasting.

Burglar (having availed himself of all that the house has to offer). "Well, A CROOK MAYBE, BUT NOT A DIRTY ONE.

Scientists state that sound, if sufficiently intensified, will kill all forms of life. A million Underground passengers will, however, continue to take their daily risk.

"We can't have too many rich men," says a financial expert. This policy is also favoured by the Inland Revenue Department.

In musical-comedy circles there

"All eggs are laid on our farm," says an advertisement. This is much better than having old shells refilled.

"I cannot stand skating," confesses a correspondent. We cannot skate standing.

"What do you call a man who knocks about town?" asks a correspondent. A postman, usually.

Young Man's Lament Over a Wasted Day.

SISTER dear, was it yesterday That I spent some sixteen hours at play And never remembered, even for one, "So much to do and so little done"?

I had my coffee and rose betimes, Having scanned the obituaries, cricket and crimes (By "betimes" I mean it was almost ten), And I did a leisurely toilet, and then I called a taxi and went to Pall Mall, And, since I was feeling exceedingly well, And had a number of minutes to wait For Harry Fitzgibbet, who's always late, I settled down in a club armchair And ordered a drink they call "Maiden's Prayer," And I'd hardly touched it when Harry appeared, Early for once and—just as I feared-He proclaimed on the spot that he too had a thirst, Which of course meant a second one after the first.

The racing at Newbury started at two, So the only and obvious thing to do Was to get to the train and lunch on the train With a little cold bird and a little champagne The run was so easy, so pleasant the air, It seemed hardly five minutes before we were there And had bought our two tickets for Tattersall's

And were looking around for some "very good thing." Well, it wasn't long coming; before the first race We spotted the ruddy exuberant face Of Bill Snookum the trainer. He gave us a hint; He'd a two-year-old running, its name was Cold

Print. There was no guarantee but he thought it would win And was sure to be one of the first to get in. He himself had put on not his shirt but his jacket (We thought to ourselves, "Even that is a packet"). So we thanked him most warmly, went off like a shot

And put on, each way, all the money we'd got. . . It won; it romped home; and we had some more

At that dear little box (you may know where it is), And then, since we'd had such inordinate luck As to back an outsider, we thought that our pluck Might henceforth to advantage be mixed with

Content we remained for the rest of the session To venture no more than a ten-shilling-note On "Trumpeter's" often good tips on the Tote.

When we got back to Town we had plenty in hand. H. said, "What price a party?" and I replied,

So we rang up two girls and then parted and changed And gathered again at the Grill, as arranged. And the long and the short of it, if you must know, Is that, when we'd done escort soon after the show, The two of us found that we'd both got away with Precisely the fivers we'd started the day with.

And now it's to-morrow and no more play, But the nose to the desk and the hand to the plough! And, if that's what you call a wasted day, I wish I were having another one now! J. C. S.

Accusative Case.

Pamela was already in the car.

"You haven't forgotten your passport?" I inquired.

"Of course not."

"Last year-

"Last year I didn't forget it. We found it had expired at Folkestone, and that's different."

"We found at Folkestone it had expired. That is also different. In point of fact, your passport had breathed its last in the previous March.

"Well, anyhow, it's resurrected now and I haven't forgotten it. It's in my dressing-case, and I shall carry the dressing-case-or you will-so I can fish out the passport in a second."

I let in the clutch and we went.

Pamela regarded with disfavour as much of the Channel as was visible from the hotel where we were lunching.

"Rough," she said.

"In The Times it said 'slight."

- "Then it must have altered since The Times man looked
- I reminded Pamela that she was usually a good sailor. "Usually," she admitted. "But to-day is unusual. The water looks funny.

You prefer dry humour?"

"I would prefer to wait here until to-morrow."

"My dear Pamela-

"I would."

"Pamela-

"If you're going to argue I may as well tell you that I haven't got my passport. So there!"
I sighed. "So there and so not here," I said.

"Yes, and it's no good your saying I forgot it, because I didn't. I merely forgot the dressing-case with the passport in it, which is not the same thing at all. I'll go and book a room and you ring up Emily. Tell her to bring the dressing-case by train to-morrow morning. Tell her the dressing-case is in the hall. Tell her the train. And after that we'll bathe.

"I shall enjoy the bathe," I said.

I got through to Emily, who said that she had noticed the dressing-case in the hall. She said she had also noticed my passport on the hall-table.
"My passport, Emily?"

"Yes, Sir—your passport."
"In that case," I said, "bring my passport too."

"In the dressing-case?"

"In any case.

"Very good," said Emily.

"Very good indeed," said Pamela when I told her.

Without Comment.

"The Archbishop . . . scouted the popular notion that the work of the ministry was to engage in the social amenities of the afternoon teatable. It offered a real man's job to the youth of the Church to-day. Afternoon tea was served as usual."—Diocesan Magazine.

"A glass bottle of the appropriate shape is a good substitute for an ordinary rolling pin."—Domestic Article. Angry housewives please note.

"Following a thorough examination made a few days ago. Dr. Harold Disbrow, of Lakewood, announces that Mr. Rockefeller's ambition to live to a hundred years may easily be realised if he continues to enjoy his present good health."—Daily Paper.

Aren't doctors wonderful?



MORRISON'S ARK.

[By a considerable majority the L.C.C, last week decided that marriage shall no longer be a bar to the employment of their women doctors and teachers.]



OUR VILLAGE MATCH.
THE SQUIRE TAKES HIS POSITION IN THE LONG-FIELD.

Impossible Stories.

VI.-The Maiden Stakes.

Once upon a time there was a girl called Elspeth Brocklebank who was in love with a jockey named Bert Smuts. They were, in fact, engaged to be married. This is not to be wondered at, for Elspeth's father, Mr. Brocklebank, kept a racing establishment where she and Bert, who was head stable-boy, had been constantly thrown together and thrown off together from youth upwards. In addition, Elspeth looked exactly like a horse, and this won Bert's heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Brocklebank were not, of course, too pleased about this romance, and they did everything within reason to stop it. But it was of no avail. Bert and Elspeth loved each other. They would sit for hours together on the stable-gate chewing pieces of straw or silently hitting themselves—or each other—severe blows on the shins with their riding-crops. Sometimes, too, Bert would stroke Elspeth's large hand, whistling through his teeth as he did so; and

she would whinny with pleasure and wiggle her ears.

Mr. Brocklebank, on the other hand, never whinnied or wiggled his ears. He would turn away in despair, gather up an armful of carrots and go and push them into his favourite thoroughbred's mouth. To see Black Bess's noble head, with its quivering nostrils and lustrous brown eyes peering over the loose-box door, made Mr. Brocklebank's troubles dissipate like asparagus before a gourmet—or, to use another simile, like carrots before Black Bess.

"Iz um boofuls?" he would say, patting the velvet nose, and Black Bess would snort assent.

She was, there's no denying it, a very beautiful creature and had every intention of winning the Oakby Race in a beautiful canter. There was no horse, indeed, that could touch her, and as no jockey could touch Bert Smuts (not even for a fiver), they were just a couple of old untouchables, and the prospects seemed to be distinctly rosy.

But as a matter of fact, were they? Wait!

Next door to Mr. Brocklebank's

racing establishment, at Cortez Castle, lived Sir Jasper Cortez, an old roue of some fifty summers (and roughly fifty one winters). For years he had had his bleary eye on Elspeth as a suitable mate, and many were the times that he had implored her on bended knee to become his wife.

Elspeth, however, was adamant. "I'm truly sorry, Sir Jasper," she finally said, on the occasion of his sixteenth proposal, "but my heart is

no longer my own."

Sir Jasper smiled wickedly.

"It makes no difference, my dear," he replied with a slight Spanish accent —he had been educated on an onion-farm near Seville—"you will soon learn to love me. I have been patient for many years, but now you must know the truth. Your father owes me £50,000. I hold a mortgage on his racing-stable. Unless he can pay me by Tuesday next I shall foreclose—

"Unless what?" asked the trembling

"Unless you will consent to become the châtelaine of Cortez Castle." "Stop!" cried Elspeth, kicking at him with her spurred heels. "Say no more, you b-b-blackguard! When Black Bess wins the Oakby you shall have your beastly money, and a Brocklebank's curse to boot!"

Sir Jasper bowed low.

"Zo!" he said. "Señorita," he added, "I will make a bargain with you. If Black Bess wins the Oakby I will return your father's mortgage. But if my horse Roderigo wins, I shall demand the £50,000 he owes me, and you as well. Is that clear?"

Elspeth nodded and, taking up her crop, struck him smartly across the face. "Yes," she replied, "I understand," and then rushed away to seek comfort in the arms of her faithful

Bert.

The next few weeks were very anxious ones for all concerned. While Black Bess was being galloped about on one down, with the Brocklebank family clucking like hens about her, Roderigo was galloping about on another, with the ruffianly Sir Jasper eyeing her knowingly as he smoked a cigar among the daisies. Occasionally a sardonic smile sped across his features and as swiftly sped back again. Occasionally he took the mortgage from his pocket and a snapshot of Elspeth that he had cut out of *The Tatler* and eyed them triumphantly.

The great day arrived. Excitement was in the air, for by this time the whole world had got to know that not only £50,000 but a woman's future was at stake. The racecourse seethed and simmered and sizzled with the news.

In the jockeys' changing-room Elspeth was giving her final instructions

to Bert Smuts.

"You must win," she cried for the tenth time, kissing him, "because I love you and I don't want to marry Sir Jasper!"

Bert nodded assent, but he nodded very sleepily, as though he hadn't

quite heard.

"Hi, wake up!" shouted Elspeth, prodding her lover in the ribs with a button-hook.

But Bert did not seem to hear her. He just folded his little hands across his tummy, and his head fell forward with a thud on to his chest.

Sir Jasper, who happened to be passing at the moment, came in and

had a look at him.

"I'm afraid the boy's drugged," he said, and laughed ever so softly. "I wonder who could have done that?" he added as he went away chuckling.

Elspeth knew, and with Elspeth to know was to act! With a savage snarl she bared her equine teeth and laid back her equine ears. The blood of a



PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS.
Napoleon appears to Signor Mussolini.

thousand Brocklebanks burned in her veins. Seizing Bert's boots, she shoved her feet into them; seizing his spotted satin jacket, she slashed her way into it; and then, balancing his jockey-cap on her bun, she rushed out wildly into the paddock.

There, glossy and self-satisfied, stood Black Bess, saddled and bridled. The mare looked distinctly surprised on seeing Elspeth, but her good breeding prevented her from making any audible comment. The crowd, on the other hand, were less well bred and, as Elspeth sprang into the saddle, a wild cheer rose from the silver ring.

Bill Graft, Sir Jasper's jockey, better known as Bill the Bumper, was already mounted on Roderigo and gave Elspeth a very ugly sneer as they cantered together to the starting-

"You better keep clear of me, my gel," he said threateningly, "or things won't look too 'ealthy for you!"

Elspeth did not answer. She just lifted up the flap of Black Bess's ear and whispered five words into it: "Win, you beautiful creature, win!"

The race for the Oakby Stakes that year was the most thrilling and sensational of all times. Side by side for miles ran Roderigo and Bess, first one in front of the other and then the other in front of one; neck and neck, head to head, shoulder to shoulder, blade by blade! The crowds meanwhile screamed with delirious joy. Never had



"EVEN IF IT IS 'OT THERE 'S NO NEED TO SIT DOWN TO TEA IN YOUR WORKING-CLOTHES."

the tic-tac man ticked or tacked so vigorously.

Sometimes Roderigo's jockey would bump into Elspeth, and Elspeth had to bore back again—behaviour which was contrary to her better nature but pardonable in the circumstances. Sometimes she made use of a rude expression such as "Stop shoving!" or "Call yourself a gentleman?" But just think of what was at stake! If Black Bess won, her father could lift his old head up once more and she would be free to marry Bert Smuts. If Roderigo won, her father would be dishonoured and she—ah! she

What actually happened was that one of the Aga Khan's horses won the race in a canter by six lengths, Black Bess and Roderigo dead-heating for twelfth place. Both jockeys lodged objections which were sustained, and both were disqualified.

As there had been no clause in the agreement as to the possibility of neither of the horses winning, the entire transaction was cancelled and declared void. Sir Jasper went back to his castle to hatch some more fiendish plots, Elspeth returned quietly to her Bert to await fresh developments, and altogether the whole thing was a complete washout.

V. G.

Scandinavia from Within.

ш.

Language and Customs.

The Norwegian Customs are pretty easy; they make but the most cursory examination of your luggage. The language, however, presents greater difficulties.

A Norwegian sentence written down seems to bear the same sort of humorous relationship to English that the phonetically-written speech of a man with a heavy cold does to his normal remarks. The one is just as vaguely comprehensible by us who aren't Norwegians as the other is by those who haven't got heavy colds. Thus, a moment's reflection upon the apparently unintelligible words, "Id's a dize bride boodlide dide!" and you gather that it is a comment upon the weather by the bad with a code. Similarly, when a Norwegian scribbles down the equally unintelligible words: "Vil de gi mig deres hat og handsker?" you pretty soon realise that he's saying, "Will you give me your hat and hand-covers?' A few minutes further deductive brainwork brings you to the conclusion that "handcovers" are what we know in England as "gloves," and you can reply quite fluently, "Why?" or in Norwegian, "Hvorfor?" (Old English: "Whatfor?")

Note.—Norwegians speak English about four times as well as English speak Norwegian; but as very few English speak Norwegian at all it doesn't lead to much. More particularly as the Norwegian, when at grips with our tongue, has several distressing little faults, like saying "ships" when he means "sheep," and then balancing it out by saying "sheep" when he means "ship." No farmer of whatever nationality likes to find that for some inexplicable reason someone has turned a fleet of trawlers onto his ten-acre field; while to a sailor the mere suggestion that he might see a couple of sheep in full sail on his port quarter would probably start something.

Norwegian Spelling.

Where the Norwegian language seems really peculiar to English eyes is in the way in which it is spelt—more especially those words which apparently are pronounced the same as in English. To call an egg an "egg" but spell it "aeg" seems somehow to indicate that it isn't quite fresh, that it dates back to the days of Harald the

Tuffaeg, Eggbald the Hairless and that lot. And that is nothing to what the Norwegian can do with other words, say a simple English noun like "skirt." As this looks practically Scandinavian already one would think he might just spell it "skirt" and let it go at that—except that he'd probably then go and pronounce it "shirt" and so get all tangled up on sex. But, coming of true hardy Northern stock, he is not going to take the easy way out. So the first thing he does is to get a "j" in somewhere, which he injects up near the front, his theory being that a word always looks so much better if it begins with a good handful of consonants. Then because "j" and "i" are too closely related to be allowed side by side, he changes the "i" to one of his own peculiar vowels—in this case "ø," a kind of modified "o," which to the uninitiated seems so far modified as to have been eliminated altogether as an afterthought. He next adds an "e" at the end because, dammit, the word has only six letters so far, and so evolves "skjørte." Having achieved this re-

sult he not unnaturally calls it a day. One may add that there is very little difference between his ultimate pronunciation and the English word "skirt"—except that the Englishman is considerably less tired.

The "j" and "k" complex.

It will have been noted above that the first thing that happened to the word "skirt" was that it got a "j" put in it. That is because in their spelling Norwegians suffer from a 'j" and "k complex. This unfortunate habit has so far got hold of them that they even have a special consonant of their own composed of the two letters together, namely "kj." They have terrific fun with this; it is pronounced "hg," and they start words with it. At most other times they simply cannot resist inserting indiscriminate "k's" and "j's" into the most unlikely words, and, worse still, in the most unlikely places. Their word for "drink" is "drikke"; better still, "no drink" is "ikke drikke," which sounds rather like the Gug-nune password for next Saturday's outing.

The Swedes by the way are no mean performers in the "k" class (a town in Sweden holds the record, I should imagine, by possessing nine letters, five of them "k"—Kvikkjokk), but in the "j" stakes the Norwegians are unbeatable. They can even take a gentle inoffensive word like "milk" and make it "mjolk." It is this sort of thing, looking as it does rather like a Swiss yodeller with hiccups, that makes the student decide to give the whjole djarn thjing ujp.

A. A.

Our Impertinent Advertisers.

"Your Cast-Iron Head Treated by the Process."

Advt. in Motor Paper.

"Have you decided where Joker is to spend his summer holidays?"

Doggy Article.
With the rest of the pack, as usual.

"The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Murray as broomsman. Much confetti was showered upon the happy couple."

New Zealand Paper.

How lucky they had Mr. MURRAY to sweep it up!



Diner (to noisy soup-imbiber). "I sar-You might at least keep time with the Band."



A LEG-UP FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

(Some Impressions of the International Folk-Dance Festival at the Albert Hall.)



BITS AND PIECES: JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW, 1935.

The Word War.

XIX.-WORDS WE DON'T MEAN.

"Literally."

"The horse was literally melting like butter."

It may have been toffee—or chocolate: I cannot swear to the butter. But I know that the horse was literally melting. And the speaker was Mr. R. C. LYLE, fine writer and racing correspondent to *The Times*. He was, it is fair to add, speaking on the wireless just before the Derby; and in such agitating circumstances a man may be forgiven much.

The only safe way with "literally," Bobby, is never to say "literally." If you say "literally" a thousand times there is a faint chance that it may be correct and valuable once or twicebut not more. In most of the other instances you will perceive, if you give the brain a little work, that what you really mean is "not literally." "literally" means "in the very wordsword for word. . . . (b) Used to indicate that the following word must be taken in its literal sense." So Mr. LYLE meant that the horse was melting, "as it were," like butter, not literally, but, as Nanny would say, "in a manner of speaking." One can sit for a long time trying (in vain) to think of a genuine legitimate "literally"; and the odds against one turning up suddenly in conversation are so high that it is best, I repeat, to avoid the word. Shun it especially when you are using a metaphorical figure of speech, such as "coining money," "cutting the painter," "burning your boats" or "heaping coals of fire," for then you are sure to be unsound and probably are silly. You might say that Mr. BALDWIN was at the top of the tree and we should all understand you. But if you say that he is "literally at the top of the tree" we shall think of a bird or a monkey. You may be "fed up with newspapers," but if you are "literally fed up with newspapers" we can only conclude that you have been eating them.

Most of us also say "literally" when what we mean is "veritably" or "absolutely" or "really"—or "virtually," or "very nearly"—flinging into the battle what we think is a convincing word to support a false or unconvincing cause. "I was literally exhausted," "She literally ignored me," "The place was literally empty." "Literally" here is a sort of verbal "italics"; it is like the fierce faces of a feeble fellow; and anything that it does you can do better by using a truly

forcible word instead, or by giving an emphatic accent to the word which it qualifies—for example, to "exhausted," "ignored" and "empty." In short, Bobby, never use this unnecessary and almost always erroneous expression.

"Practically"

as a rule means "not practically"—or "very nearly." For example, we say of a reluctant engine that it "practically started" when it did not start but made a bronchial sound and is now silent.

"I understand."

"The sluices, I understand, are operated by a system of cam-gauges. . . ."

When a writer or speaker says "I understand," he may mean any of the following:—

- (1) "I do not understand, and probably never shall" (as above),
- (2) "I believe,"
- (3) "I suspect,"
- (4) "I know,"
- (5) "I have been informed,"
- (6) "There is a strong rumour at the club,"
 - (7) "I have considerable sympathy with you, though I shall never understand why people like you behave in this extraordinary manner."

But it is very, very rarely that he means "I understand."

"Unthinkable."

"I hope I should do my best to be of assistance in the unthinkable event of another European war. . ."—The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard in "The Daily Herald."

The social life of the moon is to (or by?) me unthinkable; and a shy and silent barber is unthinkable; and the horrors of another war might be said to be unthinkable. But when a public man says that something is "unthinkable" you may make a safe bet that not only the speaker but the general population are thinking hard about the unthinkable thing. Some of us remember sadly that in the year 1914 the thinkers about war with Germany were frequently declaring such a war to be unthinkable.

"If not."

"England's Captain, R. E. S. WYATT, played one of the greatest, if not the most attractive innings of his career. . . ."

Observer.

This may mean-

- "though it was not the most attractive,"
- (2) "and perhaps the most attractive."

Was the innings the most attractive or not? Honestly, I do not know. Beware too, Bobby, of the "If

Contradictory," on which I lectured a year or two ago—"His handsome, if spotty, countenance," "The beneficial, if tuberculous, milk."

"Only too Glad."

Mr. Justice Mackinnon, concluding a judgment in the Railway and Canal Commission Court:—

"I have heard of and have long realised the difficulties of this industry and should have been only too glad to further any plan to mitigate them. . . ."

I am surprised that the Society of Only Too Gladders have caught one of His Majesty's Judges.

A queer sect. Only to be too, or excessively, glad is remarkable (in a Judge), though I have heard Australian ladies cry "Too right!" and young English ladies murmur "Too divine!" But if we say that we are only "too glad" we must mean that even our present state of excessive gladness is merely comparative, and that the real heights of gladness are still above us.

EXERCISE.

How, if he reaches the superlative degree of excessive gladness, does an Only Too Gladder describe his condition?

Answer.

I cannot guess.

"Quite."

Perhaps "Quite glad"; for "quite" means "completely, wholly, altogether, entirely; to the fullest extent or degree."

But there are difficulties here, Bobby; for the sad truth is that, through the general ill-treatment of good words, "quite" no longer means "completely, wholly, altogether, etc." When we are not converting mild words into forcible ones ("sensation," "phenomenal," "crisis"*) we are depriving our truly emphatic words of their force by using them for feeble purposes. We say correctly that a glass is quite full, meaning that it really is full; but when, upon inquiry from a friend, we say that the theatre was "quite full" and the play "quite good," we mean that the theatre was half-empty and the play not very bad.

Ancient Order of Nerve-Strainers.

"But there is the practical way of straining every nerve to see that the Speaker is re-elected in the ordinary manner."

Times—Leading Article.

A distinguished warrior tells me that she once wrote to Mr. W. Graham

^{* &}quot;A crisis of a somewhat severe character."—Truth.



"OH, I CAN TELL YOU ALL ABOUT 'IM; 'E'S A CLERK OR SOMETHING, IN SOME INSURANCE-OFFICE OB BANK, SOMEWHERE."

ROBERTSON: "Do everything, short of straining every nerve, to come," and he replied by telegram, "Coming with nerve in sling."

"Infinitely."

"Regent Street is infinitely wider than Oxford Street."

"Oblivious."

"Of course he was mauled by the critics, but he was oblivious to such influences."

"Oblivious" is "forgetful," not "indifferent" nor "unaware." As a rule, when we say "oblivious" we mean "not knowing anything about"; but if we do not know anything about it we cannot forget it. And, it should be "oblivious of," not "to."

"Quite All Right."

These three sledge-hammers, as a rule, are used to adjust a drawing-pin. We mean that everything is *not* quite right, but that we are willing to overlook it.

"Unique." (Pretty nearly absolutely.)

"Harold Gimblett . . . had the unique distinction of scoring a century on his first

appearance in a county match, which has been done only once before for Somerset."

Monthly Medal for De-Work.

"...the disinfection, deinsectisation, and deratisation of aircraft."

Sudan Government Gazette.

____ A. P. H.

["The best beginning to the birth of a new world, perhaps, would be to burn Oxford. It is a very nice place to look at . . . but nine-tenths of its learning is useless."—Mr. A. S. Neill, Principal of Summerhill School, Suffolk.

The Incendiary.

"Bring new worlds to birth and burn Oxford,"

Says bold Mr. NEILL.

"Nine-tenths of her learning is useless; She may be genteel,

But her culture is all out of date— Just back-number stuff,

And that is a thing that we hate Down in Summerhill (Suff.).

Though the view from Boar's Hill very nice is,

Yet I cannot conceal

My contempt for this town on the Isis,"

Says blunt Mr. NEILL.

"These Grocyns and Shelleys and Newmans,

These Colets and Lauds

Were humanists rather than hu-

Collegiate frauds!

A fig for the wisdom of ages In cap and in gown!

And as for her Saints and her Sages,

They just get me down"
(For anything dubbed academic

Makes little appeal

To swiftly progressive, polemic, Red-hot Mr. Nelll).

But we still place some value on Learning,

Though not of your brand;

And if it's a question of burning, Well, please understand

If a puzzled Oxonian pauses With wavering match

In consigning the Home of Lost Causes

To flaming despatch;

For, ere he ignites Alma Mater,

Incendiary zeal

Might kindle an urge even greater—
To burn Mr. NEILL!

The Discourager.

"I ASKED you to come and see us," said Miss Agnes, "because we must make some extra money.'

"Poor "Yes," said Miss Ellen.

Arthur, you know."
"And," Miss Agnes continued, "your advice is often good."

"And then I said. "Sometimes, for others only."

"We'll let that pass," Miss Agnes replied, "and come to the point. Ellen and I were thinking of tea. The garden room is big and we don't use it. Lots of cars pass this way. Why shouldn't we provide tea?"

Aren't you rather late?" "But it

"Yes," said Miss Ellen. doesn't matter. People seem to want tea to such an extent that there ean't be too many to supply it."

But what about your own lives?" I asked. "Do you want to give all your time to others?"

"We shouldn't," said Miss Agnes. "Teas means from 4 to 6."

"Oh, does it?" I said. "And what else does 'Teas' mean? Doesn't it mean tea-cakes, which have to be cooked, and scones, which have to be cooked, and very often coffee ?"

"Does it?" exclaimed Miss Ellen blankly.

"I'm afraid so," I said; "and cooking and serving will mean hired

help."
"We were hoping to do it ourselves,"
said Miss Agnes. "Say three hours a day. There ought to be a nice little profit there."

"Washing up?" I hinted. "We could get help there." "Breakages?" I hinted.

"There wouldn't be many of those," said Miss Ellen.

"Oh, wouldn't there!" I replied.

"Anyway," said Miss Agnes, "we should buy plates and cups and things enough to begin with.'

Sundays?" I murmured. The ladies looked at each other.

"We shouldn't put up the notice on Sundays, of course, said Miss

"We couldn't work continuously like that," said Miss Ellen. "Not to mention the Vicar."

"It's the busiest day," I said. "Without Sunday custom you might

as well go on as you are. And as for weekdays, suppose an old customer who, because he liked the place between 4 and 6, or even because he liked you, brought a party to lunch?"

"We couldn't serve him," said both the ladies.

"Very well, then," I asked; "suppose he and his friends wanted to sit on after 6? What would you do?'

"We should ask them to go," said Miss Agnes.

I whistled. "Unwise," I said. "Not the high road to extra money. Anywhat were you going to call it? 'Teas' wouldn't be enough. 'Teas' would tell nothing about your selves, your refinement, your ladylike-

"Sir, I shall black up when you agree to recognise the United Christy Minstrels' Union, and not a moment before."

"Don't be sarcastic," said Miss

"I'm not," I said. "I'm merely being practical."

"Well, we've gone into that with great care," said Miss Agnes rather nervously, "and we were thinking of calling it 'The Old Bohea.'" "Or," I spelled carefully, "'Ye Olde Bohea'?"

"Yes," said Miss Agnes.
"I was hoping not," said Miss Ellen. "I dislike that kind of phrase."

"'Ye Olde' seems to be more of a draw," I said, "and I hope you would add 'Kettle Boiling.'

"If it was always boiling, wouldn't the water get rather tired?" Miss Agnes asked

'No doubt," I said, "but the public like the notice.

"And what ought we to charge for each tea?" Miss Ellen asked.

"I should decide on a fair profit." I said, "and then announce it-

Ye Olde Bohea . . 2/6 each."

"Isn't that rather dear?" Miss Agnes asked.

"It would keep the place more select," I said.

"I think it's too much," said Miss Agnes. "You might say-

Ye Olde Bohea . Ordinary Teas, 1/6, Farm Teas, 2/6.

but you couldn't make it 2/6 for all. Too much.

"What is a 'Farm Tea'?" Miss Ellen asked.

"I'm not sure," said Miss Agnes, "but I know it's more attractive than just Tea, or even Cottage Tea.

"Perhaps there's an egg to it," said Miss Ellen, "and honey." "And wasps," I added. "No Farm Tea

is complete without wasps.

"How terrible!" said Miss Ellen.

"But how true!" I replied.

"Then you don't feel too hopeful?" Miss Agnes asked.

"I'm afraid not," I said. "In these times of competition people who put up the notice 'Teas' must expect to work hard, and on Sundays hardest of all. There are only two ways of doing it: in a really small private way, by a mother and daughter in a little house; in a

bigger way, by a staff. You are trying to come between, and I doubt if you

"No, I don't think we can," said Miss Agnes. "I'm afraid I must stick to painting menu-cards."

It looks like it," said Miss Ellen, "and I must go back to my lampshades. Poor Arthur! But I liked the sound of 'The Old Bohea.

"Ye Olde," spelled Miss Agnes with a sigh. E. V. L.

"Mr. P. F. Warner, sitting in a grey top hat, was firing off telegrams to his colleague. Daily Paper.

It sounds a tight fit for a heat-wave.

"MRS. SQUPUIBB. What can we say about Mr. B. Squibb that will do her justice? "-Kenya Weekly-

Why not say that she went off all right on the night?



Polite Professional. "No, you're still standing too near the ball after the follow-through."

Sabotage.

"This evening," I said to Edith, "we will go over to Nether Drooping and see George Gushbury's roses."

"We will do nothing of the sort," said Edith. "Herbert Hunk is on the wireless at 8.15. He is talking on the peasantry of Czecho-Slovakia, and I wouldn't miss it for worlds."

"But who," I asked, "is Herbert Hunk? And why this sudden interest in the peasantry of Czecho-Slovakia?"

"As a matter of fact," Edith confessed, "I am not passionately interested in the peasantry of Czecho-Slovakia, but I knew a boy named Herbert Hunk at my first school when I was about six, and I want to see if I recognise his voice."

It seemed to me a pretty poor sort of reason for staying indoors on a brilliant evening, so I went in search of Stivvins, our gardener-handyman-chauffeur-mechanic. We had never before employed a manservant, but Stivvins was sort of thrown in with our new cook, whose husband he happens to be. Stivvins is rather deafer than the average post, so as my busi-

ness was confidential I took him right down to the end of the garden and then shouted: "My wife wants us to stay in and listen to the wireless, but I want to drive over to see George Gushbury's roses at Nether Drooping, so I want you to loosen a screw or something in the wireless-set so that it won't work. I would do it myself, but last time I tried to put it out of order I did it so thoroughly that it cost two pounds fourteen-and-elevenpence to have it mended."

After I had repeated the message three or four times he seemed to understand.

"You want it sabotaged?" he said. I went down to the village while he did the dirty work, as it is always as well to have an alibi in case of accidents, and when I came back at six o'clock he told me the deed was done.

I gave him half-a-crown and told him to go down to the village for an hour or so, otherwise my wife might ask him to repair the wireless-set, which would be awkward. As soon as he had gone I went into the front-room and told Edith that as it was just six o'clock we might as well listen to the I twiddled the knobs, expecting nothing to happen except silence, but I was wrong. The usual haughty voice started off "... A police message. At 2.5 P.M. yesterday, at the junction of Acacia Road and Entwistle Avenue, a stout jute-merchant was pancaked by a steam-roller. The driver of the steam-roller or anybody who heard the squelch is requested to communicate with New Scotland Yard ..." or something like that. Anyway, the set was obviously working, and I cursed Stivvins under my breath.

Half-an-hour later Edith suddenly said, "We can go over and see George Gushbury's roses after all. I've just remembered that the boy I was at school with was Willie Hunk, not Herbert Hunk."

"Splendid!" I said. "I'll go and start up the car."

But I couldn't start up the car. I don't know the first thing about carengines, relying entirely on Stivvins to keep the thing in order, but it seemed pretty obvious that there was a screw loose or something. After half-anhour's ineffectual tinkering it suddenly dawned on me that Stivvins hadn't quite heard what I said after all.



"Darling, just ring up and cancel our table at the Fitz and book one at the Berkshire instead. I think it would make a better background for my new make-up."

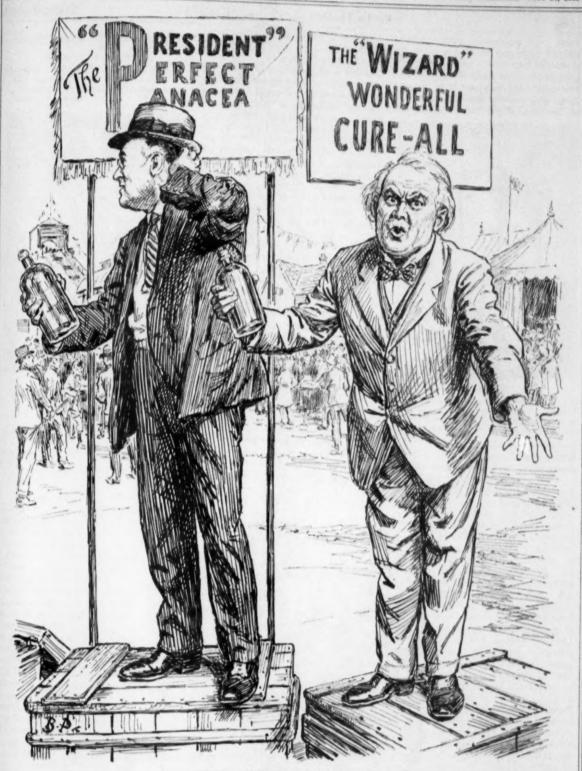
The March of Science.

(Golf, it is reported, has been admitted to the realm of higher learning by a committee of New York University.)

- I see the close of a bad old day
 When the casual students go
 To pick up golf in an airy way
 At the feet of the local pro;
 I hail the dawn of an age that comes
 Steadily, slowly on
 Of the Higher Learning and lots of sums
 From an crudite grave-eyed don.
- They will hear no more of the time-worn tips;
 Of a head they must not move,
 The eye on the ball and the varied grips,
 The swing in a well-oiled groove;
 They will deeply dip into x+yTo the power of $\frac{y}{2}$,
 With much I forgot in the days gone by,
 And more that I never knew.
- Science will shove them along, each step;
 Philosophy lend her hand;
 Professor Einstein (or is it Ep-?)
 Will help them to understand;
 Never a doctrine will be left out,
 Nor ever a door be shut,
 And they'll learn to drive with the best, no doubt,
 And even, possibly, putt.

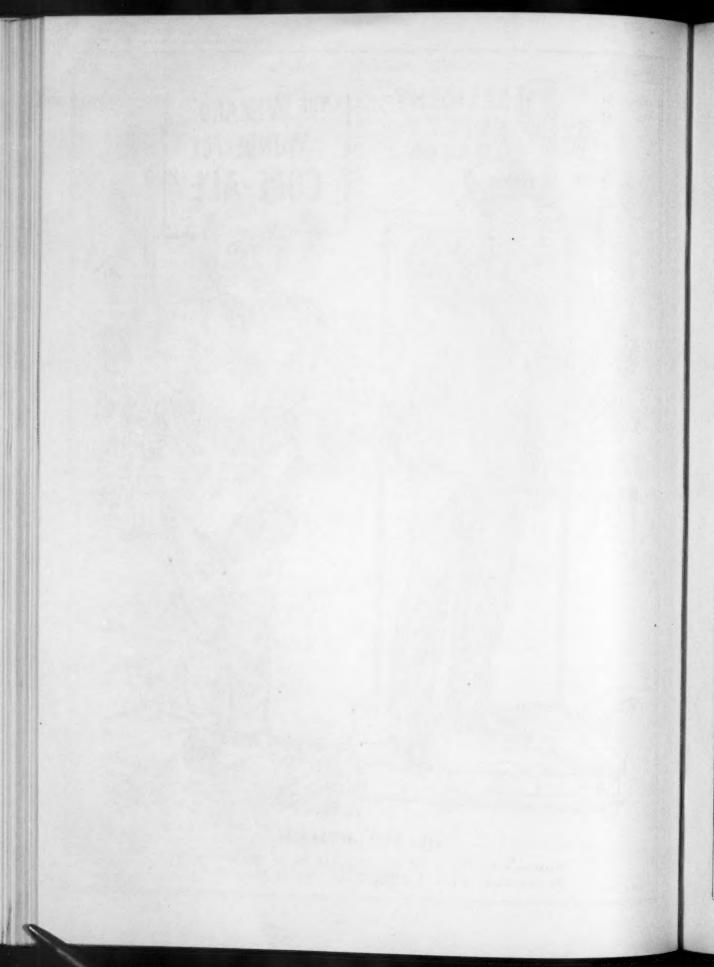
- Great is philosophy, maths are great;
 Science is great, lord knows;
 And all seems well (though it fails to state
 What's to become of the pros),
 And yet there's a snag of a fatal kind
 That baffles the best device
 In the sure defeat of the human mind
 By my magnificent slice.
- For there is a mystery none may touch;
 Who follows its wondrous flight
 Defiant of asymptotes, planes, and such,
 Has gazed, ah me, on a sight.
 I tell you, once from a wind-swept tee
 I smote, and the mad ball passed
 Completely round an enormous tree
 To land on the straight, at last.*
- No. Deep is the pundit's mind, profound, I grant, is the lore he brings,
 And I make no doubt that he'll worry round And settle a power of things;
 But truth is truth, and I tell him flat,
 However his luck may shine
 In other respects, he'll crash on that
 Magnificent slice of mine.

 Dum-Dum.



THE NEW HEALERS.

FEARLESS FRANK. "ALL MY CROWD SEEMS TO BE MELTING AWAY."
DYNAMIC DAVE. "WELL, I HAVEN'T GOT ONE AT ALL YET!"



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, July 15th.—Lords: Housing Bill considered on Report. Commons: Various Measures advanced a stage.



ÆSCULAPIUS. GOD OF HEALING (newly elected). SIR KINGSLEY WOOD

Tuesday, July 16th.-Commons: Debate on Home Office.

Wednesday, July 17th .- Lords: Debate on Slavery.

Commons: Debate on National Health.

Monday, July 15th.—The late Lord Thomson once prophesied that one day Malta would be the Clapham Junction of the air, and this afternoon Lord STRICKLAND again asked the Government that their plans for making the island a central station for flying-boats should be brought up to date at the expense of the Government of Malta. During the recent Greek revolution Malta, he said, proved itself an excellent calling-place for the big seaplanes which were diverted, and speedy attention should be given to the south-east bay as a great flying-boat base. In reply Lord PLYMOUTH congratulated Lord STRICKLAND on his tenacity, but regretted that the Government could not see its way to spend the necessary £2,500,000, as Service requirements were met by present facilities, and it seemed probable that the

aerial development of Malta would be in connection with land aeroplanes.

To the inquiring infant who demands what that is twinkling like a tea-tray in the sky, the proper answer may soon be: "That is our local Member, dear, hurrying away from one of his rare visits to the constituency, having paid the excess on his first-class train allowance." For in answer to Sir ROBERT HAMILTON, Mr. DUFF COOPER explained at Question-time that a scheme has been drawn up by which this revolution can be brought about; but he added that only services approved by the Air Ministry are to be used. Safe pleasant seats by the sea will be more sought after than ever in the next Election, for even distant coasts will be within comfortable range of West-

It is a fearful thought that a man may not take his rod and wrest a bleak from his own pond without the risk of making a felon of himself. Captain CUNNINGHAM-REID begged Mr. ELLIOT to make clear whether statutory close times for fish apply also to private waters by taking a test-case, but to the MINISTER the Act seemed clear. Mr. P.'s R. doubts if it is so to the coarsefisherman-a man too often suffering from high gudgeon.

Mr. Ormsby-Gore was considerably ragged to-day about last week's breakdown of the Commons' lighting, but, though Sir MURDOCH MCKENZIE Wood went so far as to suggest the installation of an alternative plant, the FIRST COMMISSIONER would go no further than to promise consideration

of the matter, backed up by a more adequate supply of candles. To Mr. P.'s R. nothing about the Witan is more romantic than these occasional spectral sessions, and the suggestion that the Commons cannot well spare the few minutes which are lost in



PENANCE!

"Arrangements are being made to secure an adequate supply of candles in case of another breakdown."—Mr. Ormssr-Goss on the recent failure of the lighting in the House of Commons.

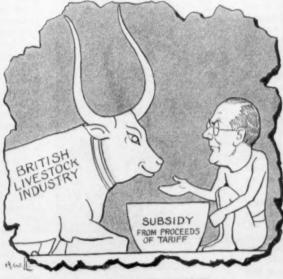
fumbling for candles is of course absurd. How many weeks were spent on the Betting Bill?

Before an early adjournment soon after nine o'clock, Mr. ELLIOT's resolu-

tion once again extending the cattle subsidy was passed, and the Bill was read a second time which covers the Government's appointment of Lord CRANBORNE as an additional Under-Secretary for the Foreign Office. Mr. ATTLEE objected strongly, not because he disliked Lord CRANBORNE but because in his view a serious multiplication of offices was going on which, amongst other results, was reducing our Embassies to the status of post-offices.

Sir Samuel Hoare agreed that our Ambassadors should be properly used, but he claimed that Mr. EDEN'S visits to Geneva would necessitate an Under-Secretary in the Lower House.

Tuesday, July 16th .- Sir JOHN SIMON, who has returned to the Home Office after an interval of twenty



FATTENING THE CATTLE. EGYPTIAN FRESCO "NEW EMPIRE" STYLE. MR. ELLIOT.



BEHAVIOURISTS TRYING THE REACTION OF ESKIMO TO THE SIGHT OF A CAMEL.

years, interested the House to-day with an account of the changes which he has found in that Department. In particular he emphasised the altered attitude towards the child-criminal, who was now treated much more sympathetically with a view to prevention rather than punishment; the considerable reduction in the numbers of persons sent to prison, and the advances which have been made towards the better education of prisoners; the marvellous efficiency of Scotland Yard and the success of the police-reforms which Lord TRENCHARD had brilliantly and often drastically carried out.

The Labour attack was led by Mr. R. J. Davies, who took violent exception to the new Government circular dealing with air-raid precautions, which he suspected was only part of the Tory circular which would be issued at the General Election.

Later in the debate Sir Arnold Wilson, while admitting that the Aliens Act had been very fairly administered, asked that victims of the German persecution of the Jews should be more generously treated. In his reply Captain Euan Wallace, the new Under-Secretary, denied that immigrants were asked if they were Jews.

Wednesday, July 17th. - Nothing

years, interested the House to-day with an account of the changes which he has found in that Department. In particular he emphasised the altered attitude could be more absurd than the limitation by which the Slavery Committee of the League of Nations is debarred from receiving evidence except through



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO?
We hope we won't have annoyed

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD
If we declare that his smile
Is worth a guinea a mile.

the Government concerned, which is seldom anxious to supply information about its own inactivity; and to-day, when their Lordships reassembled after their naval outing, Lord Noel-Buxton, supported by Lord Cecil and the Primate, asked the Government to see to it that the Committee should be given greater powers.

Subsequent debate showed a general feeling that the shortcomings of Ethiopia in this respect were by no means attributable to the Emperor, who had made a most determined attack on the slave-trade, and in reply Lord Stanhope explained that it was up to the Committee itself to demand wider powers, in which case the Government would back it.

Public Health Enemy No. I was how the new Minister of Health, Sir Kings-Ley Wood, described the common cold during his Departmental review this afternoon, adding that he hoped that within the next decade doctors would discover an instant cure instead of ordering their patients indefinitely to bed. He went on to deal with the increasing control of disease and the magnificent progress in housing made by the Government, honestly admitting that the unreduced maternal mortality rate was a great blot on the nation's record.

The March of the Mice. Gaffer Jarge Narrates: A.D. 1995.

[A daily paper states that 250,000 mice are moving from one mouse-farm in Essex to another. "Moving the army is expected to take several months owing to the rapid increase in their numbers." The paper, however, does not say how the move is being made; so the Bard—or is it Gaffer Jarge?—has allowed his imagination some scope.]

"Wor were the rummest occasion As I can remember, eh?

Well, there weren't no war nor invasion

Nor murder come much my way, Nor nowt as ye'd term enthrallin', 'Cept accidents once or twice; But one thing were worth recallin'— The March o' the Mice.

Just two million they started;
Five 'undred thousand died,
But they didn't get down'earted—
No, they went an' multiplied;
So comin' in at the finish

They was near six million strong. Tired-like maybe and thinnish, But trottin' along.

Ah! that were a sight worth seein', That army a-marchin' by; So 'elp me, it fair done me in, Not knowin' t' laugh or t' cry. 'Tweren't no sight for the nervis Or such as was weak in the 'ead, But it done me a wonnerful service.'

Gaffer he said.

"For I'd just been an' wedded yer Grannie

When these 'ere events took place, An' she 'ad a sister Annie 'Ose tongue were a fair disgrace.

A nagger, she were, that sister, Nor we didn't 'alf disagree; Oh, a regular flamin' blister

Were Annie t' me!
Well, Annie were out a-ridin'
'Er bike when the Mice came

through,
A-buzzin' around decidin'
Wot 'er betters 'ad ought t' do;
An' may I go blind an' barmy

If she 'adn't a rare old spill When she met wi' the Mices' army Near Rogerses Mill!

She come down a wallopin' cropper
An' busted 'er nice new bike,
An' then she ran for it proper—
Ay, legged it 'ome if ye like.
An' after that 'appy minnit
If I wanted peace in me 'ouse

An' silence from Annie in it, I'd just t' say 'Mouse!'

So, lookin' back sixty seasons
An' all that therein occurred,
An' countin' me private reasons
(Which I've stated an' you 'ave 'eard),
I reckon the March of the Mices,

Takin' it by an' large,
Is the pick o' me remminices,"
Said Gaffer Jarge.

H. B.

In a Good Cause.

The good work undertaken by the Women's Holiday Fund, which sends away working women and their children from the poorer districts of London for a fortnight's rest and change at the seaside, is well known to readers of Punch, who have in past years liberally contributed to its support. If a reduction of the numbers to be sent away is to be avoided in 1935, the Committee will need not only the continued support of subscribers but an increase in their numbers.

Donations should—and Mr. Punch is confident, will—be sent to the Secretary, Women's Holiday Fund, 76, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.



Old Farmer (just tossed over fence). "It's no good thee kneelin' down 'pologising now; ye done it a purpose, ye blinkin' old scrub!"

At the Play.

"CHLORIDIA" AND "COMUS" (OPEN AIR THEATRE).

Chloridia and Comus, the current programme at the Open Air Theatre, give a contrast between the old rollicking type of masque and Milton's more seriousminded version of it. BEN JONson's Chloridia was charmingly produced and sung in an appropriate holiday spirit, with Miss NINA THEILADE as a graceful Chloris. The plot, though it was explained three times-by Mr. John Drinkwater, a Dwarf and Spring-remained confused, but it is complete with the popular personifications of Jealousy, Architecture and Dissimulation, the goddesses and devils in good - natured contention, which MILTON was careful to banish from the serener atmosphere of his masque.

Mr. ROBERT ATKINS, however. has introduced a lightness and gallantry into his production of Comus which successfully conceals the lecture-like quality to which Dr. Johnson objected. The monstrous rout appeared with the faces of silver frogs or ponies with red spots, unusual but attractive, and after only a very short indulgence in their banquet fell asleep on the grass. Mr. LESLIE FRENCH transformed the severely moral "glistering guardian" into somebody much more charming, though with rather more of the character of an errand-boy than of a heavenly messenger. Mr. JOHN LAURIE'S Comus took rather after Bacchus' than after Circe's side of the family, and put splendid vigour into his welcome to Joy and Feast, but was rather too easily crushed by the lady's arguments. Indeed Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY, while taking the part of Lady with great distinction, scarcely suggested any alarm in her dangerous situation, and was so radiantly virtuous as to give Comus little chance. MILTON'S verse, both blank and rhymed, was beautifully spoken, and the songs, set to the original music by HENRY LAWES, retained all their "Doric delicacy."

Comus (though originally acted indoors) is admirably suited to the Open Air stage, and the Regent's Park trees, transformed by elever lighting effects, made a mysterious "thick shelter of black shades" from which emerged monsters, water-nymphs and swains. Especially effective were the beautifully illuminated tableaux showing the descent and ascent of the Attendant Spirit.



CHOCOLATE FOR ONE.

Raina Petkoff Miss Joan Marion. Captain Bluntschli Mr. James Dale.



HEAD OF FIRST BULGARIAN FAMILY WITH LIBRARY.

Major Petkoff MR. ALAN WHEATLEY.

King Charles and his Court, who entered for a brief period during Chloridia and occupied the front row of the twelve-and-sixpennies, made a great mistake in leaving before Comus began.

"ARMS AND THE MAN"
(EMBASSY).

War has given and received so many hard knockssince Mr. SHAW wrote Arms and the Man, long ago, that the revival at the Embassy Theatre is a revival indeed. In nothing is the play more faraway than in its humorous derision of foreigners. The Petkoffs are Bulgarians and continually make the audience laugh by complacent remarks about how civilised they are, even owning about twenty books and washing their hands nearly every day. In this the comedy is truly Victorian and nearer to GILBERT than to new regulations for B.B.C. comedians, who are not to use words like "niggers" and "Chinks" because of international sensitiveness.

For all Mr. Gladstone's great speeches, Bulgaria before the Balkan wars was not clearly distinguished from Ruritania. So too the comedy tilts against the young woman who has fed too much upon The Idylls of the King. Raina Petkoff read Tennyson presumably, and her intense deceptiveness, her deep egoism working in close constraints become, in Miss Joan Marion's interpretation of the part, something much better suited to the inner suburbs of the London of the Queen than to Balkania.

By contrast her parents were good comic Bulgarians - the father (Mr. ALAN WHEATLEY) a figure for any farce, the mother (Miss MARJORIE GABAIN) fit for any comedy. If what they say is addressed to each other, that is a nominal politeness. They speak for the audience to hear and laugh, and the dialogue exists to reveal their pettiness and hypocrisy. When revealed in some indefensible line of thought, they hastily move to new ground. So that the attack, a fusillade with a pea-shooter, hits a great deal more than the romantic attitudes associated with the profession of arms.

At this distance of time it is easy to see how Mr. Shaw in this early comedy had not learnt to keep his humour in focus. The Petkoffs are such knock-

about figures when they say proudly that their family and theirs alone is really old and goes back nearly twenty years, that their eager interest in Bluntschli (Mr. JAMES DALE) when he proves to be a wealthy Swiss hotelkeeper lacks the point it would have had if their social pretensions had

been more solemn.

This same readiness of the playwright to find his laughs anywhere cuts up the character of Major Sergius Saranoff (Mr. ALAN WEBB), whose rapid alternations of pose would be more interesting as criticism if he had been allowed a little more depth and solidity. Mr. WEBB carried off the part with gay ease, never forgetting that he was a figure in a light comedy and that it really did not matter whom he married.

The final pairings-off give, of course, no promise of future happiuess, but comedies are supposed to end with the couples lined up, and Arms and the Man is really a comedy in a very old tradition. Because of this, it acts smoothly and well, with its excitement about whether the old father will discover what he should not know. Louka, the maid (Miss CATHLEEN CORDELL), is more of a person than the others, and Miss CORDELL turns the great opportunities of the part to capital

advantage.

By contrast with Mr. Shaw's later work the brevity of the piece is extraordinary. When he wrote it there seemed perhaps less to say about the business of arms and the superior advantages of peace and business, and the preoccupation was rather with the dashing figures of soldiers in uniforms than with the idea of war. For civilians were still civilians when Arms and the Man was written, and war was a special trade, with its own circumscribed humbug and wretchedness. This Bulgarian war was a gentlemanly business compared with the later truth, and the play might have been written round eighteenth-century fighting, but not round the massed psychologically-organised affairs that even localised conflicts have to become to-day. D. W.

"MARRIAGE MAKES IT EASY" (WESTMINSTER).

"But it also makes it dangerously dull," says Jeanne, Mr. DAVID HORNE'S heroine. "The thing to do is only to pretend to be married while continuing to get a private kick out of living in sin." This untrammelled dame has recently experienced the restrictive aspects

of matrimony with a rich gentleman who has died, and she is determined that her liaison with Peter Cumberlege shall not be marred by what she considers the anæsthetising approval of Church and State. Which seems to me to have been fairly silly of her,



BLACKMAIL MAKES IT DIFFICULT.

Jeanne Cumberlege . . . Miss Barbara Waring. Ramon Cordoba . . . MR. BORIS RANEVSKY.



TOPSY-TURVY TREATMENT FOR HICCUPS.

Count Bernard Wolfsberg . Mr. FRED O'DONOVAN. Jeanne Cumberlege . . . Miss Barbara Waring. Peter Cumberlege MR. DAVID HORNE.

for if two people get so far as setting up house together and attempting an elaborate simulation of being married, I can see no loss, psychological or otherwise, in actually getting married, and an undeniable gain in respect of mental comfort and also of those

Inland Revenue allowances to which as yet official wedlock is the only

gate.

But there it is-the girl, as so often happens, has her way, and Peter, though he would have preferred marriage, is sufficiently in love with her to welcome her presence on any terms. Moreover, at the beginning of the play the Treasury's narks are only as gnats biting ineffectually at the com-fortable bulk of Peter's inherited fortune.

How difficult will it be, we wonder, for this enterprising but irrational couple to preserve a façade of respectability? An absence of near relations is obviously in their favour, but there is an aunt, Lady Cumberlege, a woman of dominating personality with a mind as ruthlessly inquiring as a corkscrew, and so aggressively conventional that her very existence justifies almost any departure into the illegal and anti-social. Her instinctive dislike for Peter's bride is not diminished when her henpecked husband, Sir Charles, visibly takes to her: and it is unfortunate that at the initial tea-party at Peter's house there also turns up an odd Spanish acquaintance of Jeanne's, by name Cordoba, who plunges, with no great encouragement and in a manner which I should have thought would rapidly have reduced his visiting list to a pin-point, into a discussion on the advantages of free-love, accompanied by lantern-slides, as it were, from his own illuminating experience. It is heavy fare for a family tea-party designed to welcome a bridal couple, and before retreating with heightened gorge Lady Cumberlege delivers an incoherent but loudly rumbling broadside on Society's duty to ostracise those who dare depart from its code. Old Sir Charles has to go too, though he contrives to convey to Jeanne without detection his unbridled approval of her silk trousers.

A month later the pretence is still going well, when two com-plicating factors arise. Cordoba reveals himself as a blackmailer, threatening that unless Jeanne becomes his mistress and Peter buys him off he will expose their secret; and Peter, who is a sleeping



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO ASK FOR TO-NIGHT, JOHN?"

"I WANT PEKIN TO BE THE CAPITAL OF GREECE 'COS THAT'S WHAT I'VE PUT IN MY SCHOOL-PAPER."

partner in an over-active firm of stock-brokers, loses all his money. Marriage seems inevitable, and Jeanne having persuaded him that her cheques are as good for paying household bills as his had been, she agrees to sacrifice her ideal of independence. As for Cordoba, Scotland Yard settles his hash, which cannot have taxed their resources, for a blackmailer who bothered with such trivial material could be no great shakes.

The last Act, in which Peter, Jeanne and a trusty friend make hearty celebrative inroads on what looks very much like a bottle of real champagne, is mainly passed in satisfying an inquisitive Press, which wants to know the reason for the second marriage, and in curing Jeanne of well-deserved hiccups by the drastic and little-practised expedient of holding her upside-down.

Mr. DAVID HORNE is to be more congratulated on his attempt to combine the rôles of author, producer and leading

man than on the quality of his comedy, which is uncertain in situation, uneven in its dialogue though not without wit, and rather eager in a not very adult way to be naughty. The idea of lovers pretending to be married must justify itself either by being convincing or else by being so funny that the question of likelihood becomes secondary, and I am afraid the play falls short of both these standards. But it has its good moments, and Mr. Horne's immense energy as Peter helps to drive it along.

Miss Barbara Waring strikes the right note of hard modernity as Jeanne, and there is life in her acting; but her performance lacks variety, a fault which lies partly with the production. Once she was left standing so uncomfortably by the window that one felt tempted to fetch her a chair.

Of the others, Mr. Boris Ranevsky's vermicular *Cordoba* is charmingly sinister.



Smith Minor Gets a Notion.

"No part of a cow is wasted; even the skin is used to put on the top of hot milk."

Schoolboy's Essay.

Mishap at Launching Ceremony.

"Attached by silk cord to the bow of the ship was a bottle of champagne which was broken against the side of Lady —."

Newfoundland Paper.

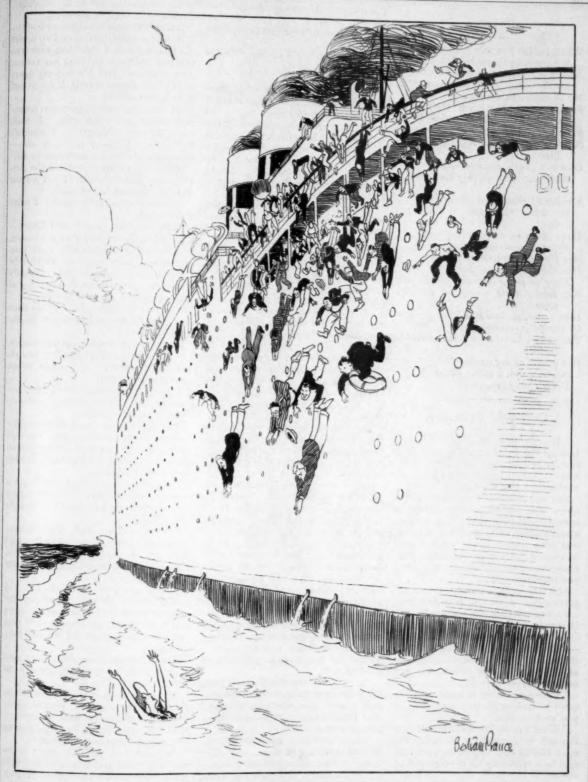
After the Shooting-the Flowers.

"King's College, Wimbledon, made 239, and carried Harrisii lilies."

Report of Bisley Meeting.

"DUCE THRESHES CORN IN YACHTING CAP."

A mortar-board would give him more



THE HEIRESS FALLS OVERBOARD.

Croquet.

When golden Summer's languid hours Are creeping through a hot July And in our garden scented flowers Are drooping 'neath a gentian sky,

My energetic elders play

Some croquet after lunch; they say

They need the exercise; while I Sit comfortably beneath the trees, Soothed by the murmuring hum of

Cool in a gentle summer breeze, Watching them all play croquet.

I've heard that other people tend To think the game is dull, but they

Have never seen my father send My mother several beds away, Nor Uncle Joseph drive my aunt Into the far tobacco-plant.

They've never seen my people play Nor heard their whispered chidings

Into a glorious fine free flow Of choice expressive phrases. No, They can't have seen Aunt Gertrude

Her mallet at my uncle. Oh! I like to watch a game, although I don't play croquet.

Domestic Economy.

"Would you be surprised," said Laura, "if I told you that a dark sinister-looking Oriental-a strangerwas at this very instant making his way unobserved into the house?

She had chosen her moment—as she often does-injudiciously. There is something elusive at the best of times about pounds, shillings and even pence. and more especially so when closely connected with such unfamiliar purchases as a gross of Jubilee mugs or five dozen sausage-rolls.

One was, in fact, getting out-or not getting out-a Statement of Accounts.

It was no time for sinister-looking Orientals, or for being funny either.

"I'm not being funny," said Laura with more truth than she probably realised. "I've just seen him. He is at this very instant making his way unobserved-

"Please don't say it again. And he can't be making his way unobserved if

you've seen him.

What I mean is that he hasn't rung the bell or anything. The door was open and he just walked into the hall, and he's spreading all his rugs out on the floor.

"I know. And he's wearing a red thing like a tea-cosy on his head,

and there are fifteen rugs draped over his left shoulder, and he's left five hundred more in a car just outside the

"Quite right," said Laura. "That's the one.'

It was the one.

Obeying an extraordinary but practically universal law, I at once realised that we really needed a new rug on the landing. (I remember, in exactly the same way, realising that writing-pads sooner or later must come in useful. That was when a young man came to the door with two suitcases, both of them absolutely full of writing-pads and nothing else.)

Laura, as I know, is subject to the same reactions. Charles, on the other

hand, is not.

Charles is out," said Laura at this juncture in the most uncanny way.

I could think of no answer that really satisfied me, both as a wife and a feminist, to this remark, and therefore made none. I simply said that to have a look didn't commit one to anything; and anyway the man must be all right. because the Admiral had once bought a mat from him, ages ago. Many an argument that might perhaps not survive a rigid structural analysis achieves that which it was designed to achieve -and this one did.

"Of course," said Laura enthusi-

astically

The Oriental was still in the hall, and the rugs also were in the hall and on the banisters and over the chair-backs and dripping out of the front-door halfway down the drive.

And really some of them were extraordinarily attractive. Except for a reference-long since grown familiarto the Admiral, the Oriental stranger had the sense to say very little.

Laura, on the other hand, said a good deal, and it was curious to see the naturally enthusiastic shopper within her battling with the conscientious secretary well aware of the state of her employer's overdraft.

Look!" she shrieked, nature winning the upper hand-"look at the adorable little animals on that red rug! Little fawns and things. . . . Perfect for the landing. We simply must have it.

"I let you have that beautiful rug for only seven pounds ten shillingshalf what I give for it in Teheran." said the Oriental swiftly-and almost certainly inaccurately.

Laura saw-one hopes-what unbridled nature had done, and every better instinct sprang to the rescue.

But actually it's quite the wrong colour, and wouldn't do at all; and there's still quite a fair amount of wear

in the old blue carpet on the landing." she said with sudden austerity.

(I distinctly saw her stroke one of the little fawns as she spoke, and no doubt the Oriental saw it too-but with true Oriental subtlety he took no notice. As a matter of fact I'd lost my heart to the little fawns myself, but one had to be businesslike.)

"I couldn't possibly give you seven. pounds-ten for that rug. I said. naturally not adding that I couldn't have given him-or anybody elseseven-pounds-ten for anything at all.

There is no need to outline the conversation that followed. I put a term to it by drawing Laura aside.

'What do you really think? I want

it frightfully.

'Oh, yes, yes, yes!" said Lauraand, although she said it in a whisper, no Oriental could possibly have misunderstood the way in which she hopped about on one foot, excitedly clutching at the banisters, or rather at the rugs which covered them.

"I can't possibly afford more than five pounds ten-and-sixpence at the

outside," said I.

Laura's eves became like mill-wheels. "Have you really got five pounds ten-and-sixpence?" she asked in an astonished whisper.

I had. Soon afterwards I hadn'tbut the little fawns looked perfectly

adorable on the landing.

So much so that I put them into the drawing-room instead, and the old Indian mat from Uncle Arthur had to go on the landing, with the hole hidden under the bookcase.

"If you ask me, I think we've got a bargain," said Laura. "I can't imagine how you managed to raise five pounds

ten-and-sixpence.

"It's the fiver that Aunt Emma always gives me on my birthday, and that will be due next month. She likes me to get something for myself with it.

"Good gracious!" said Laura; "if you'd meant to get something for yourself anyway then it doesn't count and that rug has practically only cost you ten-and-sixpence. I do call that a bargain!

I saw exactly what she meant, and I explained it perfectly clearly to

Charles.

But men and women view these things differently. It proved quite impossible to make him understand that the little fawns had really only cost ten shillings and sixpence.

But they look perfectly sweet in the drawing-room, and Laura tells people quite often what a marvellous bargain they were for ten shillings and six-E. M. D. pence-practically.



"I don't want to be a regular bully, Grandmamma, but can I have another chocolate?"

The Cousins.

Though Memory's vista mellows
Into a golden haze.
Two of my old schoolfellows
Stand clear before my gaze—
Kinsmen and born patricians,
Yet moved by diverse aims
And contrary ambitions,
John and his cousin James.

John was a genial "hearty"
Who loathed all learned lore;
James was a studious party
Who simply swept the floor

Of all the classic prizes
And could at will compose
Quite faultless exercises
In Ciceronian prose.

John, superannuated
When halfway through his teens,
Judiciously migrated
To non-scholastic scenes;
And felix sua sorte
By his financial flair
Became, when he was forty,

James, sated with Latinity, Went up to B.N.C.,

A full-blown millionaire.

But failing in Divinity
To get a pass degree,
Set up as a car-parker
And then took up the
cue,

Became a billiard-marker And died at thirty-two.

The moral of this ditty
Is as a pikestaff plain:
If drawn towards the City,
Go young and there remain.
But if you suffer billiards
To cramp your classic quill,
Your chance of making milliards
Is absolutely nil.
C. L. G.



"We're playing against the Codfish and the Hen. Oh, yes, I always do that. I seize on some peculiarity of the persons and call them by it."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Harping on Peace.

Mr. W. S. Armour, who was well known as the inspiring force on an important Belfast journal until, so he tells us, he was removed for trying to inspire it with some little sense of goodwill and fair-play for political opponents, pleads, in Facing the Irish Question (DUCKWORTH, 5/-), for a reconsideration of the basis of eternal enmities. search for the malignant demon that has haunted Irish politics since at least 1170 A.D. leads him into much intricate unhappy history and gives rise to many fiery, if sometimes incoherent, denunciations of Ascendancy, the Garrison Policy and Upas Trees. What these last are you may find out if you read, but personally I never met a Upas Tree; and seeing that Mr. Armour credits only four of all Westminster's statesmen-Strafford, Burke, Gladstone and Lord BIRKENHEAD—with having ever really understood Ireland, one may not be too sanguine of complete comprehension. I regret that the present volume does not really elarify the question to my Sassenach intelligence, yet I am in cordial agreement with the writer's plea for the introduction of a kind of Canadian atmosphere in Irish affairs.

As Others See Us.

Those who get a certain amount of probably rather grim amusement out of the Powers' unconscionable "penetration" of the world's last pieces of unsubjugated territory will

undoubtedly enjoy Mr. RICHARD WAUGHBURTON'S Innocence and Design (MACMILLAN, 7/6). A slice of Northern Persia is invested with an autonomous ruler and a new set of geographical features, and Media presented as the corpse over which both Russian and English eagles are enjoying a furtive wrangle. Hither comes an ingenuous Scots baronet interested in chromatic architecture, accompanied by a pawky housekeeper interested in Sir Constantine Bruce and herself; and an obliging Orientalist, Sir Valentine Floss, attending a literary celebration with espionage for the Foreign Office as a sideshow. To the Russians, whose rumoured railway is Sir Valentine's main objective, Sir Constantine is the secret agent; and the adventures of both gentlemen, shadowing and shadowed, form a pleasantly outrageous parody on the activities of our pundits and Empirebuilders. Mr. WAUGHBURTON has not quite found his feet. His opening chapters are a trifle congested and his portrait of the Labour diplomat accredited to Media is wanting in subtlety. But his satire as a whole is lively and well-pointed.

The Novelist on the Hearth.

Admirers of the cookery-book to which Mrs. Joseph Conrad's husband contributed a preface must have been tempted to speculate on the character of the woman who had not only to cope with the ordinary demands of genius but to cater for an unusually exacting appetite. And here, in Joseph Conrad and His Circle (Jarrolles, 18/-), we have the whole story of the plucky girl, fifteen years the novelist's junior, who took him on as a whole-time job in the middle 'nineties—an interesting legend, whether you follow

its activities or its psychology. Between his Breton honeymoon and his Kentish deathbed CONRAD shifted his household spasmodically round the Home Counties, with intervals of Continental residence, including a Wartime visit to his native Poland. It was. however, a comparatively simple matter to give him his head at home. The trouble arose when other men of genius wanted theirs; and for CONRAD's circle Mrs. CONRAD has a less tolerant standard. She gallantly refuses to grudge the price she has paid for the incubation of masterpieces; but I wonder whether the world must resign itself to having its works of imagination on these terms or not at all?

Shadow-Show.

I write these brief remarks
Of Shadows on the Road—
A book by Mrs. Gallagher Parks
On the homes where once abode
Celebrities who spent
Their toil therein or took
Their joys, as told in her excellent
Allen and Unwin book.

Meet Jane at Winchester,
Or hear, where the heath-bell blows,
Sir Walter tell us to prefer
By moonlight fair Melrose;
Meet with superb Mozart
And then take ship and go
To hear The Raven break the heart,
At the Bronx, of Mr. Poe.

These charming pages make
A TUSSAUD'S, pressed and bound,
Where phantoms of ancient fame
awake
To walk on wonted ground.
And I'll say that our author has
The gift (and so will you)

To know her Shades as surely as

Persephone must do.



" DASH IT-THERE GOES MY MONEY!"

The Duke of Baker Street.

Baker Street, that so interesting thoroughfare, has other claims to our consideration than those supplied by Sherlock Holmes and his friend Dr. Watson. Some seventy years ago it housed the well-known furniture shop of Mr. T. C. DRUCE; and it was alleged that the said Mr. DRUCE had been merely a pseudonym for the fifth Duke of PORTLAND who, when weary of aristocratic solitude, had led a double life as a London shop-keeper and, when tired of the masquerade, staged a false burial to cover his retirement. Mr. THEODORE BESTERMAN, in The Druce-Portland Case (DUCK-WORTH, 10/6), gives a full account of the various attempts by members of the DRUCE family to claim the Portland title and estates, beginning with the various efforts of Mrs. Annie Maria Druce to get the vault in Highgate Cemetery opened on the ground that the coffin purporting to contain the body of Mr. T. C. DRUCE did not in fact contain anything but a roll of lead. Then, some ten years later, came Mr. GEORGE HOLLAMBY DRUCE, who raised funds for the campaign by the flotation of more than one Druce-Portland Company, and eventually succeeded in getting his case heard at the Marylebone Police Court, before Mr. PLOWDEN.

A civil action against the combined resources of the Portland and Howard de Walden families would have probably been prohibitively expensive, so the cheaper way of laying an information against Mr. Herbert Druce for perjury was adopted. In the course of Mrs. Druce's proceedings this gentleman had sworn that he had seen his father immediately after his death and in his coffin. This provided a handle, and it is with these proceedings—Mr. Atherley-Jones prosecuting and Horace Avory defending—that this book is chiefly occupied. If you like reading of celebrated cases you will enjoy it.

Pens in Clover.

The English countryside has never failed to be a fertile nursery for pastoral and sporting writers, and the extraordinary diversity of their work, from the kindly philosophic observations of GLBERT WHITE to the fierce Radicalism of COBBETT, from the vigorous stable stuff of SURTEES to the vivid tranquillity of SIEGFRIED SASSOON, makes them a harvest worth gleaning not once but again and again. Their latest harvester is Mr. JOHN C. MOORE, who carries the right guns for the task, being not only one of them

himself but also a sound judge of good writing. In Country Men (Dent, 7/6) he takes us rambling amongst them and comments wisely and wittily as he goes. His portrait of that placid and infallibly-successful angler, Walton, is shrewd but sympathetic; most successfully he devotes his longest essay to Cobbett, whose loathing of the encroaching Wen must appeal with increasing force to every country-lover to-day; and I liked particularly his appreciation of Mr. Masefield as the modern laureate of hunting. The luxury of a good index completes the pleasures of a leisurely and delightful book, which has brought a breath of meadow air into one London study.

Spies in the Himalayas.

Those who believe that the English genius is to succeed by blundering will regard the hero of Miss Joanna Cannan's latest novel, *The Hills Sleep On* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6), as a justification of their views. *James Raeburn* takes

a very casual line when sent by the Foreign Office to pose as a traveller in the Himalayas while watching the activities of "a certain Power"; but Nature herself fights on his side and the arm of coincidence stretches so far in his favour that after thrilling adventures he achieves success both in love and secret service. Sometimes James's luck and his climbing prowess combined make the Himalayas seem about as difficult and as populous as the Lake District: but when her story is not hampering her Miss Cannan writes as delightfully as ever of mountains and mountaineering. And even the coincidences will be forgiven by the many

admirers of General Bruce, since one of them introduces us, in a lonely Thibetan valley, to a porter of his still spoiling to serve England for the sake of the "Burra Sahib."

Peace or War?

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim deals with affairs of international importance in *The Spy Paramount* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6). Europe was on the brink of another terrific war when *Major Fawley*, an American millionaire with a flair for secret service, set forth to prevent this calamity. His adventures in several European capitals are as numerous as they are thrilling, and they are related with a zest which carries a considerable amount of conviction with it. In some respects *Fawley* reminds me of my old friend *Bulldog Drummond*, for, although his natural home was a tight corner, he showed uncommon skill in getting out of it. Of late years Mr. Oppenheim has written nothing more exciting than this story of espionage.

Innermost Asia.

Central Asia, by its remoteness and its antiquity, has attracted a long series of explorers, of whom SVEN HEDIN is by no means the least. His curious attitude during the

Great War made him unpopular with English readers, but politics were never the main business of his life; his books remain. And now one of his lieutenants, Mr. Henning Haslund, is writing copious footnotes in the shape of volumes describing his own experiences. The latest of these, Men and Gods in Mongolia (Kegan Paul, 15/-), provides a store of information—much of it new—concerning the Khans and Khanates of Mongolia in general and of the Western Torguts in particular. Mongolian enthusiasts will find all this highly engrossing, but the common reader avid for adventure may reasonably complain that he is not given the supply promised him by the publishers on the wrapper.

A Schoolboy's Adventures.

With what seems to me a misguided sense of humour Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON has put *Holiday Express* (COLLINS, 7/6) into the mouth of a lad who glories in being

one of the world's worst spellers. Having read the first chapter I looked forward with more eagerness than hope to see if relief was at hand, and I looked in vain. Chapter IV., for instance, begins: "This was a predicoment, if you like. I think I have spelt predicoment right, but I'm not sure, it may be two m's, and a boy's borrowed my dictionary. The tale itself is neither better nor worse than many of its kind, but, although I have read some of the Author's previous books with pleasure, I must confess that I have on this occasion been completely defeated by the devastating facetiousness of his schoolboy. It is to be hoped that Mr. FAR-



Friend (who has been given rod to try). "YES-I CAN SEE IT'S VERY DIFFICULT."

JEON will speedily return to the style in which he is at home.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

The Exhibition of the original work of Living Punch Artists recently held at the Punch Office will be on view at the Shipley Art Gallery, Gateshead, from August 3rd to August 31st, after which it will be shown at Burton-on-Trent.

The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Pump Room, Bath, from August 9th to September 7th.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of these places will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Offices, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

The Tireless Traveller.

Mr. Anthony Eden Has not yet been on a mission to Sweden, So they are thinking of sending him to Stockholm To bring a stick of Stockholm rock home.

Charivaria.

TWENTY years after it entered his neck a British bullet has emerged from a German farmer's back. These little incidents help to promote goodwill between former foes.

In debate with an Italian author, who contended that the English are of Viking descent, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON promised to give a thousand pounds to any Englishman discovered saying "By Thor!" instead of "By Jove!" By Thor!

A novelist declares that the man who would rather play golf than eat should never marry. Unless of course he cares to marry a girl who would rather play bridge than cook.

As a result of a recent luncheonparty it is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER are friendsagain. This is a nasty slap in the face for those who said that the New Deal would accomplish nothing.

suggestion that the Thames should be put underground, as was done with the Fleet

River, has been pigeon-holed pending the rebuilding of Waterloo Bridge.

Modern writers of fiction, it is pointed out, have a tendency to relate personal experiences. This is especially noticeable in autobiographies.

A debtor in court said that he had been a contortionist with regular

engagements for twenty years. Up to the grindstone again," says a womannow he had always managed to make ends meet.

Under Church Hill, West Wycombe, which has been handed over to the National Trust, is the chamber where members of the notorious "Hell Fire writer. Especially if it is sunburnt.

During Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's long conversations with the Cabinet Sub-Committee, we are told, his hands were tied. This would make it very hard

for him to express himself.

the In Welsh MINISTER OF TRANSPORT is called "Rhagair Gan y Gweinidog Cludo." Mr. Hore-BELISHA, however, takes it in quite good part.

A doctor says the thumb is the most useful part of the hand. It certainly protects the wall - paper when hanging pictures. * *

"What," asks an alarmist, "would happen if a wouldbe dictator in this country seized the wireless and broadcast revolutionary propaganda? Everybody would switch off.

"How does the average book-reviewer keep fit?" asks a writer. Possibly he does it by skipping.

Visitors to Southend had narrow escapes when the letter "A" fell from a shop-sign.

What more often falls in Southend is the letter "H."

A fashion-expert says that the English girl now dresses as smartly as her French sister. We have always maintained that a Miss was as good as a Mlle.

"Place all chronic debtors on a large island, and what would follow?" asks an idealist. Creditors no doubt.



"I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK, MOTHER DEAR. I HAVE A SLIGHT TOUCH OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

Club" are supposed to have held their wild banquets. Applications will no doubt be received for leave to reopen it as the "Hell Fire Tea Rooms."

"Circumstances undoubtedly alter cases," states a clergyman. So do railway-porters. * *

"After enjoying a perfect holiday it is rather painful to put one's nose to

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Raven.

THE loss of LEONARD RAVEN HILL by retirement is one of Mr Punch's sad blows. Happily, however, it is only by retirement, and all his many friends will wish that he may live long to enjoy the leisure that Anno Domini has thrust upon him.

We hardly dare to think how long ago it was that RAVEN HILL-or RAVEN as he was always called-made his first drawing for this paper-very nearly forty years-and ever since then he has been a tower of strength, whether on the social side or on the political. The actual date, let it be proclaimed, was December 28, 1895, when the artist was twenty-eight, and the picture represented a Christmas school-treat. An athletic curate presides at the feast, of which scores of greedy boys, with their mouths too near the plates, are more than ready to partake. 'Now," says the athletic curate, "wait a bit, there, wait a bit! You mustn't start yet. Now, are you ready?—Are you ready? G——" and here he recollects himself and rushes Grace.

This picture was the forerunner of hundreds of the same kind, covering every variety of the ordinary man's life, with perhaps special emphasis on agriculture and the sea, for in his hours of ease RAVEN was both a farmer and a yachtsman, and as both was always looking for fun. Thinking of his work for Punch one recalls in the mind's eye the gigantic panorama of adventure on land and water set down in those firm breezy lines. The drawing-room RAVEN did not much enter, but short of it the whole human comedy is here; andif we are to mention a single selectionwho can ever forget that glorious representation of a Black Maria leaving the court, the driver high on the box, for that was in the brave horse days, and the chronic offender, a kind of JANE CAKEBREAD, as she is being helped in, calling upwards, "Home, John." By RAVEN'S natural bonhomic whatever was squalid had been removed from the scene; nothing but the jest re-

As a recruit rich in social humour, who might one day draw cartoons too, Raven "joined the Table" in January, 1901, on the same evening that Tenniel said farewell, and his portrait duly hangs on the wall among the elect, and his initials will be found cut in the historic wood; but it was not until the last illness of Linley Sambourne in 1910 that he came to his own as a political commentator, drawing, every week from then until the other day, the cartoon which previously Beenard Partidge

(who now took SAMMY's place) had done. It is our habit here to call BERNARD'S cartoon the first and the other the second, but it is quite likely that the reader, coming as he does to the second cartoon first, thinks of that as the more important. And so, of course, it can be, and so, in RAVEN's case, it often was by reason not only of the subject but of that fine free way of his when he exchanged the pencil for the crayon. Some of his more inspired work, especially during the War, was magnificent, and nothing but failing sight and a not too trustworthy heart has caused him to lay his old powerful implements

It was Sammy's lamented death in 1910 that gave RAVEN his official position as cartoonist, but as long ago as September 3, 1902, he made his first political full-page, one of his most amusing efforts, depicting the President ROOSEVELT of that era, TEDDY himself, as a Professor, reluctantly preparing to descend into the water infested by crocodiles lettered Beef Trust, Shipping Trust and Steel Trust. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he says, without conviction, "in order to demonstrate the possibility of controlling these powerful creatures, not all of them equally tractable, I will now descend into their midst." That was a long time ago-1902-but there is still a ROOSEVELT at the helm and there are still "powerful creatures" to subdue.

RAVEN's last cartoon, dated April 24, 1935, was entitled "St. George for Merrie Europe; or, Chivalry Begins Abroad," showing the perplexities of this country amid the many foreign centres of discussion—Lausanne, Rome, Locarno, the Hague, Rapallo and Stress

Educated in a Paris studio, RAVEN emerged almost as a French artist, and at one time sported one of the pointed beards of the Latin Quarter; but it was not long before native nationality conquered and he became British of the British, almost, in fact, bucolic, growing year by year rounder and rounder but missing, through those highly-magnifying glasses, little that was relevant. And no one who judges only by Punch knows what a universal worker RAVEN was. You must look also at his sketchbooks, where everything that he saw was jotted down; at his illustrated books, which commemorated his own travels, notably in Spain, and included stories by Kipling, the coloured portrait of whom, in the "People in Punch" series, was, on June 26th, 1935, RAVEN'S last contribution to this paper. You must look also at the watercolours which he brought back from his holidays; and we must remember

that he has been an exhibitor both in the Salon and at the Royal Academy.

Perhaps most of all you must look at the little distinguished paper, very near his heart, The Butterfly, which ran in 1893 and 1894 and which RAVEN edited with ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY. It is in these pages that his most remarkable pre-Punch versatility may be studied. Here he not only drew copiously but gathered about him many admirable artists, including MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, PAUL RENOARD and that remarkable neo-Japanese, EDGAR WILSON. But it need not be said that the bulk of the pictorial part was RAVEN'S own, with such an unexpected series as "Ghetto Types" and an equally unexpected and beautiful study of a mother and child, illustrating STRAUSS'S ballad, "Fader's Leedle Jim.

Well, RAVEN has now left the exactions of Bouverie Street for the undisturbed quietude of Ockley and the Surrey hills, and long, we hope, he will enjoy his well-earned rest.

As Others Hear Us.

Letting the Flat.

"DARLING, what do you think I've done?"

"Bought that ghastly pair of blue shoes with straps that I told you looked absolutely Blackpool. So they do, too."

"No, it's nothing to do with them. Do try to guess, because then I shan't feel so awful, and I'm frightfully afraid you're going to mind, though it'll be utterly unreasonable if you do."

"Offered to put up both the Simpsons, like you did the other day when you were in the bed and I was on the divan and there wasn't an inch anywhere"

"It isn't that, though it's the same kind of thing in a way, only absolutely different. Well, it's this. I think I've let the flat."

"This flat?"

"Darling, be reasonable. I haven't got any other flat besides this one."

"And this one's supposed to be half mine."

"Naturally; I know that. And of course I'd have asked you exactly what you felt about it if only you'd been at lunch; but you weren't, and there were these marvellous friends of the Simpsons looking for a flat in this absolute neighbourhood and only too frightfully eager to come and look at this one on the spot."

"Did you offer it to them?"

"I suppose I did in a way. Just on a kind of impulse. It never occurred to me for one second that they'd take the very slightest notice. I was so



THE SILVERSIDE LINING.

[According to Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister, English people, "in strong contrast to some foreign countries," are eating more and better food.]



Keen amateut Gardener. "I CAN DO NOTHING WITH THE SOIL IN THIS GARDEN; JUST COME OUT AND HAVE A LOOK AT IT."

surprised when they did I nearly shrieked."

"Honestly, darling, I think you ought to be shot. When are these hogs coming to see it?"

"Oh, they've been. I thought better strike while the iron was hot, you see. I rushed them round in the car the second lunch was over."

"I hope they liked my stockings drying in the kitchen, and your frightful bananas all over the desk, and the way not one single thing has been dusted for a month."

"My dear, they never noticed anything. Besides, I thought of your stockings and tore them down while they were looking at the bedroom and chucked them behind the two bottles of sherry. I expect they're still there."

"What did these devils say? And are they taking it, and when, and for how long, and what rent?"

"They're definitely taking it, and they want it the first second we can clear out, and it's for three months, and, my dear, the rent is marvellous."

"Enough to pay off our overdrafts?"

"Don't be silly. I started by saying we couldn't take a single penny under seven guineas—guineas, not pounds—and I said Plate and Linen."

"You couldn't! I don't believe there are more than three spoons and those old blue enamelled plates, and the sheets are in rags."

"Well, I did. After all, one has to be businesslike. Naturally, I knew they wouldn't rise to seven, and they said at once it was more than they could manage; so I said, 'Oh, very well, then—three-and-a-half. Guineas, not pounds."

"Then d'you mean they 've taken it?"

"Oh, yes, rather. And it'll save a frightful lot of bother, because the Simpsons know them quite well, so we shan't have to bother about an inventory or references or anything at all"

"The only thing is, I can't imagine where we're going to live ourselves for the next three months."

"Oh, darling, surely we can go somewhere. As a matter of fact I thought I could put in some visits. And you've always wanted to go to Stratford-on-Avon."

"Well, just for two days I have."

"If you're going to feel like that about it I'd better ring up and say the whole thing's off. After all, it'll save a frantic lot of work, packing everything up before next week."

"Next week? To-day's Satur-

day."
"Well, my dear, they suggested Monday, and of course I said it was out of the question, but I did think we could perhaps manage Tuesday or Wednesday. I didn't see what else I could say, though I knew you'd be furious."

"I'm not in the least furious."
"I knew you wouldn't really mind."

"I mind frightfully.

"Look here, I'll ring them up. At least, I don't know what their number is, it's only some hotel anyway, but I'll ring up the Simpsons."

"I suppose you've forgotten the telephone's cut off because of not having paid their disgusting bill."

"So it is. Well, when we get this marvellous rent we can pay up everything. That's really what I was thinking of the whole time."

"Well, I see. Do you think they'd pay in advance?"

pay in advance?"
"They might, as it's Plate and Linen
and everything. We could always

try."
"Let's."

"Let's. Oh, darling, I'm so glad you're pleased about it all! I knew you would be, really." E. M. D.

An Illusion Lost.

(On being told by a competent authority that "yak" is, by the Tibetans, pronounced to rhyme with "lark," not with "lack.")

I know it must be true,
For a Major told me so,
Who had spent a year or two
On that very bleak plateau—
One with straight eyes and sinewy hands,
Who eats up jungles, peaks and sands,
Who wanders, stern and lean,
"With Rod and Gun in Many Lands"—
I trust the reader understands
The type of man I mean.

We were seated on the Alps,
Eating ham and hard-boiled eggs,
Talking head-hunters and scalps,
Muggers, dhows and chota-pegs,
When I (ay, me, alas! alack!),
Tibet being mentioned, murmured "Yack,"
And heard a sudden bark,
Parade-ground accents hurtling back:
"You dreadful ignoramus, Jack;
The natives call it 'Yark'!"

What could a layman do
With this venomous assault
From a man who really knew?
I could but admit my fault,
Though all my life with travelled men
I'd thought I'd held my own, for when
Tibet was on the tapis
I felt it well within my ken
Just modestly said "Yack" again
And kept quite bright and happy.

O accident malign!
That Major's wretched Yark
Exploded like a mine,
And my future now is dark.
The ground is cut beneath my feet,
I grope in 'wilderment complete
And every hour expect
That any word that I repeat
May be denounced with savage heat
As wholly incorrect.

Is "dak" pronounced like "dark"?
What do the Majors say?
Is "shack" pronounced like "shark"
Way up in Hudson Bay?
Such posers now are my despair,
Each local term from anywhere
I'm sure I'll get it wrong;
So better maybe not to care
But, following dear SCHUBERT'S air,
To sing this little song:

"Hark, hark the yark at Heaven's gate sings,
Each Lama gins arise,
Collects his robes and shaving-things
And rubs his sleepy eyes,
Then spins his prayer-wheel (that's a Knark)
With many a cryptic mutter,
Which done, he then proceeds to attark

J. C. S.

His meal of rancid butter."

"AND AFTER ALL THIS I SUPPOSE THE WRETCHED FELLOW WILL EXPECT A TIP!"

At the Pictures.

COLOUR.

THE picture called Becky Sharp is a long way from THACKERAY, and indeed



ANYTHING GOES—WITH AN AFFLUENT AUNT.

Miss Crawley . . Alison Skipworth.
Rawdon Crawley . . Alan Mowbray.

purports to be only a movie version of a stage version of Vanity Fair; but it has to be seen because it has been reproduced in colour, and films in colour are likely to be the next thing. Now and then some really beautiful effects

are obtained—I recall a scene. chiefly blue, with Jos Sedley and his little black boy in itbut as the camera seems to be happiest with reds there is a prevailing hotness. Although Becky, it is true, is a blonde, the slogan seems to be "Only Brunettes Need Apply," for. while her hair is fair enough. her cheeks, as are all the cheeks in the picture, are too much tinged with the ruddy hues of health. As for Wellington's redcoats, they positively burnand there are plenty of them, for Rawdon Crawley is one, and George Osborne is one, and William Dobbin is one, and when the Duchess of Gordon gives her famous dance (in that rather cramped house in Brussels which Hollywood can expand into a

palace) all the men are in uniform. NAPOLEON, however, we see only in silhouette, and are grateful for the change.

Strange memories of Arliss on the eve of Waterloo assert themselves; but we do not really begin to think of

him until CEDRIC HARDWICKE as the Marquis of Steyne begins to look so like him as to be a twin. The voice, however, is the voice of a villain, and so all is well.

Becky Sharp has a symmetry undreamed of by THACKERAY, and indeed, as its story has become so trite both in films and in fiction, I see no reason why his name should be men-Without him MIRIAM HOP-KINS, looking years too old for the part, would still be the intriguing wife playing off her suitors each against the other, Frances Dee as Amelia would still be the pathetic flouted school-friend, and NIGEL BRUCE the drunken admirer. They may be called by Thackerayan names but they are universal. Where, however, THACKERAY retires completely from the film is at the end, when Becky, reeling off to begin with Jos a new and dissolute and dishonest career on the hundred pounds she has cajoled from the pious Crawley, brings down the curtain, as it had arisen, by flinging a book. The first book was Johnson's Dictionary; the second is the Bible, and as it removes Crawley's imposing hat we realise that it was for stage effect that he had kept that article on when calling on a lady.

A new film which, on the contrary, we can believe in and admire for its simplicity and sincerity, was *Private Worlds*, where there are none of the hues of life, but plain photography, yet where, after a moment or two, the



HOOKED AND LANDED.

Joseph Sedley NIGEL BRUCE.
Becky Sharp MIRIAM HOPKINS.

acting is so real as to preclude any question as to medium. And that, I think, is the test. Technicolour may have its own charm, but long before the reproduction of blues and reds and the arrangement of chromatic harmonies, comes the illusion of truth. A thousand

devices of variegated tint would add nothing to the merits of *Private Worlds*, which, although it is merely the record of ambitions and emotions experienced in an American mental home, has to be closely followed from start to finish.



WHEN PSYCHIATRISTS DISAGREE.

Dr. Charles Monet . . . Charles Boyer.

Dr. Alex. Macgregor . . Joel McCrea.

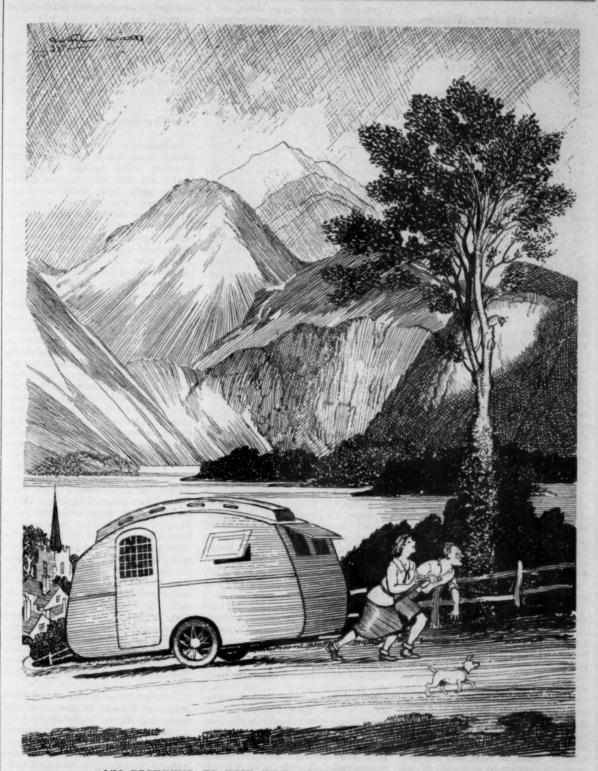
This attention is a tribute to the directness of the narrative, from a story by Phyllis Bottome, and the excellence of the acting, particularly that of CLAUDETTE COLBERT as one of the psychiatrists, and CHARLES BOYER and

JOEL MCCREA as the others. CLAUDETTE we have often seen before, usually sumptuous and commanding, but as Dr. Jane Everest she seems to me to be at her best: a height she could not have reached without the quiet forcefulness of CHARLES BOYER as Dr. Charles Monet. But whether Dr. Charles Monet was once actually Michael the coward, who possibly had escaped and made good, we are not told. Was he or was he not? It is with the question in our minds that we watch the final kiss. Was Dr. Monet the original Michael (who was not really shot) restored to life and honour? Or was he not? If not, why was Michael ever mentioned and why was that mascot so evident? But it doesn't really matter. It is a good film. E. V. L.

"A German named Sternkiker has been arrested in Berlin for 'grossly insulting a member of the International Film Congress."

Daily Paper.

By living up to his name?



"I'M BEGINNING TO WISH WE'D BOUGHT THE CAR FIRST, ETHEL."

Scandinavia from Within.

IV.

Food and Drink.

The old Norse idea of paradise was Valhalla, which seemed to be something like the Albert Hall turned into a chop-house (fully licensed) and run on continuous-performance lines, the signal for finishing lunch being the dressing-bell for dinner. Odin's handmaids, the Valkyries, served at table, though, as there were only nine of them, no doubt outside help was frequently necessary. Of course conditions in modern Norway are slightly different.

The average Scandinavian meal of to-day has, however, retained one Viking characteristic. Neither in Norway nor in Sweden do you get much of it brought you; you just go on a foray for it. Maybe one of the hotel Valkyries hands you, upon sitting down, a hot dish of fried eggs-and-giblets or a couple of steaks, something just to whet the appetite and get up your strength for the subsequent raid on the real meal; then you pick up your working plate, wave farewell to your neighbour and sail off to a central table, generally about the size of a barrack-square and covered with dishes, to bring back what plunder you may. What exactly is in all the dishes only Norwegians know, unless it be a foreigner long settled in the country and with plenty of time on his hands; but most travellers will pretty soon acquire a rough general knowledge of what can safely be tackled. At least, those that don't will die of starvation.

There is of course in the centre the usual monolith of goat-cheese—the edible, not the washing or building kind. This cheese is called "Gjetøst" (pronounced "Gjetøst"), "Gjet" being "goat"—with a "j" in it of course—and "øst" "cheese." "Øst," by the way, must not be confused with "øster," meaning "oyster" and also pronounced "erster" (B.B.C.).

There are too on the table white bread, brown bread, black bread and some indeterminate half-breed and mulatto breads; besides some score bowls of stewed fruits, such as blackberries, blaeberries, blueberries, bilberries, whortleberries and huckleberry whins. Other recognisable dishes are beef, braised, pressed and otherwise illtreated; ham, cooked, raw and halftrained; cold cutlets; and at breakfast, the roseate hues of early brawn. A whole section is then devoted to sausage, which is where the traveller generally begins to get out of his depth, since Scandinavian sausage varies from something as tasteless as

vegetarian potted meat down to a thing that, properly handled, could drive an express train. And by the time he comes to the fish exhibits he is generally completely baffled, for Norway specialises in fish. The things that curers, smokers, canners and other fish-fixers can do to an innocent herring, anchovy and so on have to be tasted to be believed; but a fairly safe rule is that the smaller the fish or portion of fish laid out on the plate the more surprising it is to the palate. I once came across a tinful of tiny coiled things like watch-springs which had a taste that practically exploded in the mouth.

The only way, of course, of tackling the Norwegian non-stop variety repast is by trial and error. The first three-quarters-of-an-hour of the meal, after of course the curtain-raiser of steak, can be pleasantly spent by trying all the dishes one after the other—even, if you like, making notes. Having then marked down what you prefer, you can get down to the proper business of having your lunch and later to the surprising discovery that in Norway there is no afternoon. No time for it.

Another good thing about the Norwegian meal is that no one can tell how much you eat, unless of course you always sit in the same place and begin to wear a track in the carpet. They will then think pretty highly of you.

Wine, Beer, Spirits.

Norwegians as a rule are not heavy drinkers; though they can knock back a pretty quart of milk with the evening meal. Beer is also favoured, though the Swedish habit of taking a little glass of the local schnapps or aquavit with it is not noticeable. In Sweden, of course, it is practically a rule—indeed if you try to drink a small glass of aquavit by itself and without having a bottle of beer as well you are looked on as pretty much of an old toper.

About wine in Norway there is really only one thing to remember, and that is the Norwegian name for it. It is "vin"; but the joke is that the word is pronounced "veen," not as a knowledge of French generally leads you to pronounce it. In that case you find yourself asking for "vann," and that, you realise when you get it, is Nor-wegian for "water." There is then only one of two things to do: (a) drink it with the air of a connoisseur, murmuring "Ah! the '33 Vrangfoss"; or (b) search your phrase-book for the Nor-wegian for "tooth-brush" and pass the whole unhappy business off that way. This latter method, however, is not recommended, because a tooth-brush, being one of the things one might really want to buy the moment one arrives

in a foreign country, will not be found in any phrase-book.

Final Hints for Travellers.

If going to North Norway in the summer, be sure to ask for a cheap day-trip ticket. The day in North Norway lasts three months. A. A.

The Goosey Gladiator.

In Mullinabeg the recent brief sojourn of the mongoose is not likely to be forgotten either by the villagers or by the few rats that remain. Unlike the strangely elusive musk-rat of two years ago, this Oriental creature's advent was something of a social event, and it was met at the little railway-station by a deputation of interested citizens of all ages, including Mr. Shane, who was responsible for the introduction of the mongoose, or, as it is now remembered in that place, "the Goosey Gladiator."

Mr. Shane, the local mill-owner, had told Mick Doyle of his decision, and Mick had, as usual, passed on his own version to the village. "He says he can't stomach them rats below at the mill anny longer," he said of the goahead Mr. Shane. "He's afther thryin' both dogs an' cats, but wid the best will in the world an' the longest pedigree they couldn't kill more nor their compliment. An' now it seems the rats do get contangled in the machine-belts, they're so plenty; so bedad, he concocted another schayme.

"'I have me mind med up,' he says to me, 'to get one of them monggooses, an' if he doesn't settle them rats it'll be a quare thing afther what a couple of them done out in foreign, in Jamaicy, when they got them in out of They'll go clane mad at the sight of a rot or a shnake either,' he says, 'an' he'll lay them in hapes upon the floor. An' when he hasn't the time to bite them out an' out he'll make tombourines of them agen the wall. All I'm afraid of,' says he, 'is that the men'll never keep the dead rots cleared out of his road to give him space to demolish what's left.' Look'd if the monggoose does all he says it will, we're apt to be lonesome in Mullinabeg for the very sight of a

Different items in this news-budget impressed different listeners in various ways, but Marty Scally spoke first: "An' where would we get a shnake for him?" he wanted to know.

It is not to be wondered at that without exception they arranged to be at the station in good time for the 6.30 down on the day mentioned in a more

or less public telegram as having been chosen for the arrival of the mongoose.

Owing to Mick's personal uncertainty the waiting group had visualised their Oriental guest in a variety of physical forms, none of which remotely resembled the reality. The word "goose" had caused a good deal of confusion in the minds of many, and their inward vision kept on straying to Mrs. Mooney's flock of grey geese with their belligerent male protector. But they couldn't imagine the most aggressive bird slaughtering rats at the rate promised by Mr. Shane.

Others, misled by Mick's reference to India, could only think of the animal in connection with the now familiar figure in any Irish countryside, known as "the limonia man." This is a Hindoo who remains strangely exotic in spite of an over-large bowler-hat, who travels in a high trap and is almost pushed from his seat by long rolls of linoleum. "He has words at will," his customers say, "even if you don't understand the half of what he says, an' the two eyes rotatin' like

marbles."

But the deputation on the railway-platform did not put their expectations into words, and when, amid fervent expressions of relief on the guard's part, the small crate was unloaded, they were glad that they had kept their visions to themselves. Neither Mooney's gander nor the Indian travelling-man bore the slightest resemblance to the creature that peered from between the lathes

from the opposite side of the box.

Helped by Mick, who seemed to feel some responsibility in the matter, one of the mill men placed the crate on a small truck and the procession set out, growing larger as it went.

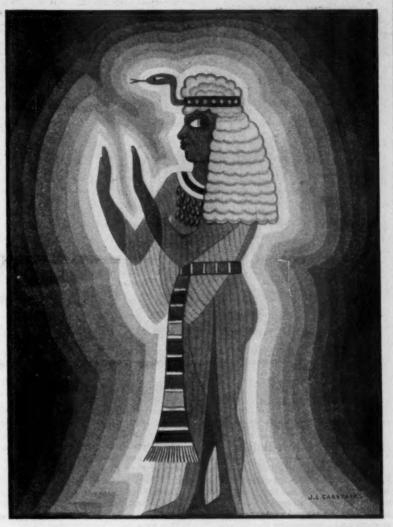
while a beaver-shaped tail protruded

"It should be tirened thravellin," a watching housewife said sympathetically, "for be all accounts Inja is a long hunt from Mullinabeg."

Next day the slaughter of the millrats began, amid frantic demonstrations of dislike on the part of the rejected dogs and cats, the largest of the cats taking refuge on the highest rafter and there breaking out into a moaning song of hate described quite inadequately as "ochonin' to herself on account of the goosey lad."

In a few days it was all over, and the mongoose was frankly bored. "It was then we should ha' had a few shnakes for him," Marty Scally said afterwards, "for the blood was up be then, an' he had a bristle along his back like a yard-brush."

Lacking snakes, the animal did what his ancestors had done in Jamaica he turned his attention to the local



PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS.

CLEOPATRA APPEARS TO MAE WEST, BUT RETIRES FROM THE UNEQUAL CONTEST.

poultry. For one night there was wholesale slaughter, and in the morning the stricken housewives loudly mourned the loss of their Red Orphans, their Black Minawtens, and the slender brown breed known in Mullinabeg as White Leghorns, until at last the mongoose decided to end the orgy with an attack upon Mooney's grey geese.

The group that had awaited the arrival of the stranger was small in comparison with the crowd that stood in Mooney's field and looked at his battered body. "As soon as he ruz the gandher didn't the geese back up their own fella?" an eyewitness said.

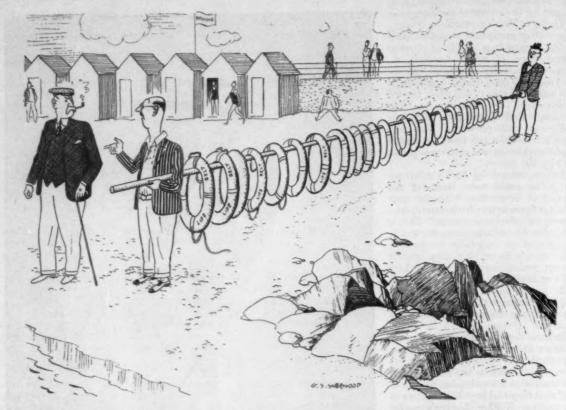
So he is remembered best as the Goosey Gladiator. D. M. L.

To "Æ."

TRUE to his selfless mission,
Aloof from party strife,
He led without ambition
A blameless double life.
Dreams of ethereal beauty
Lent magic to his pen,
And yet his daily duty
Was paid to common men.

He helped his humble neighbours
Their welfare to increase,
And left them by his labours
A legacy of peace,
A gift that cannot perish,
A memory sweet and clean,

For the Green Isle to cherish
And keep for ever green. C. L. G.



"WE HAVE BEEN INFORMED THAT SOMEBODY WAS IN DIFFICULTIES; COULD YOU DIRECT US TO THE SCENE?"

The Witch-Ball.

ONE night the big silver witch-ball hanging in the drawing-room window fell from its hook on the ceiling and smashed itself to atoms on the writing-table, making jagged scratches on the surface and overturning the inknot.

surface and overturning the inkpot.
Winnie's mother said, "Bother it!"
and rang for the maid to clear up the

The maid came and carefully brushed all the pieces into a dust-pan. When feeling about under the table with her hand she found quite a big bit, and scratched her finger rather deeply. Afterwards, when nobody was looking, Winnie took the piece because it was shiny and had a trace of blood on one corner.

Cook scolded the maid for not being more careful, and prophesied that she would get blood-poisoning—which she subsequently did, and died in great agony in the West London Hospital. But we are not concerned with the misfortunes of Emily Dudkin but with the adventures of Winnie.

Winnie kept the piece of witch-ball in the pocket of her pinafore all that

morning, and every now and then fingered its interesting surface. Just before dinner she took it out, only to discover that Emily's blood had worn off. Which was a pity.

During dinner Winnie's mother said, 'It will be nice in the Park this afternoon."

Winnie said, "Yes, Mother."

Winnie was old enough to go by herself across the Albert Bridge from Cheyne Walk to the big iron gates of Battersea Park, and she liked walking round the paths and along by the river—except when the dirty children of Battersea were there too.

Winnie's mother said, "It will be quite pretty this afternoon as it is so sunny. Don't be late for tea."

Winnie replied, "I'd love to go. Can I have some bread to feed the ducks?"

But her mother said, "No, dear; you'd only fall in." Which disappointed Winnie, for she liked throwing things to ducks.

Just outside the front-gate of her home Winnie took out the piece of glass from her pocket and turned it over and over in the sun. The glint caught the eye of the constable directing traffic by the bridge and he held up a whole line of taxis, buses and vans in order that she might cross the road in safety.

It so happened that the Commissioner of the Police was in one of the taxis and, seeing this noble action, later recommended the constable for instant promotion. The same constable finally became Commissioner himself. But that is unimportant and has nothing to do with the story.

Halfway over the bridge Winnie took out her glistening fragment again, and an errand-boy on a bicycle belonging to Messrs. Slabworth and McGinnis (Purveyors of Fish and Game) saw it. Being a good-natured but facetious lad he called out, "Coo! Dimonds!" as he rode past.

He met an acquaintance later and, led by the association of ideas, lingered a long time discussing a peculiar profusion of diamonds in a recent game of halfpenny nap. He was dismissed from his job for loitering, and afterwards led a precarious existence by unskilfully performing the three-card-trick at race-meetings. His ultimate end is uncertain and has no bearing whatever on this story.

A few seconds later Winnie discov-

ered that by holding the glass in a certain way the whole panorama of the Embankment could be given a delightful twist. She stood for some time enraptured, holding the Old Church in her right hand.

She never saw the barge (Hyacinth, Brentford) that moved silently underneath her, bound for the Pool. The barge-wife's eye caught the flash of the silvered glass as she looked out of her spotless cabin, holding a frying-pan in one hand, and she never noticed the drops of paraffin that fell from off the bottom of the big brass lantern in among the sausages.

Her husband beat her so brutally later that the river-police took him away and he spent many months in gaol. The barge-wife in the meantime ran away with a stoker from a P. & O. liner and was happy ever after. But that is no concern of ours.

On the south side of the bridge Winnie, still with the sweep of the river in between her fingers, backed into the waistcoat of a young man accompanied by a lady-friend.

The young man said "Oh!'

This was the first observation he had made for nearly an hour owing to a tiff between his companion and himself. The girl said "Bertie!" and giggled.

After Winnie had apologised nicely the man and girl went on arm-in-arm, and that very afternoon they decided to get married, as children were rather fetching. They got married and had lots and lots of babies, one of whom eventually discovered a lake in Africa that no white man had ever seen before. For this he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. But this doesn't matter very much.

Reaching Battersea, Winnie wished that she had some sweets with her to eat in the Park—preferably the kind with pink stripes all the way through them and that taste of sherbet.

Just then she took out her bit of witch-ball again and scratched a flake of paint off the Park railings.

À young sculptor saw her and decided that his next magnum opus must be a life-size bronze of a child with a piece of looking-glass (for that is what he thought it was) in her hand. The title was to be "The Young Sappho"; but it never materialised, for one of the sculptor's assistants trod on the clay model while it was still wet.

The model, however, after the accident, had the appearance of a particu-

larly repulsive gargoyle, and it was most successfully incorporated into an important provincial post-office. The sculptor was shortly afterwards knighted and became the most soughtafter gargoylist of his day. But that is neither here nor there.

Winnie went into the Park and walked up and down all the usual paths and only once had to ignore a "Keep Off the Grass" notice in order to avoid some dirty children from a neighbour-

ing slum

At last she reached the ducks and stood on the bank while they quacked expectantly round her toes. It hurt horribly not having any bread for them, and the ducks themselves seemed resentful and showed unmistakable signs of anger.

So Winnie threw her shiny bit of witch-ball as far as she could into the lake, and the ducks followed in joyous company. When they came to the spot where it had entered the water the biggest and bravest dived right down after it. But it is impossible to say whether he found it or not.

So Winnie went home to tea, and her mother said, "Have you been a good giel?"

And Winnie said, "Yes, Mother."



"I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, CONNIE, THE TUDOR PERIOD HAS BEEN OUT OF DATE FOR AT LEAST A MONTH."

The Word War.

XX.

"Alibi."

"An alibi for bankrupt Secretaries of State."—Sir Francis Lindley in "The Times."

"Everybody's doing it now."

"Alibi," Bobby, is a Latin word meaning "elsewhere" and nothing more. Used as a noun, it has long had a clear and valuable significance in our Courts of Law, where, if you plead or prove an alibi, you say that you were elsewhere at the time of the crime. It is not, for example, an alibi to say that, though you did hit the other fellow, it was in self-defence. Mr.

Weller in The Pickwick Papers used the word correctly, and I see no reason why we should not continue to do so. But suddenly — in the past few months, I think —we have begun to describe as an alibi any excuse, plea, defence, means of escape or justification.

A pugilist called Max BAER, after losing a boxing-match, whispered to the microphone, "I have no alibi" (which could only mean that he did not intend to show that he was not present at the fight). A journalist tells us that when our cricketers returned from Australia "they offered no alibia." And if one of our great Ambassa-

dors in a finely-written letter, may do it, I suppose that the boxer and the journalist may do it.

But nobody in my army may do it. There is no need for the change: it springs from ignorance or laziness; and to yield to "popular usage" would here be cowardly. But does it matter, you ask me, Bobby? Yes. Here is a word having a precise, important meaning in criminal causes, especially in the most popular class of crime, which is murder. The Courts will never accept the new meaning of the word, and therefore those who use it wrongly may cause or suffer confusion if they appear in Court, and will not get full enjoyment from the reports of murder cases (for they will not understand them).

And, apart from these practical dis-

advantages, it is silly, Bobby; it is inefficient; it is like saying "His alias is Jim," when you mean that Jim is his name. It is like saying "Four per centum" if you mean "four in every thousand." It is like missing an open goal, or playing across a straight half-volley, or motoring over a policeman on point-duty.

No one would defend these acts as "popular usage." They are unskilful and wrong, and we condemn them. And where we can say with equal confidence (as we can about alibi) that a word is wrongly used we must say so, Bobby, without fear or favour.

I shall say it with especial delight



"OH-THE-ER-THE-THE- DOES IT REALLY MATTER?"

whenever a Latin word is ridiculously used by those who impertinently attack the "unpractical" teaching of Latin. These stupid persons cannot have it both ways. If they condemn the learning of Latin they had better avoid the use of Latin; and if they find, as they will, that they cannot do without it, let them try to use it correctly or we will knock the stuffing out of them—not for their ignorance but for their arrogance.

Let "Free-Lance Journalist" and "Business Man," who write those fierce indictments of the poor public schools where the boys "waste their time on Latin and Greek which will never be any use to them"—let this complacent pair of poops determine, shall we say next Lent, to "give up" the use of naked Latin words (to say nothing of derivatives); and let them pay me a

pound for every Latin or Greek word they use in that time. At Easter, Bobby, I shall buy a yacht.

I love to think of these plain practical fellows, Bobby, trying to struggle through the long, long weeks without alibi and nem. con., inst., ult. and prox, per diem, per annum, per pro, quota, velo, moratorium, referendum, memorandum, ultimatum, agenda, quid pro quo, status quo, sine qua non, cum dividend, anno domini, maximum, minimum, locus standi, casus belli, bona fide, data, strata, prima facie, mutatis mutandis, ceteris paribus, onus, bonus, pro rata, ad lib., ad hoc, ad nauseam, per se, per capita, inter alia, dies non, sine die, verbum sap., viâ, omnibus, re, erratum, non compos

mentis, ab initio, interim (dividend or report), plus, minus, ad valorem (duty), a priori, a fortiori, annus mirabilis, caveat emptor, cui bono?, de jure, de facto, "de mortuis," D.V. (deo vo-lente), deus ex machina, ex cathedra, drama, dramatis personæ, climax, "Ecce Homo," in vino veritas, modus operandi, et seq., vide, ex officio, felo de se, fiat, flagrante delicto, genius, gratis, ibidem, i.e. (id est), in camera, impedimenta, in esse, in extremis, de profundis, in extenso, in forma pauperis, infra dig., in memoriam, ipso facto, in toto, lapsus linguæ, laudator temporis acti, sub judice, locum tenens, Magna Carta, magnum opus, multum

in parvo, habeas corpus, decree nisi, nil, non sequitur, N.B. (nota bene), P.S. (post scriptum), post mortem, e.g. (exempli gratia), nulli secundus, obiter dictum, ol nolloi, pari passu, pater familias, Pax Britannica, per cent., per contra, vox populi, pro bono publico, pro tanto, pro tem. (tempore), Q.E.D., q.v., seriatim, verbatim, "sic," mentum requiris circumspice," stet, sub pæna, sui generis, sursum corda, Venite, Magnificat, Jubilate, Nunc dimittis, "tempora mutantur," terminus, tertium quid, arena, major, minor, index, tu quoque, ultra vires, vice, par, premium, vice versa, a.m. (ante meridiem), p.m., v. (versus), MS., viz. (videlicet), propaganda, censor, Rex versus Smith, animus, honoris causa, ratio, consensus, contra, de minimis, ego, extra, super," inter-, dis-, de-, sub-, addendum, hypothesis, ignoramus, nucleus, in loco parentis, innuendo, interest, ipse dixit,



Maid (calmly, to enraged owner of broken vase). "A Wireless-Lecturer said the other night that such things have no real value—merely a fictitious value in the minds of a small group of eccentrics."

hiatus, lacuna, viva voce, quorum, status, stadium, emporium, et cetera! Golly, what a "dead" language!

It is vain, "Practical" Man, to tell me that these words have become part of the English language and that you know what they mean. You don't. I have told you already of the estateagent who suffered for years the guilty secret that he did not know what "ult." meant or why.* Without a little Latin and Greek you have not had a "practical" education.

By the way, Bobby, I suppose that at your school you are taught (according to the noxious "New" or "Restored" Pronunciation) to pronounce "alibi" "ahlibee" (or something like it). But let me warn you that in the King's Courts they pronounce it "allibigh"—and always will; and you will make a very poor impression on the Judge if, being charged with murder, and pleading self-defence, you say, "My Lord, I have an ahlibee." You may tell your deluded pastors and masters that I said so; and, when the next big murder

comes to brighten the lives of the people, ask your masters whether they think that the accused person has an *ahlibee*. And let me know what happens.

"At this juncture,"* Bobby, having endeared myself to all, I will be silent upon the theme of alibi.

"Commence."

In order to make this word ashamed of itself I pointed out that the Bible does not begin thus: "In the commencement God created the Heaven and the Earth." I am told that two Canons have protested—I do not understand why; for it must be clear that I was appealing to the original text as to a model. Two days later I read that Mr. Justice Bennett (who will receive the Blue Star) had jumped upon "commence" from the King's Bench. He said: "I don't believe it appears in the Book of Common Prayer." And counsel (who will receive a medal) reminded the Court that the Bible does not begin, "In the commencement..."

So the Canons, to whom my respect-

ful salutes, must now carry their complaint to the Courts.

I hope that they will protest too against the official statement of the Church Assembly concerning the new Cinema Christian Council, whose objects include "the raising of the moral and asthetic standards of the cinema with a view to united action to secure," etc. The statement contains some very swampy patches of Jungle English. It begins:—

"For some years past it has been increasingly felt by many of the leaders of Christian opinion in this country that the time has come when steps should be taken to form a council. on an interdenominational basis (gosh!), with the object of focusing Christian thought and action on the subject of the cinematograph. . . ."

The Council, it is clear, will have a busy life during the first few years raising its own "literary standards."

Deadness of Dead Languages.

"Should your order not exceed the sum of 17/6 an additional plusage (/) of 25 per cent. will be charged."

From a well-known London shop.

A. P. H.

^{*}Juncture of what?-ED. Who can tell?-ME.

^{*}I am told that in official correspondence in India, "pro forma" has appeared—plural of pro forma!



New Buller (to underling). "So this is the serciety you keep, William. I give you my word there's not a soul in the room I've set eyes on before."

Protest Against Progress.

What has become of your pristine exclusiveness,
Zennor, our home of primordial peace?
Gone that aroma of cloistered elusiveness—
Mystic Cornubia's shy unobtrusiveness—
Calling us seaward to rest and release.
Vanished our Eden of childlike felicity,
Lost in this era of cheap electricity,
Drowned in an ocean of petrol and grease.

Gone are the days when your rocks and your

Filled the Academy painter with pride; Composite mixtures of oil and machinery Scatter the dust through the gorse and the greenery.

Pushing the pigs and the poultry aside. Holiday hutments and telephone-boxes Blister the hillsides, the home of the foxes; Boots and banana-skins surge like the tide.

Posters proclaiming fresh parking facilities
Blazon the trail for the oncoming host;
Motorists boasting their driving abilities,
Picnicking tourists indulging futilities
Throng round the base of each telegraph-post;
Up every valley and down each declivity
Metalloid monsters of high conductivity
March with their message of Power to the coast.

Perish these portents of tasteless vulgarity!
Cadgwith and Coverack, answer the call!
Treen and Trevalgan, display solidarity,
Spoil the invader and show him no charity—
Morvah, Tremedder, Bosprennis and all!
This is no time for petitions from writing-men;
Kindle the gorse-fires and call up your fighting men!
Sons of Cornubia, conquer or fall!

In Memoriam

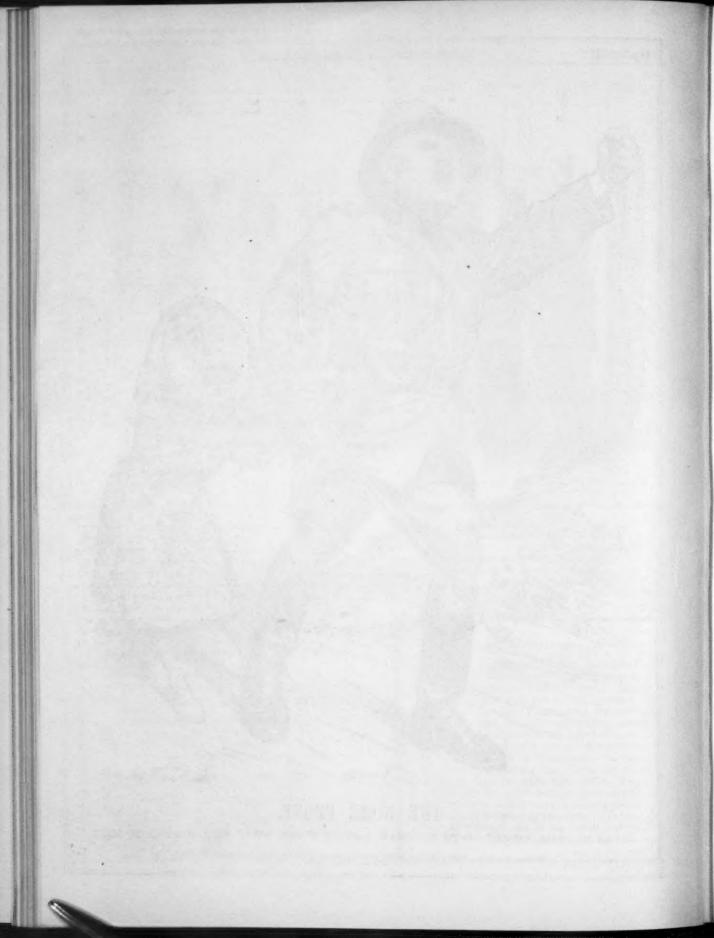
It was with very deep regret that we learned of the tragic death in an aeroplane disaster on July 20th of Arthur Watts, whose delightful full-page drawings are so well known to Punch readers. Mr. Watts, who was born in 1883, began his long association with Punch some years before the Great War, in which he served with much distinction, reaching the rank of Commander in the R.N.V.R. and gaining the D.S.O. at the Zeebrugge Raid on April 23rd, 1918. Two examples of the quiet humour and careful craftsmanship which always distinguished his work are included in this issue. His loss, both as a friend and as an artist, will be most keenly felt.



THE HOME FRONT.

LITTLE MISS LIRA. "DON'T GO TO THE WAR, DADDY: THINK WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME!"

[Italian financiers fear that war with Abyssinia would make devaluation inevitable,]



Impressions of Parliament.

Synopsis of the Week.

Monday, July 22nd.—Lords: Various measures advanced a stage.

Commons: Debate on Navy Estimates.



THE NEW BROOM.

"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky."

Mr. Brown.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—Lords: Debate on Air Raid precautions.

Commons: Debate on Special Areas. Wednesday, July 24th.—Lords: India Bill read a Third time.

Commons: Debate on Mines Esti-

Monday, July 22nd.—Both Houses are going at full pressure in order to

finish their business before rising next week. Already a grousy, salmony sort of look can be detected stealing into the eyes of certain Members, but as yet the urge is under control. In a few days' timenobody will be surprised if one or two of our tweedier legislators bolt suddenly from their seats in the Chamber and canter madly, waving rod and gun, to Euston. Nerves get terribly strained in the political game.

The Lords are inclined to be unhappy about the new expansion of the Foreign Office. To-day Lord RENNELL, with the utmost politeness, suggested that if an offer so improbable of acceptance as the British willingness to sacrifice Zeila had to be made at all. it would have been better to make it through our Ambassador at Rome than through a responsible Minister whose movements inevitably produced a crop of dangerous rumours. Lord NEWTON was also against peripatetic diplomacy, and of the opinion that too much was heard about the League; Lord CECIL defended the Zeila offer and Mr. EDEN's appointment, though he was against Foreign Ministers running about unnecessarily; Lord Pon-SONBY cynically declared that Mr. BALDWIN was overhauling the F.O. to cover up what he described as his volte face about the R.A.F.; and in reply LORD STANHOPE insisted that Mr. EDEN had gone to Rome with full instructions and with information which would have come second-hand through an Ambassador.

Mr. Hall, who opened the debate on the Navy Estimates in the Commons, expressed the Labour Party's feeling that there was no reason why limitation of German armaments could not have been agreed to collectively, but he went out of his way to comfort the First Lord about the catering débâcle on the Maine, which was more than Mr. Greenwood would ever have done.

Once again Mr. LLOYD GEORGE returned to the charge that the Government had not tried its best for the abolition of the submarine, and once again the FIRST LORD, with admirable patience, denied his insinuations, which he said came from an artist at confusing the issue. The Government, he

declared, were trying daily to get the submarine abolished, and in the meantime Germany's offer was a great benefit to ourselves and to the world.

Later in the evening the Supplementary Estimate for the Air Force was agreed to. Although Sir Philip



CLOSE OF PLAY AT LORDS'.
LORD ZETLAND CARRIES HIS BAT.

CUNLIFFE-LISTER told the House that aeroplanes from Government factories cost two or three times as much as similar machines from private firms, this was not enough to damp the fires of academic Socialism, and Dr. Addison begged for national factories.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—The recent Home Office circular describing simple

precautions against air-raids is being met by the Socialists with the criticism that its effectiveness is not sufficient to justify its panicking effect on the public. Lord MAR-LEY put this point in the Lords to-day. Lord FEVERSHAM replied that a new cheap form of respirator was being devised which would give adequate protection, that the Government considered it essential that the public should be aware of the possibilities of air-raids, and that plans are to be developed at a series



A SUBMARINE ENCOUNTER.

MB. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE PARK-KEEPERS' SPORTS.

of conferences in the autumn. Finally Lord Ponsonby observed pontifically that in the eyes of the Opposition the Government had failed to find an adequate means of defending the country against air-raids, but failed to explain why, in that case, his Party opposed the expansion of the R.A.F.

Three speeches marked the trend of the Commons' debate on the Special Areas. Mr. GREENWOOD opened for the Opposition, and alleged that, while the Government had provided an infinitesimally amount small sticking-plaster to hide the gaping wounds of these districts, Mr STEWART was a very public-spirited man who was hopelessly handicapped through the deliberate action of the Government. Mr. ERNEST BROWN, the new Minister of Labour, has hardly had time to master the ramifications of his Department, but to these thrusts he presented the sane argument that the Government was making an impression on a problem which was very grave but not insoluble, and that this was more than their Socialist predecessors had done. And Lord EUSTACE PERCY wound up the debate, twitting Mr. GREENWOOD, as the apostle of planning, for objecting to real planning such as the Corby scheme.

Wednesday, July 24th.—With fervent though not general rejoicing the

India Bill to-day passed through the Lords. The speeches which marked its launching reflected, as usual, the view of the extreme Conservatives that a great Dependency was being handed over to the ravening wolves of unbridled democracy, who would bring it



OUR BACK BENCH WHO'S WHO?

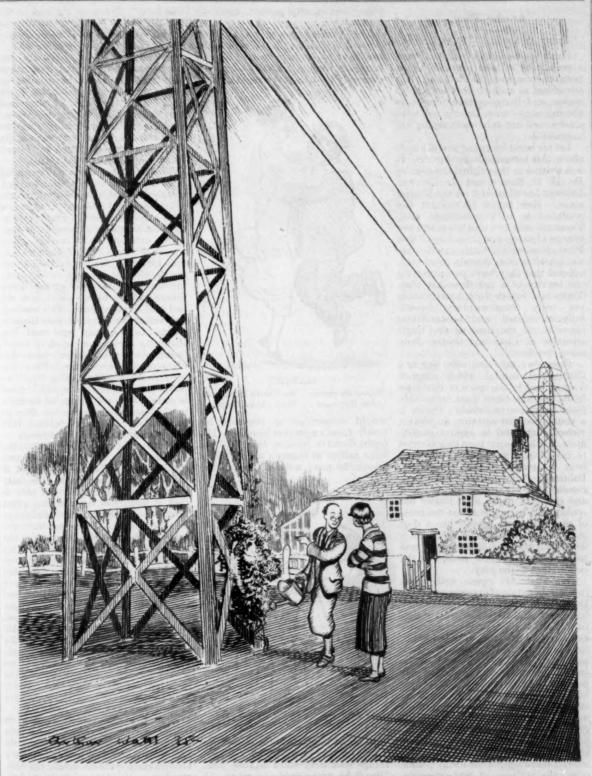
The Prince Of Autumn tints,

Mr. Bracken is the financial barometer Of the Westminster gasometer.

low with blood and sorrow; the view of the Labour Party that the capitalists of India were getting as good a deal as the depressed millions were getting a bad one; and the moderate attitude that, the time having arrived beyond which it would be unworthy for England to postpone further some definite fulfilment of her promises, a great measure had taken shape, after immense research and discussion, which, however imperfect, would provide a firm basis for the political growth of India. In a final summing-up the SECRETARY OF STATE eloquently expressed his hope and conviction that the people of India would accept the spirit of the Bill and co-operate for the advancement of their country.

Lord Linlithgow, who has lately secred a great triumph by getting the windows of the House opened, spoke so vehemently to-day of the appalling atmosphere of the Chamber that Lord Munster agreed to consult the Government's chemists with a view to some form of purification. After all, the air of the meanest cinema in the land is nowadays sponged and pressed before being ladled out to the audience; ar their Lordships to be asphyxiated merely because their seats are free?

In the Commons Captain Crook-SHANK presented a businesslike survey of the work of his new Department.



"IT LOOKS A LITTLE BETTER ALREADY, DARLING!"

At the Play.

"CLOSE QUARTERS" (HAYMARKET).

HERE is a first-class theatrical treat, a present to a jaded town from that home of enterprise, the Embassy. It is advertised as running only for a short season, and if during that time there are any empty seats London will have shown itself not only undiscerning but ungrateful.

Let me begin by giving you the facts about this remarkable production. It was written in the original German by Mr. W. O. SOMIN, and Mr. GILBERT LENNOX has adapted it for the English stage. Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL has produced it with uncommon skill. There are only two characters and one change of scene, and the acting of Miss FLORA ROBSON and Mr. OSCAR HOMOL-KA, a visitor from Austria, is so magnificent that they leave you regretting the brevity of a full three-Act play. Theirs is a superb duet, homogeneous yet truly complementary, beautifully modulated, and accumulating intensity all the time as the tragic situation of Liesa and Gustav Berg-

mann develops.

These two, man and wife, live in a Continental capital which suggests Vienna, and in the space of thirty-six hours we see them pass inexorably from happiness to suicide. Gustav is a voung Socialist agitator, an idealist violently opposed to capital punishment, and he has not been long married to his Liesa, whom he had captured from a smug suburban household. Politically his greatest enemy is Sanders, the Minister of the Interior. and one dark night, after Gustav has spoken in a harangue to his comrades of shooting down Sanders like a dog, the body of Sanders is discovered in a wood through which Gustav has to pass to get home. Sanders' murder is the central fact of the play.

The First Act opens with Liesa running, in a state of extreme agitation, into their shabby little flat just in time to prepare supper before Gustav gets back from his meeting. When he comes he comes flushed with beer and triumph, for has he not just been given a wellpaid job in the Party which entails an immediate remove to a bigger flat and possibly foreign travel? This first happy Gustav, untouched by sorrow, is an amazing performance; Mr. Homol-KA gets away at such a pace of wild gesticulating exuberance that we wonder what effect tragedy will have upon him. Nothing in this first intoxicated ten minutes suggests the awful beaten calm, the stillness of understanding and resignation, which, far more ter-

rible than stormy passion, come to

The wireless news, bringing an account of Sanders' death, strikes the first blow at his happiness. (What a boon are wireless and the telephone, discreetly used, to the economical play-



ALLEGRO.

Gustav Bergmann . MR. OSCAR HOMOLKA. Liesa Bergmann. . MISS FLORA ROBSON.

wright determined to minimise his cast!) Liesa's agitation increases. The bullet found in Sanders' head is of the same calibre as Gustav's pistol. He is known to have walked through the



PIANO.

Liesa Bergmann. . MISS FLORA ROBSON. Gustav Bergmann . Mr. OSCAR HOMOLKA.

wood about the hour of the crime. He is known to have hated Sanders. Things look very black against him. "But," he says, suddenly sober, "I hadn't my pistol with me to-day-it was here." When at the end of the Act Liesa cuts her finger we are not surprised to learn that there are already spots of blood on her handkerchief.

In the Second Act, next day, the Bergmanns have moved into their new flat. The police have taken no action against Gustav, but his Party are making it increasingly clear that they suspect him. During this Act the Bergmanns' nervous tension is worked up until it is almost unbearable, Gustav remaining puzzled by Liesa's behaviour but still unsuspicious.

The Third Act opens unforgettably next morning with Gustav returning. utterly defeated, from a desperate night of tramping and thinking. He has now been expelled from the Party, and at the best his career is ruined. At last, in an extraordinarily moving scene, the truth comes out. Liesa brokenly tells him how Sanders had made her drunk, seduced her and subsequently blackmailed her into giving away Gustav's Party secrets-and how she had had to shoot him. This scene is indescribably well acted, Miss Robson baring Liesa's very soul and Mr. HOMOLKA showing a depth of tragic feeling which makes Gustav's weary disillusionment overwhelming. Then, the wireless news telling them that the police have found a glove which Liesa is certain tallies with one of Gustav's in which she had shot Sanders, they go hand-in-hand, like two children, into the bedroom and shoot themselves.

Surely this was artistically the perfect Curtain, for were those two shots not the full-stops at the end of the Bergmanns' chapter? The only serious fault I find with the play is that it continues beyond this point while two melodramatic tricks are being exploited. No sooner have the echoes of the shots died away than the wireless, which has been left ticking over, comes to life with an announcement that the police have discarded the glove-clue, and a moment later Gustav's missing glove, the initialled one which Liesa imagined she must have dropped by the body, is slipped through the letter-box by an oldclothes-woman who had accidentally taken it away. This all seems to me sheer anti-climax. It establishes no true irony, for if Liesa had not died she might still easily have been caught, and it shatters the beautiful simplicity of the Bergmanns' end.

There are also minor matters to debate, such as the reason why a man who declared that human life was holy habitually carried a pistol, but they become mere quibbles beside the outstanding merit of the play, its production and, above all, its acting. Eric.

"This Desirable Residence" (Criterion).

This Desirable Residence, at the Criterion, is a play rich in character and action, and might have many sub-

or alternative titles, like Forty Years Back, or The Price of a Bishopric. It deals with the year 1895, but not from any real necessity beyond the desire of the author to show in the last scene of all what forty years have done to the characters and to place that last scene in the present year. Otherwise those who are nice about these matters would have dated Mr. Penshott and his family for the 'eighties and been content to end ten years ago.

For Mr. Penshott (Mr. Frederick Leister) is a very mutton-choppy Victorian parent. His wife (Miss Margaret Emden) is fat and foolish, and when we first go inside their home and meet Fraulein (Miss May Agate), the daughters and the maids, and

hear about the curate and the clerks the note of broad comedy quite misleads us about what is to come.

Mr. Penshott, who cannot find the yellow croquet-ball and is absolutely

determined it shall be found; who makes out a precise programme for the annual visit of his clerks to his home and draws up all sorts of formal rules; who makes and enjoys miserable puns, is nevertheless a most able and intelligent man. It falls to him to stop his daughter from a disastrous marriage with one of his clerks, and he acts with immense vigour and sense. He objects to Edward Tramley (Mr. Eric Portman) on a variety of grounds, but the chief is the stigma of his birth, which is in fact irrelevant.

Tramley is a go-getter, the life and soul of ribbon development, happily born before there was much legal power to restrain him; and there is no suggestion, as Mr. PORTMAN shows him to us, that his doubtful origin carries any of the responsibility for his character—one eminently suited to the outer spaces of the Dominions.

The depth and excellence of the play come from the fact that Mary Penshott (Miss MARIE NEY) finds in her romance with Tramley the love of her life. Miss NEY gives from the start a most convincing portrayal of the eldest daughter, upon whom

the home relies, lacking in fire and beginning to fear as her twentyseventh birthday approaches that she is on the shelf. Her younger sister has just become engaged, and *Mary*, looking more for her future children than



SUPPER AT THE VICARAGE; OR, MARY TAKES AN EVENING OFF.

Mrs. Dester Miss Dorothy Hamilton.
Edward Tramley . . . Mr. Eric Portman.
Mary Penshott Miss Marik Ney.

for her future husband, very much wants a romance. She thinks she has found him even when his ideals are to cover her home and garden with new villas. Very well, she will accept that.



A FEW MINUTES LATER.

STUDY OF A VICTORIAN PARENT ASSERTING HIS AUTHORITY.

Mary Penshott . . . Miss Marie Ney.
Mr. Penshott Mr. Frederick Leister.

Here is no tragedy of the Victorian daughter condemned to sad spinsterhood through parental snobbery; only the subsequent lifetime makes plain that in this instance at any rate the Victorian parent saw further and acted

more wisely than his child. What the dramatist has to say is unusual, refreshing, true, and it all makes a capital play. Building development and the Church of England make a good mixed background.

The Rev. Manfred Dester (Mr. HAROLD SCOTT) is a curate at once somewhat absurd and admirable, married to a lady (Miss DOBOTHY HAMILTON) who was not designed by nature for a clergyman's wife but who is well used to battling gamely with that and other handicaps. Mr. MAX ADRIAN as Maurice Martinmas was a huge success and might have stepped straight from the pages of Mr. Polly or Kipps.

Miss Agark made all the points about Fraulein Schmaltz, the governess permanently attached to the Penshott family, her industry, her bustling and quietly assertive loyalty,

her inquisitiveness and the sensible

philosophy of life she has worked out for herself. She finds a full life in the Penshott home, where plenty of character was for ever in gentle or less gentle conflict. Sophie and Lucy Penshott (Miss Peggy Simpson and Miss Kay Astor)—the one modern and of mutinous tongue, the other shy but aggressively musical—and the household staff all have wills of their own.

Only Mary (and East) do we see in old age, when Miss Nev, in a singularly delightful and well-written scene, shows us the life of quiet happiness which the roomy ugly Victorian home. Hersham Rew, embodies and symbolises. The Victorian father could not give happy marriage to all his daughters, but what he could give was well worth having. And no one who had seen Arthur (Mr. CLAUDE HORTON) would regret not having had a son.

D. W.

"The last time I saw his dark, unsmiling face he was striding across Hyde Park dressed immaculately and wearing a silk hat with a forthright energy which those who recognised him considered remarkable."

Gassip Column,

We always wear our topper in a rather lethargical way.



"Oh, don't bother to send the soller. We only live a little way up the hill; we'll take it."

Impossible Stories.

VII.—The Understudy.

Once upon a time there was an actress called Mimi Marabou. To tell the truth, that was not her name; nor, for that matter, was she an actress within the meaning of the Act.

She had made her theatrical début when she was seven, playing with great success the part of a tsetse fly. In this rôle she figured prominently in the "Procession of Imperial Insects" which was such a feature of the pageant organised in aid of The Society for Promoting Tropical Diseases.

At the age of twelve she made her first appearance on the London stage, dancing with thirty other children at a charity matinée. Here she made her mark when, during a ballet entitled Rosebud, Queen of Pixieland, she somehow got into a flat spin and, having looped the loop twice, nose-dived into the orchestra pit. Every mother in the theatre—and the audience consisted of nothing but mothers—rose as one woman and ran shrieking down the

gangways to her aid. Mimi was picked up unhurt and lavishly kissed by everyone, except the big drummer whose instrument she had completely demolished in her fall.

Inspired by these embraces, Mimi took up dancing seriously, and during the next few years practised many hours a day, winding her legs round her neck, hitting herself playfully on the head with the soles of her feet, and doing entrechats until her shins vibrated like plucked harp-strings.

At the end of this extensive training Mimi realised that she had that little something that others hadn't got. What it was she wasn't quite sure, but she had a shrewd suspicion that nobody could scratch their necks with their toes as gracefully or at any rate as violently as she could.

Encouraged by this idea, she proceeded to seek out the nearest manager and told him how beautifully she boxed her ears with her feet.

He removed his cigar from his mouth and stared. "Mebbe," he nodded, "but can you dance?"

Mimi showed him that she could by

tying her calves into a neat clovehitch round her throat.

"That was grand!" he said at the end. "I'll give you a job in my new show."

Thus Mimi found herself in the backrow of the Chorus at the Piccadrome Theatre, in that famous musicalcomedy, The Hi-di-ho Girl. The star was Lucille Camembert, the most entrancing musical-comedy actress of the day. When she danced her feet ran in and out of her petticoats like the littlest of mice, while in comparison those of the Chorus looked like rats' paws.

Mimi would gaze at Miss Camembert with envy and pray for the day—or rather the night—when she too would entrance an audience with her grace and charm. How she longed to be a star! How she yearned to hear the applause, the whistles, the cheers, the catcalls of an ecstatic audience and to receive their gifts of flowers and vegetables! Perhaps, she thought, a prince would ask her out to supper? Perhaps, on the other hand, a fireman would invite her out to tea?

For the time being, however, she had to be content with an obscure position in the back-row of the Chorus and with Bryan Bromage, a chorus-boy who loved her passionately—or at any rate as passionately as a chorus-boy can.

One evening, just after the matinée performance, Lucille Camembert was suddenly "taken queer." Her legs, she said, felt like spillikins and her head like a melon. As the evening drew on her queerness reached such a condition of eccentricity it was obvious that she would be unable to appear that night.

The question then arose: Who should

take her place?

Her understudy had broken her ankle only the day before and had carelessly omitted to have it mended in time.

There was no one to play the part of the "Hi-di-ho Girl." No one, did you say? You have forgotten—or haven't you?—there was Mimi!

And Mimi it was who, nervous as a tadpole, went up to the stage-manager and implored him to let her appear instead of Lucille.

"I know every bit of the play by heart," she urged, "and all Miss Camembert's steps."

After much argument the management gave in, and it suddenly became the "Greatest Night of My Life" for Mimi.

At 8.15 the great theatre was packed to suffocation with people bursting with disappointment or indignation as they read the slips in their programmes and wondered whether they dared to ask for their money back. Their beloved Lucille was "off." Some unknown creature was taking her place. They coughed and fidgeted miserably.

Behind the scenes Mimi was coughing and fidgeting even more miserably. It meant so much to her, this night! She must win through, even if it were only for dear Bryan's sake.

"My love," he lisped through a long false beard (he played the part of a Balkan brigand in Act I., Scene 2: "A Tipsy Encampment)"—"my love, you'll be the greatest success of the age. Headlines in every newspaper: 'Chorus Girl Becomes Star in a Night.' Besides," he added encouragingly, "Rockschmeller, the great impresario, who can neither read nor write, is in front!"

So, that night, to cut a short story even shorter, Mimi Marabou fulfilled all her own and her lover's hopes. She danced charmingly; she sang in tune; she looked lovely. The audience clapped warmly and long, and Mr. Rockschmeller would have clapped too if he had not been fast asleep.



"'OW'S THAT?"

Umpire. "Come, come, Simpson! where are your aitures and what are you appealing for?"

Simpson, "Hell B. W., Sirt"

Next morning the papers mentioned the fact that Lucille Camembert had been indisposed and her place taken by a young and promising dancer called Mimi Marabou. On reading the Press notices Lucille at once made a miraculous recovery and resumed the title-rôle that evening, while Mimi returned to the Chorus.

Since then Miss Camembert has never again been taken queer, and at the end of the play's run Mimi married Bryan and they spent their honeymoon at Pontypool.

Mimi is still happily married, has two children—one called Sarah and the other Bernhardt—and if ever you go to a musical-comedy at the Piccadrome you can still see her, second from the left in the back-row of the Chorus.

In a Good Cause.

THE Annual Cricket Match between Actors and Musicians is to be played (or acted) to-day, Wednesday, July 31st, at the Hampstead Cricket Club, Lymington Road, Finchley Road. Admission to this dramatic contest (to say nothing of numerous side-shows) costs only one shilling, and the proceeds go to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. The players strike up at 11 A.M. and the curtain falls at 6.30.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From John Pennyrind, c/o Pennyrind and Pullings, Exchange Brokers, Kuala Kera, Straits Settlements.

22nd June, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I don't expect you will remember me, but I used to come and play quite a lot of golf at Roughover when I was on leave in 1932.

Since then I have taken on the honorary secretaryship of our golf club out here, and hearing that you are the Mr. Whelk of the "Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club" which are appearing in Punch, I thought you might like to see the enclosed which have been addressed to me at various dates within the past six months.

Kind regards and hoping to be home again in the spring of '36.

Yours very truly, JOHN PENNYRIND.

P.S.—Richard Nutmeg (one of my correspondents) is, I believe, a nephew of Lionel Nutmeg of Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

[ENCLOSURE 1]

From Richard Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service, Kuala Kera.

6th January, 1935.

SIR,—What the devil are the Election Committee playing at? I thought the Club membership was only open to Government servants and the managers of European firms drawing over Straits \$1,000 per mensem.

Kindly note—and you know it full well without being told—that the Honourable Wilmot Fitzcuthbert has not been in the East seven years and even now only signs per pro for his firm.

Yours, Sir,

R. NUTMEG, M.C.S.

[ENCLOSURE 2]

From Mohammed Ali, Junior Clerk to the Hon. Secretary Kuala Kera Golf Club.

Thursday, 24th January, 1935.

Dear Sir,—Mister I am in a botheration Hoo Haa—please Mister my wife with six children and me not feeling up to much, so please mister may I have this P.M. off to attend my revered Uncles 2nd Nuptials?

Please Mister I could write plenty more excuses, but Sir, I am an honest man.

> Yours affectionaletly, MOHAMMED ALI.

[ENCLOSURE 3]

From Eustace Jade, c/o Mann, Tipples and Greeves, Lawyers, Kuala Kera.

13/2/35.

DEAR SIR .- There was-

- (a) No ice in the Bar at 2 A.M. this morning:
- (b) Thirteen flying-foxes round the light in the Entrance Hall at 3 A.M. this morning;
- (c) A herd of elephants trumpeting at me from near the 1st tee when I drove home at 3.30 A.M.

What pleasure can a fellow get out of his golf if you allow these sort of things to go on? ? ? ?

Yours faithfully,

EUSTACE JADE.

P.S.—I saw the spoor of a tiger in a bunker at the 8th yesterday evening. It is high time you began to attend to your job.

[ENCLOSURE 4]

From P. Kumaran, The Calcutta Copra Syndicate, Shipquay Road, Kuala Kera.

4th March, 1935.

Dear Mr. Pennyrind,—Having great regard for gentleman, Mr. Rambakpota, ex Pacific Islands, who making crossing to-morrow A.M. from Java am requesting yourself to golf same at his convenience.

Though relishing coloured peoples not permissioned to play on your course but am greatly hopeful you can accomplish my request. Mr. Rambakpota being nicely mannered and big noises at his copra merchants which means much to me.

Yours faithfully, P. KUMARAN.

P.S.—If you cannot accomplish request, to-morrow's Gold Dollar remittance will be for Mr. Lachlan.

P.S. 2.—Please make quotes by return for 3 mos. sterling bill.

[ENCLOSURE 5]

From Ah Fatt, Head Boy, Kuala Kera Golf Club (by hand and undated).

Tuan,—Please to come quickly for the Cookie and the Tukang Ayer have murdered each other and Mr. Smith is growing impatient for his tiffin.

Your obedient servant.

AH FATT.

[ENCLOSURE 6]

From Vincent Flicker, The Hong Piece Goods Company (1931) Ltd., 12, Jalan Biru, Kuala Kera.

30/4/35. Dear Sir,—Will you please ask the super-hirsute foreigner who was in the Club this evening either to cease drinking beer in public or else have his beard removed.

Yours faithfully,

VINCENT FLICKER.

[ENCLOSURE 7]

From Herbert Bentwhistle, c/o The Pingpong and Bunghigh Banking Corporation, Kuala Kera.

Saturday, 11th May, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I had a slight altereation with Mr. Wilfred Proudneck about the score he returned in to-day's monthly medal.

The details are as follows:-

When playing the 13th Mr. Proudneck pulled his ball into the thick lalang grass on the left of the fairway, from where I distinctly saw him take eight to regain the fairway. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when he told me after holing out that he was down in seven.

On calling his attention to the eight strokes in the rough, Mr. Proudneck unashamedly informed me that six of these had been made while killing a cobra. Naturally enough I was dissatisfied with his remarks and insisted on returning to see the dead body; and, Mr. Secretary, it was as well I did so, for there were only four cuts on the reptile's skin.

I would not have called your attention to this matter had it not been for the fact that (so far as I can gather) Mr. P. returned the best score and mine was the next best.

Yours faithfully, HERBERT BENTWHISTLE.

[ENCLOSURE 8]

From George McGynk, Manager, Mump and Mutch, General Produce Merchants, Kuala Kera.

15/6/35.

DEAR MR. PENNYRIND,—If you do not have the caddies properly clothed there will be trouble. The caddiemaster provided me this morning with a Kling who wore very little more than nothing at all, and it put me off my putting.

Yours faithfully, G. McGynk.

P.S.—Is there any reason why the caddies should not be properly disinfected at least once a week?

G. C. N.



"I'M SORRY THE PLACE IS SUCH A PIG-STY, DOCTOR."

"AH, MY DEAR LADY, THE STY DOESN'T MATTER IF THE PIG'S ALL BIGHT."

Back to the Land.

COME, now, I will leave this tedious scene Of my smug suburban club And seek instead where the village green

Stands close to the village pub; With a holier and more glorious flame

This England of ours will shine
When the simple zeal of the rustic game
Is graced with a style like mine.

The ball will play its craftiest tricks To thwart my elegant bat;

It will break right back from behind the sticks And lay the middle one flat;

It will shoot through the grass at a deadly pace And hurt my sensitive toes,

Or leap from the bounding turf to efface.

The glory that was my nose.

Yet never a ball has dared make war On a villager's life or limb:

It is thoroughly understood before That the hitting is done by him:

That the hitting is done by him; His method is strange and the bat he wields Is as cross as a bat may be,

But there's one tree thrives in our rural fields, And that is the green bay tree.

Ah! true was the word I learnt at school—Not all that glitters is gold;

And a fool looks somewhat less of a fool On a wicket that has been rolled;

And I think I will stay where safety is found In my smug suburban club,

And try to forget that the village ground Stands close to the village pub.



Billingogate Porter. "'OW DID YOU SPEND YER 'OLIDAYS, 'ARRY?"
Ditto (gloomily). "FISHIN'."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Iron-Handed Heiress.

THE not uncommon case of industrial wealth diverted to the under-pinning of feudal bricks and mortar is charmingly dealt with in White Ladies (HEINEMANN, 8/6). This, although in Worcestershire, is not the White Ladies of CHARLES II.'s escape, but another mansion on the edge of the iron country; and Bella Tinsley, heiress of the iron-fields, so far from coveting aristocratic estate with the house thrown in, is prepared to take on social promotion (and other accessories even more uncongenial to her independent nature) for the sake of the house. So the house, wooed, won and lost, and Bella, wooer, winner and loser, dominate a story which relates the ruthless emergence of the plebeian Tinsleys, the squalid Continental exile of the last of the noble Pomfrets and the clash of Bella's backers and opposers during her long campaign on behalf of her heart's desire. A surpassing tenderness for places which allows their lure to overcome even human attachments is a part of the poetic endowment which Mr. Francis Brett Young has triumphantly conveyed to his heroine. From the startling inauguration of her heiress-ship to the final decrescendo of

her fortunes this single-minded and courageous woman holds the centre of a well-trod (and well-set) stage.

Farming and Counter Farming.

Mr. A. G. STREET'S To Be a Farmer's Boy (FABER AND FABER, 5/-) puts the back-to-the-land problem in a new light. He would like to see more farmers, but he knows that farming requires capital and long experience, and he warns those who think it offers an easy life either at home or abroad that failure is more likely than success. But agriculture nowadays provides many forms of employment besides running a farm-forms connected with running the farmer. There is a growing demand for bull-inspectors, milk-marketers, analysts, vets and so on, and most of them, such is the topsy-turvy state of things, can make more than the man who actually farms. You can in fact almost get back to the land without leaving town at all. You can do it from an office. But the farmer's life is what Mr STREET really advocates, and having indicated the opportunities open to those who want a safe salary and can acquire the proper scientific training, he gets down to a really delightful account of the routine on a farm in his own South-West country. He doesn't conceal the hardships, but somehow he endows them with a glamour which may even tend to counteract his good advice.

"Devon and Somerset."

CECIL ALDIN, before he journeyed
To that happier hunting-ground,
Wrote for us Exmoor, since he was

learnéd

About this home of horse and hound;
And here is many an illustration
(Maps as well) of Aldin's best,
And a Witherby publication
Is this book of the golden West.

Here is walking and here is riding
Up the hills and down; and here
Through the coombe go the tufters
chiding

To rouse a runnable deer; Out they drive him on the heather, And we follow far away—

Follow, all in the August weather, From Dunkery Hill to Lynmouth Bay.

Here's the book for you; don't you miss it

If your Exmoor you would know— Know with the knowledge of a BISSETT, Of a COLLYNS or of a SNOW, Or as CECIL ALDIN knew it—

Exmoor and its riding-room— He who loved it, wrote of it, drew it, Shining river and shadowy coombe.

The Haunted Race.

Miss Eva Scott has achieved a considerable success in conveying an abiding impression of the curse of luckless mischance that never ceased to dog all the members of the royal house of STUART. Charming. able, patriotic, almost morbidly conscientious, she shows them all—in Six Stuart Sovereigns: 1512-1701 (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6)lacking some sense of perspective, some sure instinct for fitting action to occasion, that had been the Tudor touchstone for success. It was their tragedy that the narrowness of their failures emphasised their completeness. In her brilliant miniature biographies Miss SCOTT reveals the STUARTS not merely as figures expressing a set policy, solely determined in a masterless age to rule in Church and State by right divine, but as human beings torn by conflicting loyalties, twisted by adverse influences, forced to momentous decisions when

beset by sickness or bereavement. Only in her partisan estimate of James II. is the writer markedly unorthodox, and here she is unable, I think, satisfactorily to account for the complete and sudden downfall. One could wish she had found space for a longer note on those later uncrowned princes to whose exile there came no ending.

High Hearts and Youth.

While Lord TWEEDSMUIR prepares to govern a great Dominion Mr. John Buchan spins his irresponsible yarns. And may he continue to do so, for in *The House of the Four Winds* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) there is no indication that the helm of State is likely to rob the hand which is to



Ship's Librarian. "Here, Lady, is splended book of thrilling. Plenty detective. Many bloodstain. Delicious!"

grasp it of its cunning in fictitious contrivance. Readers of Huntingtower and Castle Gay will welcome old friends in this delectable narrative of the tangled policies of Evallonia, which it takes a bevy of intrepid and ingenious Scots men (and women) to unravel; but the less well instructed will not be greatly incommoded by (though they may properly regret) their neglect of earlier opportunities of entertainment. Anyway, it is the events rather than the people who make them that matter here, though one's heart warms to most of these, and Aurunculeia is surely the nicest elephant in fiction outside KIPLINO. Escapes are as hairbreadth, escapades as hair-raising as ever; nor will anyone complain that the long-bow of romance is often drawn by the long

arm of coincidence when the mark is so well and truly hit. It may also be observed that while Evallonia is a kingdom of pure fancy, its discoverer is at no pains to conceal his actual predilections. The biographer of Montrose rejoices in the triumph of monarchy, and while he smiles at the solemnities of Juventus he is very tender to its aspirations. "High hearts and youth are destiny enough," declared John Davidson; and Mr. Buchan endorses that dogma of his memorable and neglected compatriot.

Epitaph for an Artist.

Mr. Arnold Haskell's careful lively Diaghileff (Gollancz, 12/6) uncovers much that was hidden or in dispute in life and after death concerning that vivid contradictory personality—vain, ambitious, arrogant, reckless, vindictive but generous as friend, as critic and as paymaster; undefeatable (except by physical pain); and above all absolutely single-minded in pursuit of his æsthetic aim. Perhaps later the passion to be in the movement, to avoid growing old and being despised by the arrogant young did

somewhat diminish that integrity. But there was never a trace of avarice in the man. It seems clear that the dominant artistic achievement of our time would have been impossible if the Diaghileff Ballet had been run on deftly-calculated business lineswhich I confess I find a pleasant and a pregnant thought. The sad NIJINSKY embroglio is treated with candour and tact. Yet once the fact of the supreme dancer's malady has been established beyond doubt is it necessary to detail his actions-provocative, ungrateful, hostile-when they were



merely unwilled consequences of a morbid condition?

A Warning to Slimmers.

A pub-keeper's missus of Cassis grew exceedingly fat in her chassis, till a medical bean took a tuck in her spleen, when her beauty made asses of Cassis. That, in rather a poem of a nut-shell, gives you the surprisingly musical-comedy plot from which Mr. RONALD FRASER, than whom no writer is less of a buffoon, spins his new novel, Surprising Results (CAPE, 7/6). To give an adequate idea of his treatment is far more difficult. The book is written in the first person by a scientific philosopher of detached mind but sociable instinct, who from his villa on the hillside sagaciously observes the strange repercussions of Madame Ducroz alarming return to grace, which draw first the little port, then his own friends and finally himself into a vortex of Provençal intrigue; it is not so much funny as rich in a kind of dry intellectual irony which is astringently refreshing, and it gives Mr. Fraser plenty of canvas on which to assemble his wittily-assorted portraits and to demonstrate a number of unexpected experiments in the mental physics of men and women. His prose style is much too lovely to miss, and many others besides the obese wives of innkeepers on the Marseilles littoral, for whom it will have special interests, should delight in this novel.

Two Dilemmas and a Doctor.

The egoist that lurks in all of us is the hero of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' new and excellent crime story; not Dr. McOstrich as he appears to himself—though Dr. McOstrich, cynical and pseudo-scientific, plumes himself on detachment and candour-but the egoist we put sand in our eyes not to see, though he is often sufficiently visible to our neighbours. The point, however, with McOstrich is that he wasn't a notorious skunk. True, his rich father-in-law, propertymonger and mayor of Bridmouth, didn't like him. But then Arthur Mannering didn't like his gallant son, Rupert; and when Rupert was mysteriously murdered, one voice (a discreditable one) had the effrontery to link the bereaved father with the crime. The crime, impervious to Scotland Yard, interested McOstrich, though his wife and patients didn't suspect it; and it is what McOstrich made of the murder (and of a strikingly similar murder that followed on its heels) that is the mainstay of the book. Physician, Heal Thyself (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), is a vivid piece of story-telling,

spacious in effect, economical in handling and not too grisly (I can vouch for it) for a summer night's reading at bedtime.

Island Murder.

James Greer, who helped the Porto Rican police to solve the Murder in the Haunted Sentry - Box (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), had such a "perfeetly articulated mind" that at first I felt no friendliness towards him. A sound set-back would, I thought, do him no harm. But apart from the final scene, which would be more effective if it were shorter, Mr. NEWTON GALE handles

his detective with a skill and discretion that entirely banished my hostility. And it was no simple problem that deductive James had to unravel. Some cruising Americans were taking part in an organised treasure-hunt in Porto Rico when the most important member of the party was murdered, and a very different kind of hunt began. Especially to be praised is the way Mr. Gale transfers suspicion from one to another, and to the end of his ablyconducted chase he kept me wildly guessing.

Hide-and-Seek.

After Vincent Arden had disappeared from England with ill-gotten gains he sought solitude and sanctuary on a tiny Balearic island, but he signally failed to find them. Visitors for various reasons soon began to arrive, and readers of Blue Water Murder (Cassell, 7/6) will discover that at one time the island was strangely and uncomfortably overcrowded. This story of Vincent's evasions is not conspicuously original, but it is helped to emerge from the ruck of adventurous fiction by the ease and frequency with which Mr. Philip Atkey produces complete surprises. And to some readers, who feel that August is a month for rest and change, it may be a relief to know that, although several people took part in the hunt for Vincent, not one of them possessed uncanny powers of deduction.

Charivaria.

An actor has declared that the great open spaces always inspire him. But not, we think, those which occur in the auditorium. * *

"Bacon Talks with Denmark," says

a headline. About Hamlet, we suppose.

On long journeys by motor-car some people suffer from a form of travelsickness. Automobiliousness is the medical name for it.

An expert on turf called into consultation at Lord's has advised that the arena should be harrowed. Harrow v. Leatherjackets is a match to be arranged. ...

tilate grouse," says a news-item. Not before the Twelfth,

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the guards on trains use bugles. In cases of danger, of course, they simply blow the communicationchord. ***

The successful trial of a robot towncrier at Chesterfield is regarded as a big step towards mechanised mayors.

Until voters had elected Miss Peggy VENUS the most beautiful bathing-

belle in Margate they were kept in ignorance of her name. It was thought that otherwise they might have been influenced by the suspicion that she had unfairly risen from the sea.

A steeplejack considers his work less dangerous than crossing a London street. Still, we can't all be steeplejacks.

Mr. L. S. MACKIE, of Otakeho, New Zealand, tames fish. We should like to see him make a real pal of a dogfish.

A professor of English declares that the letter "R" has an ugly sound about

it. All thinking oysters will support

"Sportsmen vensurely ? * * In parts of China

"SPEAKIN' OF THE ICE OF 'EARTS, WOULD ANYONE LAKE Bountiful Hostess. A STRAWBERRY ACE?

rissoles' of yesterday?" asks a seaside caterer. Not in the Irish stew of to-day, we hope.

An American says he first met his wife during a cyclone. Another of those whirlwind courtships.

A newspaper-reporter had his wallet thyme will do.

stolen by a pickpocket at a racemeeting last week. It would seem that they were both there to take notes.

The rates for telephoning to New York have been reduced from six to four guineas. This means a terrible reduction in the amount Scotsmen

save by writing.

A rare postagestamp was recently exhibited at a London night-club. Later, we understand, it was removed and dancing became possible.

At a revolverduel in Bucharest one of the contestant's gloves was damaged. We can only exhort duellists to be more careful.

"Prisons are nothing but schools nowadays," says a magistrate. But one old pupil complains that the terms are too long.

"What can be better than a really lazy week at the seaside?" asks a gossip-writer. Two.

"A National Mark for Perry" is an-Lawnnounced. tennis fans think he deserves it.

An M.P. has reminded an audience that even the meek will inherit the

"Where are the old boarding-house earth. If ever they do they will inherit a crop of problems that no meek man could hope to handle.

> "Cuttings of herbs should be placed in the ground now," says a gardener, but only the best varieties are worth the trouble." This is sound advice for those people who think that any old

Impossible Stories.

VIII.—The Private Secretary.

ONCE upon a time there was a man called Rodney Carstairs, of the firm of Carstairs and Bromwich, Jute Brokers, and he worked in an office in the City, broking jute. When I say "worked," I mean that he arrived at the office every morning just in time to go out for luncheon and left every afternoon just in time to get home for tea. Between whiles he did the two crossword puzzles in his morning and evening papers.

Occasionally—say about twice a week—he found it necessary to deal with his correspondence, and because he was so frightfully rushed and overworked and tired he employed a secretary to assist him.

This secretary, Amanda Carruthers, sat in a pen just outside Rodney Carstairs' room, and when he rang his electric-bell—the one and only electric thing about the office—she would smooth her gently undulating chestnut hair, powder her Grecian nose and, picking up a jot-pad and pencil, creep through the dividing door and take a seat by her employer's desk.

Rodney Carstairs would eve her sorrowfully and nervously finger his tie, which was definitely of the Old School variety. Miss Carruthers always made him feel nervous, because she undoubtedly held the lowest opinionif, indeed, any at all-of his literary efforts, and this was hardly to be wondered at. Rodney was in the habit of dictating letters which began: "I should jolly well hope you would pay me, old thing!" and ended: "Yours to a cinder. Cheerio!" When, however, they came back to him for signature after Miss Carruthers had dealt with them, they looked quite different. "Sir," they began, "we should esteem it a favour if . . ." and "Gentlemen, we trust you will be able to see your way to . . . " and they ended "We have the honour to be Your obedient servants . . . It was most disconcerting.

Rodney, however, had gradually got used to this. For three years Amanda and he had sat side by side at the office table, dictating and being dictated to. Bowing her beautiful head over the jot-pad, she had tenderly mended for him the infinitives that he so thought-lessly split and corrected the many grammatical lapses into which he so naturally fell.

There was nothing Amanda did not know about Rodney. His business affairs of course were an open book to her, and many a time had she saved

the firm from disaster by either not listening to what he said or not doing what he told her to do.

In addition, Amanda knew all about Rodney's home-life, for he had often described it to her at length when his powers of dictation failed and he was at the moment unable to think of anything else to say. His wife—for of course he had a wife—was a blonde, with big china-blue eyes and a perfect figure. She liked dancing and going to parties and having a good time and wearing lovely clothes.

"She looks tophole in the evening," said Rodney proudly, "especially when she wears her rubies."

Amanda smiled at him understand-

"I'm sure she does, Mr. Carstairs," she said softly. "And how are the kiddies?"

"Oh, they're fine. We never see them if we can possibly help it, but we love them very dearly."

"Quite," Amanda agreed. "I adore babies," she continued simply; "they are so sweet."

Rodney nodded. "You ought to get married, dear," he smiled. "You're pretty enough, at any rate." Amanda giggled shyly.

"Funny thing," her employer continued, leaning forward on his desk, "we've sat here together for three years and I've never asked you if you're happy. I've never treated you as a human being at all, have I? Are you happy, Amanda?"

He called her by her first name for the first time. She lifted her head and for a moment their four eyes met, the light in them fusing in a fashion calculated to cause grave concern to the local power-station.

Was it love?

Rodney's heart beat like a tom-tom. Throwing discretion to the winds, he seized Amanda's right hand and planted thereon a series of passionate kisses, receiving in exchange several jabs in the face from the pencil she was holding and a light blow on the back of the head from the jot-pad.

"Amanda!" he cried, "I love you!"
For a while they both stood as it
were turned to stone. Rodney was the
first to recover.

"It's that second glass of port at luncheon," he explained apologetically—a remark which was not perhaps in the best of taste.

"No, no," cried Amanda, "it was my fault entirely. I led you on. Come, Mr. Carstairs," she added bravely, resuming her seat, "let us continue what we were doing. Let us strive to forget this folly in hard work. 'Dear Sir,'" she read from her note-book,—

"'We are obliged by your favour of the 4th ult. . . . "

"You're a ripping little girl," sighed Rodney, and there the matter rested.

But did it? Had Cupid sown a seed of love in the garden of their hearts? Did Rodney suddenly awake to find that Amanda was indispensable to his happiness? Had he at last learned to appreciate his secretary's devotion? Were his eyes opened to her feminine allure? Did he at length perceive that she was in fact a woman?

(Hush! Don't ask so many questions. It is very distracting.)

One Monday morning Rodney arrived at the office looking very weebegone. His usually ruddy cheeks were unshaved and his old school-tie appeared, if possible, even older than ever,

"Heavens, Mr. Carstairs!" cried Amanda, eyeing him with alarm. "Is something amiss?"

"Miss Carruthers—Amanda, my wife has left me!"

Amanda reeled. "Impossible!" she cried. "You must go and seek her at once and point out to her the duty that she owes to you and your four innocent bairns."

Rodney shook his head sadly. "I fear," he said, "that she has in every sense gone too far. And in any case I have only three bairns."

Amanda was very upset. "Who will look after you now, Mr. Carstairs?" she wailed. "And who will sing your tiny tots to sleep?"

"Who indeed?" said Rodney.
"I hate to be disloyal," Amanda continued, "but poor Mrs. Carstairs has always misunderstood you. She never appreciated your fine qualities, did she? Dear Rodney!" she added, pressing his shoulder gently.

Rodney sighed. "I have lost everything!" he said.

"Are you sure?" asked Amanda, a trifle briskly.

"Perfectly," retorted Rodney crossly.
"You still have your poor old secretary," Amanda reminded him.
"Is there anything that I can do to heal your wound?" she inquired hopefully.

"There is indeed, dear Miss Carruthers," said Rodney.

"What is it?" she asked coyly.
"Please go and get me an aspirin."

Eighteen months later Rodney Carstairs fell in love with a rich widow named Mrs. Peterson, married her for her money, and left the City.

Miss Carruthers eventually married Mr. Bromwich.

They are now living at Sydenham, and from their bedroom-window can get a wonderful view of the Crystal Palace. This seems rather a pity. V. G.



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BANK HOLIDAY BADINAGE.

ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINER AND ITALIAN ICE-CREAM VENDOR (in unison). "WE MEET AT ADDIS ABABA, THEN."



"QUITE A LOT OF NATURE ABOUT HERE, ISN'T THERE, MUMMY?"

Men of Letters.

From Frank Novice, "The Muse," Chippingham, to Professor Typit (Founder of the Ultimate School of Journalism), Cornucopia Crescent, London.

5th July, 1935.

Dear Sir,—I took your first lesson last night as directed, but cannot record any positive result as guaranteed in your advertisement "Why Not Write? It is a Pleasure to You and a Profit to Me." Three hours at my typewriter produced nothing but weariness. I then went to bed and dreamed I was drinking Burgundy through a straw. I am not satisfied.

Yours faithfully, FRANK NOVICE.

From Professor Typit (Founder of the Ultimate School of Journalism) to Frank Novice.

6th July, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. Do not let the apparent absence of positive results worry you. Why not utilise your dream? You could write an article on Burgundy (the province) for one of the well-bred weeklies, and a short brochure under some title such

as "A Month in Burgundy on £9 19s. 11d." might be accepted by one of the travel agencies.

Remember the secret of success is to develop an idea in every possible direction, vide my slogan: "Subjects in Stones and Words in Everything." (See "You Too Can Earn from £5 to £500 a Week," Ch. IV., p. 10, price 3/6, post free).

I shall be glad if you will forward your first cash instalment of £3, which is now due.

> Yours faithfully, PERCY TYPIT.

From Frank Novice to Professor Typit. 9th July, 1935.

Dear Professor Typit,—Thank you for your letter. I think I am beginning to understand your method. I have written the two articles you suggested; also "Wine from the Vine" (a well-documented description of wine-making, with statistics of export, import, output and intake), which should stimulate most readers, and "Bottled Ruin," which confirms temperance reformers in their worst hopes.

Yours faithfully, FRANK NOVICE.

P.S.—That makes four!

From Professor Typit to Frank Novice.

11th July, 1935.

Dear Mr. Novice,—Thank you for your letter. Your progress is most satisfactory. Four is quite fairly prolific, but might I suggest a more serious theme? A short article on the working-man in Burgundy, embodying an attack on capital, should appeal to the Labour Press.

I shall be glad if you will forward the amount due in respect of your first instalment (as per Rule 6, p. 17 of Prospectus).

> Yours faithfully, PERCY TYPIT.

From Frank Novice to Professor Typit.

13th July, 1935.

Dear Professor Typit,—A splendid idea! I have written "The Working Man"; also "The Peasant-Holder: France's Backbone," which should interest a Conservative or possibly a Medical journal.

That makes six. I think it about exhausts the theme of Burgundy.

Yours faithfully, FRANK NOVICE. From Professor Typit to Frank Novice. 15th July, 1935.

DEAR MR. NOVICE, -Nonsense! Six is splendid, but you have ignored Romance. (See "Supplementary Fiction Course," price 5/6 post free.) I suggest an historical novel with Burgundy for setting, and a short love-story with similar background.

Please forward at your earliest convenience a cheque in respect of your first instalment (£3), which is overdue.

Yours faithfully. PERCY TYPIT.

From Frank Novice to Professor Typit 16th July, 1935.

DEAR PROFESSOR TYPIT,-Right again! I have begun Red Rose of Burgundy (an enthralling tale about a girl named Rose with revolutionary leanings), and contemplate a simple love-story, Coming Thro' the Vine (dealing with the betrothal-or betrayal, I have not yet decided which-and marriage of a beautiful and inherently virtuous maiden). I also contemplate Sour Grapes, a humorous sketch for the B.B.C., and a one-Act play, The Nap-Sack (dealing with hiking and "bundling" in Burgundy).

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have made and have found your advice most valuable

> Yours faithfully, FRANK NOVICE.

From Professor Typit to Frank Novice. 17th July, 1935.

DEAR MR. NOVICE.—I beg to draw your attention to the fact that the first instalment payable on commencement of my Correspondence Course became due on July 5th (£3).

I shall be glad if you will forward remittance immediately.

Yours faithfully. PERCY TYPIT.

From Professor Typit to Frank Novice. 23rd July, 1935.

DEAR MR. NOVICE,-With reference to our previous correspondence, I must ask you to forward a remittance in immediate settlement of your first instalment (£3).

PERCY TYPIT.

From Professor Typit to Frank Novice. 29th July, 1935. DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that

I am delighted with the progress I failing the receipt by return of your remittance for the first instalment (£3) payable on commencement of my course, I shall be forced to place the matter in the hands of my solicitors.

Yours faithfully, PERCY TYPIT.

From Mrs. Kate Smythe, "The Muse," Chippingham, to Professor Typit.

30th July, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-Mr. Frank Novice has given up his room in this house and gone abroad. He did not leave any address, but said something about Burgundy.

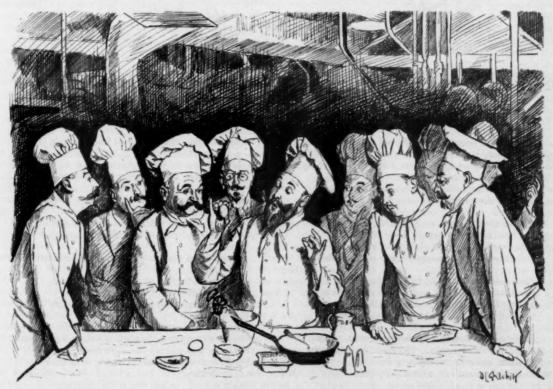
> Yours faithfully, K. SMYTHE.

Will The Admiralty Apologise Again?

"Exhausted by lack of food since his escape from Moretonhampstead Chinese art treasures believed to be worth £5,000,000 when it arrives at Portsmouth in the cruiser Suffolk to-day."—News Item.

"To-night we are due to see another of Elstree's more ambitious opuses— 'The Student's Romance.' "—Trade Magazine.

The young student himself thought it should be "opi.'



"Please follow me closely, gentlemen; you are about to witness scrambled-egg history."



"YOU KNOW, MUMMIE, ON'Y MINES FRET REALLY LIKES BATHIN'."

From Hamlet's Windows-Cowes.

DIFFERENT you look on different days as you pass through our sheltered stations,
Curtseying on in an August blaze or blustering by in a souttering haze,
Summer and winter you go your ways
To your divers destinations.

Five o'clock Friday round Calshot draw nigh Three orange fingers, a body of blue, Heading for Africa, fade down the sky, "Prosit" (in Lapsang), "Safe journey to you!"

Saucy six-metre, with Owner aboard, Glittering Ratsey and Charvet, heels by, Owing for all that you cannot afford, Flashing the latest in boot-tops, you fly.

Bashing the waters with bow and with stern
Buried in silver . . . the speed-boat is gone,
Passing again in her arrow return
Elderly paddlers, who staidly plod on.

Solemn grey line, and His Majesty's ships Furrow the fairway, right distance apart, Lovely new cutter, just out of the slips, Joy, hope and darling of somebody's heart.

Lean-middled tanker and leisurely barge Carrying acres of ochre-tanned sail; Fishing-smacks, little and medium and large, Battle-scarred, weary from many a gale.

Down from the East comes the merchantman's pride,
Purposeful, silent and solid as rock,
All-independent of wind and of tide,
Speaking to no one she swings to her dock.

Kaleidoscope pageant, with Solent for stage!
So you were sailing when Vectis was named,
So you will sail till the log's final page,
When the last sailorman's soul shall be
claimed!
K. D.

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

IV.-Character of the English.

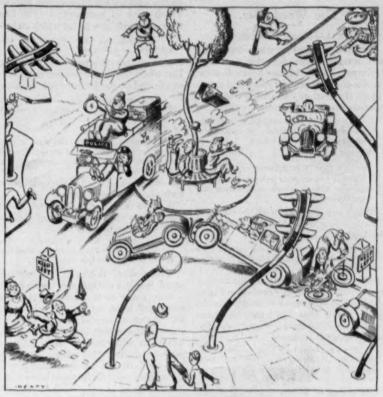
"THE English," said Monsieur Paul, "are, as your Monsieur Shaw never wearies of pointing out, a stupid race. and the reputation for cunning which other nations have accorded them is entirely undeserved. The English get the better of other nations only because what they do is so inept that the other nations cannot believe that they will do it. When I myself first came to England and opened my restaurant in your Quartier Latin of Soho, my head was naturally full of the idea of Perfide Albion. 'Among such people,' I said to myself, 'one must watch one's step and keep a sharp eye on the cash.' It was this misconception of the national character which accounts for the fact that I was once deceived by an Englishman.

"It happened in this way. evening at about nine o'clock a man came into the restaurant and sat down at a table by himself. He was a little thin man, with a black coat, high collar and bowler hat-the very picture of petit bourgeois respectability. Except that he was later than is usual among my clientèle, he was in no way con-spicuous, and I put him down as a little clerk. The dinner he ordered was unusual only in its excessive dullness -the rosbif and cabbage which he might have had worse cooked in his own house any day. 'Here,' I said to myself, as he demanded a glass of water, 'is a man without imagination and without sensibility-a man too inert to be anything but honest.'

"The little man ate his dinner and drank his water without the least appearance of enjoyment or even satisfaction. He never raised his eyes from his plate, he never smiled. 'Why,' I asked myself in indignation, 'does a man who has no more appreciation of food than a mineing-machine come to a restaurant where the chef is an artist? The thing is an insult!'

"The fellow lingered over his coffee until the majority of the other guests had departed and I was becoming impatient to close the house. Then he folded his napkin and asked for his addition. I brought it and he put his hand into his breast-pocket for his note-case. Without the slightest change in his expression he brought it out again empty. He felt in a desultory manner in his other pockets and at last he shrugged his shoulders.

he shrugged his shoulders.
"'It seems, Monsieur,' he said without emotion, 'that I have lost my
money. I invariably keep my notecase here in my breast-pocket and it



TOPICAL SLANDERS.

AN OFFICIAL FROM THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT TAKES A WEEK-END HOLIDAY.

has gone. Fortunately there was not more than a pound in it, but as things are I fear I cannot pay your bill. I am prepared, however, to give you an I.O.U., which will be redeemed not later than to-morrow. Or, if you will not accept this, you are of course at liberty to summon the police.'

"I looked at the little man, as you may imagine, in some astonishment, and I reasoned as follows. 'In the first place,' I said to myself, 'he cannot be an ordinary poor man. The poor man who has lost his money is not so unruffled. He leaps to his feet, he tears his hair, he turns pale, he weeps. On the other hand, to suppose him a villain who has no intention of paying is ludierous. For the villain who is risking the discovery that he is stealing a dinner will not endanger himself for rosbif and a glass of water. On the contrary, he will run the gamut of the menu, he will test all the resources of the cuisine, above all he will inevitably order half-a-bottle of champagne. Then, if he is neither an honest poor man nor a scoundrel whose intention it is to rob me, it follows that he is a man of means to whom the loss of a pound is of no consequence.' And here my knowledge of English hypocrisy came to my aid. 'Doubtless,' I said to myself, 'this is some eccentric milord whose whim it is to go about the town dressed as a clerk.' Very satisfied with my own astuteness I banished from my mind all thoughts of the police.

"'Your lordship,' I said, to show that I had penetrated his disguise, 'I much regret the inconvenience the loss of your money has occasioned you. As for my bill, do not think of it. Send your footman with the amount to-morrow, or next week, or at any time that is convenient to you.'

"Thank you,' he replied, smiling for the first time. 'I will send my butler in person to-morrow without fail. It is very considerate of you to dispense with the formality of summoning the police. Be sure,' he smiled again, 'that I will recommend your hospitable house among my acquaintance.'

"Needless to say the butler did not appear the next day, nor the next week, nor at any other time. But when I had discovered that during our conversation the milord had taken the opportunity to pick my pocket, I had ceased to expect him."

The Word War.

XXI.-MORE OFFICESE.

Scores of good warriors have sent me warm wishes for the battle of Officese. Typist blames business-man; business-man accuses typist, and meanwhile the nation's wealth is wasted in meaningless and unwanted words.

"We have to acknowledge with thanks your letter of the 1st inst., the contents of which have been duly noted."

Why "we have to"?

"HOT-WATER BOTTLES.

I thank you for your letter in connection with the above, which is receiving my careful attention."

Why "in connection with the above"? The heading indicates the subject of both letters.

"We are in receipt of your letter of the lat instant, contents of which will receive our attention."

One point of curiosity in this kind of correspondence is the trouble and time devoted by the writer to informing the other fellow that his letter has been read (or will be read). Sometimes the whole story is repeated:—

"We are obliged by your favour of the lst inst. notifying us that you were arranging to send a representative as requested in our letter of etc., etc."

In a file of letters covering many months the words employed in assuring A that B has not only duly received A's favour but duly noted its contents as well must be counted in hundreds.

Now, if they were corresponding with Bohemians and literary men, who, notoriously, do not open their letters for many days, and, having opened, do not always read them, I could understand this practice. But A and B have been dealing with each other for many years: they are eagerly engaged upon a particular transaction from which both hope to extract profit; and I should have thought that each might safely assume that the other, having received his letter, would not throw it unread into the waste-paper basket.

But I am informed that the business-correspondence formulæ are devised not only to save time (which evidently they do not achieve) but to show courtesy. For business men have sensitive natures, and if the other fellow does not continually assure them of his best attention they may break off negotiations without a word of warning. Many a fine merger, they tell me, has come to nothing because a careless typist omitted a "duly," a "favour" or an "immediate consideration."

I understand that. But is it really so very courteous or conciliatory to bom-

bard a man with rubber-stamp phrases which stink of insincerity? The first time one receives a letter which ends—

"Assuring you, dear Sir, of our best attention at all times,"

a comfortable glow pervades the body. But when one finds the same assurance at the end of the letter which begins—

"We are wholly at a loss to understand the failure of your firm to implement the undertaking," etc.

"We are surprised by the tone of your favour of the 5th inst., and are quite unable to accept the statement of the position as therein set out . . ."

the endearing powers of that particular formula are at once diminished.

I have a letter before me which informs me that my favour of the 5th inst. has been opened

". . . in Mr. K—'s absence. The matter will have his immediate attention in the course of a few days."

You follow, Bobby? "Immediate attention" for me has now no meaning. Surely the most courteous letter is composed in as careful English as the writer can command; and it suggests to the recipient not that the same letter has been addressed to fifty different persons during that same morning, but that it has been specially and lovingly devised for him and him alone?

EXERCISE.

With these thoughts in your mind examine and comment upon the following passages, taken from an actual correspondence:—

"We note that you will let us have the necessary estimate in due course, and shall be obliged if you are able to arrange for same to be delivered as soon as possible."

Why not-

"Thank you. We hope that you will let us have the estimate as soon as you can"?

"Referring to your letter of the 2nd August I am giving the matter immediate attention and will write you further as soon as possible."

Why not-

"Thank you for your letter of August 2nd.

I am doing what you wish	
I am acting as you suggest I am looking into the matter	and I will write to
I am making inquiries	you again
I am eacking the driver	as soon as
I am engaging the girl	I can"?

"HOT-WATER BOTTLES.

With reference to the above matter I should like an opportunity of discussing same with you."

Why not-

"Could we, please, have a talk about hotwater bottles"?

"Hot-Water Bottles. I should like to have a talk with you"?

"We are ascertaining for you the information regarding . . ."

Why not-

"We are getting the information you want about . . . "?

"Will you please let us hear if you have sent any previous advice on this point, as we do not seem to be able to trace same?"

Why not-

"Did you write to us about this matter before? We can find no trace of an earlier letter"?

"We shall be glad if you will consider this proposition and let us know if you are prepared to take advantage of same."

Why not-

"We hope that you will consider this suggestion (scheme, proposal, offer) and let us know if you like it "?

"Prepared to take advantage of same . . ."; "in connection with the above . . ."; "will write you further . . .": "immediate attention . . ."; "kindly advise me in due course . . ."—these wheezy locutions have neither speed nor grace, they are neither friendly nor efficient. They are the language of out-of-date automatic machines. Nobody expects an automatic machine to be elegant; but at least it ought to work.

Yet this same language is taught in books. The wretched learner of shorthand, as he approaches the highest degree of skill, is set to practise on this kind of prose:—

"We-thank-you-for-your esteemed orders in-the-past, and-we-trust that-we-may still be favoured with your patronage in-the future. It-will-be our endeavour to-carry out to-the best-of-our-ability and-with-the utmost care any order with-which you may entrust us.

We-enclose full range of linens and-willthank-you to select-the quality desired . . ."

"We-have-your-favour of-yesterday, and regret to-find that your complaints are well founded. Through some misunderstanding with-the makers, your uppers were got up extra light, whereas they should-have-been-the reverse. Under-the-circumstances, we-shall-be only too-pleased to-accept your proposal for a reduction. . . . Awaiting your further favours and assuring you of-our best attention . . ."

"We-are-at-present desirous of-transferring . . ."

"I-regret to see-the contents of-your communication of the 8th instant relative to-the-manner-in-which our new gas stove has-been received up to-the-present in Leicester and district. . . We-are still unadvised of-their having been sent off."

We-beg* to-draw your-attention to-the fact that-we-have now on-hand a large variety of novelties for-the coming season... and-we-feel sure they-would-be worth your while to stock, as we expect a large demand in-these-lines during-the-next month or-

* Why is there so much "begging"? Is this for courtesy or speed?



PULVIS ET UMBRA: THE END OF THE CLOSE SEASON FOR AMATEUR ARCHÆOLOGISTS.



OUR PAGEANT.

Pageant-Master, "This is your palprey, Madam, Mount, if you please, and amble gently through the crowd right up to the castle gate."

Shades of the jargon-house begin to close about the growing boy—"esteemed orders," "valued cheques," "unadvised," "every satisfaction." Perhaps we are here on the track of the real culprit. The harassed "business man" tells his trained secretary to "answer that," and she, or he (unless, like my gallant warrior, "Typist," she has a wit and a will of her own), automatically produces the language of the shorthand school. I cannot tell. But I "beg" to suggest that there may be matter here for the esteemed and immediate attention of the Board of Education.

Culture in the U.S.S.R.

I do not know whether to laugh or cry. I "am in receipt of" a letter from the International Book Company, Moscow, inviting me to buy four or five "cultural" papers, describing (in English) "the opportunities of unhampered cultural expression[s] under a new economic rule." This letter is extremely

cultural and lofty in tone, and, as I read it, I felt that I saw the Dawn at last. But it is concluded thus:—

"We trust you will afford us the opportunity of serving you, and in anticipation of your esteemed order, we remain,

Yours very truly, MEZHDUMARODNAYA KNIGA. Export Department."

You must write-

So much for the Dawn!

To say-

GLOSSARY OF BRIEF COMMERCIAL TERMS AND PHRASES.

We thank you We beg to acknowledge.

	COMMISSION WIGH.	
Make inquiries	Institute the necessary	
Understand, realize.		
Cinteratuna, reutize.	Appreciate.	
Tell, inform	Advise,	
Your second letter .	Your further favour.	
A man		
We received	We are in receipt of.	
We believe, think	We are of opinion.	
We agree	We are in agreement.	
It	The same.	
Some, much	A substantial percent	

Give details Furnish particulars.

Of to-day Of even date.

You — swine !.. Your good selves.

P.S.—Too late for adequate comment, I have received an admirable homily on "the above," which has been distributed to the staff at Bournville by Mr. P. S. CADBURY. He will receive the Emerald Star.

A. P. H.

A London Glory.

Passing Westminster Abbey the other day, I noticed with alarm that the north entrance was being painted white. Not scraped and cleaned, as St. Martin's-in-the-Fields had been not long ago, but painted. "An outrage," I thought, "but none the less I must go in again." And as I did go in again, the renovation may perhaps be looked upon as particularly successful publicity.

Inside I am glad to say there has been more reverence, for I found

Henry VII.'s chapel fresh from the hands of pious attendants, whose cleansing work was pure. Never has this lovely building-within-a-building been so satisfying, and, forgiving all the foolish energy of the brushes dabbing at the north entrance, I absorbed its beauty anew. In fact I am now thinking that the term Westminster Abbey ought to be forgotten altogether and we ought to call this famous resort "Henry VII.'s Chapel with Accessories" and thus make it an even more

powerful magnet.

There were many visitors in the Abbey, but if the glories of HENRY VII.'s Chapel were better known there would be far more. I admit that to refer as "Accessories" to the enthronement chair and stone from Scone; to the treasures of the Sanctuary; to the shrine of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR; to the tombs of HENRY III. and ELEANOR OF CASTILE, so finely contrived of coloured Purbeck marble with the gilt figures on the top; to the tombs of EDWARD III. and RICHARD II.; to the tomb of MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS; to the tomb of QUEEN ELIZABETH; to the famous dead in Poets' Corner-I admit to refer as "Accessories" to such relics as these, not to mention the whole historic structure, would be absurd; but none the less I feel sure that the exquisiteness of King Henry VII.'s Chapel has never been sufficiently appreciated, while at the moment, made once more so young, it has to be seen again. You visit it for the perfection of its Tudor Gothic proportions; for its intricate and now shining roof; for its carving and statues; for its stalls and banners of the Knights of the Bath; and for the bronze tomb of HENRY VII. and his Queen, designed by PIETRO TORRIGIANO. PIETRO TORRIGIANO MAY not have been as delicate and sensitive as ALFRED GILBERT-I doubt if he was-but he was a noble fellow and he did it first.

Finding myself again in the Abbeyshould say, among the Accessories-I thought I would see all. I saw the infant children of James I., one actually in her alabaster cradle; I saw the Essex ring recently added to Queen ELIZABETH's tomb; I saw the narrow passage where are the memorials to CROMER, to MILNER and to CURZON; I climbed again to the room where the wax figures abide, gay in restoration, and again thought how real looked OLD ROWLEY and how persuasive was the representation of Nelson; I saw the bust of Adam Lindsay Gordon, set up last year in Poets' Corner; I saw the museum in the cloisters on the way to the School, where the wooden funeral effigies of several English Kings are

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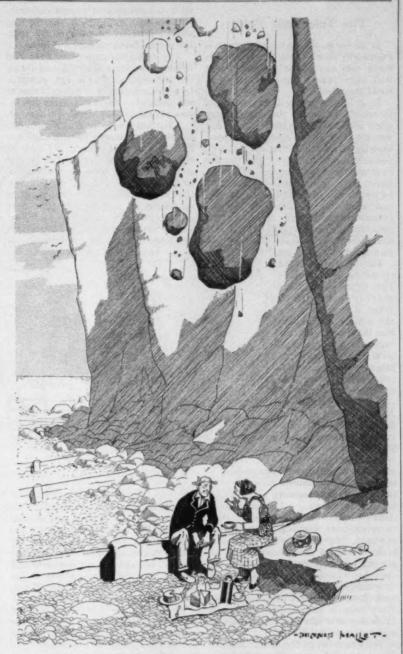
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"WILL ONE LUMP DO FOR YOU, MR. POTTER?"

preserved and where a facetious official makes the same joke to-day that he made yesterday and will make to-morrow; and, coming away towards the Dean's retired pleasaunce, which everyone covets, I suddenly found myself standing on the floor tomb of PHILIP CLARK, the plumber of this collegiate church, who died in 1707. The plumber! I hope that on that final day he was

in time and had not forgotten his implements. E. V. L.

Golf Hint That Ought to Cure Anybody.

"I fixed up this cure:—Take the left arm along the body; take back the club with right as well as left; open the face much less (in fact, hold the face nearly shut on the ball), and hit with the head down and chin behind the ball."—Sunday Paper.

The Telephone Voice.

In Bawnoge the march of progress is necessarily slow. If the forward movement was any faster progress might well have passed the place before it could stop itself.

In at least one case it has even had to retire, baffled by the conservative spirit of thirty-odd inhabitants. That was the affair of the machine-wrapped bread, guaranteed untouched by hand, and sent out to the little village by the hygienically-inclined baker of Ballykealy, only to be rejected indignantly by people who prefer to see-and feeljust what they are buying. Of the baker's action in supplying a laudatory circular with the innovation it was said disapprovingly, "Tis too well-read that man is; that's what mostly ails him."

The installation of the telephone in Bawnoge's Post Office was another matter altogether. When a few years ago the authorities decided that the ivy-covered cottage was to be linked with the distant head office by telephonic communication, there was nothing that anyone could do to prevent it. No one indeed had any deep desire to prevent it, except the harassed Post - Mistress, whose repeated announcement that the novelty would complicate her business beyond belief has proved to be entirely true. "I

didn't know meself before they sthretched the telefoam out to here. she says, "for I was as lightsome as a child, tearin' off the few stamps, an' all the pinsioners comin' in of a Frida, an' they full of ould chat. But now it's ding-ding when you'd least expect it, an' the snarly little voice from Ballykealy in the latther end of it. Look'd, you'd like not to be listenin'

to it, so you would.'

The extension of the line to the one Big House of the immediate neighbourhood did something to compensate Mrs. O'Toole for her extra trouble; for it was only with her assistance that its occupant-a prominent antiquarian, could be put in touch with the experts in Dublin who seemed to find so much that was strange to say to him. To this day, while one of these conversations is in progress, it is quite useless for the waiting customer to rap impatiently upon the counter with a coin; for Mrs. O'Toole takes no notice of

such demonstrations except occasionally to say "Sshhh!" if the rapping should interfere too flagrantly with the second-hand exchange of ideas.

To give her due credit, she never tries to keep those ideas to herself, and during the subsequent search for customsformsor insurance-stamps-bothelusive requirements-she will pass on the information in a pleasantly chatty manner.

"The lad above in the Big Smoke is full of cummeens to-day," she has said of a Dublin expert. "Tis all on the head of the mummy of a cat some fella found when he was puttin' in the electhric light; an' we all know the very mintion of one of them mummies is able to rise the ould gentleman here. All the same, he wasn't too well contint. 'I'd sooner it was a fay-ro', he says, whatever meanin' he has in that; an' the other lad

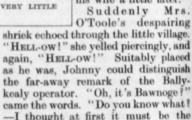
Song, that told Mrs. O'Toole about England's successful search for a Golden - Voiced Telephone Girl - a search that is still being carried on. hopefully, in Ulster. Always at this time of year Johnny trims the ivy on the little cottage, paying particular attention to the uncovering of the slit through which departing letters should be dropped. "He'd do annything in the inimitable earth for you," the gratified Post-Mistress says.

"As sure as man they'll be lookin' for the same thing in the Free State." he told her as he worked. "What about havin' a shot at it yourself? But they say there must be no callin' an' bawlin' about it-only your very own nah-tural voice; an' there's whips of money for annyone that's chose." The telephone-bell shrilled. "Go on, now," urged Johnny the

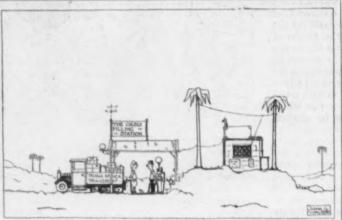
Song, "an' practise what I'm afther tellin' you"; and he listened while Mrs. O'Toole spoke in honeyed accents into the receiver. But the conversation threatened to go on indefinitely, consisting as it soon did entirely of the query "WHAT?

With his head through the open window, Johnny listened and "They marvelled. couldn't undherstand one another no more nor if they were two Frinchmen," he told his wife a little later.

Suddenly



Girl with the Golden Voice.' "Didn't I tell you?" said Johnny the Song. D. M. L.



"I KNOW I DON'T DO MUCH TRADE HERE, BUT THERE'S VERY LITTLE COMPETITION.

was peeved. 'I'm sure you would,' says he, 'but I don't want anny of the Kings of Egypt at the back of my skirtin'-boord, not if he was as dhry as pepper,' he says. 'A cat is bad enough behind annyone's day-do, but if you want it, you can have it, an' if not, I'll send it to the mus-ee', says he.'

Ever since the first heetic day on which the terror-stricken Post-Mistress pressed the unfamiliar mouthpiece to her ear and shrieked despairingly into the orifice she has used on such occasions the manner of speech known in Bawnoge as "Mrs. O'Toole's telefoam Having begun as a piercing voice." shriek, it so continues with, in addition. a degree of affectation that is as much unlike her soft midland diction as anything could be; and the word "Hellow!" heard from one end of the short street to the other, warns Bawnoge that the telephone is being used.

It was her neighbour, Johnny the of course do much to allay.

Delicate Compliment in the Scientific World.

"Dr. Broom has named the reptile Hof-meyria, after the present South African Min-ister of the Interior."—News Item.

"Mr. Herbert Williams said that this would be a circumstance which would cause the profoundest irritation, not only to the proprietors of boarding-huses, but to the great asses of holiday-makers.

Report of Speech.

An irritation which his speech would



"D-DON'T SHOUT SO; I'M NOT DEAF. "BUT I LIKE TO HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING."

Unkind Fête.

"At the last jumble-sale," I complained bitterly, "you sent the Vicar my new tweed sports-coat. I trust it will not occur again.'

"So do I," said Pamela. "You looked perfectly dreadful in it; but this year I sent the honey-pots.'

I congratulated Pamela. The cutglass honey-pots, a present from her Aunt Jane (who ought to have known better), had survived exposure in every danger zone of the house. As Pamela said, "If you really want things broken, wild horses wouldn't, far less Emily.

"And it isn't only a jumble-sale," Pamela went on. "It's a fête. At the Vicarage. Cokernuts, races, swings, roundabouts, houp-là-I've got the programme here. We've entered for the wheelbarrow."

'A raffle?

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"A race. You walk on your hands and I hold you up by the ankles and steer. It's frightful fun; and everyone is in for it-the Harpers, the Merediths, the Frasers, Maud Soames and old Mr. Worple-simply everybody; only not the Vicar because of his glasses

and not Major Soames because he's the starter.

"I, on the other hand, am the non-

"You, on both hands, will probably be the winner. Anyhow, ring up young Rawlings and tell him you can't play golf on Wednesday.

I rang up young Rawlings.

"Young Rawlings," I informed Pamela, "is entering for the threeinformed legged race.

Who with ?"

Me. If I must go to this fête-as I suppose I must-I may as well do the thing properly.'

"Will you be able to do the three-

legged properly? "Certainly." I I looked at my watch. "Young Rawlings is coming round for a bit of a practice this afternoon."

'Is he?" asked Pamela. There was a far-away look in her eyes. "I wonder," she said slowly, "if Maud Soames——?"

Maud Soames would.

"Delightful!" said the Vicar gleefully. "Really delightful to see so many dear people here already. The fête is going with a swing.

"And a roundabout," I said.

"Eh?" asked the Vicar.

We were interrupted by Major Soames.

"Afternoon!" boomed the Major, forgetting in the excitement of the moment to remove his megaphone from his lips.

We were interrupted by Mrs. Harper. "Sixty-four tea-tickets at one-andsixpence," she informed us brightly. "Strawberries extra, of course; and old Mrs. Carter asked me to ask you

We were interrupted by Pamela.

"Sold!" she whispered, and drew me on one side.

"What? The wheelbarrow race?" "The honey-pots. I've just had a peep at the jumble-sale. They've gone, and-

We were interrupted by Major

"Competitors for the wheelbarrow race!" he roared.

Old Lady Hawkins looked at the

list, lowered her lorgnette, consulted the Vicar, and announced the winners of the wheelbarrow race.

Amid applause, Pamela and I stepped forward and received Aunt Jane's honey-pots.



RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE GREAT.

THE MAYOR OF LITTLE SHRIMPINGTON IS CALLED UPON TO SELECT "MISS NOSE, 1935."

Songs of Ignorance.

II.-The City.

(On being told by a stockbroker that he never touched contangoes.)

"Quite right," I said, "nor I—
Not with a barge-pole, no!"
Had I been content with that brief reply
Our talk might have been a Go;
But I went on gaily and told the brute
That I hated the taste of the beastly fruit,
And he said, "If that's wit, well, I've had enough,"
And glowered and hemmed and went off in a huff.

I've reached a very ripe age,
And I once got a fair degree,
Yet every morning page after page
Of The Times is Greek to me.
Nay, worse, for I know some words of Greek,
But "Money was plentiful," "Steel was weak"!
I can read and write, I can drive a car,
But I really don't know what Contangoes are.

Revenge, revenge is sweet!

Must they always get me bested?

These men from that place—is it Mincing Street?—
Cannot they in their turn be tested?

Must I alone suffer the finger of scorn
That points at a man as a babe new-born,
Or else, what is worse, by specialist blokes
Be suspected of making the cheapest of jokes?

Some day I shall to the City
And try them a donkey-drop,

Have lunch with the Stock Exchange Committee
And give them a taste of our shop,
And whisper aside to them, one by one,
"Hendecasyllabics seem just about done,
Anapæsts too: do you think I am wise
In switching to Trochees in hopes of a rise?"

Will they also step over the brink
Where so often with them I have been?
Will they try to pretend with a nod and a wink
That they know very well what I mean,
And prove themselves just as much humbugs as
I am,

And hope they guess right and that Trochee's in Siam,

Assuming too rashly each measure and metre Is something to do with tin, teak or saltpetre?

And then crash: "Well, my boy,"
With sundry waistcoat jabs

Of the meaningful kind that make one feel coy—

"I'd stick to Hendecasyllabs.

They're very much favoured by those in the know,

While those Trochs., I need only say, 'Gammon and Co.,'

And as for those Anas., my advice, I must own, Is 'Just you let all those Mid-Africs. alone!'"

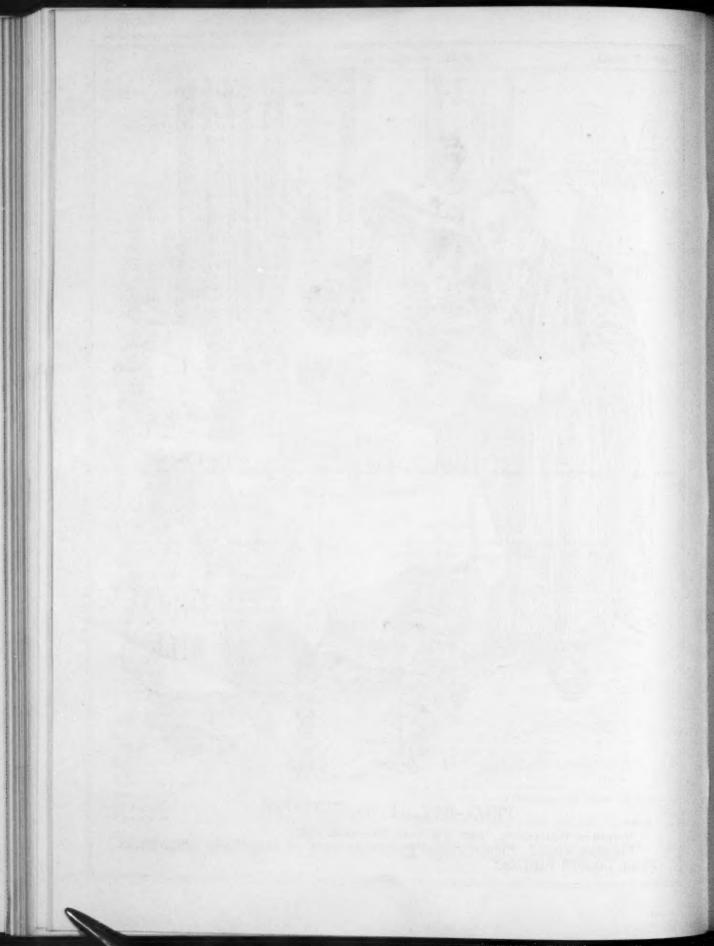
J. C. S.



PRIZE-DAY AT WESTMINSTER.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS. "AND WHAT IS THIS ONE FOR?"

PRECEPTOR BALDWIN. "PIOUS PERSEVERANCE IN FACE OF PERSISTENT PERSECUTION
FROM VARIOUS PARTIES."



Impressions of Parliament,

Thursday, July 25th.—How many of Mr. Punch's readers can shut their eyes, put their hands on their hearts and say without hesitation where the Gilbert and Elliee Islands are? Alas! This year these nice-sounding fragments of Empire have failed to balance their budgets, and, though Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD in his Colonial Office survey to-day omitted to mention the Sullivan Islands, there can be little doubt that these will be found to be in the same boat.

Mr. MacDonald made a very good impression on the House during his first innings as Colonial Minister, and his report was on the whole satisfactory. Financially the Colonies are in much better case than they were, though he emphasised the fact that they were by no means out of the convalescent stage. Much is being done to improve health services and to make educational systems more efficient. For the Liberals, Sir ROBERT HAMILTON feared that under our Protectionist régime the Colonies would be exploited, and for the Labour Party Mr. LUNN, not content with personal innuendoes, suggested that the Colonial Office was doing nothing for the natives. Later in the debate Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD pleaded for the victims of Nazi aryanmania, whom he thought should be more freely admitted into Palestine.

Friday, July 26th.—An end-of-Session ragbag of odds and ends occupied the Commons to-day. Consideration of the Lords' Amendments to the Housing Bill was completed, Sir KINGSLEY Wood showing himself in an accomodating light; Mr. ELLIOT waxed eloquent on various aspects of bacon, a subject which never fails to kindle a dreamy romantic light behind his large gold spectacles, and which inspired him to make use of a phrase new, but delightful, to Mr. P.'s R.: "A factory's throughput of pigs per week"; and Sir John Simon introduced a Bill, which was given a Second Reading, to make more humane the law relating to imprisonment for debt. At present, he explained, there are about 20,000 cases of this kind in a year, and, although if it could be proved that a debtor was in a position to pay, there was nothing for it but prison, the present system by which imprisonment followed almost automatically upon failure to pay a fine was clearly unjust. Under the new procedure an inquiry as to means must precede commitment. Sir John also said that he intended sending out a circular letter to magistrates asking them to interpret their existing practice

as generously as possible until the Bill came into force.

Both Socialists and Liberals ex-



SPEECH-DAY,
Fond Papa. "Bravo, Sonny!"
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr.
Malcolm MacDonald,

pressed real gratitude for this sound piece of social legislation, and Sir Arnold Wilson hoped that it was a



"From every kind of man Obedience I expect." The Mikado.

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AS HE APPEARS TO SOME CONSERVATIVE BACK-BENCHERS.

mere instalment from the vast field open to a legal reformer at the Home Office.

Monday, July 29th-At Lord CECIL's request, Lord Londonderry explained why the Government have given up the idea of ratios and taken to a policy of programmes in their negotiations for Naval limitation: the reason being that during the recent conversations on this subject with the representatives of Japan and America, the Government came to the conclusion that the most practical solution was a system of limitation which, while avoiding the expression in contractual form of a definite relationship of Naval strength between the various Naval Powers, would offer certain guarantees against the resumption of unrestricted and competitive building. In other words, if Governments will say how many ships they intend building over a period of years and stick to this number, everyone knows where they are.

Telephone-users (and aren't we all?) will be glad to hear that the G.P.O is not out of pocket as a result of its cheaper night trunk-calls; so many people have leaped at the chance of three minutes for a shilling that the P.M.G. has got home on the scheme, even after allowing for all those residents of Land's End who make a nightly practice of getting through to John o' Groats for the sheer satisfaction of an uncommonly good bargain.

When the Ribbon Development Bill came up in Committee an Amendment was inserted which transferred appeals against the Highway Authority from the Minister to the Petty and thence to the Quarter Sessions. This has generally been regarded as a great mistake, for the essence of successful operation of the Bill must be to remove from it any possibility of local bias; and this afternoon, after explanations from the MINISTER and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, the right of appeal to the MINISTER was wisely restored. It is to be hoped that the Bill, which will be passed before the House rises, will now be put rapidly and firmly into action.

Chance for Shem, Ham and Japheth.

"Wanted, two Single Men to work on Noah's Ark; men that have been working on a Noah's Ark before; wages 45s. per week." Newspaper Advt.

Society Note.

"M. Johnstone, H. Elliott, T. Hedges, T. Pocock and J. L. Pasquill did not bath,"

Account of Local Cricket Match.

"THE BEAUTY OF THE SCOTTISH OCHS."

Travel Adut.

"Och Aye" is perhaps the most famous of all.



THE GRAND BHANG OF PFUT CONFERS THE ORDER OF THE PINK STAR ON THE WINNER OF THE "SHOVE-THE-YEN" CHAMPIONSHIP.

Success.

"We ought to be able to get hold of a decent folding-screen," said Charles, looking round the hall.

"Or a marble-topped table with gilt legs, or a cuckoo-clock, or an ottoman," I suggested. "Or even an oil-painting, two-foot-one by four-foot-three, of a pheasant, a basket of apples, a blue jug and a dish of currants. Produce Stall at the Vicarage Jumble Sale, in fact."

Charles took no notice of this well-found simile. He conducted me to a chair close to the auctioneer's table—black-and-white chess-table, Chippendale design—and said, "By Jove! the hall hadn't looked much like this in poor old Lamplough's day, had it?"

poor old Lamplough's day, had it?"
Naturally it hadn't. The Lamploughs, when living at the Castle, had never kept bedroom-ware, saddle-bag armchairs, flock mattresses, pedestal cupboards and camp-stools in their front hall. Nor had their drawing-room chairs—gilt-cane-seated, French design—been ranged in rows, each one occupied by somebody hoping to pick up a bargain at the sale.

"What do you suppose the Salters are after?" Charles asked resentfully. "Or old Lady Flagg? She ought to be in her bed," he added—unjustly, since

it was only half-past two in the after-

I said that there were two beds within easy reach, and that doubtless the men in green baize aprons would be prepared to lift off the writing-desk, the Wedgwood-pattern dessert service, the boot-jack, the parasols—various—and the five waste-paper baskets. The task, indeed, would have proved light compared with that which actually confronted them.

They held up to our view enormous and cumbersome lots, while the auctioneer uttered (and the absence of punctuation is intentional, and to suppose anything else would be a gross injustice to the printers):—

Three hundred and eighty-four lot number three hundred and eighty-four lady's armchair in mahogany and figured rep together with three down sofa pillows covered vellow sateen quantity of books and cup Indian porcelain now ladies and gentlemen what am I bid what am I bid for this lot I'll start at five guineas pounds if you like five pounds am I bid for lady's armchair mahogany and figured rep and sundry articles four pounds four pounds and ten shillings five over there five ten fifteen it's against you at the door Madam six may I say six may I say guineas seven do I hear seven seven and a half eight eight eight any

advance on eight I'm not going to wait about eight going at eight going gone."

It is unnecessary to quote further from the auctioneer.

Charles said in a worried way that we should have to be pretty nippy about that screen, and I said there was one coming later, coupled with quantity of music, red raffia waste-paper basket and two engravings (contemporary) of QUEEN VICTORIA'S Coronation

"How do you know?" asked Charles, as if he suspected me of having invented the whole collection.

I conveyed to him by signs that I could, by putting my head on one side, squinting slightly and raising myself on my hands, read parts of the catalogue held by my neighbour. I added that the screen was a good long way off, separated from us by much china, some things called consoles, a number of occasional tables, and a complete gent's bedroom suite in mahogany.

"I shall go and see what the Salters are after," Charles said. "I hope it isn't the screen."

"Old Lady Flagg is more like a screen," I said. (Not perhaps a phrase to be taken literally—but I saw that Charles knew what I meant.)

"I'll be back before the screen," he said.

But he wasn't. I had to deal with the

screen, the auctioneer, the green-baize men and—probably—the Salters singlehanded.

"Four-leaved walnut-wood foldingscreen together with various smaller lots three guineas am I bid it's against you madam——"

The old familiar stream rushed on. Driven to it by the odious and unneighbourly Salters—or perhaps old Lady Flagg, whom I, with Charles, now felt should certainly have been in bed—one went on and on. The auctioneer's eye swivelled in a rather remarkable way between me and the corner from which one knew the Salters to be signalling, although one dared not turn to look at them.

As I said afterwards, the spirit of the thing got hold of one absolutely, and one was ready to go up to thousands and thousands of pounds sooner than suffer defeat. (This remark actually was ill received in the home-circle.)

As a matter of fact the Salters threw in their hand at nine pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

It was quite six lots further on that I was able to relax from the strain, and then one was only roused by the ap-

pearance of three more, vastly inferior, screens, unequally yoked to cut-glass ink-well, three pink tapestry curtains and child's cane-and-wicker chair. Let the Salters have them!

Or it might be old Lady Flagg.
In actual fact, however, it was

He bid for them, he afterwards explained, because of having just failed to get the four-leaved walnut-wood folding-screen. And whoever did get it, he added viciously, had paid a sight more money than the screen had been worth when it was new.

It took a little while to make him understand that we were now the possessors of a quantity of music, a waste-paper basket, two engravings of QUEEN VICTORIA'S Coronation, a cutaglass ink-well, three pink curtains, one child's armchair and four screens. Nor did he seem to follow me when I said how much it all reminded one of that charming old song about A Partridge in a Pear-Tree. In fact to this he only replied that a pear-tree was not the kind of place in which any sportsman would ever go looking for a partridge at all.

The curious part of the story—the

bit you haven't guessed in fact—is that the screens, all four of them, turned out to be quite invaluable, and one has often wondered since why we didn't buy them on purpose instead of by mistake.

E. M. D.

A Lyric on Limestone.

In Dorset's Isle of Purbeck
One cannot well avoid
The stone which, hewn from quarries,
Is carted off on lorries
And lavishly employed.

Stone pedestals for sundials
In Purbeck shops abound;
Stone slabs inscribed with verses
To shame the gardener's curses,
And bird-baths all around.

Oh, Purbeck's walls are stone walls And Purbeck's towers are strong; While, with a modest kit on, One does not care to sit on

Her broad stone seats for long. The fact that this one's chilly Compels me willy-nilly (Since catching cold is silly)

To terminate this song. D. C.



"I DO WISH YOU'D STOP PLAYING THAT CAZOO, EILERN; YOU KNOW I'M NOT REALLY FOND OF MUSIC."

At the Music-Hall.

(THE PALLADIUM)

I HAVE always wondered who the tailors are who make the eccentric suits which trick-cyclists and tumblers affect,

and whether this particular custom is a source of pride or secret irritation to them. For the creation of a coat of glaringly unconventional contours is more tribute to its designer's imagination than to his professional skill and, however successful, is unlikely to bring more than a limited amount of business in its train. I cannot picture my own tailor, for instance, taking any pleasure in saying. "The left leg must be at least a foot longer than the right, Sir, and of course the coat must be short enough at the back to expose the braces." Perish the thought; but somewhere, I suspect, there is a sartorial genius who has rebelled against the haughty dictation of Savile Row, and now delights in parodying our silly fashions with grotesque seissors. Judging, at any rate, by the amazing array observed in a single evening at the Palladium.

This was not a Crazy Month, but an agreeably friendly atmosphere persisted, and few performers refrained from unflattering allusions to their colleagues on the bill. All the talking turns paused for a good chat with the leader of the orchestra, and some of them seemed to be paid almost ex-

clusively for this pleasure.

The chief draw in the programme I saw was Mr. ARTHUR TRACY, widely known in the States and, through his gramophone records, in this country as the Street Singer. It was his first appearance in London, and I found it impossible to decide if his voice is as good as it is said to be, owing to the fact that he sang into a microphone which delivered his songs through two loud-speakers, one of which happened to be too near me. Had I been exactly between the loud-speakers I suppose they would have been unnoticeable; but as only a very small proportion of the audience can achieve this happy position the arrangement is obviously faulty. Anyway, why this passion for amplification which is filling the world to-day with a deal of unnatural booming? There is an easy case to be made for its use in the open-air, but theatres were designed as places where

(in theory, at any rate) the human voice could be heard without effort, and any trained voice should penetrate to all corners of the Palladium. If there must be loud-speakers, then their effect should be much more cunningly diffused. So far as I could tell. Mr.



HE TRAVELS THE FASTEST WHO TRAVELS ALONE.
WALTER CRISHAM AND JUNE.

Tracy has a pleasant, powerful voice of unusual compass; but about the facts that his trousers were of green corduroy and his reception from a packed house tremendously enthusiastic there could be no manner of doubt.

JUNE and WALTER CRISHAM were also naturally near the head of the bill,



MR. TEDDY BROWN HIDING BEHIND HIS XYLOPHONE.

but their performance together was rather disappointing. Apart from a brief turn by Mr. CRISHAM, their dancing was ordinary, though well enough dressed and arranged, and the song which they poured into a microphone disguised as a bouquet suffered from

the same defects of amplification as Mr. Tracy's. What shape, by the way, will microphones assume next? Two years ago at the Aldershot Tattoo they lined tankards with them, trusting, as I thought recklessly, to the restraint of the soldiery. Soon the wretched things will be so planted about our theatres that an honest stageaside will be out of the question.

To me the best thing in the whole programme, and I confess it nearly always is, was Mr. TEDDY BROWN's brilliance with the xylophone, the saxophone and the drums. Prime Minister of Girth he may be, but there is not a clumsy joint in his immense frame: his touch is magnificent, his timing inspired, his sense of the humour of discord and false rhythm unrivalled, and indeed I could go on singing his praises indefinitely. He was in grand form.

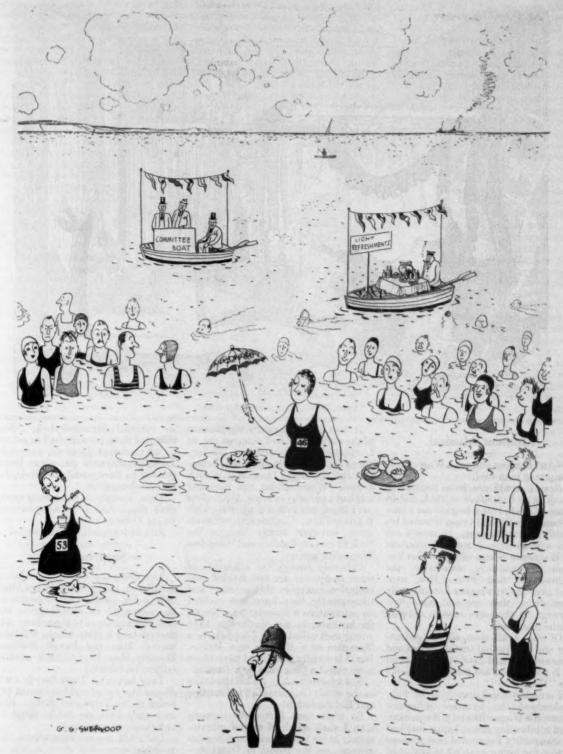
I was sorry to miss part of Mr. Boy Foy's turn, as he seemed to have quite exceptional control over a one-wheeled bicycle, a tantalising piece of mechanism I have long desired to master. While he drove it about he balanced china sticks and rubber balls on his nose in a way which entertained us vastly.

Their extreme youth was presumably the reason for the relegation of the THREE JADES to the end of the programme, for these young men deserved a much better position. Their acrobatic dancing has exceptional skill and originality, and they put terrific enthusiasm into it. I should have warmed to them in any case for their failure to indulge in the orgies of face-slapping which so many music-hall artists seem to think so funny just now. I always hope it hurts.

Briefly I must mention Mr. Tom Wonder's clever ballroom dance with a dummy lady of engaging limpness; that the unsmiling Mr. Gene Sheldon got a lot of fun out of his banjo; that Mr. Vic Oliver was the most amusing of the patter-men; and that the 16 Palladium Girls are still as pretty and as well-trained as any Chorus in London.

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EVERY SEASIDE TOWN HAS SOMETHING SPECIAL.

THE "FINAL" IN THE ENDURANCE FLOATING COMPETITION AT PEBBLESANDS.



"Another restless night, Stevens."

Moment Musical.

"AH! I expect you are a Wagnerite," the young man said.

Now I would not have minded so much if he had left it at that, but in place of the full-stop he gave me a tiny consoling smile, and I then resented his youthful impertinence. Because I am not a Wagnerite. I am a Wagnerian. A Wagnerite is one of those who like their Tannhäuser, especially the "Ouverture" and "Star of Eve," over and over again; whereas I learnt early how wrong they are and have won through to the more austere delights of the later stuff.

Of what avail, then, all that sedentary and intellectual travail, hours and hours of *Ring* and *Tristan*, if at the end of it young men are pityingly to label me "Wagnerite"?

I wondered indignantly if he fully understood the immense difference between a Wagnerite and a Wagnerian. And recollecting the unhappy incident in tranquillity I conceded that perhaps it was the young man's knowledge of his mother tongue which was at fault, and that possibly he had not intended to be rude.

It was the derogatory significance of the suffix which had annoyed me, so I searched the resources of the language for a more blandishing termination that he might have used in such a case. Wagnorphean was imposing and had a pleasing cadence. Wagnolian too I liked, and I dallied wistfully with Wagnopolitan. Custom and commonsense, however, finally brought me back to rest on familiar and colourless Wagnerian again.

Curiously enough the adherents of other composers are not divided into exclusive camps in this manner, and consequently they have not evolved an alternative nomenclature. Never, for instance, to my recollection have young men called me a Chopinite or a Mozartite or a Holstite or a Baxite. But it is equally true that I have never been called a Chopinian or a Baxian.

Yet what evocative verbal music lies in the words Chopianist and Mozartine and Holstentorian!

So when next I meet that young man I shall speak of myself ostentatiously in his hearing as a keen Beethovensian, on the model of DICKENS—Dickensian; and of my host as an Old Rimsky Korsakovian (rhyming with Old Harrovian). My hostess shall be

an ethereal Stravinskylark. Some others of those present shall be referred to as persistent Lizztists, as genuine Tschaikovskayards (on some fancied parallel to Savoyards), as Sibelaisians and Berliozetetists.

Then, turning to the young man, I shall say, "Ah! I expect you are a young Debussybody."

And how tenderly I shall smile!

Surprise Item.

The Company Funds, I inform my subalterns, are remarkably low, and if only a few public-spirited people can be persuaded to contribute a little financial assistance to the upkeep of the Second Line a great weight will be removed from my bowed shoulders. Possibly they have friends—wealthy influential friends?

They haven't. Their friends are all distressingly poor and have never even heard of the Territorial Army. Moreover they have no public spirit nor any desire to acquire it.

Baffled, I request suggestions. The youngest says what about a letter of appeal? I instruct the others to dispose of his body as they think fit, and tackle the C.S.M.

The C.S.M. twirls a moustache that was born during the Battle of Loos and suggests a concert. There are, he says, numerous talented variety artists in the Company. Corporal Macginty's impersonation of MAE WEST is nothing less than a mirthful emetic. SHAKE-SPEARE himself, were he alive, could not improve on it; whilst Sergeant Brown's rendering of "Annie Laurie" is worth ten shillings to the bar at any time.

There is no dearth of smaller fry. We have five baritones, a rather coarse

farmyard imitator, a contortionist, three acrobats, innumerable low-comedians—some of them incredibly low—and the pick of the bunch, a compère, like they have on the wireless, the C.S.M. explains tactfully.

I instruct him to parade his artists for an audition, and at the head of a selection committee, composed of my subalterns, spend an hour viewing some remarkable performances. The compère, who introduces each turn, is quite good if a trifle broad. As he is only a private, some of the more exalted in rank take exception to his descriptions of them, but he reveals undeniable wit.

We select six turns. Corporal (MAE WEST) Macginty is given a place only on condition that he dispenses with what he considers his four best jokes. We are not expecting a narrow-minded audience, but there are limits.

For the rest, we choose a gnashing baritone with a face full of teeth, who is a better turn to watch than to hear; a comedy duet; an

acrobat, apparently filleted and indestructible; a dribbling mouth-organ band complete with signature tune and crooner, and a passionate elocutionist whose wealth of gesture closes one of the compère's eyes.

With unflinching firmness I hand over the administrative side of the concert to the subalterns and the C.S.M., reserving for myself the less exacting rôle of critic and censor.

The rehearsals proceed satisfactorily, but the C.S.M. says we must engage a pianist. We have one in the Company, it is true, but his swinging overarm style is rapidly reducing the value of the piano, and a boil which necessitates an upright stance has affected his

touch. Private Smirk, however, has a cousin who will oblige for a modest fee.

Private Smirk's cousin comes to see me. He plays, he says, mostly by ear, and if the size of his ears is any indication of his quality Paderewski will have to look to his laurels.

have to look to his laurels.

I apply to Headquarters for the use of the band, and after considerable correspondence with the Adjutant, who resists on principle, finally obtain its services on condition that it is returned in working order for an engagement on the following day.

"Surely rather shallow for a fish-pond!"

"SURELY RATHER SHALLOW FOR A FISH-POND?"
"AH! BUT NOT FOR FLAT-FISH."

The tickets sell very well at a shilling each. Children in arms are admitted free, but I instruct the doorkeeper to charge for babies wearing moustaches or smoking pipes.

The subalterns, with a squad of colour-blind artists, perform wonders in the way of decoration, and on the night of the show the hall presents a dazzling tribute to their lack of taste. The band, in scarlet tunics with complexions to match, adds a martial touch to the general effect, and as its members are labouring under one of the many obscure grievances peculiar to the tribe, a thoroughly warlike atmosphere prevails in front of the stage.

The public rolls up splendidly, and

the hall is full when we open with a rousing march by the band, which leaves the audience stunned and the babies vocally indignant.

On the whole the show goes quite well, although I cannot approve of the compère's choice of costume. It has, however, the charm of originality and reveals undoubted courage on the part of its wearer. Few people dare appear in public in an ensemble the most prominent features of which are puttees, a dinner-jacket and a bowler-hat. A black eye does nothing to enhance his

appearance.

Taxed with this offence, he tells me that he is wearing the bowler to screen his eye and the puttees as a concession to comedy. He makes no apology for the dinner-jacket, perhaps out of consideration for its great age. I order the removal of the puttees and a yellow pullover and let the rest stand.

The dental baritone seems to be the hit of the evening. Before his sentimental ravings the babies retire appalled, and on this point alone he receives two vociferous encores. Between each turn Private Smirk's gifted cousin gives selections from his repertoire and shows a strong tendency to interfere with the compere's announcements. The mouthorgan band's crooner is offered the choice of several deaths by the audience; and the last turn, the filleted acrobat, causes the compère some trouble by abandoning his act halfway through in response to a husky whisper from the wings which tells him-and the audience too-that the sanguinary

stage is cracking.

The bandsmen, radiating happiness, return with studied care, and the C.S.M. asks me if I am going to make a speech.

I am not.

The band rises at his nod and the concert ends to the strains of the National Anthem.

With my subalterns I retire to the Mess and cast myself down to relax and cool off. We are congratulating ourselves on the success of the show when there is a knock at the door and the C.S.M. appears to tell us that we have missed the last turn—a vanishing trick performed by the doorkeeper with the takings.

Mud on the Garboard Strake.

I DON'T know whether you know the Norfolk Broads . . . You do? In that case you will remember the lovely oldworld village of Heigh-ho Popham, where the willow-bordered Gravey runs into the reed-fringed Soope. It was here that George and I arrived, on George's suggestion, a day too soon.

"But," said the Owner, when we put our proposition to him, "it wasn't to-day you booked her for." He was a gloomy, hairy Owner with a cracked weather-beaten face.

"That's true," said George. "The rest of the party's coming to-morrow -but couldn't you stretch a point or waive a rule?'

The Owner stretched a hairy arm and waved a two-foot rule in the direction of our sloop-rigged, doublecabined, chromium-plated, carvel-built, mahogany-bottomed yacht and said, "No. Sir; you can't have her, not until to-morrow, you can't.'

We're quite capable of handling her-the two of us-if that's what you're thinking of," said George. "Mr. Snappit and I have sailed the high seas on a number of occasions-frequently in gales of great intensity. We've tackled really difficult waters; and as for these Broads, we can navigate these in this gentle breeze with the greatest of ease.

The Owner cleared his throat appreciatively in response to this recitation but said nothing

"We've raced from Cowes," said

The Owner did a little deferential throat-clearing.

Cowes with a capital C," I added. in case he should think we meant any other kind.

For some reason this simple remark had the most profound effect upon him. Deeper cracks than ever appeared in the hairy surface of his face, and sounds as of the snapping of dried twigs in the jungle began to issue from it. Then without further warning he uttered a deep full-throated roar, like the roar of some wild beast going into battle. It rose and fell on the morning air, drowning the scream of a circularsaw and the din of a near-by out-board engine. It thundered round the sunlit staithes, reverberated among the glistening yachts and re-echoed from the distant boat-houses. The Owner was

When he had brought the performance to a close I spoke seriously to him; we didn't want any repetition of it. "My friend has a friend," I said, "who

knows a man who was aboard the Endeavour when she lost last year.'

George corroborated. "I move in yachting circles," he said. "Absolutely move in them.

"And so you see ___ " I said.

"Can't be done, I'm afraid, Sir," said the Owner. "And for why. Because we can't have her ready-not until to-morrow, we can't

He had, however, a suggestion to make. "If you want a day's sailing you can have yonder dinghy. Child's-play to handle and you couldn't sink her if you tried. Tame for you gentlemen, though. . . .

We had been sailing for about an hour when we reached that lonely expanse of water known as Popham Sound, and, though you may find it hard to believe, sank the dinghy in the middle of it. Something (or somebody) caused the vessel to lurch over a little to one side and in came Popham Sound before we had time to say it nay. It was a terrible experience. Down sank the ship with a gurgling sound, into the depths with all hands.

The depths, however, were not very deep. Indeed it became apparent that Popham Sound is nothing more than a thin veneer of water spread over a foundation of aspic-a type of foundation which forms a peculiarly sticky foothold for the submerged mariner.

When I came up I noticed that somewhere below the surface George was making a few remarks.

"Gurgle, gurgle," he was saying.
"Very," I agreed.

"Gurgle, gug, gurgle, gug, gurgle,"

Growing bored with his conversation I gave him a tug and with a sloshy sort of noise he emerged from the bed of the lake.

It wasn't until we had got the boat right way up again that we realised we were faced by the Necessity of Invention. It was a case of inventing an explanation. Because, you see, the boat was completely covered with mud. There was mud on the outside of it, deep, deep mud on the inside and mud on the garboard strake. (I feel sure I am right about this; there was mud everywhere.) It was all extremely foul and very, very damning.

"How are we going to explain all this to the Owner?" inquired George.

"You tell me," I replied. But he couldn't. There was only one thing to be done.

I will not dwell upon the way in which we spent that afternoon. I will not describe the exercise we enjoyed digging with spades and shovels inside the boat. I will omit all mention of the

fun we had with the baling-cans, the merriment with mops, the long happy hours with scrubbing-brushes, buckets and sponges. I will forgo any reference to the joy we found in scraping, rubbing and swilling the beastly boatmerely remarking that our pleasures lasted until sundown.

When we sailed to meet the Owner all traces of our lapse had been removed. The boat was far spicker and very much more span than when we started. There wasn't so much as a muddy finger-print to incriminate us.

'Ah," said the Owner in his sad way

as we approached.
"Ha!" said George pleasantly.

"Ha-ha!" I observed.

It was all passing off very well. "We've had a grand day's sailing," said George with a nonchalant cough.

'And after all," I remarked, "a bit of practice does no one any harmnot even the most experienced.'

For a while we spoke lightly of this and that, and after a time said "Goodnight" to the Owner and strode off along the landing-stage. It wasn't until we reached the end of it that we realised he was still addressing some remark to us. Possibly it had something to do with the time of our departure in the yacht to-morrow. Perhaps he wanted to know when the rest of the party would arrive. We listened attentively. "And how did you get on baling her

out?" he said.

'HE KNOWS," whispered George. "Everyone knows," said the Owner.
"It's all over the Broads; funniest thing that's happened for years."

Out of the dusk we heard sounds like the snapping of dried twigs in the

"Come along, George," I said.

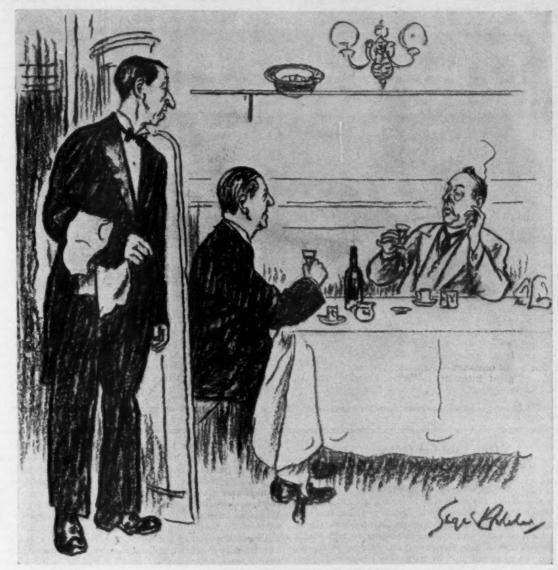
Wild Life at Home.

[Recent arrivals at the Zoo, where Professor JULIAN HUXLEY has recently succeeded Sir CHALMERS MITCHELL as Secretary, include a Malayan sun-bear, an engaging and playful animal of which Sir STAMFORD RAFFLES, the first President of the Society, made a family pet, noted for its skill in stealing honey from wild bees' nests; and a douroucouli, or Brazilian night-monkey, which sleeps all day, has the eyes of an owl and the roar of a jaguar.]

"Tis rarely in winter or summer A week can elapse at the Zoo Without some undreamt-of newcomer

Arriving to rivet the view, Enlarging the host of queer creatures And marvellous monsters marine Whose colours and figures and

features Embellish the scene.



THE CONNOISSEURS.

- HAVE YOU EVER TASTED WORSE PORT THAN THIS IN YOUR LIFE?"
- "I HAVE."
- "WHERE?"

Taxidermists and artful embalmers By stuffing dead animals thrive, But MITCHELL, the excellent CHALMERS, Liked better to keep them alive; And his wonderful zeal in acquiring Rare fauna bids fair to remain As a dominant purpose inspiring The Julian reign.

So we welcome the bear that is sunny, "Already delightfully tame," Irresistibly friendly and funny, And always prepared for a game,

RAFFLES,

That eminent K.C.M.G.,

And a tongue that successfully baffles

The stings of the bee.

And the curiously-named douroucouli, The night-ape that hails from Brazil,

Though to somnolence wedded unduly,

Uplifts my pedestrian quill

With a charm that endeared him to Withitsstaring and goggle-eyed muzzle Resembling the mug of an owl, A physiological puzzle-

Half-monkey, half-fowl.

Such wonders but serve as reminders Of ancient and homelier shapes Of the slaves of the old organ-grinders, Red-coated diminutive apes; And much as the ways of the sun-bear Appeal to my sensitive soul.

I cling to my first love, the bun-bear Aloft on his pole. C. L. G.



The Lady (to escort who has fallen in for the second time). "This is our last outing on the river-you're altogether too amphibious."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Selma Lagerlöf Remembers.

Not one of her major works, Harvest (LAURIE, 12/6) is completely representative of the quality which has won SELMA LAGERLÖF her high position in European literature. It is a book of odds and ends, a retrospective miscellany. Yet, though divided into sections, it has its own unity, and that is given to it not only by its author's personality but by the special bent of her genius. For SELMA LAGERLÖF is a born and inveterate storyteller. Looking back over a long life, lovingly anatomising the home in Värmland which her parents lost and she regained, she shapes her memories into stories; and even the four addresses which conclude the book and form a substantial part of it are narrative in form. It is indeed not always easy to decide whether she is inventing stories or relating them from her rich stores of Swedish lore. Nor does it matter, for she has so completely identified herself with her country's past that the stories of her own contriving have the authenticity of folktales. Certainly no one will be concerned to question the originality or probe for the sources of so lovely a thing as "The Stone in Lake Rottnen." Gratitude is the only spirit in which it can be accepted. That is true of most of this book (which has been translated into fairly good American), while we English may feel an additional pleasure in the debt which a great Swedish writer acknowledges to a very great English writer, THOMAS CARLYLE.

Das Land des Lächelns.

Anyone with holiday plans still to determine would be well inspired to get hold of Mrs. AIMÉE WATT SMYTH'S captivating Austria (Burrow, 8/6), which, passing over Vienna and other large towns, gives the most acceptable reminiscences of a towardly and charming countryside. With her brother, Colonel Massy, whose photographs are some of the best of her book's admirable illustrations, the author has stayed in out-of-the-way Styrian villages, now at a friendly Gasthaus, now en pension with a peasant proprietor, and again at the "villa" (which in Austria spells châlet) of hospitable Austrian friends. Her brother shot or fished while she and her daughter investigated the countryside; so there are authoritative chapters on hunting and angling to eke out alluring accounts of dwellings, gardens, costumes, food and the exploration of rivers, lakes, mountains and caverns. "The land of smiles"—the title is Franz Lehar's—appears on her title-page with the sympathetic addition of "—and tears"; for Mrs. Warr SMYTH is an enthusiastic admirer of Dollfuss-to whose memory the book is dedicated-and her account of the "malign" inroads of Austria's northerly neighbour imparts a sobering touch to what is otherwise so care-free.

A Marriage Well Arranged.

Once again Mr. Dennis Mackail has touched the obvious with magic, and so effectively that theme-hunters are certain to say, "Why didn't I think of that myself?" The Wedding (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) begins with early-morning tea and ends with rice on the same day. In between

this sipping and scattering we are introduced to the friends and relations of bride and bridegroom, to best man (so conscientious that he makes special inquiries as to "funny relations"), to page, bridesmaids, and even to old Nanny, who is regrettably unaccustomed to champagne. There is no tragedy or crisis or mystery or any one of those forced turns and twists which are supposed to produce a plot. Yet, if you like nice young people, are interested in sound or plaintive parents, enjoy wit, wisdom and understanding, you will not close the book until you have read the last name (Mrs. DENNIS MACKAIL) in the list of wedding-guests. Suckling may be responsible for the theme, but this prose poem on a wedding is a very good successor.

Pilsudski, Tutor or Dictator?

Before coping with the career of Pilsudski (ARROWSMITH, 5/-) the average reader has to be reminded of the eighteenth-century partition of Poland, a piece of extraneous state-craft which left Austria, Russia and Prussia, an elective king (usually foreign) and a fatuous constitution the preponderating factors in Polish history. Henceforward Poland had to play her powerful neighbours off against each other, to seize the chance of European upheavals to engineer domestic revolts and generally to play the rôle of a distressful country proud of her patriots but by no means dependable in following them. All this is lucidly welded by Mr. ERIC J. PATTERSON into the career of the hero of the Battle of the Vistula, the General who turned the western march of the Bolsheviks in the August of 1919. Compactly and plainly, with good photographs and useful maps, his biographer portrays the young Lithuanian, exiled to Siberia at eighteen, leading a Polish force for Austria during the War, imprisoned by the Central Powers at the end of it, and out again to be President and Prime Minister (though rather, it is insisted, tutor than dictator) of his adopted country.



Stowaway. "I'm sorry, Guy'nob, but when I '1d I didn't know this ship was pleasure-cruisin'."

Bo'sun. "SHE AIN'T, BOY-NOT FOR YOU."

Imro.

If the G.O.M. had lived to see the results for Bulgaria and Macedonia of his stentorian demand, "Macedonia for the Macedonians," I think he would have been astonished and dismayed. For his four words were appropriated as its slogan by IMBO—"Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation"—and have inspired many Heroes and Assassins (Gollancz, 12/6) as well as furnished the pretext for innumerable murders. In his dramatic account of this grim terrorist organisation, Mr. Stoyan Christowe, who is himself a Macedonian living in the United States, soon made me realise why IMBO was for forty years the motive force in the fight for Macedonian independence. Ruthlessness in enforcing discipline among its members as well as in

action against its numerous enemies was the secret of IMRO's success. Its failure and ultimate dissolution came with the slackening of that iron control and the outbreak of fierce internal feuds that degenerated into senseless vendettas. Mr. Christowe writes well and his exciting narrative bears the stamp of first-hand knowledge. But I think he must often rejoice in his American citizenship.

Children into Chemicals.

If the title of Science in Wonderland (DICKSON, 5/-) has an old-fashioned ring, the book itself is very modern in its matter. Gone are the unsophisticated days when snow-flakes and animalculæ were sufficiently recondite illustra-

Professor A. M. Low tions of the wonders of nature. introduces us to watts and wave-lengths, molecules and hormones; conducts us to the stratosphere and the fourth dimension. But his method and machinery are fanciful enough for Kingsley, whose incomparable Water Babies is an admirable introduction to aquatic biology. As the result of a slight but stunning accident a pair of sixteenyear-old twins are abruptly translated into the scientist's newfoundland and make a rapid conducted tour of its provinces, becoming identical with the inhabitants of that country, who in their turn discover intelligible voices for their instruction. They visit the most private places of motor-car, refrigerator and wireless set. They even voyage down a drain. Transformed from water to light and from light to sound, they enter a human ear and thread the convolutions of a brain. Under the protection of a friendly mathematical cypher (Relativity's relative) they get so far as the Moon and Mars (that Eldorado of the modern explorer), whence, the scientist finding himself in imminent danger from the fantasist, they are hurried home to their threedimensional beds. Physics adminstered with a jam so

pleasantly flavoured should prove very palatable to inquiring youth.

A Prose Idyll.

When The Curtain Rises (Gollancz, 8/6) in response to Miss HILDA VAUGHAN'S touch, Nest Owen is seen leaving her home amidst the Welsh hills to seek her fortune in London as a cookgeneral. It did not seem to me that Nest's dreams were likely to find fulfilment. Nevertheless, as her povertystricken father truly said, "The gel knows what she do want. She allus has." Nest always did throughout her short life, and especially in her romantic love for that worthless young actor,

Julian Ore, whose attraction for a girl of Nest's strength of character and idealism continued to remain a mystery to me. I do not believe that after refusing him during their romantic caravan trip Nest would have subsequently surrendered herself to Julian when she must have been fully alive to his philandering nature. Although he was unfaithful to her and ruined his play by his bad acting, Nest continued to love him until her tragic death in her old home. At times Miss VAUGHAN's prose takes on the quality of poetry. But I never felt that these children of her delicate fancy had any counterparts in real life.

The Hounds of Spring.

Miss Anne Bridge's novel, Illyrian Spring (Chatto and Windus, 7/6), is, if I read it rightly, an apology for youth which is trying to shake itself free from "winter's traces"—not the definite reins but all the questions and the "getting at you" which are so much more shackling and important. Very wisely she has taken the view-point of middle-age assisted by the eyes of a young man. I must confess to being reminded of Autumn Crocus and Young Woodley, but, though there are not many new plots in this world neither are there many people who can write of calf-love and the reminiscent yearning of an elderly woman with such austere delicacy

as can Miss Bridge. I like her artist heroine, I like her philosopher and I could have liked Nicholas, the hero, had he been a shade less priggish. As it is, I can only say that in marrying his ideal's daughter he has probably got exactly what he deserves. And it now occurs to me that I have been referring to these people as though they were intimate friends. Well, can I pay a better compliment to the author than that? For the rest—if you would like to discover enchanting descriptions of Dalmatia, plus worldly wisdom, plus a happy ending which pleads dramatisation, read this story of a number of people who set out for Greece but never got therealthough, like Ulysses, they found "the Happy Isles."

More Help for Golfers.

The publishers (METHUEN) of Length on the Links (5/-) claim that it reveals "The Secrets of the Long Ball," and after studying its text and numerous illustrations carefully I am quite ready to admit that not only in respect to length, but also as regards control and direction, Mr. ABE MITCHELL'S instruction is thoroughly sound. He

assumes that his readers have played golf for some time, and consequently (though this is perhaps an over-bold assumption) possess some foundations on which he can build. But even those of us whose foundations are distinctly wobbly can profit by consulting him. For various more or less personal reasons he may be unable to make us hit the ball astounding distances, but he can help us to improve our approaching and putting, and his chapter on "The Pitch and Run" seems to me especially worthy of study.



"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHY I PULLED YOU UP, MISS?"
"POOR OLD THING-LONELY?"

Rogues and Ruffians.

Among the thirteen Tales, entitled Crook Stuff (Con-

STABLE, 7/6), "Speckled Trout," "Sherry White Wine" and "The Price of Wisdom," all help to prove that Mr. RICHARD KEVERNE can write clever although—with one exception—not especially distinguished short stories. The exception is the last tale, which I unhesitatingly select to captain the team. In "The Amber Forgeries" Mr. KEVERNE has made a most penetrating study of a novelist's mentality and at the same time has provided an ingenious surprise. This is the gem of a collection which during the coming weeks I am confident will add to the entertainment of holiday-makers.

A Good Work Done.

Towards the close of 1932 Mr. Punch appealed to his readers to aid a Fund, created in the previous year, for the purchase and humane destruction of old British Army horses abandoned to a life of misery in Egypt at the end of the Great War. This work, he is delighted to learn from Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, the organiser of the Fund, is now completed, every surviving war horse having been traced and bought. It is particularly gratifying to know that a great number of *Punch* readers subscribed generously to the Fund.

Charivaria.

A CLERGYMAN advocates the closing of the Suez Canal to the warships and troopships of both Italy and Abyssinia. Most of our amateur strategists have overlooked the possibility of an Abyssinian naval coup in the Mediterranean.

owners manage it by approaching with a gun, a dog and a particularly ferocious expression.

A Flower Show official says that every gardener seems to be convinced his own particular exhibit is the best. Rather a marrow-minded set. recently that the black man cannot understand the white man's justice. The white man has the dickens of a job to understand some bits of it himself.

Nothing could be more convincing of the spread of temperance among road-users than the fact that the sole

object of a smashand-grab raid at Chippenham seems to have been a bottle of lemonade.

A doctor recommends sherry for sea-sickness. Port is better still.

The decision of the French Government that vintage wines shall be distinguished by a green label is welcomed by wouldbe connoisseurs.

"A couple of wrens nested right under my nose," writes a camper. Men who cultivate bushy moustaches have to put up with this sort of thing. **

"I've had the same servant for eight years without a break," states a writer on domestic subjects. The perfect maid!

A politician asks if there is any ill-feeling between England and the United States. There is if the

passage happens to be rough.

A film-star declares that there is nothing whatever to shock the visitor to Hollywood. Nevertheless tourists will continue to go there.

Dance-band crooners are now inquiring: "Why was I born? Why am I living?" And no one can say.

Everything comes to him who waits, and it is a pity that the photographer who tells Signor Mussolini to "Look pleasant" never seems to have any luck. **

Attention is again drawn to the one plinth in Trafalgar Square which is not occupied by a statue. We have long wished that there were more like it. **_**

"More and more visitors to London insist on going to the House of Commons," says a gossip paragraphist. Morbid, we call it.

"There is no one is these parts to touch a Scotsman," says a biologist of Yale University. Very few people over here even try.

A grocer recently won an amateur heavyweight boxing match. It wouldn't of course do a grocer any

good professionally if he became known as a lightweight champion.

"Skunks are found in most parts of Western America," says a naturalist. Judging by what we have heard of skunks we can't imagine one getting lost.

"How can one make a picnic party go?" asks a correspondent. Some land-



DEBUTANTES.

"He went to sleep poor and woke up rich," says a novel. This sounds like a description of a heavyweight boxer.

Over a hundred thousand people visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy, now closed, and none of them demanded his money back.

A visiting African chief announced

Captain Bayonet and the Burning Lorry.

OUR Captain Bayonet has just returned to us from taking part in the Aldershot Tattoo. I don't mean he has only just got back; I mean he is only at last "with us," as it were. For Bayonet was selected to represent some very important historical personage, such as Saint "Merrie England" GEORGE or "Up-and-at-'em" WELLINGTON, and has only just come back to earth For the first three weeks he seemed to forget he wasn't in actual fact the character he had been portraying, and went about rolling up maps of Austerlitz and expecting the Mess-waiters to "Good-my-liege" him, and indeed hardly deigned to notice anyone below the rank of Colonel, till someone-just of the rank of Colonel-noticed him. Then for the next three weeks he did nothing but talk about grease-paint, treading the boards, and getting into the skin of a part, and insisted on addressing everyone as "Laddie" or "Old boy." This last, one recent breakfast, went down so badly with Major Saddleflap's liver that Bayonet suddenly became human and could speak normally of his experiences at the Tattoo.

Thus it was that we heard about the Burning Lorry—a little affair which we understand was hushed up at the time.

On the day of the Tattoo Dress Rehearsal, it seems, Bayonet was standing outside the Officer-Performers' Tent (he nearly called it the Green Room) smoking a casual cigarette and waiting for his cue when a thirty-hundredweight military lorry went past on a track nearby and the driver stopped to ask Bayonet politely the way to some particular part of the arena. Throwing his cigarette away, Bayonet told him, and the man was just about to get into gear again when a pop occurred somewhere in the lorry. The pop was rapidly followed by a louder pop, a couple of bangs, a whistling screech and a lot of smoke, all of these also somewhere in the lorry. Bayonet promptly stepped back four paces, for he was wearing a beard at the time, the property of the War Office, and didn't want to come up before a Court of Inquiry over a question of Damage to Government Stores.

From the way in which the driver whizzed off his seat and into the underbrush Bayonet deduced that the contents of his lorry might be of a surprising nature—as indeed they were, being in fact a large supply of fireworks, cordite and other "props.," for,

probably, the Battle of Talavera or the Taking of Seringapatam. Bayonet withdrew two more paces and was joined from the tent by Napoleon, King Henry IV. (Part One), the Spirit of Mechanised Artillery and a few other pals. A box of cordite casually went up in an enormous sheet of flame. The thing seemed worth watching further.

At any Tattoo military It was. policemen swarm like bees, and within a minute the lorry, now popping, whistling and banging like the Fifth of November, was surrounded by "redcaps" of every rank up to A.P.M., who at once started to grab handfuls of sand from the track and throw it on to the burning vehicle. Their efforts were not helped by the comments of a squad of troops who had appeared-strictly in the rôle of audience-and who were having the time of their lives watching military police for once doing something other than arrest them. Queries like "Oy! where's your little spades and buckets?" do not improve the temper of superior-looking "red-cap' sergeants scooping up sand; while a respectful but entirely fictitious "Mind the dynamite, Sir!" is not calculated to encourage an A.P.M. directing operations. Being safely concealed by beard and moreover on their way to the Battle of Inkermann, they refused to hear any exhortations to assistance, nor were any of their officers with them, for Inkermann was the "soldier's battle.

Into the midst of this arrived the Garrison fire - engine at breakneck speed down the same track.

Military policemen being creatures of habit, at least four of them automatically started to control "traffic," one holding the fire-engine up and one waving it round and two excitedly signalling it on. The net result was that with a screeching of brakes it just missed charging into the lorry, and in fact was only pulled up a bare three feet short.

As two firemen leapt smartly off to get out the hose from behind, the second box of cordite went up in flames just in front of the fire-engine, whose driver hadn't been told about this part of it. With a short soldier's prayer he went into quick reverse. It was only luck that the two firemen weren't very badly damaged and that Inkermann didn't have its survivors before the battle instead of after. Not that many of them weren't pretty near death already from sheer hysterical laughter.

The fire-engine was brought up close once more—it was rather like wheedling a frightened horse—and the firemen were just halfway round with the hose

when another box of cordite went up. This time the driver was taking no chances; he was waiting in reverse with his foot on the clutch, in case. . . .

As no subsequent wheedling could induce him to approach again, he was allowed to stay where he was, till it was discovered, after some blasphemous research-work, that he had backed his engine on to the hose and was standing on it. It was a pity that this was rectified without warning the fireman at the nozzle, who was just looking into the matter on his own.

Thereafter it was only a few minutes before the fire was at last put out; whereupon an over-zealous fireman sprang up into the débris and started to lay about him with his axe-for no ascertainable reason. Perhaps it was just the prevailing tension, or maybe he was a new fireman and had never had a chance to use it before. Anyhow, his fourth stroke hit a smouldering cordite box, which promptly dissolved in a sheet of flame, blowing him into the ditch and starting the fire again just as the hose had been nicely rolled up. Both fire and fireman were extinguished and the hose was being re-rolled when the Very Special Fire-Fighting Piquet, specially trained to cope with sudden outbreaks of fire at the Tattoo, arrived at the double from the other side of the arena, having had to go all the way round owing to the Battle of Blenheim. They asked breathlessly where the fire was, and, as if in sympathy, another box of cordite went up. .

At this point Bayonet says his "dresser" told him he'd been "called," and he had to leave, but before he started the lorry had been extinguished and broken out yet again.

Lighting another cigarette—he seemed to have mislaid the one he was smoking when the lorry first passed—Bayonet started off, wondering how it had originated.

A. A.

Like a Lamb.

"The idea came to me last Thursday," said Pamela. "There were flocks and flocks of perfect angels eating grass in Kensington Gardens. Sheep," she added, in response to my look of surprise. "So I wrote to Garridges, and now read this."

She handed me a letter from Messrs. Garridges, Ltd., and I read aloud:—

"Livestock Department.

DEAR MADAM,—With reference to your esteemed inquiry, we have pleasure in informing you that we can offer you a live tame lamb which has been bottle-fed but is now



THE ESSAYIST OF AIX.

ass she ur-

e to

nich now MR. BALDWIN ATTEMPTS TO WRITE A VARIATION OF A WELL-KNOWN PIECE OF LITERATURE.



"HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST IDEA WHAT'S WRONG-BUT GEORGE ALWAYS LIFTS THIS TRING."

turned out with the other lambs on grass. Price three guineas.

We await your further instruc-

"They don't await them now," Pamela said, "because I've just rung up and said we would have it."

"You've bought a sheep?" I said incredulously.

'A lamb.

"The penalty is the same. Why have you bought a lamb?"

"To eat the grass. No more mowing. Think of that.

I thought of that.

"There's something to be said for

it," I admitted.
"There's everything to be said for

it, the precious pet!"
"I suppose it may be relied upon to eat grass?

"Of course."

"According to Messrs. Garridges it may also be relied upon to eat bottles.

"Bottles? Oh, I see—bottle-fed!" Pamela laughed kindly. "And you shall frequently have shepherd's pie

'Thank you. And when I am unable

to sleep afterwards I shall be able to count our sheep passing through a

gap."
"Angeline would be a nice name," said Pamela.

Pamela looked at the seissors gloomily. She seemed discouraged.

"I've been trying to shear Angeline." she informed me.

"With my nail-seissors?"

They are sharper than the others."

"You mean they were sharper than the others.'

"Angeline looked so hot and uncomfortable. Poor pet, I'm afraid I haven't got off much. I shall pop round to the Soameses and borrow their shears. She must have a clip."

'A good hard clip.'

"But she has made all the difference to the lawn," said Pamela defensively.

"She has also made all the difference to the flower-beds.'

Pamela sighed. "There's a lupin left among the gooseberry-bushes," she said.

She sighed again.

While Pamela was at the Soameses

borrowing their shears a flock of sheep passed up the lane on their way to the

Angeline," I explained afterwards to Pamela, "was out of the gate before you could say 'Seissors.'

"But didn't you rush after her?"

That was exactly what I had done. "One lamb," I said, "is very like another when they're mixed. You wouldn't have liked a strange lamb."

With the Soameses' shears Pamela snipped the second-best bloom from our standard rose. "I s Angeline was lonely," she said. "I suppose

I fear so.

"You're sure they were going to the Downs?

"Absolutely certain. I asked the shepherd.'

But if there You asked thewas a shepherd surely he must have known which was Angeline?'

"I gave the shepherd half-a-crown." "Oh!" said Pamela. "Then Ange-

"Angeline went like a lamb."

Pamela absent-mindedly snipped the best bloom from our standard rose.

"Oh, well," she said.

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Northward.

- Now comes the season I should write of that land
 Whereto to-day my homing fancy wings,
 Called by the Transatlantic tourist "Scatland,"
 Called by the Sassenach many bitter things;
 I should, but—what to say?
 O Muse, assist my lay
- And fortify this poor half-baked Boeotian With stuff on Scotia and on all things Scotian.
- Not, not for lack of subjects need I falter;
 I could indite, with history as my base,
 A screed, a serial worthy of Sir Walter—
 Battles and murders raging round the place,
 The feud of clan with clan,
 That down the ages ran
 (And still revives, with all its pristine dangers
 At functions such as Celtic versus Rangers).
- Or I could swop the learned for the lyric, Call Beauty in, enlist the purple patch And pen some railway-poster panegyric On Heather Hills (with Misty Isles to match),

- Descant on cairn and ben
 (Which rhymes, you know, with glen)
 And captivate your pseudo Hielant Johnnies
 With birks and braes and burns and brigs and bonnys.
- Or why not turn instructive? Cite statistics
 On beans and barley (useful plant) or coal?
 Or steep myself in Gaelic, join the mystics
 And throw some Hebridean rigmarole
 No ordinary Scot
 Could stomach? Well, why not?
 Or bland ingredients of each several sort on
- Or blend ingredients of each several sort on The well-tried lines of Mr. H. V. Morron?
- I could but won't. For as the month approaches
 When all sane men (or all who can) go North,
 My mind runs solely upon sleeping-coaches
 And those long bridges over Tay and Forth;
 And all I know or wis
- Re Scotia comes to this:
 It's August; Scotland's there and time is flowing;
 I want to go; I ought to go; I'm going!
 H. B.



"No, we don't speak Frence, but when we're in France we speak our own language with a foreign intonation."

Business for Pleasure.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no doubt, chaps, that Businesss is Looking Up. One would hardly go so far as to say that it has seen anything yet, but Looking Up it undoubtedly is. And when Business Looks Up you can always be sure that there is some Major Force at work. What, or who, then, is this Major Force? (This is a purely rhetorical question. I don't want you to come butting in with some nonsensical theory about the Gold Standard or Cheap Money or something like that. You just keep quiet and hold your breath, waiting for the reply.) If you look at the hoardings you will see that Business is Looking Up because of the National Government. But don't you believe it. Others will tell you that it is the result of the recovery in the Basic Industries. Do not be deceived. No, the explanation is simply this: About a year ago Mr. Punch, seeing the business of this country in its hour of darkest need, rushed into the breach and laid down, succinctly, brilliantly and finally, the fundamental principles of success in Business. From that day we have never looked back. Sales have gone up and up and up, and businesses have been carried on and on and on. industry alone* employment has increased 400%

When, then, a representative meeting of the Business Interests of this country called on Mr. Punch and explained that, with the help of just a few more Principles, Recovery would be complete and that they would be able to go happily on with their jobs, he hadn't the heart to refuse. "Hinc"-if one might be permitted the phrase-"illa lachrymæ. . . .

L-Planning.

"What hand and brain went ever paired? What heart alike conceived and dared? What act was all its thought had been?

Robert Browning, advancing planning alibi.

The difference between a really modern, well-run, adequately-lubricated business and one of the old-fashioned ones which squeak is purely one of planning. The difference between an unplanned business and a planned one is this:-

(1) In an unplanned business things just happen, i.e., they crop up. Life is full of unforeseen happenings and circumstances over which you have no control. On the other hand.

(2) In a planned business things still happen and crop up and so on, but you know exactly what would have been the state of affairs if they hadn't.

Let us take a simple example—say this vexed question of the office tea. Now in an unplanned business the whole matter of making and distributing the tea is in the air. Miss Jones may do it at four P.M.; or, if she happens to be run over by a bus, Miss Smith may have to do it at fourfifteen, or four-thirty-or even four-forty-five. In short, the whole thing is completely vague, woolly and unsystematic, and no one knows quite where he is or where his tea is at any given moment. But what a difference in a planned business! Instructions are issued that tea is to be made by Miss Jones at four P.M. There is the person. There is the time-in black and white. Now supposing Miss Jones steps under a bus? It doesn't matter, for, though Miss Jones can no longer make the tea, and though as a result it may be brought by Miss Smith at four-thirty, yet the planning system has triumphed. For everyone knows that the plan as a plan was perfect, and that there is no possible doubt what ought to have happened, even if it didn't.

* Official Receiving.

The astute reader will therefore see at once that the extent to which things are really under control is exactly the extent to which they are planned. Planning, indeed. is the executive's friend and, like all real friends, invaluable for establishing an alibi. In the old days a production manager was just given orders and expected to carry them out; and if he didn't he was kicked, just exactly as though it was his fault. Nowadays, however, he is given orders, and all he has to do is to plan. And after that—well, dash it! he can't avoid Acts of God.

Our illustration, I think, is most vivid in dramatic form :-

OLD WAY.

Scene-Production Manager's Office. Production Manager discovered. Enter Managing Director.

M.D. (forte). Hey, you!

P.M. (quailing). Good morning, Sir.
M.D. (more forte) Good morning nothing! Where the Pete are the last forty gross of bassoons I said were to be out

P.M. (diffidently). Well, you see-

M.D. No, I don't. Where are they? Are they done?

P.M. Well, no; you see

M.D. (fortissimo). Ho! they're not, eh? Then you're fired. When I give an order . . . customer waiting damned slackness . . . couldn't organise a Sunday School Treat . . . [Exit, dying away in the distance.

CURTAIN.

NEW WAY.

Scene-The Same. Enter M.D.

M.D. (forte). Hey, you!

P.M. (smiling). Good morning. Nice morning. Looking for those bassoons

M.D. (sourly). Yes.

P.M. (producing large sheet with a flourish). The plan, Sir. M.D. (taking it). Oh! . . . (Slightly mollified) This is

P.M. (beaming). I thought you'd like it.

M.D. (interested). What's this heliotrope line here? P.M. Oh, that's the graph of mental decay of lefthanded men over forty in the reed shop.

M.D. (fascinated). Is that really so?

P.M. (proudly, pointing to sheet). And this is the number of bassoons we should have reached by Tuesday week if it hadn't been wet.

M.D. (admiringly). As many as that?

P.M. Quite. Of course it did rain, but still . .

M.D. (jovially). Well, I don't think we can really hold you responsible for the weather. After all . .

P.M. Yes, of course, this isn't a normal week. You see

that blue square?

M.D. Yes.

P.M. Well, that's where Bill Perkins fainted at four P.M. on Wednesday. The smudge above is what he would have done if he hadn't

M.D. (shaking his head in an awestruck way). Well, you certainly seem to have everything well under control. (Going) Think I'll— (turning as he gets to the door). By the way, I suppose you can't possibly have got that last forty gross of bassoons through?

P.M. (regretfully). I'm afraid not. You see, the plan got

M.D. (waving a hand). Oh, quite. It's a pity, because I've got a customer waiting. But after all these things will happen. We can't do more than plan carefully.

[Exit, dying away in the distance.

CURTAIN.

I have been very unhappy to observe from time to time a note of disparagement in the attitude of the average employee towards his firm's planning department, and indeed towards planning departments in general. This, I fancy, arises from a fundamental misunderstanding of the function of planning. It must always be remembered that planning is like economics. It is a science, not a thing with any relation to crude silly facts. You don't ask an artist what good his picture is. The picture is merely an expression of the beauty and order which is in a man's personality. It is exactly the same with a production plan. In fact the parallel is so close that sensitive people even collect notable plans and hang them on their drawing-room walls. Some of them-for example, the more abstract and futurist conceptions of old Pillweevil of United Dynamitealready fetch high prices. So be kind to your planner. His work may still fetch a big price at Christie's when you are forgotten.

Publicity.

Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe put her head over the garden-wall and said, "I wonder if you would do me a great favour, Mr. Conkleshill?"

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"Certainly," I said.

"We are having a sale of work in the garden on Saturday," she explained, "and we thought it would be a good idea to get a well-known author to come and autograph copies of his books. But all the well-known people replied that they were engaged, and so my committee authorised me, in despair, to approach you—you did once write a book about something, didn't you? Wasn't it a book on fishing called Out

of the Depths?"
"A Novel of Life," I said rather stiffly, "called Out of the Deeps."

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe. "Saturday at three o'clock; and you needn't bring more than thirty or forty copies, because I don't suppose it will sell very well; but it's the idea—gives our little sale of work a sort of semi-cultural flavour, if you follow me."

I mentioned the matter to Edith and told her that I would write a curt refusal, but Edith said that as we had several dozen copies of the wretched book cluttering up the place it was a good opportunity to get rid of them.

"And," she added, "think what an advertisement it will be! Hardly anybody in Little Wobbley realises that you are a writer at all. I don't think



A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

"M. Stalin was most distressed to learn that a young combade had stated in a school essay that Russia is the finest country in the world,"

you will ever be a national figure, but local fame is something."

So on Saturday afternoon I stood behind a little stall, wearing my most literary expression, and waited eagerly for the customers to roll up. Several people picked up copies of the book and said, "Who is L. Conkleshill? I've never heard of him," and then put the books down again and went to spend their money on kettle-holders or at the jumble stall.

Eventually, however, business brightened up a good deal, and when we closed down for the day I had disposed of six copies. Six copies at seven-and six came to forty-five shillings, and it was with a thrill of pride that I handed the money to Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe. "Rather disappointing," she said.
"Mrs. Hogg made more than that at her home-made-jam stall. . . ."

I told Edith that I was quite pleased to have sold six copies.

"Supposing each copy is read by six people," I said, "that will mean that my public has increased by thirty-six, and if all thirty-six people recommend the book to six others, the sales should show a decided upward

Edith laughed. "As a matter of fact," she said, "I felt so sorry for you standing behind that stall with no customers that I bought all six copies myself, by proxy. You can give me a cheque for the forty-five shillings when we get indoors."

At the Pictures.

SECRETS OF THE B.B.C.

SINCE miscegeny is not a bad British trouble. Shanghai is a film that is more likely to interest America than ourselves. But, as a matter of fact, CHARLES BOYER, the new male star, a Frenchman with a very attractive broken accent, looks so little as though he is half-Chinese that we do not take LORETTA YOUNG'S problem seriously and cannot understand why, as the impulsive hundred-per-cent. American girl, she makes (at first) so much fuss about it. Moreover CHARLES BOYER'S long conversations with his Excellency the Mandarin (WARNER OLAND, of course) are carried on in such perfect European idiom as to be further superficial evidence of the purity of his nationality. If only his eyes would slant! But they won't. If only his sleeves were too long and his hands hidden in them! But they aren't. If only he would say "velly" instead of "very"! But he doesn't. There is in fact no hint in him of the Yellow Peril, and when he



ANXIOUS TO KEEP THE PARTY CLEAN

(Miscegenationally speaking).

Ambassador Lun Sing . WARNER OLAND.

displays the portrait of his mother, a Manchu princess, we simply don't believe it.

Still, that is the story: that LORETTA YOUNG falls in love with CHARLES BOYER, thinking him all Russian; that on finding that his mother was Chinese she falls out of love; that, considering it over, she falls into love again, pursues him into the wilds of China, captures him and forgives.

CHARLES BOYER I find fascinating in his gravity and personal charm, but Hollywood will have to work hard to fit him with parts. I saw him the other day as a French psychiatrist; here he is a Russian of mixed blood. In both cases, you observe, the foreign accent is accounted for and even made plausible. But what next?

With those of the six million renters



PEEPS AT THE B.B.C. A Voice of Britain.

of radio sets who want to peep behind the scenes and are never happy until they can see "the wheels go wound," the film called *The Voice of Britain*, laying bare some of the secrets of the B.B.C., should be very popular; and I see no reason why it should not be the beginning of a long series. But why Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. G. K. Chesterton are vocal, while Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon, Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Baldwin only mouth silently at us (like, and yet not like, Gordon Harker in *The Lad*), I shall never understand. Articulation for all—or none.

I am afraid also that I failed to catch the necessity of some of the imagery, but as an object-lesson in the activities of Broadcasting House in Portland Place and its allied stations the film is amazing in its instructiveness, and not the least interesting fact that emerges bears upon the size and efficiency of the staff. The mere handling of switches makes one gasp, and I personally should have liked more machinery and fewer samples of B.B.C. humour, which have always seemed to me to be best illustrated by such travesties as we had in Streamline and in Words and Music. Closing my eyes, I can still hear JOYCE BARBOUR at the microphone, in Mr. Coward's

revue, patronising the "child-ren." I should have liked also "stills" of some of the gentlemanly announcers with tired adenoidy voices; I want to put faces to those familiar tones. Next time, perhaps, we shall have them.

You have to be very fond of aviation not to weary of Devil Dogs of the Air. the new film of which JAMES CAGNEY is the hero; at least, the leading actor, for the hero, I take it, is the United States Navy, which has obligingly allowed certain screen stars to twinkle in its manœuvres. Speaking personally, I must say that aeroplanes in pictures bore me, both flight and sound, and particularly their sound; but I am sufficiently devoted to James CAGNEY to overlook his element in order to see him again. But I was disappointed, as all true CAGNEY fans must be, by his mildness. During a whole hour-and-ahalf I sat there waiting for the little volcano to flare up and double his fists; but not a blow was struck. CAGNEY, a flying man; an hour-and-a-half and no blow! It is incredible and especially so when I add that PAT O'BRIEN, as Lieut. W. Brannigan, is his rival. Once, I admit, a fight seemed to be imminent, and the two foes started out to find a suitable place; but they were inter-

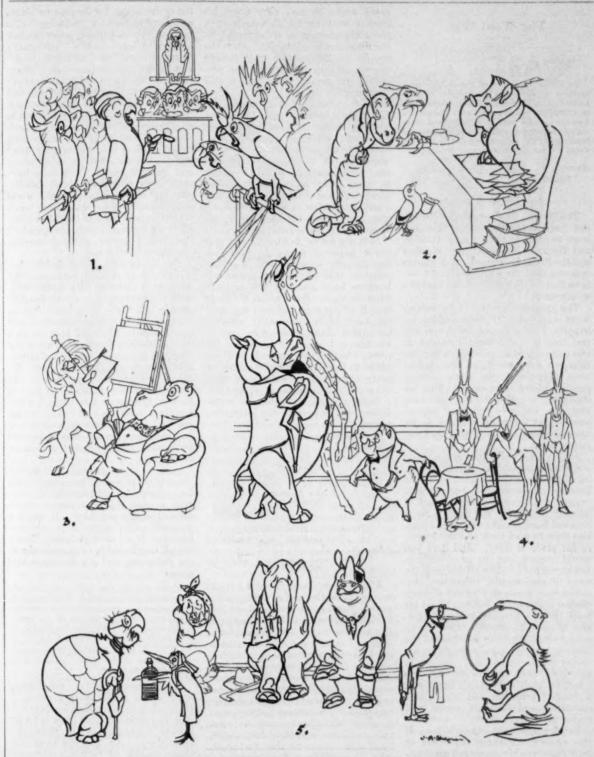


JAMER CAGNEY (Tommy O'Toole) to PAF O'BRIEN (Lieut, Wm. Brannigan). "SHADES OF MY SOCK-IN-THE-JAW-DAYS! OH FOR A HAND CONTACT INSTEAD OF A MACHINE ORE!"

rupted. Not a single punch; so that we found ourselves in profound sympathy with Frank McHugh, who, as Crash Kelly, a blighted ambulance man, is always vainly undoing the stretcher and so having to do it up again.

In the end Cagney robs Pat O'BRIEN of his girl, Margaret Lindsay; but who cares? Not I. She should have married someone who could hook to the jaw.

E. V. L.



SOME PHASES OF THE ZOO AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

1. THE PARROT AVIARY.

but

2. FINANCE DEN.

3. ART SHED.

4. WAFTERS' ENCLOSURE.

5. INFIRMARY.

The Word War.

XXII

"Amazing"

EXERCISE.

On the seventh day of the Jubilee celebrations the King and Queen drive into the East End of London. Everywhere their loyal subjects run to greet Their MAJESTIES. You are on the staff of a daily (and illustrated) newspaper, and have to compose the headings to the columns which describe the scene. What adjective do you employ?

Answer.
"Amazing."

NOTE FOR BORBY.

The Tribes of Journalism, Bobby, put forth every day many thousand more words than the Tribes of Politics, and Business, the Film, the Wireless and the Book. So we have much greater opportunities for mischief; but I believe that we do less. Still, we too have weaknesses.

The journalist's capacity for amazement is amazing. If you meet him, as, happily, I often do, off duty, you will find that it is difficult to produce in him even a mild surprise. Tell him the strangest story you know, the spiciest piece of scandal, the most exciting political gossip—and he will shrug his shoulders, say that he knew all that long ago, and give you, very calmly, some secret information which is far more shocking than anything that you can mention.

Such is my friend's demeanour in bar and restaurant and at private gatherings where we should expect to see the humane and emotional part of him expand and blossom in the warmth of friendly company. We don't. He is reserved, hard, cynical—a rock of a man But then he goes back to Fleet Street. to his place of duty. And here you would expect him to grow callous, would you not?—since all day long the news of misfortunes, calamities, disasters, fires, floods and famine, divorce. disease and death is buzzing about his head. But no, here the natural tenderness of the man prevails. Here, to an extent unusual among members of the English race, all human emotions are deeply felt, freely indulged, and loudly recorded. Each typist's marriage is a romance, each nobleman's divorce is a drama; tragedies and bombshells, calamities and scandals, crowd and colour every day.

Yet through it all, through years of this cyclonic existence, the editor at least preserves his open-eyed astonishment at the events of human life, even —and this is strange—where he has himself provoked them. Although for

many weeks he may have urged his readers to flock by thousands to a political gathering, he is "amazed" by the number who obey. And when the people on the seventh day behave exactly as they behaved on the preceding six the scene, to him, is still "amazing."

This is not true of every newspaper. The Times is never amazed. The serious weeklies, though perpetually indignant, are rarely surprised by the misbehaviour of the Government. "Scenes" which to the childlike picture-paper are "most amazing" are to The Times no more than remarkable.* Bids, bombshells and betrayals, which make a hell of breakfast in the humble home may never reach the sheltered tables where The Times is read.

It is not for us, Bobby, to say that either paper is wrong, for both are seeking only to serve us. We must presume that the editor knows his business best, and will give us only what we want. From which it follows that if we are poor and lead dull lives we want to be continually amazed, astounded, shocked, staggered, panic-stricken and generally upset by the news; while, if we are rich and can afford to buy our own excitements, we prefer to make the morning meal without emotional disturbance of any kind.

Bearing these thoughts in mind, Bobby, let us pass to the interesting word—

"Sensation"

"CITY SENSATION"

Star
" New Larwood

SENSATION"

Daily Herald

"The sensation of the theatrical year..."

"A mild sensation was caused at Geneva..."

"A somewhat sensational committee report . . ."—Observer.

I have never, Bobby!—and I regret it—served on the staff of a daily newspaper. But I know enough about that work to understand the difficulties of the headline-writer and the man who drafts (if that is the right expression) the bills. They are working always in a hurry and have little time for the careful choice of words. They must—especially if they serve an evening paper—convey to you and me that something exceptionally important has happened, as usual, in the last ten minutes. And this event, as a rule, should be calamit-

ous or menacing, for the reasons hinted at in my lecture on "amazing." No one will buy an evening paper because he sees in large letters "Birthrate Satisfactory" or "Europe Calm." But if we see on one bill, "War-Clouds Gather" and on its neighbour "Birthrate Crashes" the kindred thoughts that war is imminent and that Britain may be found deficient in man-power drive us eagerly to buy both papers. Especially if they are evening papers. For it is in the evening, after the day's work, that we enjoy terror and disaster most. You may have noticed as you walk about London glancing at the bills that the world

than it seemed to be at breakfast-time. The "sensations" nearly always adorn the evening papers; and my morning specimen above is rare.

For the evening paper, Bobby, has

is in a much worse state after lunch

three or four distinct editions every day and is therefore in a double difficulty—it must provide us with disasters greater not only in gravity but in quantity. And, "unco-ordinated" and lousy though the world may be as a rule, there are soft periods in which the supply of genuine calamities and shocks falls short of our hungry demands. No treaty is torn up, no troops are "rushed" to any frontier, no part of Eastern Europe or Asia "faces up to" famine or flood, no lone young woman arrives by aeroplane from Australia or Lapland, not even a peer is prosecuted for fraud or sued for breach of promise of marriage.

It is in these anamic and barren times that the word "sensation" finds its opportunity and justification. For it is a word that can suggest much without saying anything. It was not designed to say much or to say that forcibly. If we were pedantic, Bobby (which God forbid!), we should refer to our dictionary and say that sensation meant:—

"An operation of any of the senses: a psychical affection or state of consciousness consequent on and related to a particular condition of some portion of the bodily organism, or a particular impression received by one of the organs of sense."

". . . In generalized use: The operation or function of the senses: perception by means of the senses."

A shy, mild, passive, unassuming word. Who would have guessed, in 1615, when first the English heard it, that "sensation" would grow to be the boldest buccaneer in all their glad vocabulary? Ay, and the most cunning—capable of taking a thousand shapes: a speech, a play, a cure for cancer, an embezzlement, a war, a quarrel on the cricket-field, an ex-

^{* &}quot;. . . remarkable demonstrations of loyalty."—"Times," May 13th.

^{&#}x27;Jubilee's Most Amazing Scenes."
"Daily Mirror," same day, same scenes.



"WE DON'T SEEM MUCH NEARER THE LUNCH TENT YET, 'ERBERT, AND THERE'S THE TEA QUEUE BEGINNIN' TO FORM NOW."

humation, a marriage, or a new rule at the Carlton Club! What a word!

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It was in 1864, I see, that sensation first slipped off the rails-"due to." as certain writers would say, some man of the theatre. ("The greatest sensation of the day; grand Incantation scene from Der Freischutz.") Even then the wicked fellow had the grace to give the modest word an adjective for company. But now, Bobby, sensation ("a perception by means of the senses") stands on its own feet, an active, insolent, "SENSATION!" independent fellow. (We have put the same twist, it is true, on "passion," which first meant "suffering" and now means knocking people about. But two blacks do - Let us go on!)

"New Larwood Sensation!" What does this mean? Who is Larwood? A bowler. What event in his life can it be that The Daily Herald, concerned only with the profound essentials of human existence, describes as a "sensation"? Has this Larwood committed murder, declared war, entered Parliament, betrayed his country, loved, married, or perhaps himself

produced a new Larwood? No. The answer is, Bobby, that (a) in a match with Gloucestershire this valuable citizen bowled more slowly than he usually bowls, and (b) certain meanspirited citizens said that he was acting under orders from the authorities of his Club, and (c) the authorities of the Club indignantly denied that they had given any instructions to the bowlers they employed.

That was all. But the paper was sold by the million that day, and no doubt "Sensation" helped to sell it. I wonder greatly that no one has yet produced a newspaper with the simple title *The* Daily Sensation, for that would wallop the lot of them.

The other odd thing, Bobby, is this: that the same people who have worked so hard and well to raise "sensation" to its present stature, at which, whatever the substance, the aspect is terrific, are now helping to whittle it away and bring it back to its former mean dimensions. How, at this date, can there be a mild sensation" or a "somewhat sensational report"? All sensations, we have learned, are strong and terrible. And if this mildness is allowed

to continue we shall very soon cease to be excited even by the unfortunate LARWOOD, sensate us how he may.

Barbarous

"Mr. —, having experienced most difficult weather coupled with engine trouble, force landed."—Daily Paper.

Or, in other words, "made a forced landing."

Or "was compelled to land."

Or "had to land."

Or "came down."

"Force landed!" Here again, Bobby, the desire for brevity is no defence. Or should we say that the writer is not defence provided?

Technique of Modern Medicine

"Eddie Cantor, the film comedian, who was rushed to hospital on Monday with stomach trouble, has undergone a major operation.

His condition is described as 'satisfactory.'"—Reuter.

"She was rushed to Alton Hospital, where her condition is critical."

Daily Mirror.

"Rush: To drag, force or carry violently: to send or impel violently." A. P. H.



"HE USED TO BE A GONG-POLICEMAN UNTIL MUSIC GOT HIM."

Reflections of a Man of Strict Honour on Being about to Eat His Hat.

It was silly of me, I know, to let myself in like that, and I expect people will laugh at me for it, but really there didn't seem to me to be the slightest risk. You know what it is at Whipsnade—the presence of animals breaks down every social barrier, and when the fat man with the yellow waistcoat suddenly remarked, "As nice a specimen of Van Emden's Boar as I've seen for many a long day," what could I do but put him right? I mean, I couldn't let him go on thinking it was a Van Emden's Boar when I knew it wasn't, could I? And I was perfectly certain about it, because when Father came back from safari in '97 he had a fine head which hung in the downstairs cloakroom until the moths got into it, and apart from the fact that it had left its body behind somewhere in Africa it might have been a twin brother to the one the fat man was pointing at. And how could I ever forget the little ivory label which hung

under Father's head—I mean the one he shot—with

"Tollemache's Warthog. Shot by Algernon Entwhistle 1897"

on it?

So I said, politely, naturally, "Pardon me, Sir, but you are under a misapprehension as regards that creature. It is a Tollemache's Warthog."

"No, it ain't," the fat man replied, "that there's a Van Emden's Boar."

I admit I was unprepared, forgetting for the moment that the fat man had never been into our downstairs cloakroom, for contradiction.

Anyway, I said to him: "If that creature, and I refer of course to the one with the mud on its snout, is not a Tollemache's Warthog, Sir, I'll eat my hat."

"O.K.," answered the fat man.

At that moment a keeper passed, and we referred the matter to him.

"Van Emden's Boar," he grunted.
"Can't you read the plate on the cage?"
"I did," said the fat man.

So there we were, and my dear Father must have been wrong too. The extraordinary thing was that the fat man tried to treat the whole affair as a joke and utterly refused to credit my intention of adhering to my bond. At last I drew myself up stiffly.

"We Entwhistles are men of honour, Sir," I said, "our word is sacred. Are you free to-morrow evening? We dine at seven-thirty."

The fat man admitted he was.

"Very well, then," I told him.
"There's my card. I shall expect you at my house at that hour." And I turned sharply away towards the wallabies and left him staring after me.

That's seven-thirty to-night. . .

One thing I'm glad about, and that is I didn't mention any particular hat. I was so rattled by the fellow's impertinence that I might easily have said, "If that isn't a Tollemache's Warthog, Sir, I'll eat my opera-hat," and of course if I'd said that the future would be undeniably black, with all those springs and steel flippers and things. As it is I consider I can select any hat from my cupboard with a perfectly clear conscience, for they real my hats—except that frightful brown thing which Herbert left last year, and anything less edible I can't imagine.

As a matter of fact I've already had them all out for a sort of dinner-parade. The sight of my green tweed one with a dozen big sea-trout flies stuck into it has raised a difficult points. Is it enough for me to consume a hat pure and simple, or am I in honour bound to wolf everything—band, lining, maker's name and, in the case of the green one, flies? On the whole I think I can decently bar flies, but if once one has set out to demolish a hat then perhaps it is a bit pernicketty to fuss about bands and linings.

There's my old straw boater, yellowed with age and looking not altogether unappetising in a cereal sort of way. The doctors talk about nothing but roughage these days, and no one can deny that straw is exceedingly healthy stuff. With a little cream and

Ah! that's a fundamental issue, isn't it? What about a little something to help the hat down? If it comes to that, what about cooking? Hang it, I didn't say, "If that isn't a Tollemache's Warthog, Sir, I'll eat my hat raw and without sauce," did I? No. Well, then, that

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perl my hing anyopens up a very wide field. For instance, it might not be a bad notion to boil the old boater for a few hours to soften it and then fry it up with a strong cheese sauce. I wonder what's the right wine for a Boater au Gratin? Chablis, I expect; it always is Chablis if you don't know.

Of course the old topper was bought in 1914, and it must be just about ripe by now. It might be the very basis for a slow casserole with plenty of mushrooms. . . And there's the panama. It's never really fitted me. Why not invert it and let it be the mould for a steak-and-kidney pudding?

It's awfully hard to decide, isn't it? If only I hadn't so many hats! As a matter of fact there's a good deal to be said for the soft grey one I was wearing at Whipsnade; at least it's thin and isn't too fluffy. (It's fluff that may get me down.) Cut into strips and fried and dressed with breadcrumbs and anchovy it wouldn't be unlike the sole you get in railway dining-cars. . . .

Mind you, if I wasn't an Entwhistle I dare say I'd have telephoned my hatters by now and got them to run something up out of rice-paper and icing-sugar. But there, I am an Ent-whistle.

And we Entwhistles have always been famous for our digestions. My great-great-grandfather swallowed a cannon-ball in the Peninsular War and brought it home as a paper-weight. All the same, I wonder if it wouldn't be wise to ask the doctor in to dinner? I mean, a whole hat, like a whole lobster, sounds such a lot.

Well, but? I never said how long I'd take to eat the hat, did I? I never said, "If that isn'ta Tollemache's Warthog, Sir, I'll consume my hat within five minutes." Suppose I were just to take a nibble at every meal until the thing more or less wore out? Socially rather difficult perhaps: "Will you excuse me, Mrs. Fetherstonehaugh, if I cut out the soup and have another go at my hat? I've got it here, thank you." No, that wouldn't do. . . .



"No, I know nothing about the game. You must teach me as we go on."



"THANK 'EAVEN I 'ADN'T WASHED 'EM!"

Songs of Ignorance.

III.-The Law.

(On seeing a reference to "Somebody On Torts.")

There is many a technical term
About which my poor brain is a blank,
And often in converse I squirm
As I show that my nescience is rank;
But I think that I never feel greener
Than when I peruse a report
Which refers to that dim misdemeanour
By lawyers described as a Tort.

I asked a solicitor once,

He calmly refused to reply;
He could not believe such a dunce
Of a layman existed as I,
When I craved for the slightest suggestion
Concerning the way that the Court
Decides the bewildering question
Of what is and what is not a Tort.

It's some kind of thing to avoid,
That always the context makes clear;
Some party is always annoyed
And the Judge's remarks are severe.

It sounds of course dreadfully twisty, But what is precisely its sort? Will no one enlighten my misty Conceptions regarding a Tort?

Is a Tort a thing clearly defined?

Can a Tort be a Felony too

If it happens to be the right kind?

Is there Tort, with more profits in view,
By short weight or addition of water

To cheat about bushel or quart?

Is murder a Tort, or manslaughter?

Will none be my guide to a Tort?

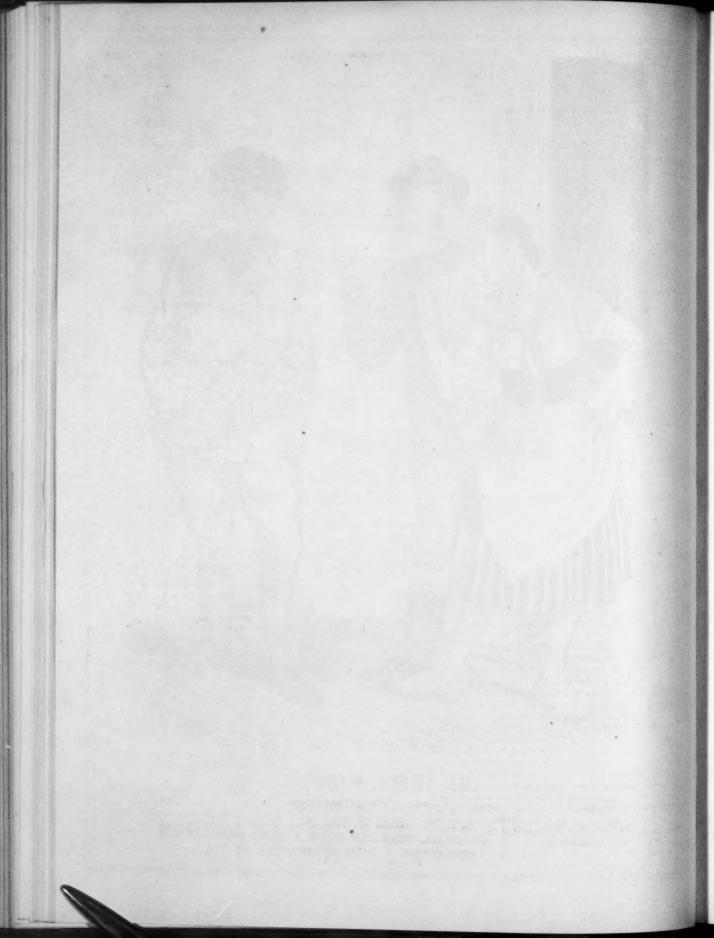
No, as usual, of course they will not,
My ignorant way I must go,
Resigned I must be to my lot
And suppose I was meant not to know.
'Twill be thus till the fall of the curtain,
Whether long my survival or short,
I shall go to my grave quite uncertain
If I've ever committed a Tort.
J. C. S.



THE AWFUL WARNING.

France and England (together?).

"WE DON'T WANT YOU TO FIGHT,
BUT, BY JINGO, IF YOU DO,
WE SHALL PROBABLY ISSUE A JOINT MEMORANDUM
SUGGESTING A MILD DISAPPROVAL OF YOU."



The Safety Mirror.

HAVING at last accepted the fact that the narrow streets and the blind corners of their town were placing an undue strain upon the resources of motor-insurance companies, Ballykealy's Urban Council decided that something must be done about it. "They talked theirselves to a standstill" is how a fellow-townsman has put it, "an' the motohs forever hoppin' agen one another the very same as handballs. But I dunno would they ever have accomplished an iota only for the Ah.Ah. Sure it financialled them in the latther end an' gev them toleration to be puttin' up all them yalla signs an' lookin'-glasses that has the place turned into a class of an

Oriental rescort."
The same commentator explained the unfortunate prevalence of motor-accidents in the streets with the simple statement: "Ballykealy is altogether too much compact for the like of them."

Because it is a cautious body as well as an argumentative one, the Urban Council took some time to make a move in the matter. However, a little of the tourist season still remained when the local carpenter, aided for some unknown reason by the elusive plumber of the district and

watched by a large and critical crowd, fixed the new Safety Mirror to a wooden telegraph-pole facing Tracy's cornershop, where so many motorists have met their Waterloo.

The mirror being very slightly convex as well as rather crookedly hung, those who peered into it were unnerved by the sight of their own reflections. "I dunno when I had a right look at meself before," the bearded Johnny Nolan said uneasily—"not since I gev up scrapin' the whiskers off of me faytures on a Sathurda night a while back; but God knows I'm a while back; but God knows I'm terrible altherated in me appearance since then, for I used to be well-graced enough; an' look at me now!"

Thanks to repeated interference on the part of the Chairman of the Urban Council, the fixing of the mirror took a whole day, and the crowd of spectators grew larger and more critical. Three times the carpenter went down

the street to tell Mr. Grace that the work was done, and three times the Chairman prevailed upon a mechanic of a local garage to drive him towards the dangerous intersection so that he might prove the efficacy of the new mirror for approaching traffic. The first time it was too high to benefit any vehicles except, as he said himself, "the chariots of angels"; the next time nothing was reflected there but Tracy's dog, stretched as usual across the doorway of his owner's shop and making it necessary for those who enter to step high and cautiously.

The third attempt proved successful, though this time the ambitious driver of the garage car was so deeply intrigued by the reflection of his 1928 model that he failed to notice the sinister

After that there was the episode of the three Kelly girls, who, on their way into the Market Square, halted the jennet right in front of the Mirror and proceeded to "tidy up," making public use of hair-comb and powder-puff and utterly disregarding the wails of a klaxon horn just behind them. "Didn't Goddle Mighty make their outlooks?" Johnny Nolan asked irritably; "an' they have no right at all to gloss them over." Then, remembering his own distorted appearance, he went on more reasonably: "But mebbe it'll do them no harm at all to see how near they were to bein' monkeys, an' they sthrivin' to make buttherflies of their-

composed of it certainly was not glass.

This they had proved, it seemed,

beyond all doubt.

Then there were the repeated displays of resentment shown by the Polled Anguscow, distinguished in Tracy's amiable herd by her name of "the peevish Polly." "She used to be a middlin' reasonable class of a heifer," wary spectators say, "but that Safe-ety yoke is able to dhrive her into a delusion, so it is, an' she couldn't be blemt."

selves now."

Last week, by an unfortunate combination of circumstances, two rival gangs of tinkers arrived in Ballykealy on the

same evening. In the fracas that followed inevitably the Safety Mirror was smashed beyond hope of repair. "Glass or no glass," the carpenter says, "it perished." But a haunting question remains: Does the breakage mean seven years of bad luck for Ballykealy or for the tinkers? Time alone will tell.

D. M. L.



"Excuse me, Sir, but to what swimming club do you belong?"
"I'm the tattoord man at the local circus."

approach of Foley's delivery-van, and another disaster was narrowly averted. "Only for the Safety Mirror I'd have been O.K.," he said disappointingly, "but when I seen the set-out of the poor old car I got an idea for an entirely new design with wavy sthream lines, an' the next thing I knew weren't we up upon the footpath an' the life nearly gone from Misther Grace with the fright?"

But, since the job had been passed by what the two skilled workmen called the "Boord of Referees," they refused to take any further responsibility in the matter, and Ballykealy settled down to watch the effect upon traffic of the innovation.

The Safety Mirror brought new interests into the life of the town. It hadn't been hanging for twenty-four hours before the small boys of the district were able to report to their mothers that whatever the surface was

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"Guns and Lessons in Shooting are ideal Wedding Presents."—Newspaper Advt.

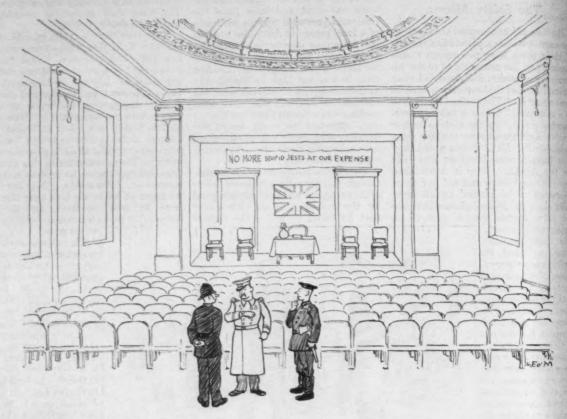
Our Candid Advertisers.

"Planting Time has come, you can buy good oak shrub tubs from 5/6, also a better quality which will not come to pieces."

Advt. in Press.

"Sir,—Through the medium of your paper I should like to convey my sincere and most frateful thanks to all those who so ably supported me on Tuesday last."—Local Paper.

That's quate all rate.



A mass meeting of absent-minded professors has been called to protest against jokes about them in the comic papers.

Mr. Punch's Test-Paper.

This is an age of tests. Means-tests, Test matches, Driving-tests, Medical-tests (after some fool of a pedestrian has flung himself under the front wheels of your car just as you were quietly driving home from your regimental dinner), Intelligence-tests (for children whom you or I would have recognised at a glance as not having any worth testing), Endurance-tests, both in the road and in the air, and Tests of temper in the home, the office, the committee-room and practically everywhere else on earth.

We propose therefore to move with the times and institute some tests of our own.

In the past many people have wished to become authors, and all of them, and perhaps more, have actually done so. Are you to be allowed to add to their number?

Not if we have anything to say in

You will, under the modern régime, first have to deal intelligently with—

THE TEST-PAPER.

- (1) Have you ever actually set eyes on a royalty? (Nothing whatever to do with the Jubilee. If you think it has you are a victim of word-association and had better look for a good psycho-analyst. Even if you find one, this won't prevent you from being ploughed.)
- (2) Do you realise that sooner or later you will have to write something about the Brontës and that there is nothing left to say about them, unless you definitely decide to be funny? Arising out of this, do you see any humorous possibilities in (a) Mr. Brontë as part-author of Jane Eyre; (b) Charlotte as the original of Amelia Sedley; or (c) the whole family as an entirely mythical creation, foisted on the public by the Press? (If so, you are no gentleman.)
- (3) Give a rough guess at the number of times that an author is asked whether he thinks of his plots or his characters first, whether he puts real people into his stories, and how long it takes to write a book. (Nothing under four figures will count.)

- (4) Give your candid opinion of all editors, publishers and London theatremanagers, carefully bearing in mind both the law of libel and the necessity of getting your answer finished this side of Christmas.
- (5) Now that we've brought in the word "theatre," let us hear as clearly as possible what makes you think you can write good dialogue. Is it not a curious and discouraging coincidence that so many of your fellow-writers think the same (about themselves, not about you), whilst at the same time such a number of managers hold a diametrically opposite opinion (about all of you)?
- (6) Do you thoroughly and utterly distinguish between the single-stream-of-consciousness school, the three-little-dots school—(now rather discredited)—the new school, the old school, and the ordinary straightforward Council-school? If so, speak up like a man. If not, just say you were educated at your mother's knee and we shall understand.

(7) What about the family-chronicle novel?

(8) Has it yet occurred to you to write a detective story and introduce a brand-new type of (a) crime, (b) criminal, (c) detective? If so, may Heaven help you.

(9) If, as seems rather likely, you turn out to be not much good as an author, could you do worse than write for the B.B.C.? Pay particular attention to the wording of this question, which is rather subtle, and we in our turn will pay particular attention to the wording of your reply. Very likely we shall all find ourselves in difficulties together, but probably one fact will emerge clearly. No one, however, can take away your wireless (unless the rate-collector has a warrant of distress actually in his pocket when he calls) so long as you go on paying your ten shillings to the Post Office. So be quite candid.

(10) Who, in your opinion, is the only man, or alternatively woman, writing to-day, and why? (Only half-marks if anybody else has thought of the same one. No marks at all if you say you can't think of anybody. And definite withdrawal of marks if you just say yourself.)

(11) You had better write a few things-much the severest test of all for an author. Try your hand at the following: (i.) A Happy Ending. (Any candidate who is taken seriously ill at the thought will be counted out. Take this any way you like.) (ii.) An English Love-Song written in English, as opposed to an English Love-Song written in American. (iii.) Anovel about the Welsh people that the poor dear Welsh themselves will enjoy reading and can safely leave about in their (iv.) A page of Bradshaw rendered in vers libre. (Not nearly as difficult as it sounds.) (v.) A reverent and sympathetic biography of any wellknown Victorian. (Don't expect this to sell in the unlikely event of your ever getting anybody to publish it.) (vi.) A school-story for Our Girls in which all the characters behave like ordinary human beings and there are no catastrophes. (If you get through this one, which is not probable, you can go on and do the same for Our Boys, Our Tinies and Our Weeny-Teeny Tots.)

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(12) Have you definite views about the Future of the Cinema, the Past of most of your fellow-writers, the Book-of-the-Month Selection, America's Whole Attitude and the Publisher's Blurb? If so, can you keep them to yourself? (If you can, you haven't the makings of a literary man, and if



"What made them build the station such a long way from the town?"
"They 'ad to, M'm, so as to be near the railway."

you can't, we shall almost certainly fail you in the test-paper. Think it out quietly.) ______ E. M. D.

A Ballad of Ballistics.

[Suggested by a correspondent of The Observer who asks for instruction in the use of the sling, his efforts hitherto having only enabled him to lob a stone a few yards.]

In ages remote or barbaric

The stone was a missile of might, And the men of the isles Balearic

Were famed for directing its flight; And DAVID, that comforting singer,

When faced by the Philistine crew In youth, by his skill as a slinger GOLIATH o'erthrew. But no longer the fall of a giant
Is wrought by the hurling of
stones;

His assailants are mostly reliant On weapons that fracture no bones,

And the street of the scribes and reporters,

Who practise the art in its pink, Is to-day the acknowledged headquarters

For slingers of ink. C. L. G.

The Police Score Another Duck.

"False Charge of Theft of Hens.
Police on Wild Goose Chase."

Local Paper.



At the Play.

"The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" (Malvern Festival).

MALVERN is a fine town, but it is built into the side of a precipice, so that when you first come to negotiate its main street you hesitate to do so without first roping yourself to your companion and belaying over the policeman on point duty. An afternoon spent there is enough to confuse the most expert judge of gradient, and more than enough, I found, to make it an almost impossible task to decide to what extent Mr. Shaw in this new play of his is himself on the level.

What was he after when he wrote it? Not, certainly, to give his public a dramatically sound play, for after a bad start and a fairly entertaining middle, theatrical efficiency began to ebb away on a tide of mixed metaphor, as he must have known it would, to leave the end notably flat against the surrounding slopes. Nor, surely, just for the pleasure of putting on the gloves of dialectic for a few rounds with his old sparring-partners, at nearly all of whom he had a whack, the Meat-Eaters, the Moralists, the War-mongering Diehards and, above all, the English? You would think not. except for the absence of new sparring. partners of any clear shape; though this is not to say that a number of his ironic thrusts did not go mercilessly home with all the old certainty.

As for this bastinadoing of the English, there can be little doubt that the English have long since firmly grasped the truth that an author who continues to reside in and to draw a large income from a country whose eccentricities provide him with superb satirical copy is engaged, if not on a labour of love, at any rate on one supported by pretty solid ties of affection; and, further, it is becoming clear that the English are growing a trifle weary of always being expected by Mr. Shaw to find Mr. Shaw shocking. They find him nothing of the sort, for the excellent reason that he has come to occupy in their news-battered minds the same sort of venerable and fond position as

the Houses of Parliament and the Albert Memorial. Which I find highly complimentary to Mr. Shaw.

The play tells the story of an experimental eugenic station which came into being on a Pacific island and had as its aim the perfect fusion of East and West. The Prologue, which is really the First Act, showed an English official, sadly under the heavy weather of the tropics, rescued from suicide by an imposing native priest, who was wearing the gold reserves of the island as a hat. The young man, having been hauled, looking cleaner and saner, out of the sea, found his exuberant English girl-friend sitting down to a nice tuckin of nut cutlets with the priest Pra and his wife, the priestess Prola.

At this meal the conversation of the dark participants was lamentably more intelligent than that of the white, Prola's excursions into cosmic truth being particularly in contrast with the remarks of the English girl, who happened to be of the Bubbling Balham or Coo-er variety. Later, being joined by the English Governor and his wife, Pra and Prola saw in them potential instruments for their projected racial adventure, and proceeded to lure them off and seduce them in order to break down the worst of their English inhibitions.

By the next Act all inhibitions had gone and the experiment, a communal marriage of the six, had been in full swing for twenty years or so; and, though during this Act Mr. SHAW was frequently funny, he was already in difficult waters. The four tinted children of this odd sextet spent most of their time in tremendous fancy-dress sitting on thrones above their parents' garden, symbolising in their beautiful but spiritually backward persons Love, Pride, Heroism and Empire; while their parents drank tea together on the lawn below and talked of this and that for all the world as if they were, say, on Boar's Hill, except that the dark parents adhered to a flashier style of get-up than Oxford yet tolerates. The Governor, it was interesting to note. had managed to retain his governorship despite these eugenic pranks, which had become world-famous. A broad mind was clearly in control at the Colonial Office.

Into this surprising hotch-potch of the real and the metaphorical wandered the unfortunate Simpleton, a stranded English curate of firm orthodox belief and fascinating naïveté. And almost before the poor boy knew it he was united in eugenic bonds with the two daughters of the experiment, a couple of high-stepping, cold-hearted dames.

In the last Act his inability to further the experiment and hostile demonstrations by the navies of the great Powers against the bigamous smirching of his cloth were followed by a visit-it being the Day of Judgment-from helicoptic Angel (a trifle hearty for the job, I thought), who broke it to the party that, a gradual weeding-out being about to occur, they could expect some of their less useful members to evaporate. A widespread evaporation then took place, beginning with the daughter symbolising Love, and the priest and priestess were left to mourn the apparent failure of their experiment but also to look forward to future ntility, to be based on this same emotion, Love. In view of their daughter's fate this seemed to me too optimistic of them.

The acting was considerably better than the play, Mr. Stephen Murray as the Curate creating a delightful character and avoiding the pitfalls of the stage parson; Mr. Cecil Trouncer lending a splendid voice to the Priest, even after that promising fellow had degenerated into a mere husband; Miss Vivienne Bennett giving the Priestess a noble calm and grace; while as the Balham renegade Miss Eileen Beldon was constantly amusing.

"THE UNGUARDED HOUR" (DALY'S).

Except that he is hoping at any moment to become Attorney-General, Sir Francis Dearden, K.C. (Mr. Godfrey Tearle), has little in common with other Solicitors-General. He has a peculiar fondness for conducting criminal proceedings and for ignoring recent English prosecuting tradition. With his aggressive sneer and truculent underlip he acts like a more deadly Buzhuz, pressing for convictions.

Buzfuz, pressing for convictions.

His home-life also is unusual. His wife (Miss RACHEL BERENDT) is as horrified as the rest of the country at his gallows-mindedness. He does not gloat, but he is quite ruthless in tying up the unfortunate Metcalfe (Mr. CARL HARBORD); so his wife gives him the ultimatum: she will leave him unless, prosecuting counsel though he be, he can bring about an acquittal. changes over and starts doing defending counsel's work for him, even to the extent of searching for and finding the missing witness for the defence; but he does not do so without a good reason. A run of coincidences suddenly makes it look as if he too will soon find himself in the dock on a capital charge.

It fits in with this concentration on criminal work that his close friends are Colonel Mason of the Yard (Mr. Malcolm Keen) and Sir Thomas Grainger (Mr. RONALD SIMPSON), whose functions are similar to those of Sir Bernard Spilsbury. This is fortunate because suspicion can pass into virtual proof of guilt as the three of them dine together. The requisite police authority and scientific knowledge are in the room, and, largely through telling some very inept falsehoods—pretending a deep knife-cut was caused by jamming his finger in the door of his car—and so on—our Solicitor-General pretty well convinces his friends that the lighter side of his private life has ended in murder.

It gives him a severe jolt and makes him, and the audience, very sceptical of the value of circumstantial evidence. So he gives up his bad old habit of getting men hanged and becomes the more human *Francis* of his earlier and less pre-eminent days.

The play is apparently a translation, and much is explained thereby. What could plausibly be written round a public prosecutor abroad, or a district attorney, becomes too strained and hollow when transferred to an English Solicitor-General and to the English Courts. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE has, all the same, a very fat part and shows what a range of acting he commands.

Mr. MALCOLM KEEN has less scope; he is the competent decent-hearted friend, loath to believe that he should arrest his friend for murder, and at the end letting private friendship prevail

over public duty. Both actors carry off their difficulties with courage as the two strong men keep on facing one another. There is little enough in the way of light relief, but exception must be made for Lord and Lady Henningway (Mr. George Elton and Miss Margaret Dames), whose cat-and-dog amenities were very welcome.

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The Unguarded Hour may come to any of us; it is the time when all occasions really do conspire against us, and so we must not believe too readily that we have circumstantial proof destroying the passionate denials of accused men and women. That lesson the dramatist, with a wealth of improbabilities, drives home, and the subject is such a good one that it is possible to enjoy the play even though the arm of coincidence proves longer than the arm of the law.

Courts of law are great snares for the stage, moving at a different tempo and hedged round by observances which must not be disregarded if the scene is to hold the attention. To see Sir Francis (modestly dressed as a junior) conducting an indefensible cross-examination was a bad start. When we got home with him the play very much



HIS WIFE ALSO WAS AGAINST HIM.
Sir Francis Dearden, K.C. . Mr. Godfrey
Tearle.
Lady Dearden Miss Rachel

improved, and when things looked really black for him, and the audience was glad, there was some good tension, centring in the green Chartreuse,



CORNERING THE K.C.

Sir Francis Dearden, K.C. . MR. GODFREY TEARLE.
Colonel William Mason . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.

which lasted till we were unfortunately taken back to that odd court again to see Sir Francis withdraw his case on the filmsiest of new evidence for the defence, without any demur from a most inept old Judge. D. W.

Demeter and the Husbandman.

A Fable.

A CERTAIN Husbandman being one day in the Mood to please his Wife, resolved to sow a Corner of his Modest holding with Grass and Reserve it to her as a Pleasaunce, but as he was a little Hazy about the Rites to be observed to obtain a good Sward, he decided First to consult the Goddess of Agriculture. So, having Kindled a bonfire and thrown Thereon a Votive Offering of Aromatic herbs that were not doing Very well, the Husbandman prostrated himself in the Loam and appealed to Demeter for Advice.

Demeter replied with Simple admonitions to the effect that the Seed must be sown neither too Deeply on the One hand nor too Shallow on the Other, on a surface Long and Diligently prepared by Alternate use of the Rake and Roller, and that the Only auspicious time for Sowing was in a Dead Calm after a Spell of dry weather Immediately preceding a Warm Fine Rain.

Now while Demeter went on Rather volubly to Lay Down the Routine nur-

ture of the Sward during its First critical year, the Frequent gentle clippings to induce the roots to Tiller Out of such grass as might have Survived the Ravages of Wormcasts from Below and the Depredations of the Fowls of the air from Above, and So Forth, the Husbandman began to Reflect. "Why," says he to himself, "it Seems to me that with Half the Hazard and a Tithe of the Trouble I could grow something for my Wife to Cook, which we could both Enjoy." And the Next time Demeter paused he Affected to take it as a Termination of the Consultation, rose Hastily from his knees, and Straightway planted the ground in Question with Edible Tubers.

Moral: If we can Hold a Generous Impulse in check for Scrutiny it will Usually be Found to Admit of Practical Modifications.

"Please Keep Clear of the Scarfold. Thank You." Notice on Reconstructed Church.

The pleasure is ours.

The Little Carpenter.

In Cairo furniture is never bought at a shop. It is either picked up at auctions or, preferably, specially made by little Egyptian carpenters. Many of the older residents indeed have little

carpenters of their own — amazing chaps, turning out admirable tables and chairs, copying dining-room suites from pictures in an old catalogue and of course charging practically nothing.

Although Mary and I had lived in Cairo for years we had never had a little carpenter of our own. We had ignominiously patronised the auctionroom and had no single piece copied from a picture in a catalogue. When friends asked us where we got the handsome wardrobe we were forced to reply with affected lightness that we picked it up for a song at old Wotherspoon's sale. But we knew that they were thinking contemptuously that their little carpenter could have made it better for half-asong.

So when we decided that Mary must have a new hanging - cupboard for her frocks we said, "Here is our chance. We will have the cupboard made by a little carpenter, who will in the fulness of time become our own little carpenter."

We accordingly procured an old catalogue and selected our cupboard. Then we sent for Abdel Aziz and asked him if he could produce a carpenter. Abdel Aziz can produce anything; a mere carpenter was child's-play. He produced the carpenter immediately from the kitchen, like a conjuring-trick. Abdel Aziz is good at inferences. He had seen the catalogue and deduced the carpenter. We were not at first

favourably impressed by this carpenter. He was a small untidy man with a battered tarboosh and his hair full of shavings. Moreover he had only one eye and that eye did not gleam with intelligence. We consoled ourselves with the hope that his lack of pretension was the sign of a good craftsman.



Wife of struggling doctor. "Come away from that fortrait; he makes you look commonplace!"

We explained our requirements to the carpenter and gave him the catalogue. He brooded over it for a time with his one eye. He shook his head dubiously, as if mystified. We took the catalogue away and returned it to him the right way up. He held the picture very close to his eye and pored over it as if it were some abstruse proposition in geometry. Then his face suddenly cleared and he said, "Ah! a cupboard."

We explained that we wished him to make a cupboard exactly like the one in the picture. He laughed and said that would be a very small cupboard—a cupboard for a doll. We explained that our intention was to have the cupboard reproduced on a larger scale—large enough to contain the sitt's

frocks. But the carpenter's mind was
still running on the
doll. He wagged his
head, murmuring
that it would indeed
be the smallest cupboard ever seen. He
was overcome by the
incongruity of the
indea and could not
contain his mirth.

We explained patiently all over again. In despair we summoned Abdel Aziz, who explained impatiently at the top of his voice. The carpenter became aggrieved. If we wanted a big cupboard, he asked, why had we shown him the picture of a little cupboard? At the thought of such a very little cupboard he clicked histongue and chuckled reminiscently.

In order to obliterate from the carpenter's mind any lingering impressions of a little cupboard we took the catalogue away and started again. "The sitt," we said, "has dresses. The dresses must be kept in a cupboard. We want you to make a cupboard to hold the sitt's dresses." We had given up any hope that the cupboard should be a copy of the one in

the catalogue, so we stipulated a plain cupboard, painted white.

The carpenter was hurt. He thought we were belittling his capacity. He explained that a plain cupboard, such as one might put in a servant's room, was unworthy both of him and of us. He would make us a far grander cupboard—a cupboard with gilding and carved cupids, a cupboard with plush on its doors and pink paint striped with

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He ich m, gold on its sides, a magnificent cupboard which would strike our friends dumb with envy and which we could point out with pride as the masterpiece

of Daoud the carpenter.

We disclaimed these social ambitions. Explaining that the English were a modest and retiring people who found beauty in simplicity, we insisted on our plain cupboard. The carpenter was astonished. He cast about in his mind for some motive which would make our conduct comprehensible. At last his face brightened and he explained to Abdel Aziz the subtle cunning with which we sought to conceal our wealth by this show of homeliness. Looking at us with a new respect he took the measurements for the cupboard and departed.

After he had gone Mary and I discussed our carpenter. Our conclusions were not reassuring. It did not seem to us possible that our cupboard would be a good cupboard. We expressed our doubts to Abdel Aziz. "The carpenter," we said disapprovingly, "is an imbecile. It is a shame upon you that you brought us such a carpenter."

Abdel Aziz looked pained. He folded his arms, placing his hands in his

sleeves. He said with some dignity that the carpenter was an excellent carpenter, that it was inconceivable that he should bring us a bad carpenter, and that in any case he would make himself personally responsible for our cupboard.

We were not convinced by Abdel Aziz's promises, and when, a week later, the cupboard actually arrived we went to inspect it filled with the gloomiest forebodings. To our surprise it was quite a good cupboard. The dimensions were not absolutely exact, but it was well made and well painted and above all it held all Mary's frocks. After pointing out to the carpenter that he had omitted to put a key in the lock, we paid the four pounds agreed upon and dismissed him, expressing ourselves well satisfied. Our self-esteem was in fact greatly enhanced. We were now definitely among the elect. We left our cupboard temporarily in the hall and displayed it proudly to our friends, extolling the merits of our little carpenter.

A few days later the local auctioneer, an old acquaintance of ours, called upon us. "I'm sorry to trouble you, he said, "but would you mind hauding

this key to your servant? He bought a cupboard at one of my sales about a week ago, but the key was missing and it's only just turned up." Then his eye lit on our cupboard. "Oh," he said, crossing over to it and locking it, "I didn't know that he was buying it for you. I see you've had it touched up. Quite like new, isn't it? A real bargain too at a pound-and-a-half."

Did the Old Man Guess?

"'My home is on the moors,' said the old man quietly, 'here I am never lost. Good-bye.' Turning, he merged with the darkness and was lost."—Magazine Story.

"'I think we can get through the year all right,' the Chairman of the Waterworks Committee added dryly."

Manchester Paper.

His example will be of great value.

". . . with national elections looming next year, the Baldwin Government is compelled to adopt a strong policy attuned to British public opinion. Therefore, for Whitechapel to acquiesce feebly to the Italian conquest of Ethiopia would risk dangerous repercussions, both at home and in the Empire."

Montreal Paper.

What the Mile End Road thinks to-day . . .



"I also am a Bonemian. See—I have no shirt on."

Suspense.

ONE of the more honourable contests in which men engage bears upon the length of time during which they can wear the same clothes. Women, I believe, as far as possible keep abreast, or even now and then ahead, of the fashions, but men like their things to be old. Men avoid costumiers as women court them.

We were discussing such affairs, and, while grateful that we were not women, lamenting the fact that it was not until a suit was beginning to be unsightly that it was comfortable.

"Not that baggy trousers matter even at the first," A said, "because trousers go wrong the moment you move in them. The news-cinemas and photographs in the papers tell you that. Even the highest in the land, who, I suppose, have a new pair for every function, spoil the shape directly they walk; while as for Members at the opening of Parliament, and Prime Ministers crossing from Downing Street to the House, their bags are terrible. So, don't worry about anything but the coat, is what I say. Trousers can behave as they will, but coats must fit. And how seldom they begin right!"

"Yes," said B, "but that's after they come home. At the tailor's they fit wonderfully."

"So long," said C, "as they've got that canvas collar on. That's when a coat is really perfect. It's after the tailor has cut that collar away and begun to pin up the ruin, that the trouble begins. Why does he do that?"

"Only tailors know," said D.

"There's not a man who has ever been fitted by a tailor," said C, "who does not groan as he watches this canvas collar going to perdition.

'Farewell, ease!' he cries. 'Now for dissatisfaction. Now for alterations and repairs.' In fact, it is only at the tailor's and before it is finished that

anything really fits."
"What I can never understand," said A, "is why they don't have rehearsals with their own men. Theremust always be someone whose shoulders and neck are like the customer's."

"Just as bootmakers have lasts," said B.

"Exactly. But tailors don't. Tailors must like to see the things come back. 'Never say done,' must be their motto, or, 'As at first we don't succeed, try, try again.'"

try again."
"The trouble is," said C, "that lots of people are too careless about looks, or too busy, and the tailor gets away with it. It is not that the tailor is right the first time—never—but that the

customers are too much occupied. Broken appointments with the tailor must be constant."

"Not so bad as the dentist," said B.

"Or the oculist," said A. "People put off going to the oculist longest of all. No one indeed knows how oculists live. Aurists, of course, when they do get you, make you deafer. That's understood. But oculists don't get you at all."

"Well," B said, "I have been listening for hours to this talk, but no one yet has mentioned the article of men's dress which lasts longest—which is, indeed, almost impossible to wear out."

No one seemed to know what that

"Braces, of course," said B. "One pair of braces can last so long that I wonder that brace-makers don't starve. But apparently they don't, for there has been a shop in Panton Street as long as I can remember, with nothing but braces in it. But how seldom do we wear braces out! Grievously old as I am, I doubt if during my life I have had more than three pairs of braces, whereas I've had several hundred pairs of trousers for them to hold up. A very important task, too."

very important task, too."
"Very," said A. "The schoolboy's
definition of responsibility, you remember, was 'that which rested on the single
trouser button at the back when you
had lost the other."

"Exactly," said D, "and when during the War there were not enough sentinels and warders, the prisoners' trouser-buttons used to be cut off so that they couldn't run away. Braces are more important than we think."

"Another odd thing about braces," B said, "is that, although three pairs, say, will last a lifetime, they force economy on us even then. Quite expensive men, who think nothing of buying new ties, new hats, new shoes, new socks, at a high figure, become distressingly frugal over braces. A review of braces suddenly ordered by a dictator would reveal, even among the aristocratic and wealthy, very old articles held together with pins and string. 'What's never seen may as well be patched,' seems to be the motto."

"In that case," said A,"the most squalid sight of all must be the braces of an elderly oculist. Appalling."

And on this sad thought we separated.

Charabang: An Unwritten Screen Story.

"I have an idea," announced Pinkerton, "for a super-screen story."

"What, again?" I asked. Pinkerton is always having an idea

for a super-screen story. The last one was simplicity itself—merely presenting Mr. George Arliss in the rôle of George Arliss, Esq., Gent., thus eliminating all the unnecessary bother and expense of fancy-dress. But somehow he was unable to interest a producer in it.

This time imitation rather than originality was his aim.

"I shall call my super-screen story Charabang," he told me with enthusasm, "ending with a 'g,' of course, to suggest action—pep."

"It suggests a puncture to me," I

"That will probably be part of the action, agreed Pinkerton, unperturbed. "The possibilities of course are limitless. A representative crowd of tourists thrown together by the accident of travel...."

"A collision," I inquired, "or a skid?"
"Perhaps," said Pinkerton coldly,
"although that wasn't what I meant.
A tangle of cross-purposes and—er—mixed emotions," he went on, "and a scene that is continually shifting while preserving the unities of time and space which are essential to the drama. You see the idea?"

"I have seen many like it," I admitted.

"Imitation," cried Pinkerton, "is the watchword of modern producers. If a particular type of film is a success, copy it. Grand Hotel, Shanghai Express, The Captain Hates the Seathese were among the most outstanding pictures of recent years. All, you notice, with a similar underlying idea. A place or preferably a vehicle in which the most diverse characters are collected together to work out their mysterious destinies. The field is being rapidly gleaned-hotels, express-trains, luxury liners, even air-liners have been done. But the Charabang has certain advantages over these.'

"For instance?"

"It is familiar to the humblest cinema-fan. We have all ridden in a charabanc; we must all have speculated at times on the conflicting passions and secret lives of our fellow-passengers. Haven't you?" he challenged me. "Cast back your mind."

I obediently cast it back. "I once wondered why the lady behind me brought her little boy, because she told me he was always sick in a motor-coach," I confessed. "And he was."

Pinkerton looked sharply at me.
"There will be comic relief, naturally,"
he said guardedly. "The driver, for
instance, might phone up his home
every time they stopped because—"

"You needn't tell me. Because he is expecting a happy event."



"Ow's YER MISSIS, GEORGE?"
"WOT'S SHE JAWIN' ABOUT?"

"Oh, she be a-Jawin' an' a-Jawin' 'an 'a-Jawin'."
"Wull, she don't say."

"I see you are a student of the films," said Pinkerton, a little dashed. "But even if the gag is hackneyed it's always good for a laugh. The point is that *Charabang* would let you into the secrets of the most diverse character working out their myst—"

"You've said that once already," I reminded him. "Tell me something about—what was the phrase?—your representative crowd of trippers."
"Tourists,'" he corrected me.

"Tourists," he corrected me.
"There is a murderer fleeing from justice, and sitting next to him—by the sheerest coincidence of course—a detective on holiday. Then there is a

business man of the WALLACE BEERY type taking his typist on the trip and quite ignormant of the fact that his wife —I visualised Alison Skipworth—is behind him with an old admirer of her pre-marriage days. And I thought of an attractive couple—CLARK GABLE and JANET GAYNOR perhaps—who have quarrelled and are brought together again because they have each booked a seat on the Charabang—"

"By the sheerest coincidence," I murmured. "What about the President of the Anti-Litter League sitting next to a beautiful girl pickpocket who keeps on throwing banana-skins overboard?

And I hope you've made a note of my little boy who was always sick."

"The possibilities are limitless," repeated Pinkerton stiffly. "All I need now is an effective climax."

"The brakes might fail while they are going down Porlock Hill," I suggested helpfully.

Pinkerton looked thoughtful. "That would certainly dispose of all their problems," he murmured, "and give the thing a San Luis Rey touch. How does it strike you altogether?"

"It strikes me," I said, "that you can't be too careful when you book your seat on a charabanc."



"When I'm in Rome I do as the Romans do."
"I'm just like that too if you make it Clacton."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Utopia Within Our Reach.

DEMOCRACY on trial is defended by a hundred-and-fifty sturdy advocates who are determined that government based on discussion shall not give way in this country to government by dictatorial violence. The list of signatories attached to The Next Five Years (MACMILLAN, 5/-) includes representatives of science, literature, education, labour, the Church, big business, and Mr. H. G. WELLS-all united only in hatred of reaction and acceptance of a common inspiration for immediate progress. Incidentally this volume, drafted by a small sub-committee, is as luminous and impartial a guide to national economics as could be desired, and within its pages there is outlined, sharply and brilliantly, a group of proposals for such advance as Man's recent victories over physical nature justifies our expecting, in the ensuring of peace, in the promotion of health and knowledge, and in the banishment of destitution. This is no ordinary Party programme but a forward reach worthy of a nation. With such backing and such looking forward there may be electors well content to throw up their hats for the Five Years Policy and the golden days to come.

The Flight from the Pylon.

I wonder how the advocates of "progress" get over the fact that every panegyrist of *The Beauty of Britain* (Bars-rord, 5/-) has to get well away from the performances of

the present to sustain what is left of our title to loveliness. A new addition to The Pilgrims' Library—thirteen tracts of characteristic country described by eleven enthusiastsis no exception to this rule. Not a single piece of contemporary building-not a bridge, a fountain, a quay or a cottage-figures among its century of delightful photographs. The country described is the country as God made it, with the admirable co-operation of our unmechanized ancestors. Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY, heroically undeterred by the clamour that greets his protests, contributes a preface which roundly accuses us of one of the world's worst records of "commercial greed and public indifference"; and to read Mr. EDMUND VALE'S "England and Wales Coastwise," Mr. EDMUND BARBER'S "West Country" and Mr. George Blake on Scotland, is to realise the value of our vanishing heritance. Mr. VALE's "Wales" is perhaps the most distinguished exposition of recondite charm; but every one of these essays is something more than an attractive guide for discerning holiday-makers.

Portrait of a Young Lady.

There are great portraits before which one stands blind to the painter's art, only conscious of the sitter's personality; Miss Willa Cather has written such a portrait and called it Lucy Gayheart (Cassell, 7/6). Lucy's story is a simple one and a sad one, the little history of a young gir's innocent love for an elderly and distinguished man, blossoming into happiness for a few months, cut short by sudden tragedy. Her young life is woven into the web of many others. There is her elder sister, half jealous, half adoring;

her father with his secret tendernesses; Harry Gordon, the rich young man who, loving her, never quite understanding her, drives her to the despairing lie which smirches her in her own eyes—yet is a fine fellow and becomes, long after Lucy has passed by, such a man as she might well have married. But it is Lucy herself who lingers in memory; and no one but Miss Cather could have limned this portrait after just this exquisite, this moving fashion—without a false or over-emphasised stroke—once more proving how fine an artist she is.

Revolutionary.

When the leaf drifts down by Banchory Town

Or the larch assumes a tassel You may profit a lot from one, "Joek

Who writes about Wood of Glassel (In a Service book) and the ways Wood took

A dour Dee fish to gammon,

As you'll gammon 'em too if only you Read Greased Line Fishing for Salmon.

Thus always could Mr. ARTHUR WOOD
Take a fish that other men couldn't—
A brute that bulked in the sun and
sulked

And winnowed his tail and wouldn't E'er look at a fly till one swam by

With a tonic effect and a new charm On a greased line thrown, when, as dog on a bone,

He'd pounce on a "Toy" or the "Blue Charm."

How out-of-date seems each word of weight

Once said by our angling paters! Here we account but of small amount

Here we account but of small amount Our Scropes and our Greys and our Chaytors.

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Since here we're taught how a fish can be caught

(The floating line availed of, And the art of it, vast and iconoclast)— A fish that our fathers failed of.



"I ALWAYS LIKES EATIN' MUSTARD WITH SKATE, 'COS IT REMINDS ME O' ROAST PORK."

Romance on the Venetian Front.

It is a long time since so pleasing an escape from reality as The Casket of Tears (Davies, 7/6) has come my way. If this is his first novel, Mr. Edward Hadwen is to be doubly congratulated on communicating his happy zest for two unfailing well-springs of romance—Prince Florizel's London and the Englishman's ideal, Italy. What there ever was of identity between these glimpses of the moon and the real territories north of Shaftesbury Avenue and south of the Alps is so rapidly vanishing that a novelist who can make you free of a night-club haunted by legatees of high adventure and a villa of the Veneto complete with conspiratorial Cardinal, innocent but suspected niece and a casket with a Renaissance curse attached to it—and this in the

comparably unfabulous days of the Great War—leaves all true lovers of the "Gothic" his debtor. I myself can vouch for having followed the exploits of the chivalrous and unlucky airman, George Ashurst, of the preposterous Cardinal Mazzi and the lovely Signorina Battini, saint and spy, with that accelerated pulse and unscrupulous sympathy which are the best tribute to fiction that is really feigned.

Crinolines or Bloomers?

"The consciousness of being well-dressed imparts a peace of mind greater than is obtained from any religion," says an anonymous lady quoted by Dr. C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON in Feminine Attitudes in the Nineteenth Century (Heinemann, 12/6); and with this particular brand of woman in

his mind's eye the author pursues the vagaries of fashion through a century of gossiping letters and magazine snippets. His fundamental thesis is sound enough: that economic causes determine the modish type, and that the "Smart Set" are, consciously or unconsciously, the agents of trade. When early marriage and large families are practicable, the admired débutante is a potential young mother. When these objectives become expensive the crop-headed garconne provides companionship with no ulterior challenge. During the period envisaged here the maternal type predominates, though we overhear a "war-girl" of 1800 complaining of marriage-shy swains, and diatribes of the '60's describe the Girl of the Period as "belle-metal, three parts brass." Fashion no doubt will always veer between the extremes exemplified by crinolines and bloomers, with an eternal background of pleasant, sensible femininity whose deeper interests are practically omitted from these resolutely shallow pages.

Been Things and Seen Places.

If you want the perfect book to wave in the faces of the

people who hold that in peace-time there is no adequate outlet for the spirit of adventure, then buy Been Places and Seen Things (CAPE, 7/6), a book whose title is anything but an empty boast and whose author, Mr. KENNETH MACKENZIE, is one of those sterling individuals who can put his experiences on to paper in the raw crisp language of the public bar, or, in his case, of the public speakeasy, and get a far more vivid picture than is achieved by many ardent stylists. Mr. MACKENZIE will win the immediate sympathy of many by the fact that he ran away from Glas-

gow as a youth, preferring the life of a sailor before the mast. Sometime American coastguard, sometime prizefighter, sometime beachcomber, he graduated in toughness all over the world until he passed out a fully-fledged gunman in Dion O'Banion's Chicago drink-racket. He gives one of the best descriptions of a gangster's life that I have read. He wisely left it for the American Army, and, possibly as wisely, left that for a seaman's ticket in Alaska, a paradise for rod and rifle which may have the power to hold him permanently. This is a rough interesting book, and in places a feast for the amateur of American idiom.

A Good Score.

Father WALKE has been Vicar for over Twenty Years at St. Hilary (METHUEN, 10/6)—years that have brought honour and fame to this little Cornish village, and also regrettable notoriety. I have no wish, even if I had the space, to discuss the religious controversies that beset St. Hilary, but it is only fair to say that Father WALKE has not shattered the proportions of his book by harping upon his own point of view, and he has also refrained from writing vindictively of those who allowed their zeal to outstrip their discretion. To turn-and gladly-from this subject to the happy day when his Christmas Play, so

simple and joyous in its appeal, was offered to the listening world, he tells us that at first he was opposed to publicity. and that Mr. Filson Young persuaded him to allow outsiders to share his and St. Hilary's Christmas gift. The result is very widely known; but it would be a mistake to think of Father WALKE solely in connection with plays and controversies. For, although some eccentricity cannot be denied him, humour and humanity give to his book both charm and real significance.

Who Killed the Bully?

So many people had reason to think that John Talley, the "Ironware King," encumbered the earth that Mr. HERBERT ADAMS, in Fate Laughs (COLLINS, 7/6), leads his readers through a maze of guessing before Tatley's murderer is discovered. This is a sound tale of its thrilling type, for Mr. Adams carefully parades all those who could have committed the crime and gives to each one of them distinct individuality. My money, if I may put it so, was as usual on the wrong horse, but that is a small matter in a story that moves at racing pace from start to finish.

> "The 'Daily Telegraph' says that Alliss's feat of doing 72 holes in 15 under 4's over a 60,000-yard course was an astonishing achievement."-N.Z. Paper.

It wasn't bad, was it!



There is something repulsive about the Army ... the sight of the Guards on parade, for instance, is impressive but slightly disgusting."—Raymond Mortimer in "The New Statesman and Nation."]

To me who am seldom dismayed

When my pen in the inkpot I'm thrust-

Much sharper than subaltern's blade



" No, no, This sunset's MINE. I SPOTTED IT FIRST.

Or the bayonets bloodily lusting, The sight of the Guards on parade Is impressive but slightly disgusting.

I think of the part that they played In the War, giving foemen a dusting, So frequently called on to aid When the enemy's line needed busting, And the sight of the Guards on parade Is impressive but slightly disgusting.

These soldiers by trade, poorly paid, With their medals, broad bosoms encrusting, All won in some battle or raid On a front that required "readjusting"-They strike me, or so I'm afraid, As impressive but slightly disgusting.

'Twere best to let memories fade-And my own, I confess it, is rusting!-Though once to this loathsome Brigade For its safety the nation was trusting; To-day-well, the Guards on parade, Though impressive, seem slightly disgusting. H.G.

Charivaria.

A man living in the provinces wants to know of a really large establishment in London which will be vacant during September. He might apply for the Houses of Parliament.

the natural fur of the domestic cat. But not more becomingly than the domestic cat does.

"After all," says a writer, "a Cabinet Minister is just like the rest of us."

Women in Paris are now wearing nobody seems to have hit on the idea of giving Eskimos an extra month of daylight by putting forward the calendar four weeks. * *

> An American sportsman over here for the shooting says he misses the birds of his own country. Then he's

not likely to hit ours.

"I don't want my dachshund any longer," confesses a reader. Our view has always been that they were quite long enough.

Weird moaning noises have been heard coming from the sea by fishermen near the coast at Whitstable. One theory is that the oysters have discovered that September is nearly here.

A Surrey police official appeals to holiday trippers not to throw money from charabanes for children to scramble for. Scottish Papers Please Copy.

There are about seven thousand fish - hawkers in Billingsgate. Roughly speak-

It is said that than more 1,640,000 persons visited the London Zoo last year. It

is not said whether any of them were accepted.

The vicar of a Yorkshire resort invites people in bathing costume to go to church just as they are. Even the wet are welcomed.

A correspondent asks us for a good new name for the Flying Flea. Why not "The Mignonette"?

In a case at the Mansion House, amazement was expressed at the large number of young women who cheat the L.T.B. by travelling without tickets. Another saddening thought is that many a chivalrous man gives up his seat to a girl who hasn't even paid for a strap.

The Himalayas are believed to be rising. Intending climbers of Everest should therefore lose no time.

In the Port of London warehouses, we are informed, there is always enough tobacco to provide every man, woman and child in Great Britain with an ounce a week for a year. We think a child might do with less.

ust-

ub.

An advocate of a monument to the horse describes the animal as the unswerving servant of man. "Unswerv-

ing" (in our experience) is good.

A thief caught by the police in a London House had consumed four bottles of ginger-beer. They found him bobbing gently against the ceiling.

Many old Naval customs are said to be popular in the Air Force. But not of course dropping the pilot.



Gratified Wife. "NONSENSE, DEAR-THAT WAS A SALUTE."

The suggestion made by an authority recently that the Ancient Egyptians may have been on the point of using poison-gas for warfare indicates that they rose to an even higher degree of

civilisation than has been supposed.

Little reminders like this help to keep

us humble.

Up to the time of going to press

VOL. CLXXXIX.

Business for Pleasure.

II.-On Forms.

"People may think they like the form because they like the content, or they may think they like the content because they like the form."—Mr. T. S. Eliot.

ONE of the major problems in running a modern business is how to keep in touch with what is going on. Quite clearly things are going on all the time; but no one who wishes his factory to be really Under Control can be satisfied with that. Who did it? When? Why? Was he told to or not? How long did it take? Bank, employer's or private references? What was the engine-driver's name? These are all vital questions.

Wherefore it is highly desirable to have some means of recording all these vital facts, of checking the facts to see that they are facts, and of catching out those low characters (they exist, alas! in all factories) who say that certain facts are facts which aren't facts. And for doing just this there

is nothing like a good form.

Definition of a Form. Let it be quite clear at the outset what we mean by a form. A form is not an odd bit of paper torn out of a notebook, covered in pencilled hieroglyphics and impaled on the wall of the factory by a nail. That is merely an Interesting Prehistoric Manuscript. A true form is a typed or printed sheet, usually on coloured paper, with a special reference number of its own, perforations, words struck out where not applicable, dotted lines and Instructions for Use. It is issued blank, Facts are filled in on it, and it is then Returned to Somebody who Files It. Contrast this with the crude old-fashioned nail system mentioned above.

Designing Forms. The design of forms has become such a skilled and specialised business that there are now in most large factories professional Form men who do nothing else.

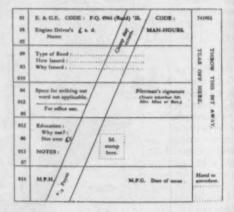
In designing a form the following desiderata must be borne in mind:—

- (1) The great object of a form is to obtain information. All information is valuable. So the greater the amount of information the form can extract the more valuable it is. Do not worry if some of it seems slightly beside the point. It will Come In one day.
- (2) It is no criticism of a form to say it takes rather a long time to fill up. After all, it is far better to get a little work done which is perfectly planned and organised than to let people go blinding on without anyone in authority knowing what they are doing. In a modern factory a division of a man's time into fifty per cent. working and fifty per cent. saying why, how and when he worked is quite reasonable. Anyhow, the great thing we are suffering from to-day is over-production, and there is nothing like a few good forms for putting a stop to that.
- (3) On the other hand, although the form should contain as much information as possible, every possible laboursaving device should be used in the filling-up process. Thus the user of the form should never be called upon to write words on the form. Everything should be coded, and comprehensive instructions giving keys to the codes should be issued. The following are all labour-saving devices which I have seen successfully employed in connection with forms:—
 - (a) Letter codes for words, e.g., instead of bothering to

write out the word "green" the user of the form simply looked up the code and put down A.X.B. 135/9.

(b) Date codes—on the same principle.

- (c) Colours. A great deal can be done with colours. The forms can be coloured, the lettering can be coloured, the situation can be coloured and so on.
- (d) Carbons. If everything is taken in quadruplicate it saves time and makes it four times less easy to lose all trace of the form.
- (e) Crossing out the thirty-six words not applicable. Always so much quicker than writing out the word that is applicable.
 - (f) Little bits that tear off. Make it possible for the forman to light his pipe without ruining the whole form.
 - (g) Little coloured things which clip on. Can be used to mean "Thursday," or "Return to Mr. Jones," or "C.O.D." or "Liar."
 - (h) Rubber Stamps. Properly understood, your rubber stamp is a joy. Whenever a phrase is often used have a rubber stamp made of it. Think of the saving in time when, instead of laboriously writing out "Return to Store," all you have to do is to select the appropriate stamp from among seventy-five stamps, find the ink-pad, ink the ink-pad, ink the stamp and stamp the form . . .!
- A Typical Form. For purposes of illustration we give below a typical form used in a well-known bassoon manufacturing concern in connection with the issue of bits of reed to the reed-makers:—



The form is of course a blank. It is used in the following way:-

- (1) When the reed-maker requires reeds he approaches the Form department and makes the appropriate countersign.
- (2) He is then handed the form, which he fills in as far as he can, at the same time swearing an affidavit that he has done so according to his best knowledge and belief. His signature is witnessed by the head of the Reed department, who then passes the form to
- (3) Costing, who fill in the financial details. The form
- (4) The reed-maker's old headmaster (if still extant; if not, not). The reed-maker's old headmaster keeps it some time and then sends it to the managing director, who strikes out a few words which are clearly not applicable.
- (5) The form is then signed by the foreman (if he is the sort of foreman who can sign things; if not, not). The fore-



STILL MORE FRATERNISATION.

lis nt,

rm

; if

Mr. Punch (preparing for a trip to Salzburg, after learning that all Austrian Nazis are compelled to grow Hitler moustaches)—

"AND I DO HOPE THEY WON'T NOTICE THE NOSE."



Lady (to old keeper whose assistance has been called on to help the bag). "How ever do you manage to hit the creatures?" O. K. "Well, I chust pour it into their fa-a-ces when they 're commin' tae mi, and their other end when THEY 'RE FLEEIN' AW-A-A-Y.

man tears off the perforated bit as shown and makes any notes he wishes to make where it says "Notes."

(6) The form is then returned to the office, who proceed to use the bit which says "For Office Use." The office then affixes a stamp and mixes the form up with a lot of others. By a clever use of the little holes on the left, however, they are able to pick it out again.

(7) By looking up the code numbers the office can now deduce at once that the form is concerned with the issue of reeds. Inquiry is now made among the reed-makers to see who wants reeds, and the man who filled the form in will at once know that he is meant and come forward.

(8) The requisite reeds are now issued, and the form is returned to file for reference purposes.

Forms of this kind often involve months of careful designing. But, as an old foreman once said to me, with tears standing in his eyes, where would business be without

The Ghost of the Hiker's Shorts.

THE Major gibbered and Colin cursed where they lay in a wet peat-hag,

For over the march and in sudden fright away went the muckle stag-

A stag of the Major's wildest dreams, a stag with a Royal

Then the hiker hiked up the hill alone-and the beret he wore was red.

"Four hundred yards," breathed the Major; "Oh, for a telescopic sight!'

And fired. "You're ower him," Colin cried. "Too high, and a wee thing right.

Tak' time! Tak' time! Now there's your chance!" and again the Major tried.

"He'll no' go far, Sir!" Colin spake. 'Twas thus that the hiker died.

The Major was ever a man of steel-he had fought in Gallipoli-

A hiker more or a hiker less is nothing to such as he;

And Colin puffed at his briar pipe—he had sniped with the Lovat Scouts

they sank the body deep in the loch to fatten the Highland trouts.

But Colin walks by the loch alone, and its waters are grim

And its fish resemble a hiker's face in a horrible sort of way. He envies the Major, who lives abroad or in various health-

For the mist that eddies about the glen takes the shape of a hiker's shorts.

How to Do and Say in England.

Apt Behaviourism for Nordic Students.

I.—The Drawingroom.

STUDENTS! The idea is that you are penetrating a drawingroom in a social way. This is the Right Thing:-

(1) If you are a gent., you are at once to raise your bowler cap to the hostess with a nice grin and say, "Dear Milady Suchandso, how do you do, eh?" or, "How are you being really?"

(Pronunciation: Hau du ju du, e? Hau ar ju bi'ing, ri'āli?)

(2) If you are a milady, you say the same thing also, but do not touch the hat. Leave it up there.

Then all shake themselves by the hand.

When it has been sat down, you may commence the chattering by drawing attention to the weather or to sports. Do not dispute in a political way, for this is undone in drawingrooms. It is bad mannerisms.

It is quite the Right Thing to give vent to an observation of this nature: "This rain is not at all to my taste, you know. It is a bit thick, eh? Oh so disgruntling!"

(Dhis rehn is not at al tu mei tehst, ju noh. It is a bitt dhik, e? O so disgröntling!)

Before it has been sat down, the bowler cap must be placed in the hands of a servingman together with the glofes and the cane or umbrello.

Sit uprighteously—do not lounche about as if you were ever such a lackadaisi.

Do not cough, sneese or contract the hicquet, which might offend.

If you are offered a nice cup of tea, do not be faddi. You must aver that you relisch it equivocalli well whether together with or together without sugre, milck or citron. As for dainties, be sure to choose out such that you can neatly devour without noisiness or clumsy carrying-on.

On taking a departure:

(1) If you are a gent., bow deeply to the hostess and, if you know her closely, salute her hand. (First sweep away all trace of confection or sweetmeat from the beard.)

(2) A lady should grin slightly and lend a hand by way of saying "Goodbi!"

You must say: "I thank. I am so pleased, I have had a so roaring good-time!"

(Ei dhank. Ei äm so pliesd, ei häw hädd ä so rorring gudd teim!)

For smoking gentry:

If you care for lighting up after consumption of tea, recall all this:

(1) It is not the Right Thing to ignite pipes in a drawing-room, lest the ladies get a whist of it.

(2) Await persuasion by the hostess.

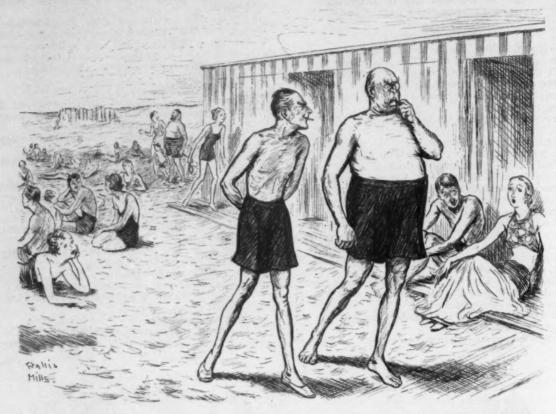
(3) If you proffer your own weeds, remember that all must have a chance at them, and do not pass about a half-empty container.

(4) Do not asch the rug.

(5) The correct cigarettes in England are uncorked.



"Well, Bert an' I get on all right. When 'e says 'e'll do a thing I know 'e won't, so we understand each other."



"YE KNOW, ADMIRAL, I'M SURE IT'S VERY HEALTHY AND ALL THAT, BUT IN THIS SUNBATHING KIT I FEEL-AH-A CERTAIN LOSS OF PRESPICE."

The Right-and-Left.

I am not one of those women who make a mystery of their age. What with having a baddish memory and two or three dear old school-friends, I find it impossible. What I said in 1930 never seems to square with what I said—unfortunately to the same person—in 1932.

What actually finished it was a tiny confusion on my part about Queen Victoria's Jubilees. I was ready, frankly and straightforwardly, to remember one of these—in so far as its repercussions reached my crib in the nursery—but not the other. The result was that I denied them both, became involved with King George the Fifth's Coronation, but turned down that of King Edward VII., and distinctly heard old Lady Flagg remark, after some very unnecessary calculations, that at that rate I must have been married at about twelve years old.

One did not care to pursue the point, especially with one's eldest—fifteen,

and standing five-foot six—handing the bread-and-butter.

Then came the rather sinister little episode of the hotel-lounge.

Laura ran me down, as she expressed it, to Swanage for the week-end. Her dear little car did its part with scarcely a contretemps. We inspected the school that I hoped might one day be privileged to receive my youngest and then returned to the hotel to talk it over. The conversation ran upon not unfamiliar lines.

"I liked the Headmistress. Quite."
"Oh, did you feel like that too?
About her, I mean."

"Well, I did rather. I mean, why be so fearfully bright and unconventional? But the gym was marvellous." "And the swimming-bath."

"Yes, definitely. Not the matron, though."

"Oh, she was only the assistant one. The real one was away. I liked the juniors' play-room."

"And the seniors' library—only she won't be there for such ages and ages."

There is (I once read in a book) no such thing as the psychological moment. But if there were, one would say that at this psychological moment old Lady Flagg intervened. Or if she didn't actually intervene, she anyway came into the hotel-lounge.

"There's old Lady Flagg," I said.
These comments are forced from one by circumstances. It was old Lady Flagg, and she was there—where one had not the least expectation of meeting her—and she was not personally known to Laura.

"Is that the one who said about you must have been married at twelve, if you were what you said you were and your children what you said they were?" Laura inquired.

To reply intelligently to the letter of this strangely-constructed sentence would have been well-nigh impossible. As a matter of fact I thought the whole inquiry quite unnecessary, and endeavoured to put this feeling into my simple reply.

"Yes.

"How terribly funny!" said Laura

blithely. "She hasn't seen you yet. I wonder what she'll say when she

does?

Time was to solve this question, and that very speedily. Laura turned herback on old Lady Flagg and took up The Illustrated Prattler for June, 1933, whilst I was fortunate enough to secure a half-number of The Mother's World bearing the date of the previous Christmas.

Hardly had my attention been claimed by the somewhat intricate question of Rompers for the Toddlers—or it may have been Toddles for the Rompers—than Lady Flagg caught

sight of me.

"Dear me, it's you!" she said, thereby confirming my previous idea (see above) about comments not markedly sparkling in themselves being forced from one by circumstances. In fact it gained additional colour from my own rejoinder which was to the effect that, Yes, it was. Lady Flagg looked at Laura.

No one is readier than myself to concede that dear little Laura can easily pass for twenty-eight at almost any time, and that her enormous mop of short hair adds to her juvenility, while her continual experiments in dieting have indubitably resulted in a figure rather resembling that of a very thin little boy perched on miniature stilts.

But having said that, I have said all. Except indeed that a mere ten years separate me from Laura in point of

age.

So that the shock was proportionate when old Lady Flagg, looking at her, said rather than asked: "And is this

your girl?"

The world may, or may not, have rocked slightly. One had that impression, undoubtedly. Laura admitted afterwards that her own reaction had been a momentary but piercing conviction that the lounge had reeled all round us.

Probably something of all this was communicated even to the perceptions, that I can only qualify as obtuse, of

old Lady Flagg.

Something flickered in her face as I, with the perfect calm of good-breeding, introduced my friend, as opposed to

"my girl."

"Quite, quite," she said a little hurriedly. "I just thought it might be. But of course I see I was mistaken. When I said that, as a matter of fact I hadn't seen the face."

Laura and I have from childhood had our little differences of opinion. We shall, however, always be at one on the subject of old Lady Flagg.

E. M. D.



THE FIRST-BORN.

Our Goldfish.

WE have three goldfish in our pond Of whom my Father's very fond, And they were given by his choice The names of Julia, Edith, Joyce.

(Since many a year they did abide, Nor added nor yet multiplied, It seemed a safe thing to report They all were of one sex or sort.)

And Father feeds them every day, And often has been heard to say That Edith looked a little wan Or Joyce more weight was putting on.

But Julia was his special friend; She swam the pond from end to end, So long, so strong, so golden-red— The finest fish, so Father said. The poet Herrick loved and sung A Julia when he was young; And Father knew a Julia too— His cousin, hence this tribute true.

But now a sudden doubt arises, One of life's tragical surprises: A friend points out with sceptic air That goldfish (girls), alas! are rare.

A gloom across our pond is shed, The water-lily droops its head, The reeds are wilting on the brink And nobody knows what to think.

Though Father still by word of voice Addresses Julia, Edith, Joyce, His tones the sad conviction carry They might be Thomas, Dick and Harry!

The Word War.

xxIII.-ODD LOTS.

Intrusive "Of."

"Poised all of civilization upon the brink of hostilities."—Senator Tydings.

Many warriors have denounced what they call the pleonastic "of" in "all of." One has sent me this specimen, trapped in *The Observer*:—

"The Boat Race will lose all of its prestige if Oxford cannot stem the Cambridge victories."

Mr. James Agate has recently (I think) become an Ofer:-

"All of the play's ingredients are popular."—Sunday Times.

This disturbs me, for he is generally right. I wish, by the way, that someone would finish for me the poem I began concerning that brilliant column:

"So great the man, so small the print— One makes you squirm, the other squint, . . ."

The other two lines should picture the increased effect that might be expected if Mr. Agate were printed as large as Mr. Charles Morgan. "Organ" should help.

But let us go back to this "of." You dislike it? So do I. The Rowing Correspondent of The O., I am sure, never told a lady that "all of his heart was hers"; nor, before the altar, did he say, "With all of my worldly goods I thee endow." We shudder at the thought; though if anyone said that he was a jolly good fellow we should all, I am sure, reply happily, "And so say all of us."

Steady, then, brothers! Shuddering is not a rational process, and at first it is difficult to say why we shudder. And there are base defenders of this "of" who remark slyly that we should not shudder at "some of its prestige" or "much of its prestige." Why not?

I do not know what answer the pundits would give. I can find no reference to the problem in FOWLER or in any other learned work. The Master, therefore, must tackle the enemy unaided, and the Master is determined that this "of" shall be cast out. The Master's view is that you may say "some of" and "much of," because "of" means "out of" or "away from," and signifies the deduction of a part or portion. So, if the doctor takes out some of your inside you will lose some part of your inside, but you still have some inside left. But if he takes out all your inside, that is the end of the matter. Either he takes out all your inside or he does not; there is no question of deduction, and it is as unnecessary and wrong to add an "of"

as it would be to say "all parts" of your inside. By the same reasoning, I suppose, you should not say "the whole of your inside," though you might say that he took out "whole sections of your inside." And if you say, "Well, what about 'So say all of us?" the answer is that that is a low ungrammatical ditty, and you ought to sing, "And so we all say."

If the Master is not right about this the warriors must advise him.

Homework, please.

"Bid."

"LEAGUE'S BID FOR PEACE IN EAST AFRICA."—Sunday Times.

"BRITAIN'S BID FOR WAR-PLANE SUPREMACY."—Daily Mirror.

"STABILISATION BID."-Observer.

"CAMPBELL'S BID FOR RECORD."

All the Papers.

"PERRY'S BID FOR CHAMPIONSHIP."

All the Papers.

"Mr. Lang is making a fresh bid for power."—"Times" Leading Article.

The newspapers are full of "bids" and my letter-box is full of letters imploring me to crush "bid." I have held my hand-or foot-for a long time: for I have a Christian compassion for my colleagues of the popular Press, bound to produce swift pregnant headlines in a very short time, and I perceive the temptations of a word of three letters that may mean, or seem to mean, a very forcible action. But when one of the great men of The Times, in the very first sentence of a leading article, with a spacious column ahead of him, inflicts yet one more "bid" upon us, it is time, I agree, to examine this "biddery."

Biddery is a disease of recent origin. At least it is not old enough to have provoked the attentions of FOWLER. And, beyond the fact already mentioned, that it is a word of three letters, I cannot understand the affection it undoubtedly commands in Fleet Street. This is not a case of the papers adopting the common speech of the people. The ordinary citizen still remains completely unresponsive to biddery. At least, I never heard a man remark strongly at the 15th tee: "Old boy, I'm going to make a bid for the match." Nor, the score being love-40, have I heard my lawn-tennis partner whisper: "Do let us make a bid for this game." We do not even make bids for a new job or for success in the old one.

And it is easy, Bobby, to see why we do not make bids all day, though every day is full of effort and struggle. A "bid" should mean—

". . . the offer of a price, the amount offered: spec. at an auction."—S.O.E.D.

Specially—observe, Bobby—at an auction. To the ordinary man the essence of a bid is that

- (1) It is an offer of money; and
- (2) It is an offer made in competition with others who are also offering money.

Now, in all the passages quoted at the beginning of this lecture (excepting perhaps that which refers to Mr. Land) the idea of offering anything is inept or insulting, and in at least two of them (those which refer to Campbell and League) the idea of competition is ridiculous.

In all (excepting STABILISATION BID, which completely baffles me) "bid" stands for "attempt" and nothing more-or, if you will, for a strong, resolute, or, as some of my colleagues would say, a "dramatio" attempt. I repeat, I understand the excuse for "bid" (in a headline), though I do not admit the necessity; and in a spacious article it is silly and indefensible. If we were commanded under pain of death to find a better word in three letters to do the (headline) work that "bid" is doing, we should probably die. "Campbell's Try for Record" is not delightful but might do. "BRITAIN'S TRY FOR WAR-PLANE SUPREMACY" would not, I recognize, be forcible enough for a picture-paper. For in this case, I fancy, "bid" means "determination to try to secure.

But difficulty is no defence, and though we are charitable we must be firm. The orders are that biddery is to cease; and if there is no brief and respectable understudy to "bid," what has to be said must be said in some other way. I, for one, should be quite content if less was said in the headlines. This is not my business, but I have never understood why the whole story should be given away in what, after all, is not a label but a lure. The headline, surely, should be like a lady's dress, revealing enough to provoke interest, but not so much as to make us feel that we have nothing to learn.

Bearing this thought in mind, brothers, and not forgetting the special conditions of the journalist's work, consider the following:—

EXERCISE.

Amend the first five passages quoted above, sternly eliminating the loathly "bid."

Answer.

Difficult, isn't it?

"Inter"-piece.

"Interavailability of Tickets between the G.W., L.M.S. and L. & N.E. Companies."—G.W.R. Pamphlet.



A DRIVE ROUND THE BEAUTY-SPOTS.

"Pretty country? Well, d'you know, I sat beside a charming woman who told me all about herself going, and I told her all my affairs coming back—I hardly noticed where we went."

I thought I heard a simple ticketcollector say, "No, Sir, interavailability does not exist between . . . " and hoped that I was wrong. But here it is in print. Ghastly, Bobby; ill-bred, Bobby; and meaningless, Bobby; for it can only mean that the tickets are able to use each other. But the "inter," as we know, refers to the Companies. Now this, Bobby, is a good example of bad invention. It is very hard to think of one word to express what the writer wants to say; it may be impossible; but then it is not necessary. I see your difficulty, Railways, but why not borrow and adapt a word familiar at certain theatres and cricket-grounds, thus:—"'Rover' Ticket Arrangements between, etc., etc."? The small official, Bobby, is so fond of a huge word that he would rather create a monster than look for a decent alternative.

EXERCISE.

Who wrote-

"So proximal and yet so distal"?

"Wear.

I have been implored by many to attack "neck-wear," "foot-wear" and "swim-wear." Perhaps because I am weak, perhaps because they are brief and simple, they do not anger me so much as others. But I agree with an Oxford warrior that when an optician in that venerable city advertises not glasses, nor even spectacles, but

"EYE-WEAR,"

the time has come to cry "Halt!"
And would not

"NOSE-WEAR"

be more accurate?

"Authoritarian."

"If an authoritarian State—there are three of them in Europe—sets itself swiftly and in large measure to increase its national defence, it can do it in absolute secrecy."—Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

This wicked word, according to my dictionary, means "favourable to the principles of authority." But are there only three such States in Europe? And what—and where—is an unauthoritarian State? It is surely, brothers, of the essence of any "State" to have and exercise authority. Why not despotic or oligarchic government, or absolute or autocratic ruler?

"Haver" (unfortunate use of).

"The League Council, after considerable havering, came to no definite decision." Somebody's Geneva Correspondent.

But "to haver," Bobby, means "to talk foolishly, to talk nonsense," not, as so many of us seem to think, "to hesitate or hover."

"De"-fever.

"Methods of de-humidifying air."

A Naval Officer.

A warrior tells me that during a tour of the Port of London his guide said:—

"It takes two-and-a-half hours to dewater the dock."

Does he, I wonder, de-water his bath and de-humidify his ears? A. P. H.



Villager. "My marrow just missed the third prize, but it put up a wonderful fight for it."

The Holiday Fortune-Teller.

HOLIDAYS are now upon us. Already Bradshaw lies about on the piano and we've discovered moth in the picnicrug. But these are small things. What really occupy our attention are the great problems pertaining to the holidays. Will the sport be good? Will the new place be a success? Or will the golf be poor and the beach gritty? Will Angela's unpleasant little boy teach my darling David bad habits? And have we asked him for a fortnight, or did we-pray Heaven we did!-only say ten days?

For all such questions I would strongly advise you to buy the little volume announced above and written by my friend, Madame Cleopatra Divani (in private life Mrs. Walter Higgs), one of the most reliable necromanceresses in England, whose Black Magic has received nothing but praise from the critics. She it was who predicted the Jubilee, a change in the French Government, and three Derby winners in succession—as she frankly announced each time the day after the

One of the most important signs of the future is, of course, dreams. I give below excerpts from Madame's com-

prehensive "Dream Interpretations" which have special bearing on holi-

Aeroplane. To dream of an aeroplane foretells your luck on the moors this season. If it flies straight, the sport will be good. If high, birds will fly high. If it loops the loop, it indicates you must be careful what you drink at shooting-luncheons.

Bishops denote an engagement in your family during the holidays. Just to dream of a Bishop's legs warns you to wear thick stockings or gaiters as a protection against mosquitoes

Camels. If a man dreams of these, it means he is going on a lot of pienics, for which he will carry all the food. To a child it foretells good sand-castle prospects. To dream that a camel is going easily through the eye of a needle is a wonderful omen for stockbrokers.

Horse. To a bachelor this indicates that he is shortly going to marry into a good County family.

Limpets. You will run across an old friend who has had bad luck finan-

Nijni Novgorod. To dream of Nijni Novgorod may mean that you are going there for your holiday. If you are not going there, however, it indi-

cates that you are not going to Nijni Novgorod for your holiday.

Rooks. You have paid more for your

fishing than it was worth.

Swallowing. To dream that you are steadily swallowing liquid is a splendid omen. You will enjoy your holiday. To dream of swallowing with difficulty, however, merely denotes that the children are going to develop mumps just as they are going back to school.

Test Matches indicate that you are thoroughly overdone and need a change of interest.

Zoo. To dream of the Zoo foretells a large cheerful family party. But note your dream carefully as it will show you what relations to beware on the holidays. For instance, if you are walking past a cage of hyenas, Cousin Ethel will be much en évidence this summer. If of an old walrus, you are shortly going to stay with an uncle. If you dream you are in the monkeys'

That's enough about dreams. Except that some people, of course, dream by opposites. The test of which sort you are is to balance your early morning cup of tea on your forehead and see if it spills. If you are and it doesn't, the dream is true. If you aren't and it does, it isn't. I hope that is quite clear. Next we come to numerology. One of the most vital factors in your life is the Science of Numbers. Did you know, for instance, that the letters of your names, added together, plus the letters of your birth-month and minus the letters of the surname of your dentist will give you your prospects in the January Sales? Of course you didn't. Nor did I.

Below are a few special holiday quotations from Madame Cleopatra's Table of Numerical Oracular Miracles, as used by FRED PERRY and HANNIBAL. You should never consult it on a Tuesday or after eating prunes.

What are my Holiday Prospects?

(Now add the letters of your names, plus the letters of your cook's birthplace, minus your telephone number.)

If the answer comes to:-

9 it means you will be glad to get home.
12—you will meet someone from over the sea who will give you valuable information about your pigs.

17—you will fall in love with a Duke.
18—you will fall in love with a gas-fitter.

23—beware of a tall fair dog who will do yours no good.

Then there are spells, charms and holiday incantations which are of great interest. For instance:—

For a Young Girl to Know which of Two Men to Marry.

Take two fried eggs and call them by the names of your admirers. Carry them about for two days, one in each pocket of an Angora cardigan. Then remove them and hold a lighted match to each in turn. The egg that has collected the most fluff will catch fire first, and this shows that the young man would make a fiery lover, but a bad husband.

To See Your Golf Prospects.

Take an egg-cupful of sand, a sprig of gorse and a handful of chopped grass, and put them in your bed overnight. You will wake either sneezing, swearing, or with sand in your eyes, and accordingly will know whether your golf is going to be mainly in the fairway, in the rough, or bunkered.

To Know the Luckiest Place for Your Holiday.

Take a very old banana, two ounces of oatmeal, a spoonful of ink and three fresh haddocks and knead them into a cake. Put the cake into the oven for two hours exactly. If it comes out like porridge, there is luck for you in Scotland. If it burns, go to the South of



Pugilist. "'E KEEPS SLOSHIN' ME ON THE NOSE."
Second. "YUS—'E'S MAKIN' QUITE A FEATURE OF IT."

France. If it smells fishy, abandon your holiday altogether.

The Lemon Charm.

Take a lemon-tree and plant it in your window-box. If there is fortune for you the answer is a lemon.

This charm will not work with Admirals and Vets who were born on a wet Wednesday in August.

Madame Cleopatra also deals extensively with fortune-telling by Cards, Dice, Tea-leaves, Hairpins, Earwigs, Toenails, and Hiccoughs. I strongly advise you to purchase her book without delay.

R. S. V. P.

[At a recent meeting of the Poetry Society it was suggested that poets should be asked to stay at country manors, so that they should write verses inspired by their surroundings.]

Though but a doggerel bard at best, Since circumstances alter cases,

I'd like to be an honoured guest Whose lines are cast in pleasant places;

So, if these verses seem to lack

The grace that gilds the poets' banner,

Will anybody help a hack
To write them in a proper manor?

Another London Treasure.

According to the encyclopædia, in Anglo-Saxon it is hragra, in Icelandic hegre, in Swedish hager, in Danish heire, in German heiger, in Dutch reiger, in Italian aghirone, in French heron, in Latin ardea, hence the family of ardeidæ, to which the long-legged bird I am coming to belongs, and which, in English, is heron. But for the malefic influence of the Tower of Babel, it would (as it should) be called heron everywhere.

After so learned an introduction, carefully borrowed, let me say that although, compared with the sparrow, which is everywhere, and the pigeon, far too fat, which throngs in Trafalgar Square, St. Paul's Churchyard, at the Guildhall and the British Museum, not to mention St. James's Park and Lord's and the Oval, where its incredible proportions are more easily observed-although, compared with these, the heron is a rare bird, there is a place contiguous to this great city where it can be seen in its wildness all the time. Many unusual birds in semi-captivity can, of course, be studied, such as the pelicans near the Foreign Office, and the flamingoes under the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo; but the herons of which I am thinking are wholly free and natural, as anyone taking the towpath between Kew and Richmond knows, because Sion House still possesses one of the larger heronries.

This I had long known, but it was not until the other day, when that vigilant and exacting etymologist "A. P. H." took me up the river in his motor-barge, that I realised how near to us herons can be. For if you moor beside Sion House park you are all among them. You see them as they stand motionless on the banks, ready to strike; you see them with the fish wriggling in their bills; you see them take the air with vast slow pinions and legs trailing behind. And all close to London!

It is a treasurable experience to voyage with Mr. Punch's own lexicographer. I have been down the river with him as well as up. When you go down with him, all among the tugs and barges and shipping, you find that as a censor of speech, written and spoken, he is nothing; as a navigator all. Every pair of eyes over the gunwale recognises him, every sailor has for him a cheery word in no need whatever of explication or analysis. The Thames Police salute him, the Customs assure him that all is well. At that excellent inn at Wapping with the misleading name, "The Prospect of Whitby," a

boy in a dinghy waits to scull him ashore.

When you accompany "A. P. H." up the river there is the same friendliness, but a tincture of familiarity, almost ribaldry, is apparent. I rather fancy that a group of irreverent boys on Barnes Terrace shouted out something about the Ark; I am inclined to the belief that off Strand-on-the-Green, where the prettiest of the old houses are, there were derisive allusions to Noah. But no one minded. We accepted all with equanimity and even delight, knowing that when the anchor was dropped opposite the towpath by The Gardens ("coming up from Richmond, on the way to Kew") there would be dinner; knowing also about the herons.

I cannot promise that, like the cormorant which occasionally visits London and stays long enough to be photographed as it sits on the cross of St. Paul's, and to get into the papers, a heron will be seen perched on the outstretched tail of the historic lion on Sion House; but I can promise you that as the shades of evening fall you will see these birds homing to the cedars on which they live, and see them for a moment or so stand as it were on tiptoe on the topmost branches flapping their great grey wings before they say good-night and sink to sleep.

E.V.L

The Slot.

"When you insisted on taking a furnished bungalow instead of staying at an hotel," said Edith, "you said it was because you must do a couple of hours' work every day during the holidays. So far we have been here a week and you have not written a line."

"To-morrow morning," I said, "I will get up at 3.30 and put in a couple of hours before my morning dip. The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria used to get up at 3.30 every morning."

When my alarm-clock tinkled at 3.30 next morning my first inclination was naturally to turn over and go to sleep again, but by repeating over and over again, "The Emperor Francis Joseph, the Emperor Francis Joseph," I managed to keep awake long enough to roll myself out of bed. Dawn had either broken or was about to break, but there was only enough light to see how dark it was, and when I touched the electric-switch nothing happened. Evidently a shilling was needed for the slot.

I roused Edith.

"Have you got a shilling?" I asked politely.

"In my bag," said Edith, and went to sleep again.

I wandered round and round for a bit in a semi-conscious condition and then roused Edith once more.

"Where is your bag?" I asked

"In the drawer, of course," said Edith rather less politely. Then she went to sleep again.

I looked in about a dozen drawers and found six or seven bags of different shapes and sizes and colours and designs, but in none of them was there any money.

I roused Edith again.

"Which drawer is the bag in?" I said, finishing the sentence with a preposition with early-morning non-chalance.

"The top left-hand drawer of the bureau in the front-room," said Edith, "and if you wake me up again you will gain a further resemblance to Francis Joseph by being assassinated."

"That was Francis Ferdinand, not Francis Joseph," I said; but Edith was again asleep.

I found the shilling (there was only one) and took it into the kitchen. For a long time I couldn't find the meter and I didn't like to go and ask Edith. At last I discovered it cunningly concealed behind a table and put in my shilling. Then I pressed the switch, but no light came.

I roused Edith.

"I have put the shilling in the slot," I said, "but no light has come. I had a job to find the meter, and I can't think why they want to hide it behind a table."

"The meter behind the table," said Edith, "is the gas-meter for the cooker."

I don't know what the Emperor Francis Joseph would have done in the circumstances. I took the only statesmanlike course and went back to bed.



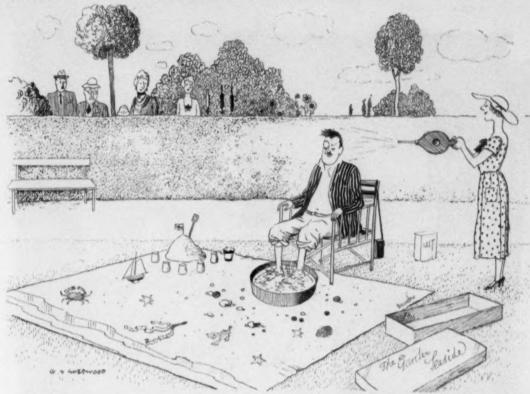
The Duce's Own Trumpeters.

"Italy now has seven regular divisions blowing at Geneva."—Glasgow Paper.

Another Local Sensation.

"ACCIDENT. While John —— was riding his motor-cycle at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday to the centre of the town, a pedal cyclist ran into his rear wheel. No damage was done to the machines nor were the riders hurt."

Country Paper.



THE GARDEN SEASIDE! GREAT FUN! COMPLETE IN BOX, WITH BREEZE-CREATOR, PADDLING-PAN, PEBBLES, SEAWEED, CRAB, STARFISH, ETC.

"Quandary."

Brian came to me in some distress. Perhaps bewilderment is a closer description of his state. He is a big. broad, beefy, burly, bluff, bull-chested, brainless bloke, and has fallen hopelessly for one of these Elizabethan-page sort of modern girls, with a thin proud profile, a complex-tortured soul and the whole obscure problem of the modern universe to bring along for dowry, instead of a nice useful lumpsum and settlements.

Apparently he had offended her somehow. Put his foot in it somehow. Dropped a brick. Upset her applecart. And he had written to ask her what was the matter. She had replied with a poem. He brought the poem round to me for elucidation. Here it is. Called "Quandary," you see:--

QUANDARY.

Down in the dim weeds'

Scribbled opacity, Swayed and crossed by the glutinous ten thousand years, We struggled, met;

Rude searchlights raying that dirigible agony So ecumenically worth while.

See then, Love, here's my dilemma-Yours, too:

If you can believe that one tremor sent twirling up

(Spiral traitor to the monocotyledon Me) yet what thirty-three-and-a-third wons hence from the deep-rooted now,

Still my gaping fish's heart Bladdered

Shredded Under that thin left fin. Portcullis between next and last-

Yet hardly portcullis, Since in harsh mute Linean singing Still I hear

Your thwarted reassurances

(Hush, my striped Zebra, Hush!) Telling me I am the intrinsic you, Concealed beneath your pachydermatous defences

I returned it to Brian.

"D' you suppose it means she's un-happy?" he asked.
"Not while she can write poems like

that," I replied, cautious to the last.

"It is good, isn't it? She's a bit of a genius all right, isn't she? I tell you what, I'm damn proud of her. Only look here—what ought I to answer? Ought I to make up some poetry too, d'you think ?

'I wouldn't, my sweet. Honest, I Find some other chap's wouldn't. poetry, if you must-out of a book, you know (you know what a book is don't you? Thing with covers; sometimes in limp suède) and copy that out and send it to her, saying whoeverit-is has expressed your Deeps so much better than you could yourself."

"My-

"Deeps."

"Deeps?"

" Deeps."

Brian went away.

After the girl had broken off with him-some time after, in fact-and he was beginning to recover, he showed me the lines he had sent her in reply to "Quandary"—simply a rhymed couplet, and he had copied it out of his sister's school-album:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue, Sugar is sweet and so are you."

"Was there anything in that to annoy her?" he asked in his helpless, handsome, dumb-animal sort of way. G. B. S.

Why Not Go North For Your Holiday?

Musselburgh Town Council dropped £139 on the golf course during the past six months.

Edinburgh Paper.

"WOMAN'S WIN IN SHEEPDOO TRIALS. SURPRISE FOR THE SHEPHERDS. Daily Paper.

She was wearing her fur coat, of course.



BEACH JEWELLERY.

- "You're not going in with all that on?"
- "Well, I can't swim, so I thought it would make rather a good life-buoy."

"Nevermore."

(After passing "The Raven," the Film Censor has decided to be very strict with horror films.)

- and their mothers,
- Uncles, cousins, aunts and others who come crowding to your door
- Must not see unpleasant thrillers which depict demented
- Or half-humanised gorillers, which in frenzy madly roar.
- These and dope-besoddened Dagos, with their knives all red with gore,
 I have banned for evermore.
- On the morbid mind you're trading, budding criminals you're aiding
- By so thoughtlessly parading scenes of horror by the score. You must cut out clutching fingers on the throats of
- Opera-singers, Scrap that murderer who lingers by the lonely stretch of shore.
- And the Chinks who stab their victims on some dingy doss-house floor.
 - I shall pass them nevermore.

- Quota the Censor, "Hear me, brothers. Little children Seek no pretext for evasion when upon the next occa-
 - Monsters (Frankenstein persuasion, or those culled from ancient lore)
 - Are presented for inspection. They must sever their connection:
 - I shall scratch the whole collection, as I've threatened to before.
 - Take these words to heart, my brothers, and this warning don't ignore:
 - You shall show them nevermore."
 - And the managers in chorus cried, "No future lies before
 - If a harmless brontosaurus or a robot you deplore;
 - For the Public loves to shiver, with its finger-tips a-quiver.
 - Will you pass The Blood Red River and release The Fearful Four?
 - Kindly alter your decision; ruination is in store." Quoth the Censor, "Nevermore."



Reverie of an Ex-Vicercy.



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- "WELL, I CAN'T SWIM, SO I THOUGHT IT WOULD MAKE RATHER A GOOD LIFE-BUOY."

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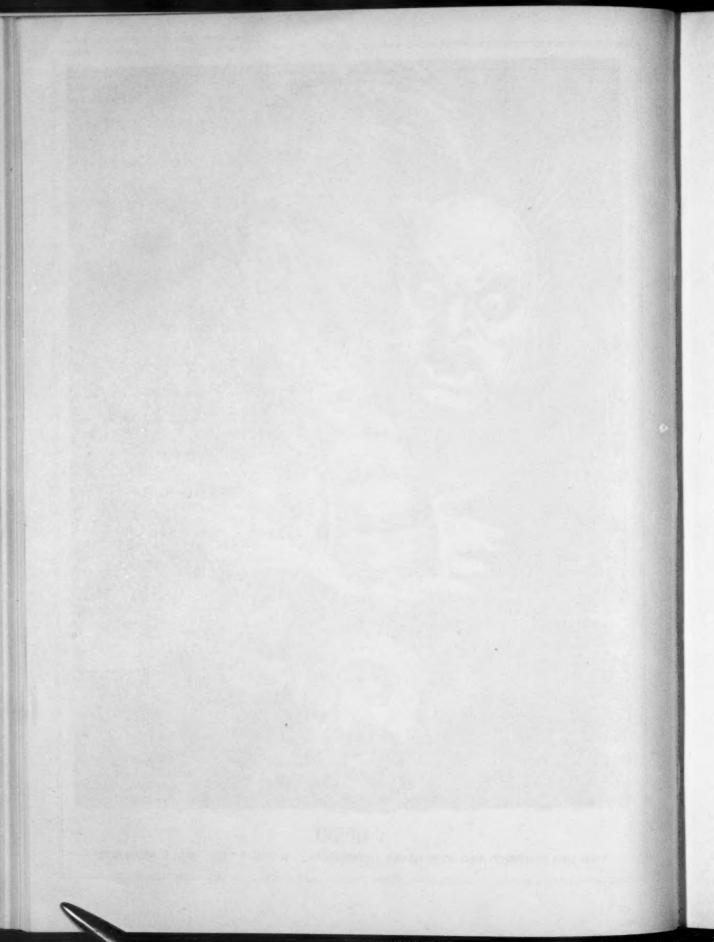
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A QUERY.

THE SEA-SERPENT AND THE GIANT GOOSEBERRY—IS THIS THE "SILLY SEASON"?



The Bluebottle.

THE trouble with my Uncle Joe is not so much vividness of imagination as honesty of mind. This fact emerges very clearly in the episode of the blue-bottle.

My Aunt Susannah came in one day when Uncle Joe was half-asleep on the ottoman after lunch and made some

remark about a bluebottle. Uncle Joe murmured "What?" without opening his eyes.

"I was saying," said Aunt Susannah, sitting down at the other side of the fireplace and beginning to knit, "how seldom we do get a fly in the pantry. But this morning there was a bluebottle there and I had such a trouble chasing it."

The idea plopped into Uncle Joe's imagination and began to fizz like a ginger-beer cube.

As a boy Uncle Joe took a long time learning to ride a bicycle, and he always maintains this was due to his honesty of mind. When halfasleep he con-stantly imagined himself riding the bievele, but his intellectualintegrity could not allow him to imagine all going well. Every few seconds he saw and felt himself falling off, and his subsequent attitude to the real

bicycle was seriously affected by the mishaps he was continually having on the imaginary one.

This habit of conscientious pessimism often gave him socks. If, for instance, he were just missed by a motor-car in the street the rest of his day would be made miserable by recurring and painfully clear visions of what would have happened if it had hit him. Peep into Uncle Joe's mind after such an occurrence and you would find it bristling with little cinema screens, on every one

pictures of violence and sudden death featuring himself.

The accidents and near-accidents of other people troubled him just as much. His reaction to the sight of a house-painter almost falling off a ladder was always to see himself falling quite off a ladder; and lucky for him if his intellectual integrity, in an indulgent moment, failed to provide a tub of whitewash below for him to fall into.

of Uncle Joe's mind compelled him to make allowance for all the difficulties of the chase.

He lay there, he tells me, on the edge of sleep, while his mind's eye quartered the pantry with the keenness of a hunter's. It was a square pantry; the window was opposite the door, and on three sides there were wide shelves, the lowest table-height, the topmost a little below the ceiling.

Uncle Joe's mind's eye saw the bluebottle energetically buzzing in figures of eight about the middle of the pantry and heraised the rolled newspaper he discovered himself earrying and took a swipe at it. Instantly he was unable to avoid the conviction that his follow-through had knocked a dish to the floor-the rather long oblong dish with the sloping blue sides and the curly design, sole remnant (except for a chipped china soup-ladle) of a dinner-service Aunt Susannah and he had been given as a weddingpresent. He knew very well that this dish had been projecting a little over the edge of the shelf and that it contained about half of a kind of ielly covered with twists of custard, and with his eyes closed he saw this with perfect distinctness spread in messy fragments about the floor at

his feet. The bluebottle, unscathed, was still flying in noisy figures of eight.

The muscles of Uncle Joe's neck had grown tense with apprehension as the dish fell, and as it smashed his forehead furrowed suddenly. Hardly had he relaxed on his couch again when he found himself in spirit turning round with his back to the pantry-window so as to hit at the bluebottle in a less dangerous direction. He did, in fancy, so hit at it, hoping to drive it out of the door. He was on tiptoe, and as he took



Thus, when my Aunt Susannah said she had been chasing a bluebottle in the pantry, immediately, much against his will, he began to imagine himself chasing it. My aunt was at that time without a maid, and from helping her wezh up and put the things away he knew the pantry like the palm of his hand. Another man, says my Uncle Joe, would have imagined himself catching and ejecting the bluebottle at once, and that would have been the end of that; but the inflexible honesty



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF "BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN," PERFORMED BY THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

a step back after the blow he fell against the lower shelf. Outwardly he still halflay on the ottoman, and only a sudden hunching of the shoulders showed how his blood all at once ran cold, for he had, he knew, sat on a dish of sour milk and the whole thing had slapped up against the seat of his trousers.

A second later he was screwing his eyes up with nerves, being unable to prevent his imaginary body from beginning to scramble up on a shelf where there was not an inch of room . . .

Years of marriage had not accustomed my Aunt Susannah to the sort of casual remark that would set Uncle Joe's imagination on the gallop, and she sat there placidly knitting without noticing the way he twitched and sweated or the little distressed grunts he gave at intervals. How long his anguish might have gone on I.don't know. With a distasteful effort he woke up completely, wiped his brow with a shaking hand, and inquired, "What happened to it?" "What, dear?"

"The bluebottle. How did you catch it?

"Oh," said my Aunt Susannah, "I didn't. In the end it flew away. Did you have a nice doze?"

Uncle Joe walked heavily out of the room to have a brisk rub-down. R. M.

One-Moment Mysteries.

(With apologies to an intriguing evening newspaper feature.)

CASE 1 .- THE SLAUGHTERED STREET MUSICIAN.

WHEN Professor Kidney arrived on the scene the body of Pedro the murdered organ-grinder had not been disturbed. His fingers still rested on the handle of his instrument and, apart from marks of strangulation, four bullet-wounds in the chest, a severed bronchial cartilage, three fractured spatulas, and a knife-handle protruding from his ribs, one might have imagined that the itinerant musician had paused in his recital rather than succumbed to the attentions of a competent assassin. The Professor gave the organ-handle half-a-turn and the instrument emitted a melancholy B-

When questioned by the Professor. Pipo Intermezzo, the proprietor of the Italian café outside which Pedro had been playing, seemed very perturbed.

"Soch a beautiful music he maka, cried Pipo. "He turna da machine with soch gusto, soch feeling. He was jist halfa da way through Banzetti's 'Innocentia di Billingsgate' when this terrible crime he happen"Can it, Pipo!" interrupted Kidney sharply. "Why don't you come clean?"

How did Professor Kidney know that Pipo Intermezzo was not on the up-andup?

Solution.

The café proprietor's statement regarding the tune that the murdered organ-grinder had been playing was obviously false. There is no B-flat in the whole of the "Innocentia di Billingsgate." As everyone now knows, Banzetti was a complete fanatic about colour-bar and consequently never used the black notes in his compositions.

CASE 2.—A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

At the Hippelladium Theatre the renowned O'Flaherty Triplets, the only Act ever to play the Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet while flying through the air on a trapeze, were halfway through their performance. Suddenly a shot rang out and all three triplets fell to the stage-two dead, one dying.

With his last breath the moribund Mike, who played Romeo, murmured the Bard's immortal lines:-

"To climb or not to climb; that is the question.

For Juliet is the East and I the West, And, lest I to her balcony ascend, Never the twain shall meet."

Professor Kidney, who had hurried through the pass-door, was just in time to catch these words and to notice that Juliet was clutching a revolver and the Nurse a phial of poison, when all the lights went out and the theatre was plunged into darkness. When, a few moments later, the lights went up, the triplets had disappeared.

"It looks like suicide," suggested Inspector Hawkeye, who had now joined Kidney on the stage. "Who has snaffled the bodies, I wonder?"

But the Professor had walked to the side of the stage and was anxiously peering through the wings.

"I think you're mistaken, Inspector," he remarked. "Look at this."

As he spoke, the famous triplets, alive and well, walked on to the stage and took their bows before an enthusiastic audience.

Whom did the Professor have arrested?

Solution.

The O'Flaherty Triplets—for murdering the work of our greatest dramatist. CASE 3 .- THE OMNIBUS OUTRAGE.

Bus-conductor Fred was discovered hanging from a strap inside the spacious No. 570s single-decker. The two passengers, John Filchquick, a retired stockbroker, and Lady Hogslither, an eccentric millionairess, were both in a state of nervous excitement. The stockbroker refused to utter a word, but the peculiar peeress repeated over and over again, "First class return to Tooting-le-Bow. First class return to Tooting-le-Bow."

Protruding from the stockbroker's waistcoat-pocket was a threepenny bus-ticket punched at the Mansion House. An investigation revealed that the driver of the bus was a well-known crook wanted for conspiracy to defraud the Southend Borough Council. Further investigation brought to light the fact that the stockbroker had been dead for days and that Lady Hogslither was an impostor who had not paid her fare. And in addition to all these suspicious circumstances the bus was fitted with semi-solid tyres, contrary to the Supplementary Sub-Emergency Byway

Act (1845), Section 6543, Chapter 10, Verse 40.

Why did Professor Kidney refuse to take on the case?

Solution

The 570B bus-route does not use single-deckers, and this suggested to the Professor that the whole affair might be a put-up job.

Frenzied Physiognomy.

"There was a certain grimness to his mouth, a determined gleam in his eye as he drove into town that might easily have been mistaken for the earmarks of a man with ambition."—Story in Woman's Paper.

"BAN ON BOY FOR MOVE AGAINST WAR. SUSPENDED FROM HIS SCHOOL BY HEAD." Daily Paper Headline.

We shouldn't have thought it was really a hanging matter.

"His cordial aufwiederschen still rings in my ears. It is on occasions such as these that one learns how important it is to have some knowledge of modern languages." Report of Interview.

How too, too true!



"Dobothy won a car in *The Webelf Sturt's* 'Gurss-whose-bady' competition, but as ninety-two competitoes got every answer right, the prize has been divided. The crankshaft is Dobothy's share."

At the Play.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" (STRATFORD-ON-AVON).

Falstaff with a golf-umbrella! Perhaps this is the boldest stroke in M. Komisarjevsky's exceedingly unconventional production-bolder than the diabolo outfit of Anne Page, and I suspect its inclusion was due to a fear lest, having wandered so far from England in the décor of this most English of Shakespeare's plays, some essentially British touchstone was required; and for this purpose what better than a golf-umbrella, symbol of all that we hold dear? Somehow it looked extraordinarily right in the massive hand of Falstaff, who was undoubtedly the perfect prototype of all noisy, swaggering, foozling knights of the bunker.

Magnifique, mais ce n'est pas Windsor," was one's first impression of this adventurous setting. Here was nothing of the "Ye" to which we are accustomed, for M. Komisarjevsky had resolutely plucked the Tudor beam from his eye and, forswearing tradition, devised a scene which was at once theatrically ingenious (eight exits and a cupboard, and very simply and effectively converted for the last scene), full of humour and highly decorative. It had the merit of extreme artifice, that one could quarrel with it indefinitely and yet be delighted by it. Why, for instance, he made an honest English pub appear as a green

Methodist chapel surmounted by the strange device, "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense"? is a perfectly justifiable question; but to my mind an equally sound answer is that it's quite a new idea and rather a funny one. On the whole I am sure we should applaud M. Komisarjevsky's courage and be grateful that, having set out to give us something fresh by way of background, he has been ruthless to convention. And, after all, there is this to be said: much of SHAKE-SPEARE'S writing has universal application, and the plot of this play, which he took entire from Italian tradition, would work almost as well in Formosa or Peru.

Besides "The Garter," the burghers' houses sprouted all kinds of fantastic ornamentation from their roof-trees and were agreeably coloured with con-

trasting washes, particularly pleasing get-up of Robin, Falstaff's page, who being a large goldfish weathercock which stood out strongly against the delicate blues of the sky on the cyclorama. Soft pastel colours were mainly

used for the women's dresses, and the men's clothes were the nearest that the producer got to the English tradition, Falstaff sporting a fine red jacket and the host of "The Garter"



THE REDUNDANT UMBRELLA. Sir John Falstaff . . MR. ROY BYFORD.

scrum-cap under his hat such as all prudent Tudor innkeepers wore about closing-time. Colour was the keynote of the production-colour brilliantly used and brilliantly yoked with lighting. I thought the only blot was the



OLD WINDSOR HANDICRAFT-BASKET-WORK. Mistress Page MISS CATHERINE LACEY.
Mistress Ford MISS GWYNNE WHITBY.

was hideously and preposterously dressed as, approximately, FLORA MACDONALD after joining the Soviet Girl Guidea.

After colour and lighting one must mention the clever way in which the producer made use of music, economically and with great effect. Fenton's and Anne's love-making, for example, the only moments of genuine romance in the comedy, was done against a gentle background of STRAUSS waltzes: and when Ford came downstage, his heart cracking with impatient jealousy, to deliver his fine vituperative passage, his curses were wittily pointed by the

As to the fat knight himself, Mr. ROY BYFORD made his Falstaff look something between Mr. WALT. DISNEY'S Noah and those astonishing portraits of the Emperor Franz Joseph in which he is about to go hunting, which, for the poor battered creature of this story, whose author was playing against him with loaded dice (to amuse ELIZA-BETH, it is said), was probably about right. And there was no doubt that it was good comedy. Even if this was only a relic of the real Falstaff, you felt it was at any rate a three-dimensional relic, still capable of getting a kick out of life and not too preoccupied with the pathos of its own ridiculous situation-still, in fact, a pretty sound old buccaneer carrying a large, faded, patched dignity that was somehow rather impressive. The DISNEY comparison which his appearance suggested was powerfully emphasised by Mr. Byford's priceless gift of rich, bottomless, gurgling laughter, as though Popocatepetl had

just arrived at the supreme joke, and by the remarkable acreage which the whites of his eyes can reveal at the bidding of some sudden emotion.

The standard of acting was generally high. Miss CATHERINE LACEY'S and Miss GWYNNE WHITBY'S Wives were youthful and very merry, and charming and clear-spoken in addition; Miss BARBARA GOTT played Mistress Quickly with the right tineture of calculated respectability; Miss ROSALIND IDEN easily explained why Anne Page was the most sought-after young lady in Windsor (and while I am about it I must congratulate her, as choreographer, on the lovely fairy dance at the end, which only poor Falstaff failed to enjoy); while of the men, Mr. Roy EMERTON'S jealous blunderbuss, Ford, Mr. NEIL PORTER'S mer-

curial and delightfully-accented Caius, Mr. ALAN CHADWICK'S mineing-machine of a Slender, and Mr. KENNETH WICK-STEED'S enthusiastic recruit for the Word War, Sir Hugh Evans, were the

best. It struck me that Falstaff's reaction to the last-named would make a magnificent slogan for the National Government at the General Election: "Heavens defend me from that Welsh Fairy!" Eric.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (OPEN AIR THEATRE).

"What savest thou, Bully Bottom?" asked his respectful companions. In Mr. ROBERT ATKINS' impersonation of the charming fellow what he says matters rather less than what he does. Something of the reason for his ascendency comes out in the acting this way: Mr. ATKINS is careful, but only just careful enough, not to overdo the high spirits; he cannot make Bottom sufficiently uncouth. Intelligence, and reading even, seem to radiate from his massive head, and he is too far removed from the clowns and gabies who are, in the text, his cronies and only his inferiors in forcefulness. Mr. ATKINS was particularly good when his light was hidden under the bushel of an ass's head. Such a kindly and sensible monster deserved the affection and service he received.

Mr. Atkins, in addition to carrying what must surely be considered the star rôle, has produced this version of the Midsummer Night's Dream, and the same note of exuberance which marks his own performance runs through the whole affair. A great many stage directions are assumed and thoroughly

carried out. We even see Puck (Mr Leslie French) kidnap the little changeling boy whose custody caused so much trouble. This Puck is refreshingly mature -so mature indeed that he would be in his element as a cheap-jack or taking jaunty fun on a seaside promenade; and too mature to indulge, as all Pucks seem somehow to think is expected of them, in rapid exits, with their arms held out at their sides, the hands waist-high. These gestures come well enough from young elves and brownies from well-known schools of juvenile dancing, but not from Pucks of the world.

Puck, taking full advantage of his invisibility, is in the fore-ground a great deal, and the bold liberties he takes bring out very well the dramatist's presentation of the two orders of reality, the fairy and the mortal, existing side by side in the same place,

the fairies knowing all about the men and the men getting vague intimations of the fairies, and only *Bottom* being led through the yeil.

As Theseus Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY

It struck me that Falstaff's was first-rate. Here was no solemn to the last-named would make stuffed figure, but a vigorous and able man of affairs with a habit of command



OBERON'S LITTLE NON-STOP.

Puck . . Mr. Leslie French.
Oberon . Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry.

and kindly instincts—the sort of man to command a battleship; which was as it should be. His Amazon queen and her Court were carefully and properly

Miss FAY COMPTON was a very convincing Titania—a difficult person to live with, smiling a habitual smile and full of kindness to her lowly Court, but only on condition that she always had her way.

In A Midsummer Night's Dream there are three interwoven stories, and the upper-class novel dealing with the loves and counter-loves of Helena and Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius does not furnish much of the greatness of

belong to the principal boy tradition.

there are three interwoven stories, and the upper-class novel dealing with the loves and counter-loves of Helena and Hermia, Lysander and Demetrius does not furnish much of the greatness of the play. But it takes a great deal of playing, and it was very well played. It was not allowed to intrude on the poetry and the humour which have put this play into the first flight of Shakespeare's works; and there was singing and dancing as well as pantomime to underline that poetry and humour. It is the best of all Shakespeare's plays to which to take the young, and the one in which an intelligent and bold production, such as this of Mr. Robert Atkins, can do most to make the printed page take on new meaning.

The advantages of the open air and greensward are used to the full, and instead of the clumsy lurking in the wings which hiding or withdrawing to a distance means on an ordinary stage, there are bushes and trees made for discreet observation by Fairy Kings and others. It is indeed "a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal."

D. W.



DANGER OF SLEEPING OUT TOO NEAR THE ZOO.

Bottom Mr. Robert Atkins.
Titania Miss Fay Compton.

dressed in skins and spears; which was as well, because it would have been only too easy to mistake Oberon (Miss Phyllis Nellson Terry) for an Amazon. Oberon's part does not really

Black Magic.

Under the Barrow
The junipers dance;
Sickle and harrow
And seythe like a lance
Have flashed and have finished
Gold Summer's advance.

Between the sweet hedges
The sheaves lie asleep;
Below the Down's edges
The black bushes leap—
The laughing black bushes
Whom no one will reap.

They learnt from the White Horse
The dance of the hills;
They prance with the bright
gorse
And laugh with the rills
At the land which goes plough-

ing, Which tinkers and tills.

Rattle of reaper

And clank where they mow; Something is deeper

Which black bushes know . . .
For no man will cut them
And, dancing, they grow.



Diet Specialist. "And last thing, for a night-cap, shall we say, try sipping a small glass of cold cabbage-water."

Songs of Ignorance.

(On perusing in a Horticultural Journal the following two extracts:-

I. "Here it will be snuggled by such things as Anopterus glandu-Less it will be singgled by such things as Aroperus gamal-losus, Geuvina Avellana, Lomatia ferruginea, Eucryphia cordifolia, Embothrium coccineum, and E. longifolium."

II. "I cannot imagine a life denuded of such gems as Arcterica nana, Cassiope lycopodioides, Leucothoe Keiskii, or Phyllodoce nipponica.")

IV.-Botany.

Он, once I thought I knew about flowers When I was a boy at school, I could lie and dream for hours and hours Over leaves spread flat on a pool; Look over a fence at a cottager's plot-Button-daisy, moss-rose, marigold, Sweet-william, stock and forget-me-not; But, alas! what it is to grow old!

Mrs. Dawkins has long ago passed from my ken, Who was proud of her one amaryllis, And now I consort with those scholarly men Who refuse to say lilies are lilies; And dear old Aunt Lydia's gone to her grave Who'd a border of sweet mignonette And a greenhouse all musk, like a warm humid cave, With the scent I can never forget.

Now they grow them for size and they jeer at the bards And they don't seem to care about scent. And the moss-rose which went with Saint Valentine's

Has gone where the good niggers went.

And I dare not speak kindly of love-in-a-mist, I am told that Nigella's the word: If I start to say "Snap--" "Antirrhinum!" is hissed, Is it I, is it they who's absurd?

We needs must have science, and species and things, But why inflict such upon me

Who was up with the moon and danced in the rings That the mushrooms had made on the lea? Why not leave me my pansies and daisies and stocks

And my sunflowers and hedges of yew And my bromely old shrubs and my borders of box, Such as old Cousin Annie once grew?

Not a hope; it's all gone; there is very small scope For an ignorant lover like me

Who grew up unaware of this technical "dope"

In the shade of the old apple-tree.

For who would have guessed when the ladies wore satin And called all the flowers by their names

That we who knew Latin should hear horrid Latin J. C. S. From completely illiterate dames?

Old Boys' Laudable Economy.

"He hoped its successful career would continue and that in years to come there would still be old choir-boys of Lincoln meeting to-gether to knit up the old ties."—Provincial Paper.

"Only two plenary sessions have been held since the complete delegations arrived, and everyone is chafing at the delay in getting down to tin tacks."—Australian Paper.

The reluctance of the delegates to attend sittings seems understandable.

The Boulabally Boycott.

THROUGH all the many alarms of Irish political life in recent years nothing has been allowed to interfere with the holding of the Boulabally Agricultural Show on the third Wedday in July. Once or twice the possibility of a postponement, even of an abandonment of the popular fixture has forced itself upon the consciousness of the harassed Commy-tee; but never until this year has the idea of a boycott entered into the minds of anyone in Boulabally.

"When I heard tell of someone sthrivin' to make us keep away from it," a local market gardener said indignantly, for his peas were practically sure of a prize,

"I was actchilly phlebotomised."

A few years ago the imprisonment of a political enthusiast caused some uneasiness among the promoters of the Show, but even his sympathisers admitted that the unjust treatment meted out to him should not be allowed to interfere with an event of such public importance.

Further back still the repeated uprootings of the railwayline at Mullinabeg seemed to threaten the fixture. Here again common-sense prevailed, and it was

pointed out that most if not all of the animals would travel by road. "What odds about the railway," people said, if so be the cattle can manœuvre the thrench that's dug across the Cloney road?"

By many of his neighbours it was said that the chief mover in the boycott affair was Michael Maher, whose pedigree Shorthorn cow, so long accustomed to earry off first prize in her class, was smitten down by a mysterious disease and was forbidden by the veterinary surgeon to appear at the Show.

"Michael was the whole instigathor of the boycott," someone said firmly. When the vet, could do no more didn't Michael go to Granny Horan, an' she kem an' tied woolly knots above the red cow and opened them again, and there was no kind of a response from Raheen Ruby? An' sooner than see annyone else's cow wid

the red rosette, Michael took to give out all sorts about the Sheriff's sale at Mullinabeg, for no man wid anny sense he says, would display his cattle when they might be snapped from him in the very ring, an' no thanks to him. 'Keep them hid away,' says he, 'or you'll be apt to be sorry.'"

But in spite of the undercurrent of opposition the Commy-tee decided to go on as though nothing had happened. Once again the hired marquees were erected in the gale of wind that almost invariably arrives in Boulabally at the same time as the tents, and the workers are watched with interest as they struggle with a whirling canvas.

"Will you ever forget the first year they had the class for beeses," someone will say, "an' the small tent flopped

Assistant Engineer. "IT WAS LIKE THIS, CHIEF: HUMPHRIES AND I COULDN'T AGREE WHETHER YOU SAID YOU WANTED AN EMBANKMENT OB A CUTTING HERE: SO WE COMPROMISED.

down upon them an' broke some of the glass in the hives they had, an' we all run for our lives? For them beeses was damn cross, an' they was swarmin' for days in the tellygram-posts. You'd be in dhread to send a wire-if you wanted to itself."

Another annual reminiscence concerns the reactions of Tracy's billy-goat to the noise of the crowded showground as compared with the peace of his usual grazing-place. "He kem to the end of his tether," they say equally truthfully of the rope that was dragged from its peg in the ground and of the patience of the animal. "He med three prances, an' down wid the head an' off wid him back to the long pasture, an' three of Mooney's bullocks afther him, for they're terrible nunited from conversin' through the bars of the gate. Look'd it was a great disorganisation.'

The Boulabally Show has been held

once more and, according to the local weekly, it was "an unparalleled success," the only noticeable effect of the boycott rumours being to attract an even larger crowd than usual in the hope of seeing some counter-demonstration. Unfortunately for the efficaciousness of the warning banners they carried, Michael Maher's few supporters decided to promenade inside the Show grounds instead of on the melting tar of the roadway outside the gate, and it is quite useless to urge people to boycott an entertainment when they have already paid their shilling at the turn-stile. Nevertheless, followed by admiring small boys, they tramped doggedly about the enclosure, enjoying the sights so much that they had to be reminded of their purpose by their embarrassingly frank

followers.

If there had been any doubt left in the mind of the gatekeeper as to the complicity of Michael Maher, it would have been settled by his behaviour when he found on his belated arrival that the carefully-prepared warnings were being displayed on the wrong side of the barrier.

"It wasn't that he made anny extortion at the time," the watcher said, "but he looked up the road an' down. 'They're gone inside, Michael,' I says, an' he neighed wid pure spite, an'

in he went too, afther all his boycott

To the jumping enclosure the infuriated Mr. Maher tracked his lieutenants, where they sat upon the folded banners as near the last jump as possible, and with encouraging "Hups" helped the horses over the final fence. Dr. Grace's Boulabally Wonder, alias Bill, was giving his usual spectacular performance, and Michael was seen to falter as he strode toward the renegades and to watch the round for himself. With a flourish of heels the last jump was spurned, and Michael Maher pitched his hat high into the air. The situation was saved. D. M. L.

[&]quot;ENTIRELY SEPARATE CLASSES for women students in a separate building. Teaches up to the Honours standard. Free choice of combinations."—Advt. in Indian Paper.

Who says Sister India isn't emancipated?

Impossible Stories.

IX .- The Three Brothers.

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had three sons. Edmund, the eldest, was renowned for his good looks and ready wit, and the local nobility fell over each other to invite him to Wherever he their dinner-parties. went he left a trail of laughter behind him, some of it genuine and some not. For Edmund's tongue was as sharp as a gooseberry-tart, and witticisms flew from it like barbed arrows from a bow. Nevertheless, he was undoubtedly funny, and even those whom he had wounded found him irresistible.

Harold, the second son, was famous for his riddles. He would spend the whole day inventing such questions as, "Why does a bee leave its mother? or "What is the difference between a slop-pail and a Bath-bun?" and then he would tear out his hair and chew his gloves to pieces trying to invent the answers. When at last he succeeded, he would rush hysterically to the Court Chamberlain shouting. "Quick! Quick! Get me asked out to dinner somewhere! I've thought of a marvellous riddle.'

The Court Chamberlain would rush to the telephone, the dowagers rush for their tiaras, and the cooks rush for their frying-pans. An immense banquet would ensue, and Harold, very hot and over-excited, would stand up and produce his gem-his pearl of a riddle. And how the table roared with laughter! Ah, he was a clever fellow was our Harold, there wasn't a shadow of doubt! He just tickled you in the right place, didn't he? How unlike his younger brother! they said, sighing deeply.

Poor James, he was a dull dog. He made no puns, he told no stories, he knew no riddles. When he spoke, which was rarely, he said perfectly ordinary things, such as "West Bromwich Albion ought to win to-day," or "Pass me the salt, please," or "What a lot of weather we're having, aren't we?" and nobody, not even a débutante, could think that amusing, could

Of course, one mustn't forget that James had his good points. He gave all that he had to the poor; he was fond of children, kind to dogs, and cared for all those in distress. Still, that didn't make up for his dreariness. mean, one couldn't have a fellow like that to dinner, however worthy he might be. He would simply wreck the

One day the King called his three sons into his room.

"I have just heard," he said, "that little Princess Melanie of Rubania has sunk into a melancholic torpor.

"A what, father?" asked Edmund. "She's got the pip, my boy," replied the King, absent-mindedly plaiting his beard. "She won't speak to anyone, and she won't smile. They've tried everything. They've taken her to a Test Match, they've read her the funniest works of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and played her the most amusing bits of SIBELIUS. They've even taken her to a sherry party; but she was not amused. The King, her father, has now in despair issued a decree saving that whoever makes his daughter laugh again shall wed her within the month.'

"Ah," said Edmund.

"Um," said Harold.
"Er," said James.
"Now go, my boys," said their father, finishing off his beard with a granny knot-"go and see what you can do. Edmund"-he turned to his eldest son—"you are renowned for your wit. Harold"—he touched his second son on the arm-"you are famed for your riddling. And James . . . ah, James!" sighed the old man, gazing raptly into his youngest child's puttycoloured face, "you, my son, must just do your best!" With a sob, the King dismissed them, and mournfully started to unravel his beaver, which was now in a hopeless tangle.

The three young princes went out into the garden and talked things over.

"I believe Princess Melanie is as beautiful as the dawn on Mount Everest," said Harold charmingly.

Have you ever seen the dawn on Mount Everest?" asked James. "No," replied Harold crossly

"I shall win, you know," declared Edmund, looking at himself in the lilypool, "for I am good-looking as well as being amusing. I have grace as well

"On the contrary, I shall win," retorted Harold, "for my riddles will first make the princess think, which is good for her torpor, and then they will make her laugh.

"And I-" began James.

"You?" said his brothers, bursting into loud guffaws. "Do you think that you will make the princess laugh?"

James nodded. "I shall go down on

my knees before her and tell her that I am poor and ugly and that I have nothing to offer her but a good man's love. When she sees that I mean it, she will spring up and run into my arms, laughing for joy because she has found a real man at last who offers her love and not words." James paused, quite out of breath.

"Nonsense!" said Edmund, who

hadn't really been listening. "She will marry me.

For weeks the young princes rehearsed their parts. They sharpened their wits on everybody they could see

"Look," said Edmund to a lady he was dancing with, "is this one better? There was a man fishing by the river. and suddenly he saw a bowler-hat come floating down the stream. As it drew level it was suddenly raised by a hand and a man's head popped out of the water. 'Heavens!' cried the fisherman, 'do you want help! Are you drowning? ' 'No, thanks, that's all right,' said the man; 'I'm on horse-back!' That O.K.?" asked Edmund.

"Look," said Harold to a dowager. "What does a nought over the letters V I D mean?-Woolworths! See! Nothing over sixpence!

The dowager reeled.

"Look," said James to his valet. "I love you. I'm ugly and I'm poor, but I'm good. I'm not amusing, I can't tell funny stories or make puns, but when we're married you'll be so happy you'll be laughing all the time."
"Very good, Your Highness," said

the valet, "if a trifle fast.

At last the great day arrived.

In an antechamber of the King of Rubania's palace stood the three princes. Edmund, tall, pale and slim, was dressed in royal blue velvet trimmed with ermine's tails and peacock's feathers and mice's paws. Harold was robed in scarlet-and-gold, with multicoloured ribbons hanging from his ears. James, alas! was attired in sober black bombazine, for he had given all his clothes to the poor.

At last the heavy gold doors were thrown open and the princes saw before them the wondrous Melanie, Princess of Rubania, sitting in a state of complete stodge on a throne in the middle of the room. She eyed them sorrowfully.

'Ah," thought James humbly, "I dare not hope for such a prize. She will never look at poor dowdy me."

How right he was!

Edmund, being the eldest, entered the throne-room first to try his luck; and he had only been there two minutes before those outside heard a wild shriek of laughter, followed by melodious gurglings, mirthful yelps, and girlish giggles.

The astounded brothers pushed open

How did you do it?" they asked Edmund, viewing the hilarious Melanie with dismay.

Edmund went and kissed his future bride on her dimpled cheek.

"I tickled her," he said.



"Did you heat the rice pudding, Mary?"
"Oh, no, Mum. I 'offed it up for you"

Penalties of Week-Ending.

WHENEVER I'm kindly invited
To stay with an opulent friend,
The boon is invariably blighted,
Both at the beginning and end,
By the fact of my totally lacking
The will to relinquish the fag
To others of packing, repacking
And even unpacking my bag.

Had I only been less of a slacker In youth and had followed the plan Adopted by "Peter the Packer," I might be a happier man. But, alas! it is seldom or never That a person of limited pelf Is a hero, no matter how clever, Who chooses to valet himself.

'Tis not that I'm deft or neat-handed Or specially good at the job; No, the governing cause, to be candid, May prove me a bit of a snob; For I hate to expose the sartorial Defects of my clothes and my ties For the menials of mansions manorial

To gaze at with critical eyes.

"China Gives Wax Again."

Daily Paper.
"It came to pieces in me 'ands, Mum."



"YOU ARE A MUG, BILL, TO WASTE IT ALL SLEEPING."

Account Settled.

It was a huge rabbit-warren of an office. Eventually the commissionaire showed me into a room. Behind the desk sat a small lean man with his head in his hands and his eyes burning

with a great passion.
"Mr. Chipperfield?" I began. "I've been given an introduction to you from a man who-

"It will save time," he said, holding up his hand, "if I tell you that, after some five minutes of the most acid interchange, our Chairman, a very second-rate fellow, has just fired me. If you like, I'll give you a note to my Successor.

I told him I was very sorry.
"So am I," he said. "The Company can ill afford to lose a brilliant organiser. Which is what it's doing.'

I said I was sure of it. At that he rose and gripped me gratefully by the hand. "Before we go out and take a glass of milk together," he said, "there is something I must do-something I have been wanting to do for years. Can you wait five minutes?

"Certainly," I answered, and I

noticed that his eyes were gleaming wildly and his jaw was working.

"Then sit down here. Do you know what this is?

"A sort of telephone," I hazarded.

"The most beautiful instrument of vengeance which modern science has invented-a house-telephone. see all the names on this board, each with its button? They're all at our disposal. And more than that; it so happens that any two buttons will connect their owners--while we listen and, if we wish to, throw a spanner into their conversation. Take the spare receiver and oblige me by keeping absolutely quiet. I am glad to have a witness for what I consider a sacred duty.

He stabbed a button.

"Ah, Hopgood?" he said.

An aggressive voice grudgingly admitted the truth of this assertion

"The Managing Director speaking." "Oh, good morning, Sir." The voice

was suddenly a pool of oil.

"I'm sorry to say, Hopgood, that it's been reported to me that once again you've got egg on your tie. Now you know the rules of this office as well as I do, and yours is an offence against which we have always firmly set our face.

"Oh, Sir Algernon," cried the in-dignant Hopgood, "there must be some mistake! The doctor hasn't allowed me eggs for the last three years."

"No prevarication, please, Hop-good," my companion insisted. "In future a well-adjusted napkin, and in the meantime a little petrol.

He slammed down the receiver. "You've no idea," he said to me, "what a hound that fellow is. Now for old Algy himself." He stabbed another button.

'Chairman speaking," he announced, his tones subtly altered.

" 'Morning, Sir Percy," came a fruity voice.

" 'Morning, Sir Algernon," said Mr. Chipperfield, his lean face set like a "I say, about that fellow Chipperfield. I've been hearing a lot about him this week-end, and they tell me he's extraordinarily promising. I think it's time we put him up.

My dear Sir Percy," cried Sir Algernon, "I'm afraid you've been seriously misinformed. As a matter of fact I've just had-

"Look here-I'm in a devil of a

[&]quot;Wotcher wake me up for? I want an hour of what I didn't 'ave before we started and an hour of what I'M NOT GOIN' TO 'AVE WHEN WE GET BACK.

hurry. I'll talk to you about him later. But in the meantime shove him up a couple of hundred, there's a good

chap.

Sir Algernon could still be heard gasping when Mr. Chipperfield replaced the receiver. The light of battle burned clear and strong in my companion's eyes.

"Now for the Chairman," he mut-tered. "Not bored, are you, I hope?" I assured him I was very far from

it. He jabbed at a button.

"Is that Sir Percy?" he asked, in vet another voice.

"It is," was the answer.

"Ah, good morning. It's Algernon Trumble speaking. I'm rather worried about the consignment of rubber goldfish for the new staff swimmingbath. Several of them have got pronounced astigmatisms and many are no better than rubber sprats."
"My dear fellow! Rubber goldfish?"

"Yes. And I thought I'd better tell you about it because I know what an interest you've taken from the beginning in this question of making the bath really attractive. By the way, at the official opening I think it would be a nice touch if you were to take the first plunge, just as you are-in your morning-coat and top-hat-

A dull roar, ending in a distinct explosion, cut the conversation short.

Look here, Mr. Chipperfield," I said, "you've surely wiped the slate pretty clean. Hadn't we better leg it before they come and find us?'

But the light was still burning in his eyes. "Watch," he commanded, and this time he pushed the two buttons labelled "Mr. Rosengart" and "Mr. Applestalk." "They've both been doing their best to get me fired for ages," he whispered.
"Hallo," chirped Mr. Rosengart

erisply.
"Hallo," growled Mr. Applestalk.
"Is that Applestalk?" broke in my companion, marvellously near the tones of Mr. Rosengart. "Rosengart speaking. I've caught you out at last. For years now you've been cooking the books, but you've always managed to gather up the clues as you went along. Now I've got you, you little rat!"

"Are you out of your senses, Rosengart?" roared the real Mr. Applestalk, so that the telephone shook. "How

dare you?

"I've already sent for the police," chirped Chipperfield, before the real Mr. Rosengart could get in a word, "and I've notified Sir Algernon and the Chairman."

"I'm coming round to wring your wretched little neck!" shouted Mr. Applestalk as he rang off.



THE ILL WIND.

Abdul. "MAY THE BLESSINGS OF ALLAH BE UPON ITALY!" Achmet. "LET THE HOUSEHOLD OF ABYSSINIA PLOURISH FOR EVER!"

[The passing of Italian troopships through the Suez Canal has brought great prosperity to Port Said.]

Mr. Chipperfield looked disappointed. "They might have had a good set-to

on the line," he complained.
"Come," I said. "We can still get

"Just one more," he murmured, pushing a single button—"a howling little snob who's always been against He assumed a voice which I seemed to recognise.

"That Marley?" he asked. "This is Sir Algernon Trumble speaking. My wife will be very pleased if you could

dine with us at eight on Saturday night to go on to a faney-dress dance.

Incoherent gurgles of gratitude came out of the receiver.

"Not at all. White tie and a false

nose will do beautifully.

Just after Mr. Chipperfield had rung off a wonderful thing happened, for a slow rich smile of satisfaction lit up his whole face. From the Secretary's room next-door there suddenly came a tumult of angry men. Mr. Chipperfield and I slipped out to the lift. Enc.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ABC of Divorce.

MR. E. S. P. Haynes has long been known as the doughty and vivacious champion of our liberties; Mr. DerekWalker-Smith, who belongs to a younger generation, is a barrister who has already made his mark in the literature of his profession. Hand-in-hand they set forth to survey Divorce and its Problems (Methuen, 6/-), discussing a difficult subject with unfailing urbanity and frequent wit from the points of view of history, the law, society and the churches. They chart those perilous C's called Collusion, Connivance, Condonation and Conduct Conducing. They are convinced that the grounds for divorce are in need of material exten-

sion: that they should include, cruelty, insanity and habitual intoxication. On one point they are, however. agreed to differ; and on that point each allows the other the liberty of independent speech. It is, perhaps, a sign of the times that we find the older man, in whom one has always surmised a rebel not very willingly and only partially controlled by the lawyer, on the side of the greater liberty; for Mr. HAYNES advocates divorce by consent, while Mr. WALKER-SMITH, with a cogency which argues well for his success in the Courts, maintains the opposite view. A layman, to whom this excellent little book is specifically addressed, may be permitted to fall back on the platitude that there is much to be said on both sides.

remained to the Church after the State had lost it, and the laws, which in the historian's opinion are Rome's greatest legacy, are soundly discussed in an interesting "epilogue."

Knight of the Theatre.

In Sir George Alexander and the St. James' Theatre (Mac-MILLAN, 10/6) Mr. A. E. W. Mason concerns himself mainly, as his title suggests, with what was a long and honourable management. He sets out the high standard Sir George put up for himself and maintained for twenty-eight years by the production of almost entirely native work. There was permanence about his theatre, and, by way of special comparison of the stage then with the stage now, figures are given which are enough to make those connected with the drama to-day rend their garments and tear what hair is left to them. But, interesting as the book is, it seems a

pity that the latter part of the title was not left out. Sir George ALEXANDER revealed, to one who knew him not intimately and only in his later days, a personality surprisingly stronger than one expected from having seen him from the front, and the very vestibule of his theatre noticeably lost character after his death. It need not be denied that he had the reputation of a certain pomposity; this may have been the fault, anyhow in part, of a highly reverential staff. Once an author was waiting at the theatre for an interview. After some time a voice proclaimed in accents of awe, "Sir GEORGE has left Pont Street." It was on the tip of that author's tongue to remark that no doubt they would soon hear the guns. Had that remark been



"YES, THAT'S THE MAN, I'M POSITIVE."

The Grandeur That Was Rome.

Apart from Gibbon, whose malice and mellifluousness are equally hard to parallel, no historian has ever succeeded in rendering Roman history as readable as Greek. Even Mr. CYRE E. ROBINSON, who holds that the world owes more to Rome than Athens, cannot make A History of Rome from 753 B.C. to 410 A.D. (METHUEN, 8/6) absorbing save to the student-the more so as he has inevitably turned off the limelight formerly lavished on kings, consuls, dictators and emperors to shed a scholarly effulgence on political and social currents. Along, however, with a discriminating narrative, there is an underlying sense of the story's present-day implications which I find both impressive and useful. From the decline of the Republic—dated from the undertaking of war on African soil-to the shipwreck of an Empire which had to feed bureaucrats, armies and town mobs on a countryside that only slaves would cultivate, Rome's reverses inculcate a series of useful lessons for the improvident of to-day. Finally the imperium that

made (and repeated) how would Sir George have taken it? Would he, as dictator, have felt affronted, or, as good fellow, laughed? This is the sort of problem to which Mr. Mason might have given us some clue.

In Deep Waters.

A genuine knowledge of his subject and a fluent style of writing combine to make Lieutenant LUARD'S Conquering Seas (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) a significant and exciting story. The Adventurer, a deep-sea trawler of 150 registered tons, is really the heroine of the tale, and in and around her cluster several fishermen who, without exception, are lifelike and natural. It will, indeed, be difficult not to remember such men as Hurricane Bob, who had been a "crack skipper" until physical disabilities beset him, and his young protégé and successor, John Laidlaw. Lieutenant LUARD'S vivid account of fishermen as they exist to-day is, I feel, absolutely and, in a sense, poignantly true, and it certainly deserves a wide recognition.

Charivaria.

"ITALY has not yet awakened," says Signor Mussolini. In which case she is doing very well just now in the matter of walking in her sleep.

PRIMO CARNERA is said to have been made to feel so small by the snubs of the Fascist authorities since his defeat in America that he is ready to fight as a featherweight.

A television station has been established on the Brocken, and it is expected that next year an attempt will be made to broadcast Walpurgis Night.

The paper for five-pound notes, we are reminded, is made by a secret process from old linen shirts. Which are then in a convenient form for putting on horses.

"The English," says an American sports critic, "are the best losers I know." But he seems to forget all the practice we've had.

In the opinion of a Fishery Expert, young oysters often suffer from

a kind of throat trouble which is hard to detect. It is of course very difficult to persuade oysters to say "r!"

A man who as a boy was told by a magistrate that he would come to a bad end is now editor of a Detroit newspaper. Well, he can't say he wasn't warned.

Writing in a morning paper a corre-

spondent who signs himself "Ex-policeman," remarks that owing to the dry weather his runner-beans are making little progress. Has he considered whether a case could not be made out for loitering?

There is an archæologist who doesn't know what to make of some very

In some cases this error is not discovered for years.

A man was recently charged with throwing a heavy dictionary at his employer. Words in fact passed between them.

"Blondes enjoy life most," says a

psychologist. They have all the fun of the fair.

A country postman is said to be shaping well as a bowler. His slow deliveries may now become famous.

According to a schoolmaster most boys with red hair are handy with their fists. Don't they have to be?

A London man has walked with a message from London to John o' Groats. It would have been almost quicker to telephone.

It is asserted by a doctor that a daily swim reduces weight. We draw his attention to whales.

A writer says that honest bookmakers have huge followings. So have the other kind. **

Dummy funnels in some of the

new liners are to be used as smokingrooms. Thus creating the pleasant illusion that these ships are driven by tobacco-power.

Semi-Nudist (who has been pressed into service at the last moment). "Thanks, I shall only require the bat—those things would stifle me."

ancient stone tablets he has discovered. Why not a rockery?

A hotel porter asks how he can turn his hand to profitable enterprise. The simplest way is to turn the palm uppermost. *_*

Arriving late for her wedding a Melbourne bride found a bridegroom waiting at the altar but discovered just in time that he was the wrong man. "... at the end of every Parliament, a large proportion of sitting members refuse to stand again."—Daily Paper.

These are usually covered over with dust-sheets to await the next Parliament.



Business for Pleasure.

III.-On Stores.

"Who hath not seen three oft amidst thy store?"-John Keals. "We in this store . ."-Mr. Welfridge.

THERE is no doubt that Stores are difficult, because from their very nature you are bound to Lose Money on them. Thus:—

 If you don't carry enough of something, then when you want it you haven't got it and you Lose Money;

(2) If, on the other hand, you do carry enough of it, then all that stock is "capital locked up" which might be carning you five per cent. and isn't. So you Lose Money.

It is clear, then, that Stores demand a Happy Mean, i.e., a kind of laughing parsimony. You will certainly encounter two Schools of Thought in your factory about Stores. They say precisely opposite things and they are both demonstrably absolutely right, e.g.:—

School of Thought 1 (Costing Department). Here, I see you've got three gross of paint-brushes in the store. What the Pete do you want with three gross of paint-brushes?

School of Thought 2 (Works Manager, shortly). To paint things with.

S.O.T. 1. But we don't do any painting.

S.O.T. 2. Yes, we do. There's old Bill does nothing but paint the window-frames.

S.O.T. 1. Yes, but he doesn't want three gross of brushes. He only uses, say, three a year. That's a hundred-and-forty-four years' stock. [S.O.T. 2 smiles with gentle tolerance.

S.O.T. 1 (producing pencil, paper and slide-rule). Three gross of paint-brushes at a bob a time. That's—(long interval)—that's nearly two-hundred-and-twenty pounds—no, sorry—twenty-two pounds' worth of stock we don't need. Invest that money and we'd earn—(long interval)—we'd earn a pound a year in interest. It's losing us Money.

S.O.T. 2 (gently, laying down the Ace of Trumps). Yes, but you don't quite see. By buying three gross I got them for ninepence each instead of a bob. So I've saved us five pounds.

S.O.T. 1 (slightly taken aback). Yes, but in five years the interest will have covered that."

S.O.T. 2 (calmly). Oh, no; you've got to reckon compound interest on my five pounds against that. And, anyhow, brushes are going up.

S.O.T. 1. But. . . .

I don't think I need go on. That, I think, gives the reader the general drift of the thing. Any director who was a Wrangler in a really good year can easily get to the truth. For others, who took their degrees in, say, Anthropology, the best system is to pay an occasional visit to the stores and ask fiercely why the hell we've got ten gross of sail-

making needles. Both sides will then explain their point of view. Then apply the following simple formula:—

 $\begin{array}{lll} \text{Desired Stock} & = & \frac{\text{Present Stock}}{144} & \times & \frac{\text{Number used per year}}{\text{Bank Rate}} \end{array}$

+ Cost of Living Index
Value of present stock in £'s

Compound Interest on £5 in perp.
General Prices trends

 \times Cost of space per foot \times x

where x is a constant, arrived at by dividing the loudness of the Works Manager's voice by the persistency of the Costing Department, and squaring both parties. Halves of a sail-making needle should be reckoned as a whole sailmaking needle on fifty per cent. of occasions and as nothing on the other fifty per cent.

HINTS ON STORAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

Even having arrived, by these simple means, at the optimum stock of everything, you are not out of the wood. For all this junk has to be kept somewhere. And there is never enough room. The ideal storage arrangements provide that—

(a) Nothing can possibly be pilfered. It is really extraordinary what people will steal from an open store. I once knew a firm which made grand pianos and regularly lost four per cent. of them by petty pilferage.

(b) Everything can be got at easily—either for use or in stock-taking, i.e., no rough stuff with ladders.

(c) One can see at a glance how much of everything there is. Special practice in this type of glance is necessary.

(d) Stocks falling below a certain level are automatically indicated, e.g., a bell is rung, or a light comes on, or the storekeeper is precipitated into a bath.

(e) There is room to move about. It is useless to build stocks round a storekeeper so that he can't move, or he will just hibernate; and storekeepers hibernate quite enough without provocation of this sort.

Thus, if I might offer a word of advice to the reader, the ideal store is one

(a) which is hermetically sealed;

(b) which has elastic walls;

(c) in which everything is kept at a convenient waistheight just inside the door.

If for any structural reason this ideal is unattainable, then you must resign yourself to the usual type of store, i.e., a great dark barn of a place into which you just push everything and hope, contenting yourself with putting cocuswood, reeds and so on conveniently to hand, and things which you don't often want, like blasting gelatine and luminous paint, up in the higher, darker and more inaccessible places. Make your storekeeper absolutely responsible for his stocks. Make a rule that anyone who draws anything from store must sign for it (even if it is only a truck); and try to ensure that, even if your storekeeper doesn't know exactly where everything is, he at least knows where to begin looking.

NOTE ON STOREKEEPERS.

I don't know why it is, but no one ever seems to look after storekeepers at all. Usually the principle is to pay a man fifty shillings a week to look after fifty thousand pounds' worth of stock. Don't do it. Cherish your storekeeper. Pay him properly. Give him an oil-stove to sit by in winter, otherwise he'll probably get cold and just go away. Put little texts upon his walls as you do for the rest of your employees. After all, he's got time to read them.



CRICKETERS ALL.

"WELL, MY LADS, YOU'RE BOTH A BIT TOO GOOD FOR ME AT PRESENT, BUT HERE'S LUCK TO THE GAME."



Panel Doctor. "Did that last bottle do you any good?" Patient. "Yus-I got tuppence on it."

August in London.

WE who are left in London Through August's sultry clime In one way or another Don't have too bad a time.

The Ministry of Transport Are very, very kind, And think out lots Of little plots To cheer those left behind. White Lines with nice new paint are sloshed; Belishas have their faces washed.

Into a whirl of action
The empty streets are hurled,
And myriad drills
Reveal the thrills
Of London's Underworld;
Important-looking wires protrude
And lovely drainpipes in the nude.

Then shoals of picture-postcards
From Europe wend their way;
They say, "My Dear,
It's heavenly here;
You would be thrilled. Love, A."
And Devonshire cream delights the house
And lots and lots and lots of grouse.

But most of all, the people
Who really are most queer,
Like water-voles
From unknown holes
They suddenly appear.
You who are far on Scottish heights,
You miss some very funny sights.

So though we are in London We manage to be gay; But mostly all these things seem grand Because September is at hand. When we shall get away.

False Pretences.

HE was sitting in the corner-seat opposite to me, and every time I glanced up from my paper I caught him surveying me rather furtively. There was, I thought, something vaguely familiar about his features.

Suddenly he leaned forward and addressed me.

"Excuse me," he said in an unnecessarily loud voice, "but it is Horseface, isn't it? 'Fraid I've forgotten your name.

I admitted it without enthusiasm. There are some things, I realised bitterly, one never lives down. The other occupants of the compartment stared at me, and from their expressions I gathered that my unfortunate nickname almost justified a charge of cruelty to animals.

"My name's Smythe," the fellow went on. "Don't know if you remember me?

"Of course!" I bellowed heartily. "Old Sticky Smythe! How are you?

The man wilted slightly and tugged nervously at his moustache.

"No, not that Smythe," he corrected coldly, "the other one."

'The spotty one?" I raised my eyebrows and smiled incredulously. "Surely not."

"You haven't altered much," observed Mr. Smythe darkly-"in the face, I mean. A bit older-looking perhaps.

"I am older," I said.
"By Jove!" he exclaimed, after a short pause, "I shall never forget that day when you-

"Neither shall I," I interposed hastily. I knew what he was referring to.

"You ought to have had the V.C. for it," said Mr. Smythe generously, with a staccato laugh.

"Some score of others said the same thing at the time," I told him. "One even suggested a knighthood.'

I was conscious of a sudden increase of interest amongst the other passengers. A stout gentleman smoking a cigar pawed a cloud of smoke aside to get a better view of me, and two elderly ladies ceased their sibilant criticism of a mutual friend to regard me with undisguised admiration.

"Finest thing I ever saw in my life," mused Mr. Smythe. "I shall never forget it if I live to be a hundred. How long ago is it?"

"Nineteen eighteen," I replied, and silence fell as we all tried to work it out in our heads.

The train ran into a station and Mr. Smythe rose and plucked an umbrella from the rack.



"NEWS."

"I get out here," he explained. "Glad to have met you again.

I returned his polite untruth, and Mr. Smythe passed out of my life for the second time.

The stout gentleman leaned forward as the train started.

"Did you get it?" he inquired hoarsely, presenting me with a cloud of second-hand smoke.

"Get what?"

"The Victoria Cross."

"I did not," I told him. He leaned back and swept the com-

partment with a dull eye.

"Many a man who earned it didn't get it," he observed knowingly. "Were you hit ?

"Six times within two minutes," I said, shivering at the recollection.

Five pairs of eyes regarded me with mingled pity and amazement. One of the elderly ladies gasped audibly, and for a terrible moment I feared she was going to inquire about the locality of my wounds.

"And you got no reward?" demanded the stout gentleman indignantly.

I shook my head. "Perhaps I shall get my reward in heaven," I murmured.

"I hope so," he said politely. "Would you care to tell the story?

I said firmly, "I shouldn't." The stout gentleman sighed and

tapped the ash off his cigar.
"Ah, well," he remarked, "it's always the way. Heroism and modesty seem inseparable. But at least you have the satisfaction of knowing you've done something worth while, something noble, in your life. I expect a certain date during the War will live in your memory for ever.

I agreed. It will.

For on that certain day I mistook my housemaster for a lesser enemy and landed him the juiciest wallop of his career with an old sponge carefully charged with a rich mixture of ink and water.

At the Pictures.

SPENCER TRACY.

Ir a new code of morals were to be promulgated, in which murder was a virtue, the film magnates would be in difficulties. The sanctity of human



PRESS v. POLICE.

Steve Grey SPENCER TRACY. Captain Cole . . . LIONEL ATWILL.

life (in detail) being likely, however, to continue, and the unsanctity of Press methods of research and publicity not to diminish, we can count on such pictures as *The Murder Man*. This is indeed one of the best of its kind, the action disregarding any actual commission of crime and centralising on the psychology of the murderer. Who this murderer is, I am not intending to say; but the revelation came as a surprise to me, and I hope that readers of this page are not so blasé or crime minded as to refuse also to be surprised. At any rate they should see it.

Thinking about the other screen actors who might have been cast for the part of Steve Grey, the newspaper sleuth who provides the story-writers with material for their sensational articles, I cannot think of anyone so perfectly fitted as SPENCER TRACY. From the moment he is discovered asleep, after a riotous night, until the final scene, he is what he purports to be. I have seen SPENCER TRACY before, but never in such a performance, where face, expression and clothes are exactly right.

In a season of mediocre productions The Murder Man stands out by its general excellence and fidelity to the story. It is well acted throughout. The rest, I fear, are not of a high order, and I seem to discern a tendency among managers to tell too much in

their "trailers"—the "trailers" being (for the benefit of those who may not know) those selections chosen from next week's marvellous and surpassingly thrilling picture which in the middle of this week's programme are thrown on the screen to provoke interest, and which, in Wordsworth's phrase, trail the cinema manager's idea of "clouds of glory." I personally could do without "trailers" altogether; but if they must be shown, they should divulge nothing of a plot.

Hollywood throws a wide net. Not only does it eatch some of our best English actors (I read that EDMUND GWENN is now there, to our great loss) but French too. To the names of CHARLES BOYER and MAURICE CHEV-ALIER must be added that of CARL Brisson, a pleasant dimpled leadingman, with an engaging smile, who has just been performing in another of those "double" plays of which CHEV-ALIER'S Folies Bergeres was the most recent example and which the magic of the screen can make, visually, so perplexing: All the King's Horses. In this Ruritanian fantasy CARL BRISSON as Rocco, a cabaret singer and dancer, turns out to be so like CARL BRISSON



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Carlo Rocco. CARL BRISSON.
Queen Elaine MARY ELLIS.

as Rudy the King (after he has had his beard shaved off) that the King is enabled to go to Vienna for a holiday, in order partly to learn how to love and chiefly to make his Queen jealous, leaving CARL Brisson as Rocco to manage or mismanage the realm. A regular musical-comedy motive.

Need I say that, when in Vienna, Rudy and his new temporary conquest ride on a roundabout? For to ride on a roundabout is Hollywood's idea of monarchs on the loose. In both parts CARL BRISSON, who, by screen magic, is often seen conversing with CARL BRISSON, is lively; but I doubt



WATER ON AN ATTORNEY'S BACK.
Clay Dalzell . . . WILLIAM POWELL,

if MARY ELLIS as the Queen is quite good enough, and I am sure the songs are not.

WILLIAM POWELL must, I think, ask his authors to be more severe with him or he will become just a walking gentleman with too pronounced a taste for alcohol, surrounded by plot. There was a time when, as a plausible well-dressed adventurer, he showed himself, as he cogitated and schemed, no mean opponent of the Law. But now that he is on the Law's side, he seems to have all his thinking done for him and merely to pass gaily from drink to drink. His new partner, GINGER ROGERS, is equally thirsty and casual, so that, if I cannot commend Star of Midnight as anything but an unconvincing jest, you know why. E. V. L.

A Ringmaster.

"Mr. —, formerly director of Lord Beaverbroke's chain of daily capers has returned to New Zealand."—N.Z. Paper.

"THE GREYHOUND INN.
P.C.—RECEIVES PROMPT ATTENTION."
You bet he does!

Adv.

"Muriel, in her demure way, was a girl to whom the stronger sox made a powerful appeal."—N.Z. Paper.

Particularly on the jaw.

"Dear Sir' Madam.—Once more we beg to hand you a copy of our catalogue and hope that it will prove to be of great help to you when scheming your springflowering garden or planning for your winter-bloomers." Dutch Bulb Catalogue.

We said "plants," not "pants.'

Locum Tenens.

"WE must be neighbourly," said

I pointed out that, since the Merediths' demesne marched with ours. neighbourliness was inevitable.

I mean helpful. Besides there will be the eggs. Janet practically guaranteed them.

"Practically-guaranteed eggs should be good.

Six Leghorn hens," Pamela went on enthusiastically, "all white except a little black one, which Janet says is a splendid layer. And they're only to be fed twice a day. Hot mash in the morning, and a handful of corn in the evening, and just a spot of greenstuff. Janet says lettuces are best.

"Our lettuces?"

"Obviously. The Merediths don't grow lettuces."

The following morning Pamela rose

"Perfect lambs," she informed me on her return. "And ravenous. I bet you there will be some eggs this evening.'

"I'll lay sixpence

"The hens will do the laying, not you." Pamela served cos lettuce and a handful of corn at six o'clock that even-

ing. There were no eggs.
"But," she explained, "it may be because this morning I turned out the

boxes where they lay.

"A very foolish thing to do. The fowls are naturally accustomed to laying in the boxes, and if you get rid of them-

"Not that kind of turning out. I mean fresh straw-a regular springclean. I'm sure they are grateful, and I rather think the little black one is getting to know me. She came right up to the door of the fowl-house and looked in while I was there."

"Very gratifying," I said.

"Three days and not one egg," said Pamela miserably. "Do you think by any chance my hot mash has upset them?"

"It looked most appetising hot mash.

"I thought so too; and it can't have been our lettuces.'

"And they were our best lettuces." "And corn is just corn. Surely they can't be pining for Janet Meredith?'

I thought it highly improbable. Quite apart from our not having any eggs," Pamela said, "what on earth will Janet say? They've never done it before.'

'In that case, Janet is estopped-"I mean they've never not done



"How thoughtful of them to have these smooth places marked off WITH LITTLE FLAGS!"

it before. Janet distinctly said-Hark!'

From the Merediths' garden came the sound of cackling.

Pamela returned holding an egg. "The little black hen, I presume?"

"No," she replied-"the Major."

"Heavens!"

"Major Soames gave me the egg. It was the Major cackling to call the hens. He-

She broke off as Major Soames strode masterfully through our garden.

"Two more," he informed us. "Wonderful how they do it. It's because I don't overfeed them. Joe Meredith asked me to look after them while he and Janet were away. I just pop in with a handful of corn midday

"And collect the eggs," Pamela suggested.

"Exactly," said the Major. "Five every day, and one day six.'

Impossible Stories.

X.-The Sailor's Return.

Once upon a time there was a sailor whose name, you will be surprised to hear, was Jack. He wore bell-bottomed trousers, a pill-box hat and a beard, and his torso was almost entirely submerged in tattoo marks. On his arms writhed innumerable snakes interspersed with anchors and pierced hearts; on his back was a destroyer flotilla and some rude jokes; and on his chest was a portrait of his best girl, Mary Boniface.

Mary resided with her mother in Portsmouth Harbour or, rather, to be more accurate, she lived in a pub in a street at the edge of Portsmouth Harbour. There, behind the bar, she energetically worked the pumps, and many a gallant sailor had she rescued

from a watery grave.

The moment Jack came home from his wanderings he would pop along to the "Nancy Bell" and have a nice glass of bitter with Mary. He would stand by the bar, looking bronzed and handsome, his beard shining in the gaslight, and the muscles of his mighty arms protruding like steel girders, while he made the heartiest possible jokes in the heartiest possible manner, slapping his co-drinkers on the back until they choked, and chucking Mary under the chin until she looked as though she were sickening for the mumps.

"You're a fine-looking craft!" he said one day. "You've certainly kittled my fancy, you have, and no

mistake!"

Mary looked up at him with large adoring eyes and blushed a becoming rose.

"Here," she whispered, pushing a bottle of invalid port and a glass in his direction, "have one on the house."

"Don't mind if I do, and thank you kindly," said Jack, who had always had a distinct list to port, and he threw back his head, opened his cavernous mouth and tossed the liquor down.

"Ah!" he sighed contentedly, "and can you bake a cherry pie or make a feather bed half as prettily as you

serve a tot?"

Mary was too overcome with love to utter, but her eyes spoke volumes.

The day before Jack set sail for 'Frisco, he paid a ceremonial call on Mary's mother.

"Shenandoah," he sang, "I love your

daughter!"

"Away, you reeling rover!" replied Mrs. Boniface in the same key. "My girl is meant for a better man than you."

"Is she?" said Jack, insulted, and went straight to Mary and confessed his love.

"I'm going on a long voyage now, mate," he said, "and a lot of water will pass under the bridge ere I return. But when I do, Mary, we'll get spliced, and in our little crow's-nest built for two, we'll have a little Billy Boy of our own! How does that sound to you, my saucy ketch?"

"It sounds scrumptious," whispered Mary, "only I do wish you needn't go away. I don't know what as how I'll

do without you."

Jack gave her a kiss.

"Be true to me, skipper," he said.
"Remember you're mine and mine alone. You're Jack's gurl—see, and anyone who tries to take you from me will get a marlinspike in his locker!"

"There'll be nobody never as sweet as you," cried Mary ecstatically.

So Jack sailed away to 'Frisco to win a fortune for his bride, and Mary stayed in Portsmouth with her mother. For four long weary years she waited for her lover to return, pressing her nose against the window-pane to catch a glimpse of his homing boat, and humming softly to herself the seachanty which he had taught her, describing the proper treatment for drunken sailors.

But he never came, and at last Mary began to wonder whether it was much of a life for a girl—just sitting in a pub keening all day long. She wasn't, in fact, very keen on it. Jack must be dead, she decided, as he never sent her even so much as a picture-postcard or

a parrot.

So she upped and got engaged to Charlie Harris, a draper's assistant, and as the months rolled by and the wedding-presents began to roll in—fish-slices and toast-racks and Heaven knows what all—the memory of Jack faded from her mind, and she forgot the promises she had made, the vows she had so lightly broken.

The wedding-day arrived. There was Mary, dressed in white, with one of her mother's lace curtains hung over her face as a bridal veil; and there was Charlie Harris in his Sunday best clothes and wearing new squeaky boots. And there were the clergy, the choir, and the numerous guests all assembled at the parish church to attend the marriage of the happy pair.

But hist! Who is this walking up the street with a slow rolling gait? Who is this who stops outside the churchdoor as he hears the strains of the organ? Who is this with a slightly greying beard, but with the same merry twinkle in his eyes? You have guessed? It is Jack! Yes, it is Jack,

returned after five years of weary world wandering. Has he come to claim his bride? Is he too late?

As he entered the church and took a seat in a back pew there was a gasp from the assembled congregation.

"Ar, mumbled old Mrs. Corncopper, "there'll be a murder now, I reckon! Jack was always a saucy monkey, and 'e'll break yon Charlie into a million pieces, 'e will."

The congregation quivered with

apprehension.

"If any of you know just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together . . ." droned the Vicar.

Now! Would he? Dare he?

There was not a sound. The whole church turned and gaped at Jack, who smiled back at them and winked at a few old friends who turned away, blushing disappointedly.

"What's the matter with 'em?" he asked his next-door neighbour with

a worried frown.

"Don't you know whose wedding you are witnessing?" replied the man in a shocked voice.

"Can't say I do," said Jack cheer-

fully. "Whose?"

"Mary Boniface's!" answered the other, visibly trembling.

Jack scratched his head thought-

fully.

"She's a smart little schooner, anyway," he said politely.

As he left the church, he danced a little bit of the hornpipe, and then, setting his cap at a rakish angle, rolled merrily off down the street.

Which only goes to prove that sailors quite definitely do not care.

V.G.



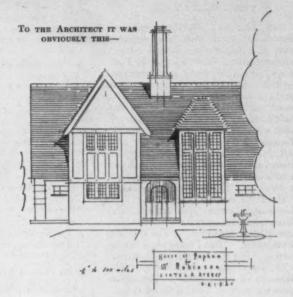
A beauty expert has married his assistant. We understand the couple left the church under arched eyebrows.

A new novel is described by the critics as being sincere, refreshing and clean. The author is in despair.

A bar-tender on one of the Atlantic liners is stated never to drink any of the cocktails he mixes. Apparently he hasn't the courage of his own concoctions.

THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.









THIS SNAP I TOOK LAST SUMMER WILL GIVE YOU AN IDEA WHAT IT REALLY LOOKS LIKE.



BUT ROBINSON HIMSELF ALWAYS IMAGINED IT LOOKED LIKE THIS.

The Word War.

XXIV.-Novel Inn-Signs.

SIR HERBERT MORGAN, excellent Protector of the Pub, has suggested that the modern inn should have a modern name. The "Four Jolly Postboys" are out of place on a large concrete building decorated with chromium and surrounded by petrol-pumps." Why not," said Sir HERBERT, "'The Careful Chauffeur'?" And why not, say I, take a few pleasant inn-titles from the familiar features of our public life? All those, I think, who have attended these lectures would hurry into a house which bore upon its swinging sign such a name as "The Sabotaged Issue" or "The Implemented Obligation," "The Liquidated Centre" (full marks), "The Evacuated Infantryman," "The Deinsectisized Airdrome," "The Bid and Bombshell," "The Phenomenal Sensation," "The Decontaminated Area,"
"The Impregnated Aftermath," "The Measure of Agreement," "The Bourgeois Ideology," "The Further Favour,"
"The Sterilized Field," "The Acid
Test," "The First of Prox.," "The Unexplored Avenue," "The Amazing Revelation" or "The Four Jolly Nerve-Strainers." And here are some more:-

"THE ADOPTED LOCATION"

. to secure that industry would adopt the location desired."-Departmental Committee-Ministry of Health.

"THE VALETUDINARIANIZED CONCEPTION" "It does not mean that we are in any danger of valetudinarianizing our conception of 'Fitness.'"—The Boy.

"THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL EQUI-LIBRIUM

"Are we quite sure that newly-emancipated woman has yet acquired a sound biological status or secured for herself a harmonious psycho-physiological equilibrium?"

Letter to "New Statesman."

"THE ELASTICATED INCOME" "Elasticate your income."-Advertisement.

"THE ATTITUDE OF DRIFT" "The Free Churches . . . arrayed quite definitely against the attitude of drift in foreign policy."—News Chronicle.

"THE SERIOUS DOOR" "The conversations have opened a serious door to a new alignment of political forces."

"THE HONEYCOMBED WILDERNESS" "Kalat City is another wilderness honeycombed with corpses."-News Chronicle. (Honeycombed. "Formed or perforated like a honeycomb.")

"THE INTENSIVE TURN" "The conversations on this thorny subject have taken an intensive turn."

"Times" Geneva Correspondent.

"THE HEARTFELT ECHO"

"Mr. Baldwin's . . . remarks found a heartfelt echo here."
"Times" Berlin Correspondent.

"THE TRYST EXPRESS"

"Mrs. Rattenbury . . . took train to Bournemouth to keep her tryst with death. Daily Express.

"THE COMB AND AEROPLANE" "The aeroplane, which has been combing the sea and islands for two days." Daily Telegraph.

"THE SUMMED-UP KEYNOTE"

"The keynote of British outlook in the New Year may be summed-up in the word 'confidence.' This statement made by the ecretary of the Department of Overseas Trade finds an echo in . . . "

Overseas Daily Mail.

"THE MIDDLING BATSMAN"

"Smart, who middled every ball and was undefeated when the innings closed. The Western Mail.

"THE ENDORSED PACIFIST

"I should like others, who agree, to endorse me when I suggest an organisation of active peace advertisers.'

From a letter in "The News Chronicle."

"All right, old boy. Turn round."

"THE MOAT IN THE SKY"

"Mr. Baldwin said that for the security of mind and for all that we held dear it was the moat on its surface and in the sky to which people and Governments must look to keep their own security."-Daily Telegraph.

"THE DANGEROUS VEIL'

"The veil has been partly lifted in Ger-I hope it will be completely raised. Until that is done we can have no security, for a partly raised veil is often quite a dangerous as a veil that is not raised at all." Mr. Stanley Baldwin.

"THE CONCRETE POINT"

"The real merit of the reports is that they bring discussion to a concrete point."

From a leading article in "The Times."

"THE RETROGRADE STRANGULATION" "The Committee states further that it would view the strangulation of this young and efficient industry as a retrograde step. Daily Paper.

"THE CLEAN SLATE"

"THE WHITE SHEET"

"THE UNWRUNG WITHERS" "My withers are unwrung."-The Right Hon. Sir P.Q., M.P., at Churton Abbas.

"THE PILGRIMING DIOCESE" "The Diocese of Lincoln pilgrimed to the Mother Church on May 21st." Lincoln Diocesan Magazine.

"THE PARASITIZED ROAD"

. . new suburbs, almost all in ribbon development, have been allowed to parasitize the road."—Professor J. Huxley, "Scientific Research and Social Needs.

"THE CRYSTALLIZED VIEWPOINT"

"A Daily Mail reporter who made inquiries in London learned that among

Church leaders there is no crystallized view. point towards spiritual healing.

Note -The crystallized viewpoint is not to be confused with the stand. point glacé or frosted angle.

"THE UNDELIMITED COAL-CELLAR" "Chahar is the back door to a huge, if still undelimited, coal-cellar."

A "Times" Correspondent.

"The Sheet-Anchor."

Here, Bobby, is a dangerous affair. Twice, or thrice, in the summer of 1935, Mr. BALDWIN has said "The Covenant of the League of Nations is the sheet-anchor of British policy.

Anchor-work is always difficult, whether in ships or in speeches. I am not going to bet that I have mastered the sheet - anchor myself, or know exactly what was in the PRIME MIN-ISTER'S mind. But for his benefit I here assemble some evidence:-

The S.O.E.D. says:-

"Sheet-anchor (Origin obec.) A large anchor, formerly always the largest of a ship's anchors, used only in an emergency, b. fig. That on which one places one's reliance when all else has failed."

The official Manual of Seamanship, published by authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, says:

"Sheet or spare bower anchor is a spare anchor to the bowers and is of the same weight, and is used in case of emergency when the ship is moored . . . Merchant vessels do not usually carry a sheet-anchor.

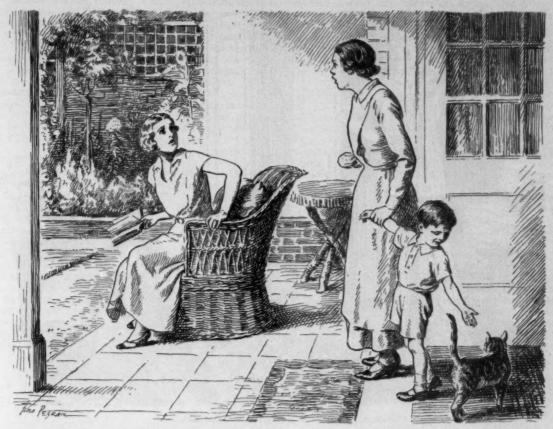
And I think I have heard my friend the Ruler of Pilots at Gravesend say that, in these days and in those parts,

he never hears the expression.

The "sheet-anchor" then, it appears, is no longer used, except by a very small proportion of British ships the ships of war. It is only used by them when they are stationary and are themselves in danger or difficulty; and it is obviously useless to other vessels which may be facing storms or enemies at sea. The captain of a great ship passing a small boat distressed in mid-Atlantic would cause but meagre satisfaction in the latter vessel by crying across the waves, "Cheer up! We have a sheet-anchor!"

Mr. BALDWIN knows best whether this is the kind of thing he wished to say about Britain and the League of Nations. But to me it sounds perilously like the assertion of our critics, at home and abroad, that we do not regard the League as an agent of progression, to be employed continuously for the benefit of all, but keep it aft and drag it forward only when we ourselves are (a) immobile and (b) in difficulties.

I recommend then, with respect, that the "sheet-anchor" be most warily employed in politics. It is difficult, I admit,



"MADAM, I'VE GOT SOMETHING VERY SERIOUS TO TELL YOU."

in this context, to think of a better metaphor. "Mainsail," "carburettor," 'back-axle" or "magneto" will not do, for they too are directly useful only to the single conveyance to which they belong. I have it! "Lifeboat!" For the lifeboat is not only ready to save the occupants of our Ship of State, but can be despatched to the assistance of others, and may be employed whether the ship is moored or on the high seas.

For "sheet-anchor," then, read "lifeboat." Unless we really do mean 'sheet-anchor"-which may be wise.

"Foot-Consciousness"

'If you are a man the fair sex will suddenly become you-conscious.

Daily Paper-Birthday Predictions.

"Then for the feet—and foot-conscious-ness increases with the coming of warmer days—there is a lotion which, etc."

Windeor Magazine.

"Foot-consciousness!" Golly! And yet, brothers, I welcome this odious thing. For it may be the last touch of absurdity which will put an end to the whole cult and tribe of "air-minded-

ness," "class-consciousness," "peacementality," "hygiene - sense," "sex-awareness," et horrid cetera. When anyone, Bobby, bids you acquire "air-mindedness," reply, "Foot-consciousness to you, Sir, with corns!"

"We are living in a God-hungry world." General" Evangeline Booth in a Daily Paper.

This offends me, grievously. But if I comment upon it I shall be accused of bad taste. A. P. H.

"All Wrong" Stories.

I.-The Guardians of the Treasure.

Duffadar Mahomed Khan of the Punjaubi Infantry pointed to the north with his munshi. The shadow of the elephant on his right shielded him from the still blazing rays of the setting Indian sun.

Yonder, Sahib," he said, in his native Gurkha tongue, "is the mullah in which I buried the dak of rupees for His Excellency.

Captain Fitzroy leaned forward in

his howdah, scanning the steeplysloping horizon. There was a sense of impending calamity on that mountainside and even the elephant fidgeted, trumpeting, while its huge sail-like ears stood out alertly. But Fitzroy's face hardened with determination beneath its cummerbund. Looking to the priming of his double-barrelled .002 calibre elephant-gun, he waved the mahout on, and so they approached their gaol, these two solitary men and the lumbering animal, the native walking stealthily and the subaltern riding easily in the saddle.

Suddenly from afar came the booming noise of gorillas, and the Waziri shivered in the chill air.

That is what the Sultan meant, O Sahib, when he said that his gems were guarded by incorruptibles.

It was then the bitterness of defeat invaded the soul of the European. With a curse he hurled his stock of Birmingham beads far into the safari and turned for the quietness of Quetta.

[&]quot;GOOD GRACIOUS, EDITH! WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?"

[&]quot;MASTER DAVID CHEATED AT LUDO."



"NEW SCOTLAND YARD IS WHITEHALL 1212, ISN'T IT?"

Washing-Day.

I no not know my neighbour, Except that she is fair, But every Monday morning I see her slumber-wear, Her (may I say?) pyjamas Put out to take the air.

Fanned by auspicious breezes
They put the flow'rs to shame;
But in my own back-garden,
Where mine should do the same,
How old they look, how ragged,
Their colouring how tame!

A blight upon the dyer
Whose dyes are only shams!
A murrain on the salesman
And all his specious crams!
It is not right my neighbour
Should gaze on these pyjams.

Men seldom buy my verses,
But, if they publish these,
"Show me," I'll bid the hosier,
"Some Lido suiting", please,"
And a poem in pyjamas
Shall frolic in the breeze.

Thinking for Oneself.

"Will that ghastly child be there?" inquired Charles, who is not by any means as just as I am myself.

means as just as I am myself.

"Naturally," I said. "We're in the middle of the summer holidays, and Bunny is the Hessups' only child, and whenever they give a tennis-party—"

"I shall go straight home again," Charles said, turning in at the Hessups' gate.

Ten minutes later he was returning the Colonel's service smartly over the net—and over the back-line too, for that matter—and I was telling Mrs. Hessup that Bunny had grown—although she must obviously have known it already.

Definitely, one is the first person in the world to realise one's social obligations as a mother, and one listened to Mrs. Hessup talking about Bunny and the way she was bringing up Bunny for a solid ten minutes. It must have been at least that or there couldn't have been time to think out one's winter clothes so thoroughly, as well as the terms of a letter—perfectly

polite and yet absolutely firm—to the Secretary of the Nursing Association.

By the time she'd got to the bit about the importance of always letting a child think for itself, the first set was

I could see the brief struggle that ensued between the mother and the hostess.

In the end the hostess won, and I was told to play with the Canon, and he said it was only the second time he'd played this year and he was getting too old for this kind of thing anyway.

After our defeat by the Colonel and Miss Flagg we went in to tea, and Bunny—thinking for herself, no doubt—handed me the bread-and-butter three times in succession and the asparagus-rolls not at all.

"I believe in making her take her full share of responsibility from the very beginning," Mrs. Hessup said to me, and I thought of answering: "And her full share of asparagus-rolls too"—but not till late that night.

"The cigarettes, dear. Fetch the cigarettes."

"Where are they, Mummie?"

"Think!" cried Mrs. Hessup, "Think think for yourself.'

We all waited for our cigarettes while Bunny thought for herself

"I believe in making them think for themselves," Mrs. Hessup said, and her audience this time was quite a large one, owing to the general tension in the atmosphere. I distinctly saw the Colonel take out his cigarette-case and open it, but Mrs. Hessup looked at him, and he put it away again in confusion.

Suddenly Bunny darted out of the

We all relaxed.

"I never tell her how to do things. Just let her think everything out for her little self. It's the only way, isn't it?" said Mrs. Hessup.

The Colonel simply said Not in the Army it wouldn't be, and Charles added-suddenly and strongly-that he'd like to see a child crossing Oxford Circus on that principle.

There are, of course, one or two ways of interpreting this rather carelesslyworded aspiration, and I was a bit afraid that the Hessups might seize upon one of its more obvious meanings, when Bunny came back with the cigarettes, and a match-box in a blue-enamel holder.

Thought of the matches, you see," Mrs. Hessup hissed at me approvingly.

She thought of striking them too, but the box was an old one and there was no result.

"Take it out of-

"Turn the-

"Give me-

"Please, please, please!" cried Mrs. Hessup. "Don't tell her. Let her think

Bunny thought. One can only hope she was thinking too hard to hear what the Colonel said or to notice the expression on Charles's face.

I know, Mummie! I'll pull it out of the holder and try the other side.

She pulled and she tugged, and the match-box remained wedged.

Strike it on glass. You can always strike a match on glass," said the Canon.

"A match-even a safety-matchwill always strike on the inside-cover of a book," Miss Flagg announced.

"Let her think it out," said Mrs. Hessup encouragingly.

At this Charles put his lighter back

into his pocket again. One quite felt that a Public School training tells in the long run.

Miss Flagg begged for a book.

My embittered and by no means malapropos comment, that now at last we knew what books were for, passed unnoticed amid the general interest in the experiments that followed.

The Canon said he'd never known it fail before, and matches hadn't been the same since the War.

Miss Flagg only said that she sup-posed Whitaker's Almanack was the wrong kind of book.

"Mummie!I'vegotitout!"screamed Bunny, waving aloft the match-box, divorced at last from its blue-enamel holder. "Shall I strike a match on the other side ?'

In another moment I should have

said "Think! Think for yourself!"
But Mrs. Hessup spoke first, although not to say what I expected. Oh, dear!" she cried, "I remember

now. I turned that match-box round in the holder myself because the phosphorus had worn off the other side.

It was the Colonel who said, "Think! Why didn't you think?" E. M. D.



THEY HAD BEEN TO A WEDDING, BUT THEY COULDN'T RESIST THE CALL OF THE SEA.



"DARLING, WON'T YOU LET ME JUST WAIT AND HOPE?"

Songs of Ignorance.

V.-Vintages Departed.

OH, sad it is, when the evening falls, In ancient St. James's marble halls, To hear the old in the intervals Of rumination and sleep Turn to their juniors with many a sigh And talk of the wines of the years gone by, Nevermore to meet mortal eye, Passed to the endless deep.

The hearts of the yearning young they rend With "You'll never drink claret, my poor young friend, The last of the claret came to an end

Five or six years ago.

And then it was really past its prime,
We'd our work cut out to drink it in time,
To have left it till now would have been a crime,
As I take it you probably know.

"Burgundy too is a wine gone west, The House Committee they do their best, But it's utterly lacking in interest, Though it's not too bad of its sort. We had some once, I can taste it yet, That finest wine that ever I met; We finished it off, if I don't forget, With the last of the Jubilee port.

"Ah, the Old Latour and the Old Lafite,
And the Old Yquem which was not too sweet,
And the Old Haut Brion so round and neat,
And the Old—well, God knows what;
And the Mouton Rothschild of '69,
Now there was a wine (now there was a wine!)
Before the phylloxera got at the vine
And sent it all to pot."

Thus drone they on in each stately room
Of smoothness and body and rare perfume,
Not any of which till the crack of doom
Will ever again appear.
And the young sit down with their humble
drink

They can hardly afford and think and think:

"Perhaps it should all go down the sink
And we should stick to beer."

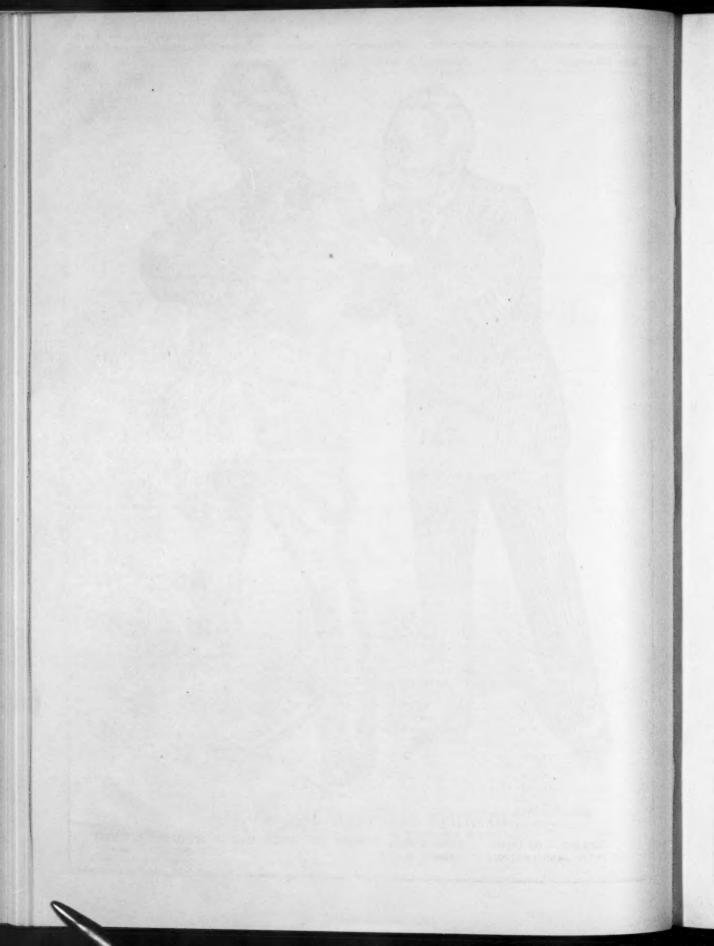
J. C. S.

[&]quot;CEBTAINLY; BUT THERE'S RATHER A LONG WAITING LIST. I CAN'T SAY OFFHAND WITHOUT LOOKING AT MY ENGAGEMENT-BOOK, BUT I THINK YOU'LL BE NUMBER SEVEN."



"BY THAT SIN FELL THE ANGELS."

THE EXILE OF DOORN. "THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU DEFY WORLD-OPINION. I TRIED IT ONCE, AND FOUND IT DIDN'T PAY."



Mr. Shagreen's Jam.

The sight of a small boy in the street carrying a round of bread smeared with the most poisonous-looking magenta jam it has ever been my good luck not to be offered reminded Mr. Shagreen, so he said, of the days when he stayed with a country vicar in order to be near the house of the squire, with whose daughter he was at the time in love.

"I had accepted the vicar's invitation," he went on, "under the impression that he was a close friend of the squire's. So he had been; but just then a quarrel was afoot. Did you ever read The Becalmed Sexton; or, South-East by Drouth?"

"Not so far as I know," I said, starting alightly.

Mr. Shagreen said it had been all the rage about 1890. "A pretentious and inartistic performance, botched and threadbare to a degree, and a tumultuous success. At the time of which I speak, argument and conjecturethe book was anonymous-still seethed like boiling jam in a Bless my soul! There we have jam again," he broke off to observe. "Tut, tut!

I asked what the argument had been about.

"It was largely of the What-should-she-havedone? Was-he-right? Can-you-condemn-them? order," said Mr. Sha-

order," said Mr. Shagreen, "but there was a small active
stratum of Where-is-the-place? and Iwonder-who-he-means? Of this second
kind was the argument—though
they were long past argument—between the squire and the vicar. As in
most English villages about that time,
there was general agreement locally
that this was the place referred to in
the book. Granting the village, the
squire and the vicar disagreed about
the house."

"Whose house?"

Mr. Shagreen said that summed up the problem in a nutshell. Whose house? "In the book," he proceeded, "the birthplace of the sexton, who had come down in the world, was described. It was the squire's belief, affirmed with oaths, that he himself now occupied the house in question. The vicar maintained, without oaths, that the house meant was now his. So things stood

when I went to stay with him. His wife had been making jam."

I looked up.

"I said jam," said Mr. Shagreen loudly. "Damsons, I believe, were the principal ingredient, and the result bore a flushed appearance attractive, I suppose, to anyone fond of jam. Now the girl, my then affinity, was very fond of jam. I had met her at a London ball and she had told me so."

I tried to visualise the scene. With some exertion I succeeded in conjuring up a vision of a crowded ballroom eddying with dancers. From behind a palm in the foreground a soft thrilling voice murmured the word

"Jam . . .



THE MAN WHO DECLARED EVERYTHING.

"In the course of political discussion?" I suggested.

Disregarding these words Mr. Shagreen went on to talk about the vicar's wife's jam and his concern at the thought that his beloved would not be getting any. "For, obviously, the two households being at daggers drawn... The situation was rather like that in Romeo and Juliet, if you consider."

I said diffidently that I did not remember any jam in Romeo and Juliet, and he observed that the jam might be regarded as a kind of nineteenth-

"'It is the crust, and Juliet is the jam,'" he began declaiming, and then, catching my eye—"All right, all right. Well, to summarise, I determined that in spite of the bitterness of the feud she should have some of this jam. I begged some from the vicar's wife and, in order to carry it in an unrecognisable

form, put the jar in an old camera-case I used to carry books in. In those days of course I possessed no camera, but the case was useful. I sneaked into the squire's garden, as I had already done more than once during my visit, and was just arranging my face for the production of the owl-hoot which was my signal to the girl, when the squire himself appeared."

"Had you met him before?"

"No. We knew instinctively he would disapprove of me unless I was introduced by someone of standing: that had been my misguided aim in going to the vicar. My mind never worked faster than when I stood there with my camera-case in front of the

gradually - swelling squire. Then I had an idea. I knew all about the reason for the quarrel. I told him I had come to take a photograph of 'the original Sexton's House'; a drawing, I said, would be made from the photograph and published in a newspaper."

"Then, I suppose," I said, "he thawed?"

"You never thaw—saw anyone saw—thaw quicker," Mr. Shagreen said. "It was miraculous. In fact, if I had had a camera all would have been well. Anxious for me to get a good view, he insisted on my climbing a tree at the front of the house. I hoped he would leave me alone for a minute, during which I should

have disappeared, jam and all; but he gyrated beneath, bellowing suggestions. Altogether I was in a tough spot."

"Or j---?"

"Exactly. I had to make a pretence of opening the camera-case, and my pretence was all too lifelike. The jar of jam fell out, stunned him with a glancing blow on the head, and shattered with considerable mess on the lawn, where that afternoon he was to give a garden-party. A moment's thought convinced me that the situation was a Gordian knot which had to be cut. I therefore came down the tree, returned to London and was never seen in those parts again."

"And the girl?" I inquired.

"I regretted her," he said—"I regretted her greatly at first; but I was a fickle youth. By a curious irony she afterwards married the Jam Sahib—"

"Wow!" I said. R



FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE SET BY THE ZOO, THE COLLEGE OF ARMS HAVE ESTABLISHED A PETS' CORNEB.

Will Rogers.

AMERICA is losing her humourists too quickly. Six weeks or so ago OLIVER HERFORD died, and the other day WILL ROGERS died. OLIVER HER-FORD, it is true, was full of years, but WILL ROGERS, when-another valuable and lamented sacrifice to the airhe crashed with WILEY Post, was only fifty-five.

HERFORD and ROGERS were very different, for whereas HERFORD, cultured and ironical, may be said to have carried on in New York a European tradition, Rogers was essentially of America, the product of a young frank society, natural vision and open spaces, bringing to life an experience gathered among toiling Bohemians all the world over, and a wit and shrewdness peculiarly his own. If he was like any other humorist, it was Josh Billings.

WILL ROGERS might never have been known in England had he not been lured to the films, for his newspaper comments on events of the day did not reach this country; his two or three books of comic and sardonic comments had no sale here; and, when once he appeared in person at the London Pavilion, twirling his lariat

and amid its serpentine convolutions uttering the wisest of cracks, comparatively few people heard him. One of those cracks, I remember, dealt with the Test matches and the English cricketers' addiction to meals. Whenever, said WILL, he went to Lord's, there was always, a minute or two after he arrived, an interval: a lunch interval or a tea interval, and the result was a draw. "Now," he said, "if you want your matches to end with a decision, you must cut out the eating. 'Gentlemen,' you must say, 'no food till you're through.'" In print this may not sound too hot, as Will would say; but, coming from those mischievous lips, in slow tones, with long pauses-and in the midst of the writhing rope-it was funny enough.

In real life WILL ROGERS was just the same; but in real life he was always chewing gum. One had read that Americans continually did this, but WILL ROGERS was the first I met who was true to alleged type. He chewed and he summarised public life with deadly smiling precision. Although I could not exactly see him in power at the White House, I was not surprised to read, later, that he was being seriously considered as a candidate.

As a personality he belonged to America, but for many years he has been somewhere or other visible as a film star. Everyone went to They Had to See Paris and Lightnin' and State Fair, where he was the central attraction, always pawky, always the homely jester, always lovable. And there are films still to come in which he was acting just before his death.

According to a cable in The Daily Mail, WILL ROGERS once wrote his own epitaph. "When I die," he said, 'my epitaph is going to read: 'He joked about every prominent man in his time, but he never met a man he didn't like.' I'm proud of that," WILL added. "I can hardly wait to die so that it can be carved. And when you come round to my grave, you'll probably find me sitting there reading it." I like that phrase: "I can hardly wait to die." Many a man has thought with something like pleasurable anticipation of the surprise his testaments might cause—the surprise either of joy or disappointment-and has expressed a wish, often malicious, to be there to see. But this is the first time I have read of a man eager to die in order to read the good about him.

E. V. L.

The Visitors' Book.

Our village church is small and unpretentious, but on the south side a chapel juts out whose ceiling is the most satisfying bit of fan-work in England—satisfying because, being smaller and less neck-contorting than that at Westminster, its beauties become more intimately known to one. It is famous in an unassuming way, and brings many visitors from near and far to wonder at the sheer elegance of chiselled stone rising, spreading, joining, sinking again in that architectural tour-de-force the pendentive keystone.

In the porch a thick Visitors' Book is kept in which the pilgrim sublimates the urge to scratch his initials on the defenceless stonework. Each page is ruled off as jealously as a pedestrian crossing under the heads of Name, Address, Remarks. Name is given a comfortable three inches. Address receives a reluctant two. Consequently the exigencies of space demand that Remarks squeeze themselves down into an uncomfortable one.

Think of it. Remarks and ruminations on the best bit of fan tracery in Europe not to exceed one inch in length. What a tantalising restriction!

But we are a law-abiding race; and it is to their credit that nearly all of our visitors succeed in complying with this rule, usually, it must be confessed, by inserting the word "very," followed by a rapidly shrinking "beautiful," or "nice," or "lovely," or "pretty," or "holy," or "antique," according to the leanings æsthetic or spiritual of the writer.

It is true that the W.Y.M. Cycling Club, whoever they may be, took advantage—quite justifiably, I think—of their weight of numbers to appropriate an extra line and spread themselves with "Very good, thank you." And the Misses H. A. and M. I. Endover, although they had more to say, refrained from using it to say more than the two consecutive inches to which their numerical strength entitled them. So that in microscopic perfection are the words, "The whole edifice is a mass of inexplicable incongruities."

A trifle fearsome, I think, the Misses H. A. and M. I.

On the other hand Mr., Mrs. or Miss Chata Bhatakagupta and Kaga Dejatewongse, who I feel sure are not English and therefore cannot be expected to know our rules of fair play, have used up several lines to observe, "A remarkable and unexpectedly well-articulated example of the pure geo-



"THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS TO GO BACK TO YOUR WIFE."

"WOT'S THE NEXT BEST THING, GUV'NOB?

metrical style, equal to all but the best Suja examples at Srinpatna."

After making all allowances the verger still finds it difficult to forget this encroachment; besides the suggestion of patronage contained in it still rankles. We prefer the less qualified approval of D. and M. Wernherhauser of N. Dakota, who agreed economically that it was "Swell." Not even "Very swell," but just "Swell."

And then, by far the pleasantest entry in the book, there is that of the constable's little daughter, our own "betty Smith," who thinks it is "georgous."

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Certain trains are divided en route and the Buffet Car will then only be available to the portion to which it is attached." Railway Literature.

"Born of a shiftless father, he was forced to go to school in the only garment he possessed, his shirt."—Church Paper.

It was nice of his father not to pinch it.

"Recently our attention has been drawn to dozens of signs advertising restaurants and hotels that have been nailed to trees on the roadway between Sidney and Victoria." Canadian Paper.

These should advertise themselves.

At the Play.

"TULIP TIME" (ALHAMBRA).

I HAVE come to the conclusion that I am against the practice of the cast descending from the stage and charging about amongst the audience. All the illusion of the fourth wall flies before a close-up of grease-paint, but an even sounder criticism is that a herd of mimers in full cry makes such a draught that, if one is sitting at the end of a row, one is likely to be plunged into a paroxysm of sneezing. No illusion in the world can withstand that.

The State of Vanderleue, where we found ourselves, was indistinguishable from Holland, the first scene containing a vast number of windmills (some patiently working) and a scattering of natives clad in blue canvas cut to a Dutch rig. Such a quiet rural atmosphere could hardly survive long, and an irruption of church-going schoolgirls from the back of the stalls came swiftly to invade it. Upon these, as their crocodile marched piously past us, were turned all the coloured bulbs of the Alhambra's own tulip-fields, and we were shocked to observe at the extreme tail a pair whose minds were clearly very far from their devotions.

In fact, as we soon discovered, these were in the Officers' Mess of the neighbouring aerodrome, for one of the girls was about to decamp with a flying-man—one of those romantic little fly-away affairs in a helicopter which make the twentieth century the picturesque period it is.

Passing to the aerodrome (and there was this to be said for the show, that we were never expected to make an eyeful last very long, in spite of the fact that the sets were the most finished part of the production) we found an airman, whose technique on land would have accounted for most schoolgirls, attended by a servant whom we gratefully recognised as the King of Gee-men, with a wedding break-thirst all prepared; and, an attractive Hungarian best man, the bride, and her girlfriend having arrived, only a marriage-service and a subsequent visit from the headmistress of the school and her lawyer were then required to precipitate

the main farcical plot.

Which was: That our airman had lethimself in badly by marrying a minor, that the girls were hauled back to school, and that the airman and his friend fol-

lowed in female attire and were accepted into the school before, finally, seizing their opportunity and running off with



TWO LITTLE MAIDS FOR SCHOOL.

Carl Vincent . Mr. Bernard Clifton.

"Piggy". . . Mr. Steve Geray.

their loves—for by this time, of course, the best man and the best girl were one in spirit.



A DUET OF DUENNAS.

Miss Schnapps . . . Miss Sydney Fairbrother.
Miss Gandersluis . . Miss Joan Fred Emney.

I need not describe the endless hang. ing of dormitory-doors which seemed to make up so much of the action, or the silly jokes which were squeezed out of the situation of two men spending a night in a girls'-school. Both lines of humour became very tedious. and the spectacle of a stout headmistress retiring stoutly to rest was in truth small compensation. All the time I was dying to ask someone who knew why the lovebirds hadn't just flown away when their difficulties first appeared, for we were told that a machine was waiting; but I suppose anyone who asks an intelligent question about a musical-comedy plot on a stuffy night in August only deserves a rough clouting on the head.

To be honest, this is second-rate entertainment. The music is not remarkable, nor are the lyrics, the dialogue might have been a lot brighter, the situations are anything but original, and the Chorus never approaches the mathematical accuracy one expects. But even so it has its merits. As I hinted, it contains Mr. George Gee, a splendid comedian, who worked indefatigably; men in women's clother are seldom funny, but, over-dressed as the new-girls' dowager mother, he was

He seems to have what the motorgentlemen call "remote-control"
of every bit of his face, and even
towards the end of the evening
there was a freshness about him.
Then there are Mr. Steve Geray
and Mr. Bernard Clifton, who
extracted some good fun from
the earlier moments of their incarceration, and Miss Jean
Colin and Miss Betty Baskcome, who, as the reasons for the
incarceration, were bright and
charming. And, moving quickly,
the piece never paused long
enough to become sentimental.

Miss Sydney Fairbrother's inclusion in the cast should have been a great asset, but the part she had was so trifling in relation to her talent that it made me sad.

The scene I liked best was an entirely irrelevant portrayal, by Mr. GEE and the Chorus, of Noah and the Ark. Isn't it ironic that this grand Noah-revival has had to wait until these years of drought? Eric.

"Wyatt, before taking the step, consulted not only old crickets but playing cricketers as well."

Daily Paper.
To make doubly sure he should also have asked the opinion of the leatherjackets.



"I HOPE THE SCHOOL-TREAT DIDN'T DISTURB THE OLD LADY?"

"OH, NO, SHE WAS QUITE PLEASED. IT'S THE FIRST THING SHE'S HEARD FOR YEARS."

The Beauty.

"Ten pounds is the absolute outside limit," I warned Edith as we entered Radiolympia.

"Quite," said Edith, "and if we can see one we like for less so much the better."

Two hours later we emerged.

"No use spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar," I said rather shamefacedly, "and, though that seventeenguinea model was all right in its way, the one we've got was certainly worth the extra fiver."

"Absolutely," said Edith. "The moment I saw it I knew that it had been simply made for us. So far as I am concerned all that talk about valves and reduced-contrariwise-ultrasensitivity or whatever it is goes like water off a duck's back."

"Same here," I said; "and all the sets seemed to sound much the same, but directly I saw the Biltuddy Super-Seven I fell in love with it. So big, so shiny, so important-looking. A room containing the Biltuddy Super-Seven

would be completely furnished if there were nothing else in it."

"I think we'll put it in the frontroom," said Edith. "It will match the old walnut Davenport we had from Aunt Agatha, and the table is a sort of semi-walnut."

"I was thinking it would look best in the back-room," I said, "between the windows. Most of the furniture in the back-room is japanned, and there is a good deal of black about the set."

When the Biltuddy Super-Seven arrived we were horrified to find how much larger it had grown since we saw it at Radiolympia. It also seemed shinier and more elegant than ever.

"We'll try it in the front-room first," said Edith, "but I'm afraid it may make the other furniture look just a shade shabby." She was right. It made Aunt Agatha's walnut Davenport look like something in a second-hand shop specialising in job lots. Everything in the room looked dingy, decrepit and disreputable.

"We'll try it in the back-room," said Edith. "The furniture in the back-room is a little better." So we lugged

the Biltuddy Super-Seven into the back-room and gazed at it. It gazed back superciliously

back superciliously.

"It won't do," I said sadly. "It looks like a man dressed for Ascot who has accidentally arrived on Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. Either we shall have entirely to re-furnish one of the rooms or we shall have to buy a separate loud-speaker attachment, and..."

"It's a beautiful tone," said Colonel Hogg next day as he listened to the music pouring from the loud-speaker attachment, "but where is the set?"

"In the cupboard under the stairs," said Edith.

An Impending Apology.

"Lady — is her husband's chief aidede-camp and is a tiresome supporter of Conservatism and the National Government." Provincial Paper.

Fourth Degree.

"So far two persons have been arrested in connection with the affair. Both are tradesmen of Havre. But the police are ready to swoon on 40 others."—Provincial Paper.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Arthur Needle, Secretary to the Golfing Union-Private Address: 13. Long Lane, Marklott.

DEAR MR. WHELK .- Thank you for your letter of the 29th ult. confirming that the Roughover Golf Club Committee agree to our holding the 1935 Championship on your links.

I shall write again giving further details one day this week

Yours very truly, ARTHUR NEEDLE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

10th May, 1935.

Sir,-I am in receipt of your letter of the 9th, but regret to inform you that I cannot look after the Markers or act as one during the Championship. You are far too keen on trying to get things done for nothing in this world, and the sooner you wake up to the fact that I am not a philanthropic institution the better.

Yours faithfully. L. NUTMEG.

P.S.-1 suppose you think you will obtain a great deal of kudos from the Championship by just lolling about in the Bar.

From Mrs. Harrington Nettle, Captain Ladies Golf Club, Roughover

DEAR MR. WHELK,-We have just had a Committee-meeting about your letter in which you asked the Ladies Club to take on the selling of "Enclosure" badges to spectators during the forthcoming Championship, and I am sorry to have to tell you that we cannot possibly undertake the job. Last time we did it everyone was so rude, and you will remember the trouble there was over the visitor who shouted at poor Miss Whinn, and the bother about Mr. Lionel Nutmeg getting his face smacked.

Yours sincerely, GERTRUDE NETTLE.

From Bertram I. Smuth, Chemist and Fancy Goods Store, Roughover.

13th May, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I have just been appointed Area Representative for a new kind of tooth-powder which the makers specially recommend for the use of golfers

As there are bound to be a great many players about the Club-House while the Championship is in progress

I am taking the liberty of asking your permission to erect a stall in the entrance-hall. I can assure you that I am far too experienced a salesman ever to get in anyone's way.

Enclosed herewith please find sample tin, and I would be glad to pay you 3/6 (three shillings and sixpence) for a really good signed testimonial.

Yours faithfully, B. I. SMUTH.

P.S.-If your answer is in the negative I may feel it my duty to call your Committee's attention to certain cash discounts which you receive on goods supplied to the Club.

From Marcus Penworthy, Free-Lance Journalist, Roughover,

Monday, 13th May, 1935.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY.—Ref. yours of the 9th but frightfully sorry I won't be able to look after the Press people for the Championship. My wife has put her foot down with a thump. Rotten luck, isn't it, as I was so looking forward to this very pleasant "job"? However, I suppose the woman's right, as I got into such a "party" the last time I had to go to bed for ten days.

> Yours sincerely, M. PENWORTHY.

From Alfred Volume, Director of Programmes, East Regional Broadcasting Station.

13/5/35.

DEAR SIR,-Mr. Basil Sudds, who was to have given an eyewitness account and general summing-up of the Championship on Saturday, the 1st June, has been called to America on very short notice and leaves for New York this evening.

In view of the fact that your recent broadcast talk in the "Confessions from the Professions" series was such a success, will you step into the gap and help us over a rather difficult hurdle?

Your early reply will oblige. Yours faithfully ALFRED VOLUME, Programme Director.

From Miss Lilian Boxitt, Secretary Roughover Down At Heels Society, 31, Links Road, Roughover.

13th May, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,-It has always been the Golf Club's custom during a Championship Meeting to grant our Society the sole privilege of making a collection in aid of the R.D.A. Heels, and I trust that it will be quite in order for us to do so again this year.

As however we are rather short of collectors, could you lend us a hand by doing the Club House for us (person-

ally), and especially the Bar. All day, of course, but the later in the evening the

You know, don't you? Thanking you in anticipation, Yours sincerely. LIL BOXITT. Secretary R.D.A.H. Soc.

From Dr. Edwin Sockett. Roughover (By hand.)

Monday.

DEAR WHELK .- Sorry to have to break the news, but the House Steward (Wobblegoose) came to me this afternoon half doubled up with pain, and I am afraid there is absolutely no other diagnosis but an acute appendix. took him straight to the hosp, and shall probably operate this afternoon.

W. asked me to apologise for the trouble this will probably cause you in view of the approaching Championship. Yours ever,

P.S.-For Heaven's sake break the news to his wife, but try to persuade her not to come up to the hosp. until after it's all over-say about 5 P.M. Ask her also to bring up his pyjamas. shaving-tackle, etc.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Rough-

SIR, - Admiral Charles Sneyring-Steymie and I presume it is an oversight (and not your first, by a long chalk) that we have not been invited to do a job of work at the Champion-

Feeling that it is our duty as members of the Club to undertake some office which will make the meeting a success, this letter is to acquaint you with the fact that we shall act as Stewards of the Course on the Final day. You may depend on us to keep the crowds in order.

> Yours, Sir, A. FORCURSUE.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

17th May, 1935. DEAR WHELK,-I am sorry to learn

from your note this A.M. that you are finding difficulties about the arrangements for the Championship and that you feel like cutting your throat; but, my dear Whelk, you should bear in mind that where there's a will there's a way, and at all events if the worst comes to the worst you can run all the the jobs yourself, like last time.

I have heard that Forcursue and Sneyring-Stymie have offered to act as Stewards of the Course for the Final



"I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU WOULD CARE TO BE A PARTNER IN MY MUSIC-HALL TURN?"

"On, now lovely! What is it- Song and Dance'

"WELL, NO. NOT EXACTLY; IT'S 'DAGGER-THROWING.' LAST PARTNER'S IN MOSPITAL."

day, but on this matter I must put my foot down and say No. They both live for any opportunity of throwing their weight about, and it was through them that the Club was involved in three legal actions during the 1927 Championship—one rather serious one, brought by a man who lost his ear.

Yours sincerely, R. VINEY.

P.S.—Why do you always look on the black side of things?

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

22nd May, 1935. DEAR WHELK,-I am in receipt of your letter of the 20th and note that you "are thankful" you have been called as a Petit Juror to the General Quarter Sessions, which start on the same day as the Championship.

If you think, however, that this is going to relieve you of your duties at the Club you are very much mistaken; the Court House at any time while the Championship is in progress I shall see

to it that you lose your job.
It is all my eye about your having to "answer to the contrary at your peril," You will pay the fine for non-attendance and look pleasant.

Yours faithfully, R. VINEY.

P.S.-I mean what I say.

From Julian Square, of Allphlatt and Square (Lawyers), Roughover. 10th June, 1935.

DEAR PAT.—Did you see the enclosed in the local weekly rag? I thought it might amuse you.

Yours ever.

P.S.—I am retaining page 8 to read after lunch!!

[ENCLOSURE]

"Excellent arrangements were made by the Captain, Committee and Mem-

and kindly note that if you attend at bers of the Roughover Golf Club during the recent Golf Championship.



Above our caricaturist has caught the Club's efficient and hard-working Secretary (Mr. Patrick Whelk) during a busy moment on the Final day. (For Mr. Whelk's tragic life-story see page 8, cols. 3, 4, and 5.)

Hi-de-hiddley-hi-de-ho.

W. Berner, Knight and Co. Spend the summer at Westward Ho! That is where they always go, Hi-de-hiddley-hi-de-ho.

W. Berner is short and fat; He keeps white mice in his Sunday hat; If you knew him you wouldn't think much of that-

Hi-de-hiddley-hi-de-ho.

Knight is tall and thin and bored, He always wants what he can't afford, And he will tie knots in the window-

Hi-de-hiddley-hi-de-ho.

The only person in the show Who'd be really nice for you to know Is the one who's here described as "Co." Hi-de-hiddley-hi-de-ho!

Observations on a Decapod Crustacean,

With Notes on a New Blood-Sport.

I HAVE always harboured a deep conviction that as a nation we had much to learn from the Swedes, who have, after all, raised the hors-d'œuvre to the plane of pure poetry; but it was not until a few week-ends ago that I realised how overwhelmingly much they had to teach us about the crayfish.

What do you know, reader, of this little creature? What of its habitat, its spiritual difficulties, its political aspirations? In what manner is it to be lured, or in what consumed? These are large questions, not lightly to be turned aside, and with the utmost confidence I assert that you do not know the answer to a single one of them. Nor, to be candid, did I; but mark that "did"

To the Swede the crayfish seems to represent what the grouse, the salmon and the oyster combined mean to us; and the opening-day of the crayfishing season is a holiday on which the whole of Sweden schnapps its fingers at everything, far into the night. Huge crayfish, fat as butter after a long and strict close-season, are piled in scarlet mountains on every table in the land, and Sweden cracks and munches and is deliriously happy.

Now, here are three facts about the crayfish which will make those who have read as far as this sit up sharply:

(1) He tastes very much like a lobster, once you've performed the complicated surgical operation needed to find the chink in his armour; but more of that later.

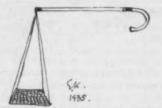
(2) He appears to live in any English

river, provided it is slow and has a muddy bottom. Most English rivers qualify.

(3) It would be no exaggeration to say that the method of snaring these creatures practised by the Swedes and recently mastered by me on an English stream requires every bit as much concentration as Chess, while in the stark sudden dangers it presents it is just as formative to character as fox-

hunting.

And the apparatus required, when compared with that needed for these other pastimes, is absurdly simple. For, having borrowed a gun, shot a rabbit, and suspended bits of the rabbit some way from the house, in the sun, your preparations are already advanced. You must still, however, take a pair of sharp shears, preferably also borrowed, and visit your neighbour's vegetable-garden, where you will be unlucky not to find some fine-meshed rabbit-netting. From this cut a neat square of about fifteen inches, and carry it back unobtrusively to your own house. Collect a longish walkingstick and a ball of twine and you are ready to set up your lure, which, when finished, should resemble an inverted parachute hanging by four lengths of string from the end of the stick, the square of netting being bent up slightly at the edges. So:-



Now, it being evening, and your rabbit having matured in the sun for at least four days, you are ready to essay the sport. Put on your oldest suit, your Wellingtons, and a pipe of your rankest tobacco, slip a powerful electric-torch into your pocket, let your companion carry the rabbit, and follow me to the river-bank.

Here your first object is to make as little noise as possible, and your second to operate in about eighteen inches of muddy water under a tree-stump or bush. Things to bear constantly in mind are that banks crumble and that branches have a way of cracking off when leaned on; and as it is nearly dark it will take you a little time to find a sound pitch where you can both stand side by side.

Pay close attention. In the middle of the upper side of your netting tie a good fruity portion of rabbit and then, holding the entire caboodle at arm's-

length (this is really superfluous advice) over the water, lower the netting gently to the river-bottom, keeping the strings taut. Do not, as you crouch there breathlessly listening to the roar of the mosquitoes and the glug-glug of your companion's pipe, expect any sudden mad tugging at the stick as if you had surprised a mahseer. That is not the way of the crayfish, a subtle. intellectual quarry against whom you are matching not your strength but your wits. (And may the better crustacean win, say I).

After about two minutes the great moment has arrived. Make certain. even at the expense of moderate brutality, that your companion is not only awake but abnormally alert: then. clicking, your torch on with your left hand and directing its beam on to the water, raise the walking-stick slowly but firmly and, once the netting is clear of the water, swing it rapidly inshoremodel yourself, in fact, on a good dockside crane. Well, with a little luck there will now be three or four crayfish sitting on the netting pitching into the rabbit! They will present an eerie spectacle, like small black whippet-tanks at trough, but do not let your companion be distracted by this, for they are about as fast as whippet-tanks, and there is not a splitsecond to waste. It is his job to seize each one accurately just behind the neck and bung it into the creel. If in his haste he connects with any other part of its person, the crayfish, which is Nature's edition of the electric bradawl, will not omit to teach him a lesson which will set the willows quivering with his cries and possibly bias him for life against blood-sports. Without any further emphasis from me, you have doubtless grasped the supreme necessity of bringing a companion.

And so the chase goes on. When either the pitch or the bit of rabbit appear exhausted, change them. If your companion should also appear exhausted, drop a small crayfish down his neck; Harley Street has never

bettered this simple tonic.

At the end of an average evening one of you will have fallen in, and your faces will be nearly pneumatic with insect-bites, but you should have about a hundred victims in the creel.

There remains only to cook and eat these. I am sorry to say that the former operation is identical with the sad steamy fate of the lobster; and that for the latter I can only offer one sure recipe, to invite a medical student to dinner, who from frequent dissection will be able to indicate a sure road through the many layers of armour-plating to the treasures within.



"I don't say but wot he's a wrong 'un, Mrs. Green; but wot I do say is, don't kick a rollin' stone when it's gettin' over a stile."

The Cry of the Children.

[Suggested by a vehement protest in The Daily Mirror against the policy of the B.B.C. in refusing to give youth a chance in appointments to important posts in the Corporation. The protest is vigorously backed by Brigadier-General CROZLER, who thinks it is "ridiculous the way they put old men at the head of affairs.]

In the eternal quarrel
Between the young and old
Youth seldom wins the laurel
And rarely gathers gold,
But—while good posts and "rises"

In salaries, and prizes
Old age monopolizes—
Still lingers in the cold.

Yet signs of an upheaval
On every side are seen
To scrap this mediæval
And barbarous machine;
Tired of this brutal gagging
Youth calls for the sandbagging
Of futile dotards lagging
Superfluous on the scene.

Young bloods with prospects rosier Redouble their attacks When gallant General CROZIER
Uplifts his battle-axe,
And BEVERLEY, bright NICHOLS,
Assiduously pickles
Fresh rods with piercing prickles
To scarify old backs.

O happy youth, victorious,
As you will shortly be,
Over a clique censorious,
And finally set free
From age that drones and dodders,
From somnolent nid-nodders,
And from the senile plodders
Who rule the B.B.C.! C. L. G.



The Collector. "Be matey, Jock, an' 'op it. My lads can sing agin the traffic row but we bar bagpipes."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Arma Virumque.

It may well be that many of us not studious of things military have paid too little regard to the part which Italy played in the last phase of the War. The tremendous thrusts and counter-thrusts on the Western front have been sufficient for our attention. But to remember Caporetto and ignore the Piave and Vittorio Veneto were flagrantly The short and excellent book which General Alberto Baldini has given to Diaz, Duca Della Vittoria (TOULMIN, 8/6) is therefore welcome. It displays a soldier than whom none during that agony was more competent to the task assigned him. Succeeding to the unlucky CADORNA, DIAZ was called upon to reconstruct an army and retrieve its fortunes. He did both those things, and in the first perhaps he appeared at his greatest. For it must be remembered that the Italian army had been shattered by resounding disaster and was looked at askance by its allies. It had, in yesterday's jargon, an inferiority complex. DIAZ almost literally put heart into it. He knew, as the great Generals of history have known, that soldiers are human beings. He cared for their private wants, appealed to their sympathies, and therefore led them to victory. The difficulty of his task a series of admirable photographs makes vividly real. Surely only a great General and born

soldiers could have overcome such obstacles. "Of all the great military powers," writes General Baldini, "Italy alone is fully and practically competent to solve problems relating to operations on a large scale in really mountainous country." Absit omen.

Polchester Revisited.

It is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Hugh Walpole back to Polchester, especially if you are of the faithful remnantand not such a remnant either-who found the Herries family a poor substitute for The Cathedral. Brandon, it is true, is dead and Ronder is on the wane; but a new careerist, the Rev. Gaselee, rises from Ronder's ashes, and all the clergy, county, tradesmen and riff-raff of Polchester answer the prompter's call for the opening of a full-blooded melo-Stephen Furze, moneylender, and his disreputable drama. brother, Michael, play sombre parts in a revolution that comes to a gory head in the Close. And, though a pageant revives with admirable enthusiasm and scholarship the externals of old devotion, a ghostly monitor appears to rebuke the latter-day personnel of the Cathedral. I am not sure that I found The Inquisitor (MACMILLAN, 8/6) as. impressive as the dying Ronder with his ineffectual change of heart, or the tragic philandering of Lampiron the sculptor as much to my taste as the chivalrous wooing of the Rev. Bird. But there is no doubt that the Hawthorne vein hinted at by Mr. WALPOLE in his preface finds him gifted with a golden touch.

The American Werther.

There seems to be a devastating formula current in America for the fabrication of bulky best-sellers. You start with crude provincial youth, throw in artistic leanings and (1) metropolitan (2) cosmopolitan "culture"; and if you can bring your prodigal back from Europe with rekindled ardour for the native world he has quitted, you have done all that your publisher and the public require. Thanks to the Guggenheim Fellowship, which gave him, I gather, the freedom of the Continental café and the works of JAMES JOYCE, Mr. THOMAS WOLFE has written a characteristic nine hundred pages on the lines above suggested. Of Time and the River (HEINE-MANN, 10/6) relates the Odyssey of one Gene Gant, through a course for dramatists at Harvard and a series of sojourns in Oxford, Paris and provincial France. His Oxford of "college boys" is not the Oxford I know; nor are Orleans, Tours and the heart of Mr. Gene Gant much more happily illuminated. The manner couples a phonetic suggestion of recondite moods with the ordinary plain-to-purple prose of conventional fiction. I am afraid Mr. WOLFE'S "greatness"—suggested, I see, by Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS-resides almost entirely in avoirdupois.

Currency Ups and Downs.

Children's books which satisfy the adult are few and far between, but I read The Hopping Ha'penny (METH-UEN, 7/6) at a sitting, fascinated by Mr. J. M. Loch's unusual brand of fantasy. He tells his story with an inconsequence so gloriously wild that the adventures of his characters assume a kind of mad and exaggerated importance in one's mind, and his humour has a real depth of originality. Through what misdemeanour of O'Grady the ha'penny acquired its

dreaded power of hopping after him, like an avenging fury, even across the Atlantic, I should be ungrateful if I told, but the book will not be spoilt for you if you know that this absurd coin was the cause of that roaring, lovable and utterly incompetent sailorman, Captain Peck, signing on a mixed assortment of youngsters for a spanking cruise which proved unexpectedly thrilling and brought him the proud proprietorship of Macdoogle's World - Famous Performing Fleas. Who could ask more of any cruise? This book must certainly be remembered for Christmas.

Brave Mummers.

The most significant part of The Fays of the Abbey Theatre (RICH AND COWAN, 10/6) is the story of the early struggles towards a National Irish Theatre of an enthusiastic group of poor, obscure and overworked Dublin amateurs, of whom the leaders, and the most hopelessly obsessed, were W. G. FAY and his brother FRANK. Against every discouragement, including ridicule, suspicion and



"ONCE AGAIN, MR. SMITH, I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY I'VE BEATEN NATURE AT HER OWN GAME.

hostility, they persevered till they won the approval of Mr. Years, "Æ" and Lady Gregory, and the enlightened patronage of Miss Horniman, through whose generous help the Abbey Theatre opened its doors in 1904, with W. G. FAY as its first manager. The point is well made that here was an independent theatre movement which the literary movement used but did not create. This book is somewhat queerly titled seeing that it is in form an autobiography of W. G. Fay, with assistance from CATHERINE CARSWELL. One gathers that the author. who learnt his business by being his own stage-carpenter, scenepainter, scene-shifter, costumier and bill-poster, besides acting, producing and managing, doubts whether the modern gentlemanly approach vid academies of dramatic art is as sound. Certainly it demands less courage and resource.

Learning Without Tears.

The borrowing of a flock of sheep, a horse, dogs and goats by a team of Altrincham school-boys was a mere detail in

the production of their film-picture of the Neolithic period, a pioneer effort in one of the latest forms of organised education. Not the least interesting chapter in The Film in the School (Christophers, 3/6), edited by Mr. J. A. Lauwerys, is that which points the fascinating way for would-be producers, but this little volume explores all the problems and indicates the really exciting possibilities that the new instrument for implanting knowledge brings into the class-room. The controversial question—"silent" film versus "talking"-is discussed (with a marked bias in favour of the teacher's own commentary), and the different types and sizes of apparatus available are reviewed. Inevitably there is a case—and a good case—for expenditure. This is a useful enough handbook for the teacher wanting to get into line with Progress, but it is not free from repetition and is a little lacking in coherence and general appeal.

Good Team-Work.

Perhaps even the most insatiable devourers of cricket

literature have begun to think that during the last few years quite enough has been written about the game, and had not Bat and Ball (BARKER, 15/-) struck a new note, especially with its illustrations, there could, as the editor, Mr. THOMAS MOULT, says, "be little or no reason for its existence." The only command which Mr MOULT issued to his distinguished contributors was that they should help "to make the book one with a difference"; and in a most skilfullyarranged field they have done their work well, both as individuals and as a side. The result is a volume on which lovers of cricket can either batten or browse, and

in welcoming it I have only one complaint to make: it is rather old-fashioned but spirited story could be imagined. that wicket-keepers, those hardly-used people, receive less than their fair share of recognition. I should like to have heard Mr. Duckworth appealing for sympathy on behalf of himself and his fellows, whose quiet courage, as the first line of defence, is too often unremarked.

Sudden Deaths.

You can not only read The Norwich Victims (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) but you are also given an opportunity to study the faces of the leading performers in Mr. Francis Beeding's latest thriller. Of the five portraits so generously provided I commend especially that of Inspector George Martin, who looks so exactly like a policeman that intelligent malefactors could not fail to recognise him as their enemy. Nevertheless he does sound work in helping to lay a peculiarly cold-blooded murderer by the heels; and although Mr. BEEDING has created many ingenious villains, I doubt if his gallery of criminals contains anyone more qualified to hang on the line than the man who victimised Norwich. And once again I confess myself unprepared for the surprise with which this clever but rather ruthless story ends.

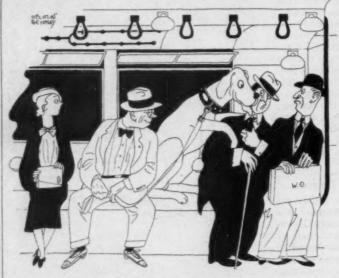
Family Pride.

Apart from one almost incredible incident, The Cat and the Corpse (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) runs smoothly enough under Mr. R. A. J. WALLING's direction. Dirty work had taken place in Wolborough Castle, and willy-nilly the baronial Meridens were involved in the trouble. Lord Meriden was a stuttering nonentity, but his brother, the Honourable John, was far from lacking subtlety and artifice. Scandal, in short, was threatening to besmirch the Meriden family, and John had no intention of submitting to the menace. A keen battle of wits between John and the deductive Tolefree follows, and, although some of the former's blows were distinctly below the belt, he put up such a determined fight that even his opponent admired him.

In the Days of Queen Anne.

Colonel W. P. DRURY wastes no time in laying the foundations of King's Blood (RICH AND COWAN, 7/6), and on them he builds up a story that will give pleasure to

all of us who enjoy romantic adventures. The period chosen is the early years of the eighteenth century, and so thoroughly has Colonel DRURY studied it that he never fails to reproduce its atmosphere. And this, as all readers of historical romances-so often disfigured by the intrusion of Wardour Street phraseology—have reason to know, is no mean feat. Perhaps Charles Mellion is almost too perfect a hero, but I can vouch that both in times of war and of peace he gave and took knocks with an admirable lack of fuss. The end is happiness mingled with pathos, and no more fitting conclusion to this



"You won't let him worry you, will you?"

A Slow Game.

"CRICKET's too slow;"

And, beret-crowned, bright-shirted, in his car The film-like youth spoke thus and sped afar, And left me to September sunset glow, To summer ghosts that carried on their game,

A gently-dying yet eternal flame.

Cricket is slow.

Thank God for that, when fever drives the mind Through burning miles to leave more miles behind, To build new hells and let the beauty go.

Let's hold this picture, though the seasons pass-The sunlit field, the shadows on the grass,

And keep it slow,

With brief swift moods—the catch, the stolen run-The whole a tranquil pageant in the sun,

A gracious game, with fickle ebb and flow, That breeds good fellows, kind and quiet-faced, Not bound upon the chariot-wheels of haste.

Charivaria.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI is said to make a practice of consulting a seer. Who no doubt sees trouble with a dark man across the water.

When it became known a mysterious fleet of twentythree warships flying no flags was reported to be cruising in the North Atlantic a rumour spread that it was the Abyssinian fleet.

A fashion note says that leopardskins are to be very popular this winter. Especially among leopards.

"It is hard to find a suitable name for a dingy little villa stuck away in a drab cul-de-sac," complains a householder. Lots of seaside landladies get over the difficulty by calling it "Seaview."

According to a writer, the referee is the most important person in a boxing-match. At any rate he is the only man that counts.

A woman-writer warns young men to be more tactful when writing love-

promise cases one good way is to begin and the Dress Suit"? all love-letters with the words "Dear Elsie, and Gentlemen of the Jury.'

"The average Britisher insists on wearing a boiled shirt for dinner, no matter where he is," comments a foreigner. This is the sort of thing our nudist colonies are up against.

issued by the Ministry of Agriculture. It ought to be among the best-shellers.

A spectacular dance called "The Moth and the Flame" has been banned as being dangerous and likely to cause panic. Has consideration been given

Green Peas is the title of a booklet as a memento of the old country. MACAULAY didn't prophesy this.

> "In a large number of instances those who started as hikers," states an authority in explanation of the increasing number of bicycles on the roads, "have finished up as cyclists." Others

have hobbled home. # #

"I come to England with no announces Mr. RAMON NOV-ARRO. He will find here a wide selection of school, club and regimental colours.

A motor-lorry is used as a school in a country district. It must be disconcerting to a small boy playing truant if his alma mater chases him along the road.

A young actor in a touring company fell from a stage mountain during the performance but did not hurt himself. It had always been his ambition to make a hit on the boards.

"There's nothing comic about beer," says a judge. Noristhere a great deal of gravity.

A debate on slimming was recently held by a women's society.

Those who defended the practice spoke, no doubt, in sylph defence.

"What is the correct wear for a tugof-war team?" asks a village sports club. Pull-overs?

A bank director says girl-clerks are more efficient than men. Very likely they add to the interest.



THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY SPOTS HOLD THEIR ANNUAL MEETING.

letters. In these days of breach of to the idea of substituting "The Moth

A critic complains that all the new films during the past month have merely bored him. Came the yawn....

A block of granite from Waterloo Bridge has been sent to New Zealand



Mr. Ketchup's World Cruise.

(Being Mr. Henry Ketchup's speech at the dinner given in his honour by the Alfalfa (N.Y.) Bridge Club on the occasion of his return from a Round-the-World Cruise.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN,-As you all know, I sold my hardware store last Fall. I'd stood behind that counter for forty-two years, selling nails and paint and rope and most everything else, and I figured it was about time I came up for air. I'd been so busy with hardware that I'd had no time for anything else, except a game of Bridge evenings. I'd only been outside this town twice in my life: once when our ball-team played Silo in the finals, and once to see Niagara Falls. So when I got a pretty fair offer for the Store I took it. And I decided that before I settled down to be a retired hardware merchant I'd see the world a bit. I'd go places. I'd have a look at other countries — England and France, Switzerland, Rome, Mesopotmania, and so on. Then, when I got home again, and had time to read right through the paper after breakfast-no more getting to the Store before nine o'clock-I'd know all the places they were talking about in the news.

Well, to cut a long story short, I booked a passage on the Empress of America. She was sailing on a Roundthe-World Cruise, starting from New York, and the date she was to leave suited me just dandy. She sailed at midnight, but we went on board in time for dinner. After dinner I wandered into the smoke-room and found myself sitting near three other men not far from an empty table. We looked at one another, then we looked at the empty table, then I asked what was the matter with a game of Bridge. Inside of a minute we'd cut and dealt, and we had three rubbers before going to bed.

The next morning we started right in after breakfast, and the very first thing that happened was my partner and me getting a small slam in Hearts. Well, Sir, we kept it up all morning.

We could do nothing wrong. By lunchtime we'd piled up a lead of twentysix hundred points. Things didn't go so good in the afternoon, though, and they got a lot back by getting us down doubled when we were vulnerable. However, we had some good cards after dinner, and were well up on the day's play.

Nothing very special happened the next few days. We were going round the coast and through the Panama Canal, and play was uneventful, as you might say. Most of the time we were getting just average hands; you know the sort of thing—four to the King of this, or five to the Queen of that. But I must say the Panama Canal is pretty nearly ideal for Bridge-playing. We had the smoke-room to ourselves almost all the time; most of the passengers seemed to be out on deck watching things.

After we left the Panama we didn't have no Bridge for a few days. The Pacific wasn't suitable. We tried playing in my cabin, but it was no use. Lying flat on your back is the only safe thing.

However, after about three days we got going again. When we first went back to the smoke-room again we found a man and a girl playing chess on our table. We told them we'd played Bridge on that table morning, afternoon and evening ever since we left New York, so they got up. They were quite nice about it. She said she hoped we'd continue to benefit from our cruise round the world, and he said he hoped the ship would make us a present of the table when we got back to New York.

Our first port of call was Honolulu. I don't mind telling you I'll never forget Honolulu as long as I live. I got ten Spades to the Ace, Queen, Jack and the other three Aces singleton. As if that wasn't enough, my partner had the King of Spades, so we bid and made Grand Slam. Believe me, that hand was worth going round the world for.

Next we stopped at Hong Kong. Most of the passengers went ashore, same as at Honolulu. We wouldn't have minded that at all, as it left us the smoke-room to ourselves, but my partner's wife dragged him off too, and we had to rope in the Second Engineer to make a fourth. He was very reckless in his bidding, and had never heard of an informatory double. Luckily my partner was back before much damage was done, and was I glad!

After leaving Hong Kong we sailed around India, calling at Ceylon and Bombay. This part of the trip wasn't so hot; for days on end I hardly got a

hand worth bidding. Our luck didn't turn until we got in the Suez Canal.

At Venice a darned young fool nearly got me ashore. He said there was some bridge I ought to see. Naturally I thought he meant Contract, but I found out just in time he meant the Bridge of Sighs. Darn his hide! we've got a coloured photograph of that at home.

Next we came to Gibraltar. Yes, I actually saw the famous Rock of Gibraltar. I was dummy at the time, and happened to notice this huge thing through the smoke-room window. I excused myself, went to the window and, sure enough, it was the celebrated Rock itself. When I got back to the table my partner had finessed the wrong way, and we were down one.

After that we missed out on Bridge for several days. First there was the Bay of Biscay, then there was England. Almost everybody went ashore to see London and Stratford-on-Avon, and so on. I didn't myself; I figured I could see them on the News Reel at the Capitol any time I liked, sitting in a comfortable seat. When my partner came back from seeing London he told me his wife had laid in a year's supply of dresses and his daughter had seen an opera-cloak she liked. That cloak set him back a hundred-and-fifty dollars. But in the meantime I'd had no Bridge. I even went into the lounge to see if I could get into a mixed four, but every woman on the ship had gone ashore. So I had to play Solitaire.

We'd been keeping score ever since we left New York, and my partner and I were a matter of eighteen thousand down on the whole trip. Not such a whale of a lot when you come to think how many thousand of miles we'd played; but we couldn't help hoping our luck would be with us on the Atlantic. And sure enough it was. We held good cards all the way across, and gradually crept up on our opponents. The finish was like a story-book. When we started the last rubber on the last night we still wanted twelve hundred to even the score, but after putting them down doubled we went on to get a seven-hundred rubber, and our total score, believe it or not, came to exactly twelve hundred. It was a perfect end to a perfect world cruise.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time we got down to the serious business of the evening. You gave me a wonderful dinner, and you've listened very patiently to my account of our cruise. Thank you for both. And now, as I say, it's time we got down to it. Let's waste no more time. Let's play Bridge.



THE TWO-HEADED BEAR.

"MY RIGHT PAW NEVER KNOWS WHAT MY EXTREME LEFT IS DOING."

[Russia has rejected the protests of Great Britain, the United States, Italy and Latvia regarding the methods of propaganda employed by the Communist International.]



"Now, don't tell me! I want to guess. Haven't-you-two-young people-been sun-bathing-somewhere?"

Is Life a Film?

In the old days the news-reel section of the picture-house programme was our great stand-by when we wanted relief from the unreality of the average film drama. Instead of a blend of insincere sentiment and outraged plausibility, they gave us a faithful representation of life as seen around us. Should, for example, Prince Bug of Abbulibbia arrive at Victoria on a visit to England, you would later, under the simple heading of "Prince Bug of Abbulibbia arrives at Victoria" see Prince B. of A. arriving at V. almost as plainly as if you had taken the trouble to go to the station. Had a similar incident been part of a film, there would have been captions like "With glamorous blaze of Oriental splendour the scion of a hundred kings at last sets foot in the great hub of Western civilisation," etc. And then you would be shown an enormous white-and-gold Pullman hung with garlands drawing into the station and disgorging bejewelled dancing-girls and half-naked negroes with seimitars, and finally in shimmering

silk the Oriental splendour of George Arliss or somebody-all of which would leave you with the justifiably angry feeling that never on sea or land or Victoria could such a thing have really occurred. But the news-reel you knew could never betray you thus: it merely recorded what had happened. There was the Prince and there was someone in a topper from the Foreign Office shaking hands, and you'd see them chat a few minutes and then off they'd go down a respectful lane, just as if Prince Bug were a Derby winner or a victorious football team. And, what's more, though you were seeing it in comfort from a plush seat, it was nearly as good as if you'd been energetic and enthusiastic enough to go to Victoria-and of course either tall enough to look over policemen's shoulders or short enough to peer under them.

Then slowly, alas! the news-reels began to change, till it dawned on you that their sincerity as plain recorders of unembellished fact was not always to be relied upon. Probably you first became uneasy when you noticed that unaccountably they seemed to be

securing better and better pictures. Instead of an ordinary good shot of, say, Prince Wog of Swettipore at Charing Cross, they now never failed to get him close up, nodding and smiling through the cameras straight at the six-shilling seats, while the Foreign Office representative peered round his elbow. Somehow this didn't ring true: surely the Prince's first thought on arrival was not to smile at picture audiences and keep the welcoming officials waiting? You began to suspect that the camera-man had asked him to do it-a suspicion which became certainty when next year you saw a film of Prince Spush of Sultana arriving at Liverpool Street. He stepped from the carriage into a semi-circle of tripods and microphones, on the far outskirts of which an agitated Foreign Office official was hovering, bowed, smiled, and said, "At ze request of Flickertonenews I am very-proud-to-tell ze people of-Britain in person that friendsheep between my-country-and-yours ees my greatest ambitio. . . . Flip. And here we have the annual motor-cycle rally at Coventry, where many hundreds

In other words, you realised that the news-reels, starting as true recorders of daily incidents, had begun to force those incidents into the film mould. News is no longer a reporting of fact; it has become entertainment. And so Prince Glom of Muckistan, arriving at Waterloo next week, must, before he is allowed to do anything else, make a film. Batteries of lights will be ready, cameras waiting, and the actor from the Foreign Office will be told to keep back till his cue comes. The Prince, arriving, will be told to stand under the lights, to take off his hat, to put it on, to speak his piece-louder, please "Right-ho, that'll do for you! Now where's that Foreign Office fellow? Come on-make it snappy! Shake hands! Say your piece! Look into the camera, please. Oke! Cut!" And, bundling up their cameras, the Big Film Men will push away past the puppets for whom they no longer have any use, leaving Prince Glom to be properly welcomed at last by the Foreign Office representative, saluted by the guard of honour and put into his car. Probably the Foreign Office representative is only relieved that the Big Film Men didn't make the train back out again in order to achieve a more effective entrance.

This is not as far off the truth as you might suppose. Have you ever seen a film of a tennis champion receiving a trophy from a Duchess? He doesn't look at her; he doesn't even look at the trophy; both he and she have to smile at the camera while the cup is nearly dropped on the ground between them. Have you seen a flier safely returned from a highly dangerous flight greeting his anxious wife in front of the moviemen? You can almost see as well the contact man in the background arranging the business to the greatest effect: probably the flier has already had to postpone the greeting for several minutes because the focus wasn't right.

A few years back the above would have been called exaggerations. But in the film world the exaggerations of to-day are the truths of to-morrow. Already in some parts of the world a sensational trial finds the court crowded out with arc-lights and newspaper photographers: magnesium flares go off at tense moments and closeups are secured of the principal characters during emotional passages; running commentaries are relayed for the entertainment of those unlucky enough not to be able to see the show. The best bits even have to be re-enacted afterwards in front of film cameras by prisoner, witnesses, and attorneys, with a compère from the news-reel company.

Is it such a big step from this to the



The Audience. "And this is the hole, isn't it, where you were once dormy five down, and then you took your baffy and, though it was a perfectly hopeless lie, you——"

Camera Kings taking complete charge, insisting that the principals in every trial shall "make up" as they are not registering well, or to having an important cross-examination gone through again because it didn't come over clearly? Ace-directors will soon be telling the judge to "face the cameras while you sentence the prisoner, and speak very slowly." Then to the prisoner—"And you there, twist your fingers, get emotion into it! You're getting penal servitude for life; don't look as if you were too dazed to know what's going on." Then it would be "Cut!" and someone would rush

forward to put a couple of glycerine tears on the judge's cheek before "Camera!" starts it off again, to the directors' final "Okay!" of approval. Nor would it be long before they'd be altering the sentences passed, or even the verdict given, because "the public won't stand for a sad ending! Bad box-office—see!"

A. A.

All Done by Kindness.

"When an appropriate speed and height have been attained the scaplane will be pleased and continue under its own power." Johannesburg Paper.

Wagging its tail.



Wife (meeting train at terminus). "I've been waiting three-quarters of an hour-I might have known for d never be punctual."

The Burning Question.

Of the many and varied activities of Mr. Power's go-ahead nephew from London during his annual visit to Mullinabeg, it has been said philosophically: "He never comes to this place but he'll give it some heavy jowlt."

But not until this summer, warned repeatedly by the wireless announcer of the increasing danger of fire and of the responsibility of every law-abiding citizen to combat it, did the young man turn his attention to the firefighting equipment of the little town, said by the dwellers there to "go be the name of the Fire Brigade." The fact that he had not concentrated upon this department years earlier was not the result of any failure on his part to recognise its importance in the scheme of things. It was, he explained candidly, the result of an inability to credit the almost criminal lack of fore-

sight that would allow any community to go on placidly in such an unprotected state. "He gev out dog's abuse, right enough," a listener said admiringly, "an' no man upon earth couldn't do anny more."

As is their custom in such a case, young Mr. Power's hearers tried to soothe him by directing his attention to something else, but as usual their efforts only made him cling more fiercely to his grievance.

"Where was the fire-engine?" he wanted to know, and then, with great bitterness—"Had they a fire-engine at all?" "What height was the tallest ladder?" "What length the hose?" and so on.

"There never was such a mankind for questions," Mick Doyle said; "that does be his whole occupation when he comes here, for ever 'Whyin' and 'Wherein'.'"

Aided, unwillingly enough, by some of the leading citizens, the importunate visitor was armed with authority to demand the immediate gathering together in the market square of the town's equipment for the fighting of fire; but this took a good deal longer than he had expected. The antiquated engine having been tracked to the yard of the derelict jail, a great many things had to be removed from it; and Johnny Whelan, the local house-decorator, loudly resented a firm demand for his ladder, whose origin was traced to the disintegrated fire-brigade. With an air of triumph Mick Doyle produced a section of the hose from the garden shed of old Mr. Power, but did not feel called upon to explain that he himself had placed it there during last year's drought. When the display was complete its effect upon the young man was spoken of with bated breath. "He foamed at the mouth," the interested onlookers said, "an' then, look'd, he stampeded."

Young Mr. Power did the thing properly. The bonfire he built in the market square was described as a

"class of a Round Tower"; the lighting of it was greeted with unbridled enthusiasm by the spectators. They did feel, however, that it was a pity such a demonstration must go to waste as it were, instead of being used to mark some event of national importance, such as the release from prison of a political prisoner. then, when he had it goin' in style," they said disgustedly, "nothin' would do him but to sthrive to put it out, no less nor; but he had no success, thanks be to God, although he put a daunt on it right enough in the latther end wid the red yoke he got at the garridge below." Then, reminiscently—"Bedad, it was a sloppy adventure all right.' One result of young Mr. Power's dogged efforts was that the apparatus was housed in a shed in Foley's yard in the centre of the town, behind a door that could be locked.

Another was that some more up-todate appliances were added to the existing antiques. And, as most of the men had seen the treatment meted out by him to the garage fire-extinguisher, they presumed that the other novelties should be used in the same way—if used at all. "He bet the head of it agen the ground," one of them said, "an' I always thought you should be very genteel with the like of them yokes."

The next question to arise was who should keep the key, and after that, what was the alarm to be in case of an outbreak. There was some competition for the care of the key, but Pat Maher was chosen by the organiser, because of his lack of ulterior motives. The alarm that met with general approval was the beating with an iron bar of the scarred tin figure of the yellow cyclist who advertises a certain popular model stocked at the other. end of the town. Then, spurning the advice of his uncle, who said there was far too much painting going on already on the roads, the visitor printed on the door of the shed, in white paint, the terse message, "KEY AT PAT MAHER'S."

Of the false alarm that Mr. Power promised to give a week after his nephew's departure, the old gentleman wrote briefly to the one who was responsible for it all. "When I banged the yellow man," he said, "they all ran to Pat Maher's, and then down to Foley's yard; they forgot all about

the fire there, but they had a great political demonstration. The message about the key was blotted out, and someone had printed, "Who FEARS TO SPEAK OF NINETY-EIGHT?" It is a burning question in Mullinabeg.



When Girls were Girls.

"I had a lady to tea with me the other day whose father was born in 1797, and who as a midshipman brought a French prize into Portsmouth in 1812."—Letter in Daily Paper.

No Dam Fear.

"DAM FEARS RELIEVED. ENGINEERS REPORT A FRESH DISASTER. UNLIKELY."

Evening Paper.

"Required, an enterprising Person, with capital, to join another who is rapidly expanding"—Advt. in Daily Paper.

Isn't there some risk of his going bust?



Pony Club Commissioner. "What's wrong, my dear?"

Competitor in Potato Race. "Please, my pony always eats the potato before I can put it in the bucket."

The Word War.

XXV .- The Flying Ants.

"Try Out" again.

Possibly the M.C.C. may think it worth while to try out a further experiment some day. . . . "-" The Times," leading article.

But this is very, very naughty; for we have spoken about "try out." "Try," by itself would win no prizes here, Bobby, since the thing to be tried is an "experiment" (it is like attempting an endeavour or pushing a shove). But the "out" piles superfluity upon tau-tologicality, adds plethora to pleonasm: in short, Bobby, it has no effect, and "try out" means no more than "try."

Hopeful citizens seek to placate me by referring to Psalm xxvi, 2:-

"Try out my reins and heart." Book of Common Prayer.

Vain hope! For I refer them to Psalm xxvi. 2:-

"Try my reins and heart,"

which is the same passage in the Bible version.

I return without apology to the enthralling and important theme of the Flying Ants, by which I mean the in-numerable little "ups" and "outs," and "tos" and "throughs," et cetera, which flap and crawl and impertinently multiply on the tongues of the English speakers to-day. I was reproved before, and rightly, for loosely calling them all "prepositions." Flying Ants are most often adverbs, or, better, I think, adverbial particles—as in "try out," "start up", but they may be combinations of adverb and preposition, as in "face up to"; and are often, in my view, prepositions masquerading as adverbs-that is, prepositional phrases with a word or two left out (consider "fall in" and "knock out," which must have started as "fall into" and "knock out of").

But life is too short to identify each sub-species as we tread on it. Whatever their name or nature, the question is always the same-"Are these verbfollowers or tail-twisters fruitful and good ('fall in,' 'knock out') or superfluous and therefore bad ('start up,' 'try out'), as unnecessary noise in an engine is bad or unprofitable splashing by a swimmer is bad?

I address this question, Bobby, with special earnestness to the Young; for the Young, with all their faults, respect Efficiency, and respect it most when it takes the form of Speed. Yet the Young are busy propagators of the Flying Ant—the Unwanted Up, and the Otiose Out.

They seem to suppose, Robby, that

they are being brisk and businesslike when they say "face up to" instead of "face" and "check up on" instead of "check." The truth is that they are being wordy, that is, inefficient, using twice the petrol but adding nothing to the power. It is vain for the Elders to tell the Young that their speech is vulgar or is not literate, for the Young will (rightly, as a rule) pay small attention. But persuade the Young that they are being wasteful and ineffective and slow and they may consent to cock an occasional ear in your direction.

Those are the strange but true charges which can be laid wherever English speech is most "modern." The Garrulity of the Young is only equalled by the Verbosity of the Slick. Here is a little nest of Flying Ants discovered by a warrior, he tells me, in the refined pages of Vogue:-

"If you slip up on it one night go to bed after dinner the next. Check up on your weight every day. . . ."

"Slip up on it," Bobby, is at least significant slang, and means something different from "slip." But "check up on" is merely wordy, for "up on" adds nothing to the strong verb "check." "Well, it's only a ladies' paper," you say; I do not quite know why. Ah, but see what follows:-

"That had not been faced up to as a matter of defence policy. Mr. Attlee, M.P.

"It was our duty as guardians of our children to face up to the situation. . . ."
Reported challenge of Mr. J. Ewart Smart,
Director of Education at Acton.

"Unless you face up to the necessity of doing certain fundamental* Socialist things you cannot really accomplish anything." New Statesman, Nation, Athenœum, Week-End Review, etc.

This expression has now reached the stage at which highbrows invent subtle meanings and elaborate defences for it. I have therefore called for a report from a man who does scientific costing. Here it is:-

Scientific Coster's Report on "face" and "face up to."

We have examined the above-mentioned expressions, and find as follows:

(1) Employed in writing, typing and print-

	1	200	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
A	F	A	C	E	-	-	(COM)	-		-
В	F	A	C	Е		U	P	-	T	0

A ("Face") occupies 4 spaces B ("Face up to") occupies 10 spaces.

Addition to cost of typing, printing, paper, etc.
Addition to significance-value. Economic wastage on B . . . 150% REMARKS.

We would add that A is used by the post MACAULAY (with reference to "fee odds"), but B is not.

(2) Employed for speaking purposes only :-

Our client may make his own experiments, but in 15 seconds we find that we can say "face" 50 times but "face up to," at the same speed, only 35.

The loss on time-account, therefore, is, per working-minute Increased efficiency due to subtle semantic differences NIL

We would, in conclusion, refer to the irritation, sometimes exasperation, which being generated in prospective clients or customers by the use of such an expression as "face up to," may lead to loss of orders. termination of negotiations, abandonment of mergers or even refusal to renew existing contracts. We cannot, obviously, make a firm quotation for such contingencies, since they must depend upon the standard of taste prevailing among our client's clients: but that, we presume, is

Some of the North American slangsters too are so busy blazing a new trail that they go round in circles. In the rugged books about "guys" who "bump off" "dames" the favourite mot used to be-

"Get to hell out of here!"

It is now, I see-

"Get the hell out of it!"

Next year-another grand advanceit may be

"Get in hell from this!"

I should worry. North American citizens have complained indignantly to English humorists that their American slang is inaccurate and out-of-date. It may well be so, but I cannot see that it matters. At whatever moment a nervous twitch is photographed the effect will be the same. An apologist said recently that North American slang was language which had taken its coat off. I think of it reluctantly as language which is always taking its trousers off and prancing in the streets with a contented grin.

In the latest work of the Tough School that I have read the author and the characters say "in back of" whenever they mean "behind" and "right away" when they mean "now." Maybe they figger how by dropping an "if," a "the," or a "have" here and there they are being very virile and economical ("I got to walk a couple blocks," "She wouldn't left me"); but for every word saved thus on the swings about six are lost on the roundabouts.

Yet I hear that in British film-studies where our slick friends from the U.S A. are toiling for us (God bless 'em!) "in

Why not "face down to "!-ED.

According to The Times" the Hungarian Cabinet is assembled in a hunting lodge. The Secretaries and Under-Secretaries, are accommodated in tents



Might not our Ministry of Health move to the seasibe for the summer months?



or the problem of European peace be settled in the middle of the Mediterranean?



"Well, I know she did, because Bert told me. 'E tells me everything, 'e does, because 'e knows of course it won't go any further."

back of" for "behind" is heard all day. We don't want it. What is it for? Look, Bobby:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
B	E	H	I	N	D				
ī	N		В	A	C	K		0	F

And, for all I know, these young speed-wizards say "in under of" instead of our old-fashioned and dilatory "below."

Look, Bobby, too, at this wondrous modern time-saver, blessed by our own PRIME MINISTER:—

"I feel it is up to us in the Government, it is up to all of us, to start again with renewed efforts. . . ."—Mr. Baldwin.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
W	E		M	U	8	T							-			
I	T	-	I	8		U	P		T	0		U	8	-	T	0

Old style . . 7 spaces Modern style . 17 spaces

Take heed, brothers. The Flying Ants breed freely and fly fast. Already

from Australia I hear of "meet up."
"rest up" and "get it over with."
Look at this, from an advertisement in
The Times:—

"The man who has a clearly formed ambition, who has dreamed out an ideal which his whole personality," etc.

Soon our poor deluded Young will be brightly having a "sleep up" or a "drink out," "kissing up (or out)," or even "marrying up to." Do not be severe with them, Elders. Laugh at them.

EXERCISE.

Translate the following passages into swift, economical Tough Talk (1935 model):—

- "That seent costs money."
- "That perfume costs dough."
- "I thought she'd faint."
- "I figgered her to faint."
- "I must give her that" (credit).
- "I got to hand it to her for that."
- "He never guessed?"
- "He never got next to it?"

- "I thought they'd laugh at me."
- "I figgered how maybe they'd give me the laugh."
- "We must face it. He may not have checked the receipts." (53 spaces)
- "It is up to us to face up to it that he may have slipped up on checking up on the receipts." (90 spaces) A. P. H.

Pixy-Driven.

I SPENT a week on Dartymoor 'Twixt Devon sea and sky,

Alone—alone with the lichened stone
And the carven tors on high

And the coneys
And the ponies
Contented grazing by.

And I'd see a pony now and then

Lifting a startled head; Then one by one they'd up and run, Though the place was like the dead.

"Tis the Pixies
At their tricksies,"

Old Dan the shepherd said.

And all day on the lean black roads
The motor-cars went past,
A restless throng that raged along
Like leaves before the blast,
All racing
And chasing,
Faster and yet more fast.

Each hung upon his leader's tail,
His leader's dust and smell,
Speeding like sin from inn to inn,
From tea-house to hotel—
All pounding
And sounding
And hurrying like hell.

Blindly they passed the fairy falls,
Blindly the beechen grove;
Madly athirst to get there first
They drove and drove—
So needless,
So heedless
Of Dartmoor's treasure-trove.

And so I thought, "Why, they stampede
Just like the ponies do!
Old Dan was right; it's Pixy spite
That hounds them on and through.
It's the Pixies
At their tricksies."
And I guess it was—don't you?
H. B.

The Sportsman, His Hound and the Postman.

A Fable.

A Sportsman having purchased a watch-dog Solely on its Appearance, was More than gratified to find that the Hound soon began to Confirm his judgment by Evincing just the Desired combination of Suspicion, Ferocity and Instinct for the Chase.

But before Very Long a Postman accosted the Sportsman and in a Respectful manner which did not Altogether cloak his Burning Sense of Grievance, addressed the Sportsman in the following Terms: "I can Hardly think you can be Aware that when I deliver Epistles at your Domicile your Hound makes it a Practice to chase me off the Messuage. It is Fortunate that So Far he has always failed to catch me, but Thrice he has succeeded in biting a Piece out of my Apparel, and if he Perseveres there is Little doubt that one Fine day when I am a Bit slow in Getting Off the Mark or a Bit hesitant in Leaping your Gate, your Hound will succeed in biting a Piece out of my Person. That, I think you will Agree, is Not a very nice Prospect for me, and I hope, Good Sir, that you will Receive a suggestion to chain up your Hound at the Relevant times in the spirit in which it is Offered.'



"But why should I be elevents man in?"
"'Cos there isn't a twelfth."

"Far from being Unaware," replied the Sportsman affably to the honest fellow, "I have Many times watched my Hound see you Off. Indeed I make a Point of never missing a Performance, for I have been most favourably Impressed by your Fleetness of foot, your Beautiful action, and the Effortless way you Take the Gate. And it Seems to me that in desiring me to chain up my Hound you are Embracing a Short-sighted view, because you can Take it from Me that you have the Makings of a great Hurdler, and my Hound is bringing you along Very rapidly. Why, even in the Three Short Weeks during which you have been chased by my Hound, you have Improved out of All recognition and

Already you are beginning to show promise of Classic form. Be unwilling, Therefore, to spoil a Good thing. If you will but leave Well alone, my Hound will furnish you with the Zest and Stimulus so Vital, but so often Lacking, in an Athlete's training, and you will achieve Triumphs on the track with which I shall feel very Proud to be Associated, however Remotely, through my Hound."

After a little Indecision the Postman adopted the Sportsman's point of View, and Before the end of the Season the Postman had won Sixteen chests of cutlery in divers rural Games.

Moral: Fate may never seem so Unkind as when in Reality She is making a Special Effort on our Behalf.

Business for Pleasure.

IV -Sales Promotion and Ideas Men.

"Promotion cometh neither from the East nor from the West."

It is not easy to define the art of sales promotion in positive terms, but we may be able to get at it by a process of elimination. It is not selling, it is not (subtle distinction) marketing. It is not advertising. It is not even that disgusting prying into other people's lives which is usually called "Market Research." But if you take the Sales and Marketing staff of your Company and cross out everybody who has a useful definite job of work to do you will, I suspect, find yourself left with—

- (a) Directors, and
- (b) That vague person, Chipplethwaite.

Now we know about Directors. But how about Chipplethwaite? What does the fellow do, eh? You've often wondered? Then here is the answer: Chipplethwaite, a dollar

to a peanut, is engaged in Sales Promotion.

If your man Chipplethwaite is a true specimen of the Sales Promoter there is no need to wonder why you are not informed as to what he is for. Almost certainly the news won't have reached him yet. It probably happened like this. Way back ten years ago somebody had an Idea, and it made the Company a lot of money; and the Board, having one of its wild spasms of modernity, decided that Having Ideas Paid. They were so taken with the thought that they decided to appoint someone to sit round and do absolutely nothing but Have Ideas. Hence Chipplethwaite.

Pros and Cons of Being a Sales Promoter. Pro.

- (1) The great advantage of being a Sales Promoter is that the working hours are short. According to the psychologists it takes a man about a tenth of a second to have an idea. So if Chipplethwaite turned in ten a week, which wouldn't be bad going, he could start in at ten A.M. on Monday and be all finished up with a clear desk by 10.0-1. All the rest of the time there is not only nothing he need do but nothing he can do.
- (2) Moreover, this is understood by others. If your job is just to Have Ideas no one expects you to work. All you have to do is to be tame and clean about the place. And it you feel conscientious you can give the impression of getting on with some good honest graft just by looking out of the window with a thoughtful frown.
- (3) Having ideas is strenuous work and involves keeping the Body and Mind fresh and vigorous. Hence Sales Promoters need long holidays and a lot of careful dieting and exercise.
- (4) Finally, Sales Promoting is one of those lovely jobs in which it is quite impossible for people to judge you by results. If Chipplethwaite never has an idea for ten years they don't throw him out. No, Sir. And why not? Because it's perfectly obvious that if he hasn't had one for ten years he must be going to have one soon. The thing's due. If your grandfather lives to be a hundred-and-ten you don't say the old boy's never going to pass up his checks and sell your Expectations Under Wills for five pounds. No; you hold on, knowing you'll cash in shortly. Sales Promoting is like that. The longer you go on without promoting any sales the more certain it is that you'll bring home the goods soon and the more valuable you become.

But even if you do Have an Idea, it's still quite all right. Because if Sales Go Up then it was clearly your idea which

did it, while, if they don't, equally clearly there were Other Factors at Work in the Market and but for your Idea sales would have fallen right through the bottom of the jug. See!

On the other hand-

Con

(1) There aren't all that number of ideas to have. And the ones there are have all been had before. Repeatedly, Imagine for a moment that your firm sells door-handles. Now imagine that you are dumped down and told to get on and have ideas for promoting the sales of door-handles. Where do you start? Everyone who has a door wants a door-handle. And after that, what? You can't do more than sell a man one door-handle—no, two door-handles—per door, and finish. You might persuade him to carry a spare, but I doubt it. Now add to that the fact that for the last two hundred years or so everybody in the door-handle trade has been trying to think of a new reason why people should buy door-handles, and you see that you start with your scope a bit limited.

"Try making them square."

"We've tried that. It didn't go."

"Try making them of china or glass or wood or papier-maché."

"We've tried that. It was a flop."
"Try painting pictures on them."

"Blanks (our bitterest rivals) have got a line with pictures painted on them. I think they sell two a year—to asylums. . . ."

That's the way it works out.

- (2) Quite apart from this slight difficulty in Having Idea, whenever you do have one it always treads on somebody's toes. You see, strictly speaking, it isn't your job to make suggestions. That is all covered by other departments. It is your job to Have Ideas. Just that. So if you get out a bright advertising scheme no one in the advertising department will be at all pleased. And if you work out a cunning method of wangling retailer affection for the firm the Sales Controller will just tell you coldly that he can't have the travellers' relations with their customers interfered with. And so on. In fact, so on and on.
- (3) Even if you get people to allow you to Make Suggestions you never get them to let you do anything effective. In fact, Having Ideas taken up is usually rather like writing a film-story. Either no one will touch it at all or else they take it and twist it into such an odd shape that you want to put a notice in the paper disclaiming all connection with the thing.
- (4) There is practically no idea on earth which is not contrary to the Policy of the Firm. You may have a silly notion that your firm wants to make money, and that, short of murder, it'll stand for almost anything to do it. Put up a Sales Promotion Scheme and see.
- (5) There is absolutely nothing to do most of the time. And after a while that gets to be a strain. Everyone else can write a few letters or go and see a man or something like that. But you can't. All you can do is to sit and chew a pencil and wait for the old subconscious to come across. As Mr. EZRA POUND so nearly said—

"O God, give me a little tobacconist's shop Rather than this wretched business of Sales Promoting, In which one has to use one's brains all the time!"

Conclusion.

Do not be a Sales Promoter. Stick to an honest living and keep the respect of your fellow-men.



"I THINK WE'LL GO NOW, MY DEAR. I MEAN-DASH IT!-THEY'RE NOT MY CONSTITUENTS."



Psychology.

"Now that old Mrs. Clatworthy is dead," said Edith thoughtfully, "Gunhilda will be out of a job. She has been with Mrs. Clatworthy for twenty years and is just the sort of maid we have been looking for. I think I'll drop her a note and ask her to call."

So we waited until Mrs. Clatworthy was decently buried and then wrote to Gunhilda saying that Mrs. Clatworthy had always spoken very highly of her and that as we happened to be maidless at the moment we thought she might like to come to us. She called next morning and Edith had a long talk with her.

"It's very kind of you to think of

me," said Gunhilda gratefully. "In fact I have been quite touched by the kindness of everybody. By the same post as I got your letter I also heard from Mrs. Hogg and Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, who both want me to go to them. I think I shall probably go to Mrs. Hogg, but I will think it over."

"If it's a matter of wages . . . said Edith.

"Money isn't everything," said Gunhilda, "but Colonel Hogg's gout rather attracts me. You see, dear Mrs. Clatworthy was a little bit weak in the head for the last five years, and I had to sort of look after her. It gives a body some interest in life to feel they are with somebody that really needs them, and Colonel Hogg's gout will be a great comfort."

Edith repeated the conversation to me, and I said that I supposed there was nothing to be done about it, but that perhaps if we offered very liberal outings and that sort of thing it might just turn the scale.

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference," said Edith; "you don't understand Gunhilda's psychology. But don't give up hope; I may think of something." Evidently she did think of something, because a week later Gunhilda arrived with her belongings. I went into the kitchen to greet her (at Edith's special request) and we had a pleasant chat about the weather and what a lovely funeral old Mrs. Clatworthy had had, and how all flesh was as grass, and we never knew whose turn it would be next. The conversation cheered me, because women who enjoy funerals are nearly always good cooks.

"I want you to do something to oblige me," said Edith as we sat down to dinner. "Nothing very much, but when Gunhilda brings in the soup I want you to hurl a piece of bread at the grandfather clock."

I asked her why she wanted me to hurl a piece of bread at the grandfather clock.

"I knew that the only way to get Gunhilda was to play a trump card against Colonel Hogg's gout," she explained, "so I told Gunhilda that you were eccentric. Not exactly insane, you understand, but on the borderline. As soon as I told her she said she would move in at once."



- "Bobby, here comes Mrs. Jones. Be sure to take your hat off."
- "BEE DOESN'T HAVE TO TAKE HER HAT OFF AND IT'S JUST THE SAME AS MINE."
- "BEE'S A GIRL-YOU'RE A BOY."
- "WHAT A MISEBABLE THING TO BE A BOY!"

A Chelsea Tragedy.

For many happy years before the crisis
I used to paint Egyptians and Greeks;
My patrons liked Persephone and Isis—
But now they only want their beastly Pokes.

Oh, I used to paint Greek goddesses
Without their stays and bodices:
But my reputation's fallen with the pound.
I no longer rival TITIAN,
I'm a Royal Academician
With a flare for mongrel, puppy, whelp and

You may recall the thing I did of Dido.

Ah, me! it was the picture of the year;
What talent to be wasted on poor Fide!

Perdition to his soul, the little dear!

How ounningly my brush has handled Cupid And scumbled dainty curls upon his brow! You must admit it's really rather stupid To waste such chiaroscuro on a Chow.

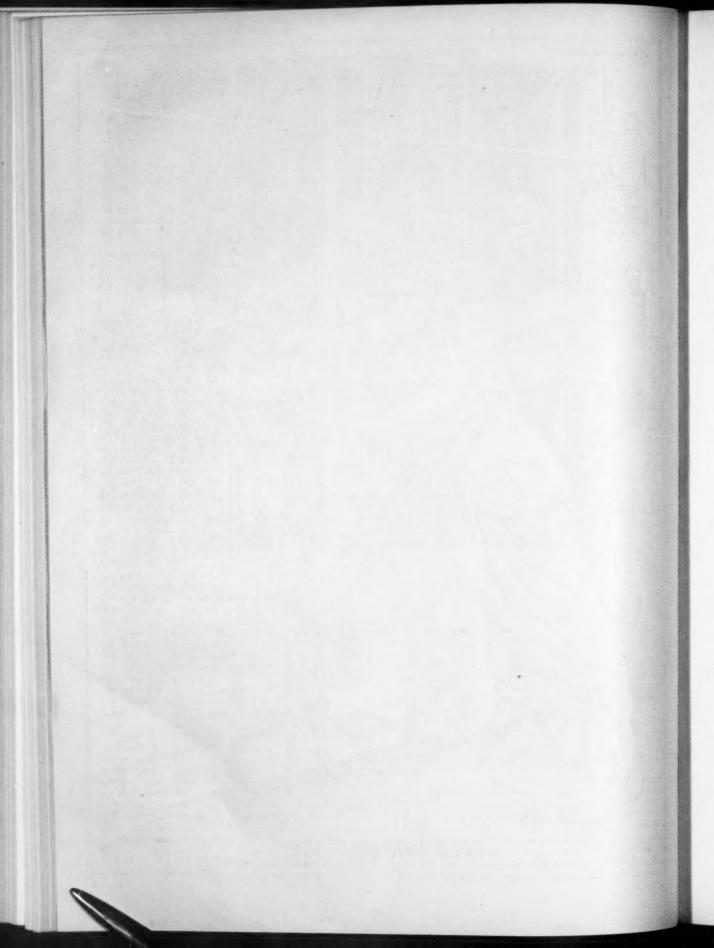
In short, I fear it drives me nearly potty
When my efforts to sell Venus are in vain
And I have to paint My Lady's darling Scottie
Or immortalise Sir Archibald's Great Dane.

Kind reader, when you gaze on Aphrodite, Remember she can't fetch her usual fee; Necessity estranged me from the Mighty; I'm going to the dogs for £ s. d.

Oh, I used to paint Greek goddesses
Without their stays and bodices:
But my reputation's fallen with the pound.
I no longer rival TITIAN,
I'm a Royal Academician
With a flare for mongrel, puppy, whelp and



CAN SHE HOLD HIM?



The Abbey Again.

Having heard to my great relief that the whitening which is being applied to the north entrance of Westminster Abbey is not paint, as I thought (and as a too-informative constable assured me), but a preservative wash, I went again to examine it. It is true that the whitening is less enduring than paint, and I am glad of it, but I wish that no such treatment had been imperative. Yet since I entered the Abbey again, I must forgive all.

The last time, three or four weeks ago, I was in the Abbey I found myself entranced by Henry the Seventh's Chapel. On this new visit I walked about

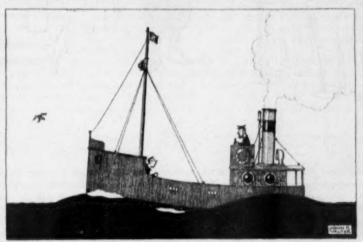
the aisles, and I may say at once that the reason there is no more room for great and desirable monuments is that there are already too many indifferent ones. Because, for a reason not sufficiently examined, it was decided two or three hundred years ago that this last restingplace of Kings and Queens, and, as we now contemplate it. for British master minds generally, should be shared also by admirals, soldiers and politicians, each of whom seems to have claimed for his

elaborate commemorative masonry far too much room and, I imagine, to have obtained it without any trouble. Look, for example, immediately on the right as you enter the north doorway, at the florid soaring monument to Charles Wager, with a relief of the destruction of Spanish ships; look opposite at the monument, equally imposing, to Charles the Second's Duke of New-Castle. Both could be sufficiently well-served, in this unique building, by a tablet; but they were allowed to be thus pompous and apparently they must not be disturbed.

Charles James Fox has, it is true, a simple floor tomb between them; and what could be better? But when you reach what Dean Stanley used to call "Whigs' Corner," north of the west entrance, you will find a gigantic group, with Fox, insufficiently clad, in the midst, while the centre of this chapel (where Gordon and Chamberlain and

Arnold of Rugby modestly figure) is taken up by a gigantic efflorescence, with two very bad lions, to Viscount Howe of Massachusetts.

There is indeed one chapel, among the sixpence extras, where the tombs of inconspicuous and forgotten persons are so huge that they fill the place to the exclusion of any possible addition. This is the one chapel, east of the north transept, our entrance point, which now comprises the chapels of St. John the Evangelist, St. Michael and St. Andrew, where two imitation Renaissance tombs, one to Sir Francis de Vere and one to Lord Norris, may be seen; at least not exactly seen, for they are obscured and illegible, but noticed. It would be absurd to do away with



"WHAT DO I DO, SKIPPER? THERE ARE SIX STOWAWAYS ON BOARD."

them, but what, in this huddle, can they mean to anyone? Is not transference a possibility? I do not recommend the removal of the dramatic sculpture by ROUBILLIAC, also here, representing Death, emerging from the crypt below, thrusting his dart at Lady NIGHTINGALE, but of course it has no place in the Abbey. It should be the special attraction of some village church. The adjacent memorials to Wolfe and Kempenfeldt and Sir John Franklin are proper enough, but no one should ever be so big as THOMAS TELFORD, also here, or even as Mrs. Siddons, who, although three or four feet shorter than the roadmaker, is still colossal.

What it comes to is this: that the Deans and Chapters of the past were far too lenient. The trouble is that there is now no room except for ashes after cremation, and that is why Thomas Hardy, O.M., in the floor of

the chapel adjoining Poets' Corner, has only a slab a foot or so square. Sailors, soldiers and statesmen of the past, with a sprinkling of ordinary people with money, could have memorials that occupy yards of wall-space; but no one of eminence now dying can have anything but a relief, a bust or a tablet.

But can anything be done? Would it be possible so to edit the Abbey as to make it really a representative valhalla? So far as I can gather, Thomas Thynn, for instance, a favourite of Charles II., whose monument will be found on the north wall of the south choir aisle, with its relief illustrating his murder in a coach, this murder being the principal reason why he is

here—so far as I can gather, THOMAS THYNN lived at Longleat, in Wiltshire. Why should not Long. leat accept this memorial? And so on with the memorials to other illustrious dust which was not so illustrious? Then there might be room for, say, GEORGE MERE-DITH, who was refused admittance under one authority, and John GALSWORTHY, who suffered the same fate under another.

But what a glorious possession this Abbey is and what a footnote to history.

science and art! On this visit I looked into that space under the belfry which Dean Stanley used to call "Little Poets' Corner," because Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold and Charles Kingsley were honoured there, but which lately has been converted into a sanctuary in memory of Field-Marshal Lord Plumer and is now known as "Warrior's Chapel," a Westminster correlative to Lord Kitchener's beautiful chapel at St. Paul's.

It was after leaving this latest of the chapels that I joined a party of mixed nationality to listen to the guide telling them in French about WILLIAM CONGREVE, his comedies and his friendship with VOLTAIRE, and then a little later expanding, in American, on the gallantry of Major John André. It was here that, breaking from them, I came upon the memorial to Thynn which could so easily be spared.

E. V. L.



A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSMAN AND TRAVELLER PRESENTS THE LOCAL ANGLERS' CLUB WITH A MASCOT.

How to Do and Say in England.

Apt Behaviourism for Nordic Students.

II.-Picknik or Roughing Along Somehow.

STUDENTS! If you go upon an expedition with the idea of eating and drinking in the openair, there are one or two points you must be apprehensive about. Behaviourism may be looser, but yet there are social laws of which you must sit up and take notice, even beyond doors.

(1) Dress. If a gent., you may go about wearing no tie at all and still muster as one who is a perfect gentleperson, while white flanneaux give a sporti tinge to the appearance. Klub blazor every time.

If of the softer sex, you are permitted to say "Goodbi!" to your hosen and a light white froeque is mentionable, if of the best stuff that money can buy.

(2) How to carry-on. Be of assistance. It is usually a question of all hands to the plough and no heeltapps. For the menpeople, there will be undoing of tin-canns and the stiffer tasks, while for the ladifolk much work such as handing over the good things and outpouring of the liquid assets, when they have been de-stoppered by the he-men of the parti.

To schirk is to show that you are not a chip of the old salt and have not the well-known old englisch gutz. It is always correct to have these.

(3) Countenance. Always be cheeri and not the moist A century more or less is nothing to a cricketer.

blanket, which englisch folk do not like you to go in for If you are cooking the edibilities over a driftwood fire and the ignition should collapse, making it necessary to attempt further combustion with the ultimate lucifer, do not pull some long faces, but give a merry "Ho! Ho!" and pass a glad remarque. For instance, "Gracious! Oh, what a pretti to-do! But never mind, I say, try, try some more, ch? Better late than not at all!" ("Greh'schoss! O, huott ä pritti tu-du! Bött näwär meindd, ei seh, trei, trei söm mor, e? Bätter leht dhann nött ätt öll!")

Never cast a cigarette-end into an ambusch, lest the blaze develop.

Never relinquisch ods and ends. To permit rubbisch to repose on the turf is not even the privilege of the best people.

Glimpses of the Obvious.

"During the holidays a complicated beauty routine is tedious But on the ten-minute treatment suggested here you need spend only ten minutes a day,"—Evening Paper,

"GENERAL ELECTION IN GERMANY.

London, Monday, August 12th. The General Election in Britain is now expected in Germany. Sierra Leone Paper.

By whom, now that Professor Einstein has left?

"Mrs. Bowes, the wife of 'Bill' Bowes, the England and Yorkshire bowler, gave birth to a son in a Leeds nursing home on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Bowes were married in October, 1393.

Birmingham Paper.

The Balance.

"The Treasurer writes to say that he will not be along till later," said the Vicar to the assembled members of the committee of the Little Wobbley Literary Society, "but he has sent a brief statement of accounts, from which it appears that we made a profit last year of £3 14s. 4d., which brings our balance at the bank to £27 13s. 1d."

Colonel Hogg rose to his feet and cleared his throat.

"I don't see why we need to keep such a stupidly large balance at the bank. I propose that this year we should pursue a bold forward policy, and spend some of that twenty-seven pounds on getting a really first-rate speaker for one of our meetings. Bernard Shaw or Einstein or Dean Inge or Fred Perry. . . ."

The Colonel sat down and the Vicar

"I agree with our friend up to a point," he said, "and I think it would be a good idea to break into our capital and get one really first-rate speaker. But I must admit quite frankly that none of the names he mentions appeals to me. After all, we are a *Literary* Society..."

"Bernard Shaw is as literary as you are," interpolated the Colonel. "Who else would you suggest?"

"Sir James Barrie or G. K. Ches-

"If we want to spend the money," said Miss Wagg, "why not a new magic-lantern? I expect they have invented one by now that doesn't keep putting the nictures unside down."

the pictures upside-down."

"You will most certainly not get a new magic-lantern," said Johnson-Clitheroe, our lanternist, "or you must get a new lanternist as well. Magic-lanterns are temperamental things, and it has taken me ten years to get the hang of our present one. As for pictures being upside-down, I suppose Miss Wagg is referring to the incidents that occurred when I worked the lantern for her lecture on 'Lazy Days amid the Lakes.' If Miss Wagg had taken the trouble to put the slides the right way up in the box there would have been no trouble, and anyway

most of the photographs looked much the same whichever way up you put 'em."

"To return to the Colonel's original suggestion," said the Vicar, "are we all agreed that we might in the coming season expend—say—twenty pounds on a bold forward policy?"

The meeting signified its assent.

"Then I suggest," said the Vicar,
"that the money be spent on new chairs for the Parish Hall. Not only would the members of the Literary Society thus be made more comfortable, but they could also be used by the Sunday School and all the other organisations. Every time a little child sat on one of the beautiful new chairs he would say to himself, "When I grow up I must join the Literary Society." It would be a splendid advertisement and probably get you lots of new members."

At that moment the Treasurer came

"Splendid, wasn't it, being able to knock three pounds fourteen and fourpence off our overdraft?" he said.



Envious Neighbour. "GOSH! A SWIMMIN'-POOL."

At the Play.

"FULL HOUSE" (HAYMARKET).

To be told that Bridge-clubs are owed huge sums by their women-members would deter most of us, if we needed a deterrent, from turning our houses into gamblingsaloons; but somewhere in the troubled shallows of her mind Frynne Rodney (Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE) found sufficient encourage. ment in this information to sell her beauty-parlour and fill her house with bellfruit machines and illegal tables.

The flight of Frynne Rodneu's thought was no less difficult to follow than that of the snipe, and her staggering ignorance of the commonest pieces of general knowledge, in spite of her cultured manner and great social charm, made one wonder in what sort of vacuum she had spent

Novello's decision to make her the queen-pin of his new farcical comedy. Mrs. Malaprop of Lancaster Gate this might as truly have been called; and, though the idea was amusing, Mr. Novello had to work it much too hard before the evening was out.

Not that she was alone in eccentricity. For her younger sister, Lola, who had grown bored with marriage, lived with her and on her, passing the days consuming chocolates in a horizontal position and slandering a constitution of exceptional vigour. The part of Lola was admirably taken by Miss ISABEL JEANS, than whom no actress gets more evident delight from rolling pearls of arrogant egotism from the tip of a tired tongue.

Normality, or something nearer it. was represented in the home by Frynne Rodney's son, John (Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS) and by the parlourmaid, Maud (Miss Maidle Andrews), a very sound girl, and these two did their best to resist the asylum atmosphere which would keep creeping in.

Although Frynne, running well up to form, handicapped the openingnight of her gambling-joint by forgetting to post any of the invitations, the venture was successful as gambling can only be in a country where a long series of paternal Governments have laboriously put a premium on the pastime by their disapproval; the takings went ostensibly to charity, but

charity can cover a multitude of Frynnes. And every night this hopeful woman solemnly altered the date on her original Police Permit.

Such a happy state of affairs might



CURIOSITIES FROM THE HAYMARKET. CHOCOLATE-EATER PREPARING TO SPANK STABLE-LAD.

Lola Leadenhall Miss Isabel Jeans. Lady April Hannington Miss Heather Tha . . . , MISS HEATHER THATCHER.

the years which preceded Mr. Ivon have continued but for the unexpected resuscitation of Lola, who came to with a bump when her husband called to introduce—who says the moderns have no manners ?-- the girl with whom



CURIOSITIES FROM THE HAYMARKET.

EXPONENT OF MODERN WOMAN'S INTELLI-

Frynne Rodney . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

he was contemplating a second marriage. Her name was Lady April (Miss HEATHER THATCHER), she thought the horse the noblest of God's creatures. she dressed accordingly, and her ap-

pearance, for she was pretty. so fanned an unsuspected spark of jealousy in Lola that our hypochondriae took to striding about the Park, wolfing boiled egg teas and beating her rival across her knee, by which methods she quickly recaptured her husband. This was no tragedy, as Lady April and John Rodney were already getting to-gether; nor did it matter when Lord Hannington (Mr. HUBERT HARBEN), Lady April's father, who presided over the Divorce Courts and was therefore a bit of a policeman, objected to the regularity with which his daughter was losing his money and descended on the Club in snarky mood, for he immediately discovered that Frynne, on

the stage, had been the heroine of his youth. Aided by two music-hall policemen he killed the Club with a mockraid, and the final curtain fell on the edifying spectacle of the President of the Divorce Courts embarking for the second time on one of those very partnerships of which you would have expected him to have been so heartily sick.

As a play this piece is thin and aimless, but as light entertainment, to be accepted at its face-value and as a farce rather than a comedy, it has a passing merit. Mr. Novello has kept it crisp and has timed his best lin with considerable skill, while Mr. LESLIE HENSON'S production is gay and swift. Absurdity is never abandoned for long.

As I have already hinted, the situation of an aged lady displaying the acumen of an infant can be, and has here been, much overdone, but Miss BRAITHWAITE lends her charming self to nonsense with such infectious enthusiasm that to complain makes one feel like a churlish grown-up at a children's party.

Miss THATCHER'S Lady April was decorative and lively, her first appearance being so effectively suggestive of the stables that sufferers from hayfever began to toy with their handkerchiefs; Mr. HARBEN played the romantic Judge with a sure touch; Mr. Andrews' honest John helped greatly to hold the play together; Mr. John WILLIAMS' errant husband was as near three dimensions as any of the characters got; and there was good comedy in Mr. Frank Cochrane's elderly Jewish admirer, who laid not only his

heart but his open chequebook at Frynne Rodney's undeserving feet. Eric.

At the Music-Hall.

"ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET" (PALLADIUM).

LIFE, it will be remembered, begins at Oxford Circus, and the title of Mr. GEORGE BLACK's "New Style Entertainment" seems to imply that it continues in the same neighbourhood. Indeed we get two glimpses of what is alleged to be Regent Street, which would appear to be situated in the tropics, and the second of these ("Prehistoric Regent Street") is calculated to provoke thought among archeologists.

Nevertheless this entertainment is not so New Style as to have taken Regent Street or anything else for its unifying idea. Even Mr. BUD FLANAGAN, who is liable to appear at any moment in any costume from any part of the house, can hardly be described as more than a connect-

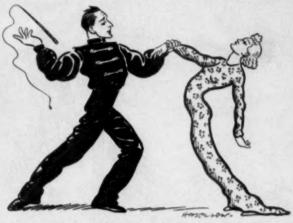
ing link.
"Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen," say the posters, leading one to suppose that Mr. Flanagan has one-sixth of the fun. To put it mildly, he has more. So does Mr. Teddie Knox; at least I got that impression.

It is difficult to write adequately of a show like this without enumerating the turns and giving to each the verbal equivalent of a tick or a cross; but something may be done with a system of classification.

To begin with three turns that might come under the heading "Independents": The Six Lias, SHEILA BARRETT, and Four Flash Devils. The Six Lias make a startling appearance in "The Flower Market" in "Regent Street," where they twirl about, balance and throw each other from place to place with a competent but alarming negligence. Miss Sheila Barrett, "America's Foremost Impressionist, made the tactical error of beginning with imitations of ZASU PITTS and GRETA GARBO, who have been imitated too often before; but then came a most excellent impression of LIONEL BARRYMORE as a "defending attorney" addressing a jury on behalf of Minnie the Moocher. As for Four Flash Devils,

"Eight Flying Feet," their miraculous tap-dancing got some of the loudest applause of the evening.

"Olde London Towne," a group of five itemmes (if I may say so) or turnes,



is an odd mixture, but entertaining and mostly good to look at. On the purely decorative side I liked "Sweet Lavender," in which was a charming waltz by a pair who had earlier appeared as an energetic and affectionate Panther and its Trainer (RUTH HARRISON and ALEX FISHER).



THE MANLY WIDOW.

Prince Danilo . . Mr. Teddie Knox.

The Widow . . . Mr. Jimmy Nervo.

"Vauxhall Gardens, 1750" was more spectacular—there was what is commonly known as Real Water in the fountains, and a rash of red and blue lights spread from the stage suddenly all over the auditorium—but in my opinion less impressive. Then there was "The Punch and Judy Man" (Mr.

TEDDIE KNOX again), who brought on a placid little white dog which did some cheerful acrobatics.

Of the sketches, apart from the elaborate burlesque of The Merry Widow,

possibly the most popular was "Out of Town To-night," in which Messrs. NAUGHTON and GOLD were seen creating have at Broadcasting House. Looking back at this, practically all I can remember is that everyone kept falling down; but the exuberance with which Mr. GOLD falls down, and the gratification with which Mr. NAUGHTON announces the fact to "mutherr" over the microphone, are worth a good deal.

Well, the whole thing is as difficult to sum up at the end as it was to outline at the beginning. The easiest thing to say is that, if you like this kind of entertainment at all, it is very probable indeed that you will

enjoy Round About Regent Street.

The Promenade Concerts.

THE "Proms," prosperously launched on their forty-first season on August 10th, are now in full swing, and the concert of Tuesday the 27th revealed no falling off from the high standard with which we have long been familiar. Sir Henry Wood has never conducted with greater or more inspiring vigour. witness the grateful salutations of the soloists at the close of their performances, and his tumultuous reception by the audience. As for the band, I was more than ever impressed by the unanimity of the "even bowing" of the strings-as of one man. (The phrase is not perhaps well chosen, for there are many women-players in the band, which this season is led by that admirable artist, Miss MARIE WILSON.)

It was called a Russian night, and there was quite enough Russian music to justify the title—a symphony and an aria by Tchaikovsky, songs by Moussorgsky and Glinka, and a violin concerto by Stravinsky. But the second part included a work by a British composer and an overture by Sibelius, who as a Finn is next-door to Russia, though far removed from Russian influences as a composer. The "Prom." audience remains one of the best in the world in regard to immobility and attentiveness during the performance of the music. It is perhaps



"WHY, MAN, I THOUGHT YOU HAD A NOTICE UP WARNING HIKERS OF THAT BULL?"

"AY, PARSON; BUT OF TOOK IT DOWN T'OTHER DAY COS THE OLD BULL'S BEEN THAT SEEDY LATELY OF THOUGHT A BIT O' EXERCISE WOULD DO 'DM GOOD."

too impartial in the display of its enthusiasm to be regarded as highly critical; and if it were possible to record the volume of applause bestowed on the different numbers in "decibels" (the new unit of sound) the results might be rather puzzling. I am inclined to think this is due to the loyalty of the audience to Sir HENRY Wood. Anything he thinks worthy of performance must be good, or at any rate deserves a friendly hearing. Personally, I find no cause for complaint in the prolonged demonstration at the close of TCHAIKOVSKY'S E major and minor Symphony (No. 5). Here we had a splendidly vigorous and sonorous rendering of a great if unequal work, full of fascinating melody (in which the wood and wind vied with each other in prodigies of virtuosity) and tremendous climaxes. The highbrowed critic of to-day would probably pass it over with the comment that it was "also included in the programme," but as an old Promenader I am content to record my gratitude for the chance of rehearing a noble work nobly played.

Progressive phases in the development of Russian musical genius were illustrated by GLINKA'S Midnight Re-

view, and an aria from TCHAIKOVSKY'S Joan of Arc, devoid of any characteristic national quality, both competently sung by TATIANA MAKUSHINA; the soliloguy from Moussorgsky's Boris Godounov, which Mr. WILLIAM HEUGHAN invested with gloom rather than grandeur; Rimsky-Korsakov's overture to his first opera, Ivan the Terrible, a vivid picture of fierce mediæval unrest; and STRAVINSKY's violin concerto in D, a difficult, extravagantly capricious and intensely exciting work, though its appeal is cerebral rather than emotional. The solo part was brilliantly played by Mr. Antonio Brosa. Mr. FRANK BRIDGE'S Dance Poem, composed twenty-two years ago, is assuredly not "dated." It might have been written yesterday. The only criticism I have to make is that Mr. BRIDGE, an admirable player and conductor, and a most accomplished all-round musician, carries perhaps too many and too heavy guns for the perfect treatment of themes all of them in waltz measure. C. L. G.

"Bull in Nudist Camp."

Provincial Paper.

We thought there were only bares.

Overheard in Devon.

In Devon, I tell 'ee, Life's one char-party, From Start to Harty, Bound for Clovelly.

Yet I minds well
When 'twasn't man's sport
To make a smell
And call it transport.

My dear soul, Hikers too—they'm droll. My dear senses, No good puttin' up fences!

"SCOUTS' HAPPY TIME IN CAMP.
A WEER'S HOLIDAY NEAR BEER."

Headlines in Woking Paper.

Whose good turn was that?

"A chicken house was burnt to the ground, but, fortunately, the chicken had previously been allowed to leave."—Local Paper.

The egg also marched out without panic.

Our Cynical Musicians.

"As the train drew in the combined Salvation Army bands struck up Praise Gold From Whom All Blessings Flow.'"

New Zealand Paper.



REHEARSAL.

It is true Sir Eldred Beechwood had a liver at the time, but the orchestra definitely had not been giving of their best.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

Thursday, 1st August, 1935.

Dear Sir,—I hopes you are enjoying your holiday; but Sir, will you please write to Commander Harrington Nettle, him saying for the last four days that his port is corked, but not Sir until after he has drunk it, and then him demanding me to open another bottle and to give him a free

glass out of that.

I am sorry Sir, I am unable to manage him like you, and he knowing it, and taking advantage of your being

Well Sir, I am in a dead sweat and hoping you will be back soon.

Yours faithfully, EPHRAIM WOBBLEGOOSE, House Steward.

P.S.—General Forcursue has been complaining again about the Page biting his nails.

From Harry Cleek, Professional to the Roughover Golf Club.

1/8/35. DEAR MR. WHELK, -Seeing that you are on holiday I am taking this opportunity of bringing to your notice a rather delicate matter, i.e., the lessons I have given to Admiral Snevring-Stymie during the years 1932/35-for never have I received a shilling for all the pains I have taken on his behalf. Not Mr. Whelk that I haven't approached him on the subject, for this have and on several occasions, but the argument he uses is that I never do him any good and he doesn't see why he should pay for what he hasn't received.

Perhaps, Mr. Whelk, you could drop him a line—now that you are at a good distance from the Club.

Yours faithfully, HARRY CLEEK.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club.

August, 1935.

Mr. Whelk, Sir,—I had your address from the Steward, and this is to tell you, Sir, that the General called me a "Dirty Old Grasshopper" this morning, when I was seything the rough and him looking for his ball which he said I had put my foot on with intent to steal same.

Now Mr. Whelk, I have taken insults from Club Members before, but, Sir, there is a lot more the General said that I couldn't put on this clean paper, and no mistake.

Well Sir, I hope this finds you in the Pink, and hoping for a satisfactory reply by return.

The Club's humble servant,
F. PLANTAIN.

From John Baggs, Caddymaster, Roughover Golf Club.

SIB,—Mr Lionel Nutmeg has been blaming me for losing his No. 4 Iron which he threw in the pond when playing the Rev. Cyril Brassie in the Ladies Spring Vase last April. Mr. Nutmeg has not been playing much this summer and has apparently forgotten the incident; so as I have no wish to remind him, please could you put matters right by sending him

Yours respectfully, J. Baggs.

From Daniel Flickwicket, Starter, Roughover Golf Club.

a P.C.

2/8/35.

Dear Sir,—There was terrible goings on at the first tee this morning, General Forcursue, Mr. Nutmeg, Admiral Stymie and Commander Nettle playing a fourball and wanting to go out before 10.30 a.m. (the regulation time before which four ball matches can't go), and they raging at me because I told Miss Whin and the Honorable Norah Spoon that they was to go first being a single match.

Now, Sir, it is not all along of the regulations the trouble was, as you possibly know right well—it being along of Miss Whin's father telling the General in July, 1927, he was no gentleman, when he blew a cork out of his mouth in the Club Bar to show the way he thought a North American skunk defended itself with that there smell.

Well, Mr. Whelk, I am never a one to make trouble, but Sir, the General shook his driver in my face and ignored my saying he could not go, and also threatening that if I reported the matter to you he'd see I was sacked; and me saying he could go to "you know where" and I would report him; which expression I was sorry for later, but, Sir, he is an aggravating man and no mistake.

Hoping you will be back soon.

Yours, Sir, D. FLICKWICKET.

From Bill Shrugg, Ranger, Roughover Golf Club.

Mr. Whelk,—I am in trouble, Sir, and it was like this, for while out on the links this afternoon I asked what I took for a visitor for his ticket. And

says I civil, "Your ticket, please, Sir." but he turns round all flushed like and haughty, and says he, "I am a Member here, how dare you?" And then, Sir, instead of my asking his name I thinks it is Lord Eustace Thwipe who I saw but once, so I says, Sorry, Lord Eustace," and, Sir, it wasn't him at all it being Admiral Sneyring Stymie's brother-in-law, Mr. Krigg, the one that joined before going to Sweden in 1933 and what always played by himself. And now Sir, he is having it in for me to you, and is to report me to the Ad. miral as well, and Sir it was all a mistake of identity and me willing to apologise, but not given the chance, purposely.

Hoping you will see justice done as

usual.

Yours. Sir, W. Shrugg.

From Tom Furr, Rabbit Trapper, Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR SIR,—This is to report that Mr. McWhigg lost his ball in the warren on Tuesday and made me dig out 9 burrows to a depth of 8 feet approx. afore I found it; and I lost valuable time thereby; and Sir I said I would report him, for that is why I have only $16\frac{1}{2}$ couple this week, which is not much use.

Yours faithfully, Tom Furb.

P.S.—The new ferret bit me Tuesday.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

Dear Whelk,—In reply to your letter of the 4th asking for extension of leave, my answer is certainly not. You can't fool me into thinking you are still far from well because I happen to know that there are several staff matters requiring your urgent attention at the Club, and naturally you feel that the longer you are away the more chance there will be of their blowing over.

If you had not been deceitful over this matter, Whelk, I might have done something for you, but as things stand you will I know agree that I have no option but to insist that you cut short what remains of your original leave and return home by the first available train.

It is doubtful, in view of what has happened, if you will be allowed a

holiday next year. Yours faithfully,

faithfully, RALPH VINEY.

P.S.—Why do you tempt Providence so often? G. C. N.



"DIDN'T I TELL YOU WHEN YOU CAME HALF-AN-HOUR AGO WE WERE CLOSED AND I HADN'T GOT A WHITE LOAF?"

"YES, BUT THAT WAS FOR MOTHER. THIS IS FOR GRANNY."

As Others Hear Us.

What Every Doctor Knows.

"What I feel is, it may be just a chill, or she may really be starting something. It can't be whooping-cough, that's one thing."

"She's had whooping-cough?"

"Oh no, she hasn't had it. But it doesn't sound to me in the least like whooping-cough. The poor mite was coughing last night, but not like whooping-cough. Besides, I had it myself as a child, so I know exactly what it's like. No, I think this may either

be a chill, or else something quite different."

"Has she been in contact with-

"Yes. That's what I really want to tell you about. This miserable friend of mine, though why I call her a triend I can't think, rang up last night and said that her boy, who's frightfully delicate, which my children are not. They're both highly-strung, I'm afraid, especially this one who I want you to look at, but they're thoroughly healthy, if you see what I mcan. Well, this tiresome woman rang up in the very middle of dinner, of all times to choose, and calmly said that she felt

she ought to let me know that her boy was supposed to have measles."

"Measles?"

"That's what she said. I daresay it's only a rash, you know. He's the only child, and I always think parents of only children are inclined to be fussy. It's a thing I've never been myself. Fresh air, I always say, and a perfectly regular life, and run no risks, and the result is, tap wood, they never have anything the matter with them."

"Well, shall I have a look at——"
"I took her temperature last night and again this morning, and I should say it was over a hundred."



"DAMME, SIR, WHAT SORT OF MOTEL IS THIS. ALLOWING THE WAITERS TO GO ABOUT WITH OPEN-NECKED SHIRTS?"

"Over a hundred?"

"Well, I think so. Of course a temperature always goes up at night and down in the morning, everyone knows that. The only thing is I can't feel absolutely certain I'd really shaken the thermometer down, it's a particularly stiff one. You know how they vary.

"What about this morning?" "Ah, this morning I really am quite certain about. I made her keep it in a full five minutes. It says a minuteand-a-half, so I thought I'd better

make it five minutes. It was ninetynine point seven.'

"That's not-"Oh no, I know it isn't, but I think she may be like me. I never run a high temperature, simply never. I'm just as ill, you know, but it just doesn't take that form. I remember our old doctor at home, when I nearly died of diphtheria, saving how extraordinary

it was." Really."

"So I think this may be the same."

"I'd better come up and have a look at her, I think.

"Yes, do. Mind your head, won't

you? These old doorways. I've kept everyone away, in case of infection, except the housemaid and Mademoiselle, who says she's had it, and myself."

"It isn't very likely that any grown-

"Oh, I know, but people do get it twice. My husband's old auntshe lived at Warwick, as a matter of fact she's buried there-had German measles twice and ordinary measles twice, and something else, like scarletfever or something, half-a-dozen times. And in the end she died at eightysomething, of Spanish 'flu. Do be careful, there's a step there. These old houses, I always think.'

"I purposely didn't ask you in front of her, she's so frightfully highlystrung, but I'm sure you do think it's measles-mind the step; old houses, I always think-I'm certain I can see measles in your eye.

"It certainly might be measles, but it's a little early to be-

"Still, what I always say is one might as well be prepared for the worst, and I've got a feeling it is going

to be measles. Though it might be only a chill, of course. Mind your head, won't you?"

"Thanks. Well, now I should seriadvise keeping the other

child

"Will you believe it, when my sister had measles at eleven years old I was put into the same bed with her, so that I might catch it and get it all over at once? I'm afraid the children were all playing together up to last night, but naturally I shall be most careful."

"As to treatment-

"Well, I really do know all about nursing, as it happens. I remember when my husband had influenza a year or two ago the doctor-because we happened to be in rooms at Bude then, with an odious landlady-simply said to me: 'You know more about it than I do; I shan't come again.' Doesn't that show?"

Try Southend in the later part of

[&]quot;How the duliness of our seaside resorts would be lightened by the appearance of few monsters!"—Letter to Daily Paper.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Boy at the Back of Beyond.

FOR all its beauty and fascination, I should only bestow Mr. JOHN MASE-FIELD's new wonderland story on the toughest of readers - boys and girls who can enjoy (say) the brigands in Pinocchio or the witches in The Wild Swans without turning a hair. For brigands abound in The Box of Delights (HEINEMANN, 7/6), modern brigands in clerical collars and aeroplanes; and there is a most convincing witch who was (before marriage) governess to the hero. Kay Harker, the hero aforesaid, encounters adventures at once horrific and wonderful through his temporary guardianship of a magic box that not only lets you into the past but gives you swiftness and smallness at will. A Punch-and-Judy showman unearths this talisman, over which ARNOLD of Todi and RAMON LULLY had squabbled in the Middle Ages, and confides it to Kay: with the result that Kay (at the very outset of the holidays) comes in for a hot time. For others are after it. And not even the resource and valour of an heroic circle (among whom I particularly commend the broadside figure of Maria Jones) can prevent Kay from undergoing a hair-raising ordeal in a welter of plots and counterplots.

Thick-Witted War.

Mr. Humphrey Cobb preaches peace by declaring once again in the guise of fiction the cruelty and beastliness and black stupidity of war. In Paths of Glory (HEINEMANN, 7/6) he tells how a heroic but weary French regiment is thrown against an impregnable German position, to be beaten back almost before it leaves its trenches. To save the face of an incompetent general, victims are called for, and three men are selected for trial by summary court-martial on a mythical charge of cowardice. The book is worth reading if only to see how the three are chosen, what manner of men they are,

and what iniquity follows the choice. The story rings true and can be matched from actual records; while the ugliness of detail, though over-stressed if the tale were to be regarded simply as a tale, is assuredly not exaggerated. It lurks still in the mental background of the War generation. One would like to cry aloud for all who glorify war to note the senseless grip and grinding of the toothed wheels of war machinery once set in motion. Fortunately the book has narrative values that will take it far afield.

Pity a Poor Parent.

A middle-aged mother and her painful education by life and her offspring is the core of the somewhat inaptly-



"MISTER, I NO STAB; I SELL 'IM. ONE POUND-ENGLISH MONNEY."

named Four Gardens (BARKEB, 7/6). "Inaptly," I suggest, because the title will undoubtedly indicate some kind of horticultural pot-pourri to the garden-lover in the library; whereas gardens, big and little, are no more (but no less) than Caroline Smith's recurrent consolation for sentimental and domestic betrayal. The sensitive child of South London bourgeoisie, thwarted in a romance with a social "superior," Caroline makes a marriage of convenience with an equal. But the Great War and a successful deal in Army boots bring Harry Smith and Caroline to the top, an uncomfortable elevation for the woman, who feels equally ill at ease with impoverished gentlefolk and her own unlicked offspring. Cubs of the Lal and Leon species

(attributed here to Oxford and Cambridge respectively) are too plentiful to be interesting. And though Miss Margery Sharp gets a certain amount of rather rueful fun out of their pretentious antics, I found her heroine's encounters with the new poor (tragic Mrs. Cornwallis, for instance, and shrewd Lady Tregarthan) the most attractive passages of a clever, sympathetic and unassuming book.

Mental Mysteries.

Although The House in Paris (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) cannot be

called a mystery story in the ordinary sense, it has many of the qualities which a good mystery story ought to possess. There are innumerable psychological puzzles, and all the clues are there if only you can spot them. There can be noquestion that it is difficult to read. Miss ELIZA-BETH BOWEN knows every turn and corner in the minds of all the people, young and old, whom she presents, and she has the knack of giving you the information in a rather elusive way. Thus, in some of the dialogue you get the feeling that she must be secretly prompting the speakers. When Karen says something, you suspect that Max could hardly leap quite so quickly to her meaning unless the author were whispering in his ear that she is alluding to So-and-so. And Karen must similarly be reminded that Max. fifty pages back,

made a gesture which, if she had understood it, explained everything. All this kind of thing in a story which in itself is far too complicated to summarise briefly makes you keep your wits about you—or, anyhow, try to. I think the effort is well worth while.

Good Berries.

Mr. C. W. Berry must command almost universal envy; for how many of us possess an excuse so good as his for spending eight fascinating weeks touring the vineyards of France, or a palate so celebrated that wine-growers are proud to offer it the rarest treasures of the past? In Search

of Wine (CONSTABLE, 7/6) is his record of such a tour, carried out last year in a small car driven in turn by three vinophilous amateur chauffeurs, and it is a book to be treasured for its wise (but never arrogant) observations on the grape. Champagne, Burgundy, Cognae, Claret, Armagnae and the Rhone wines were the main points on which Mr. Berry plotted his glorious and memorable curve; these and the minor intermediate points found him always an interested experimenter, and to the tasting of each vintage he brought a ripe judgment and an imperishable zest. His comments

on French hotels (alas! those soulless bath - plugs!) and on his day. to-day adventures are shrewd and entertaining, and, though some may find his style a little too discursive, all true winelovers will welcome the book. It contains a masterly summing-up of the years of each main French vintage, an index and an excellent map.

Masquerade.

Life in the little town of Satuit, Massachusetts was serene and decorous until Ace Blaikie, a prominent member of his social set, was murdered. Upheavals followed, and in Murder in Fancy Dress (HEINEMANN, 7/6) Miss INEZ HAYNES IRWIN givesa vivid picture of Satuit society in days of suspicion and trouble. The reactions of those involved in the tragedy are convincing, and to amateurs of crime a real chance is given of solving a



"Eefa you like eet, my friend Tonio will maka for you to sing?"

knotty problem. Unlike the majority of books of this type, especially those which come from America, Miss Irwin's story is quietly and charmingly told, and she gets her effects all the more surely because she never strains for them. A noteworthy addition to the library of detective fiction.

Canine Depravity.

"Dog Bets to get Money for Marriage."

Headline in Local Paper.

Several Impending Apologies.

"Many other brides in the collection are scheduled as anciest monuments."—Bath Paper.

Charivaria.

A CRITIC of Abyssinia would like more of Africa brought into the sun. Another complaint is that too little of Except, of course, on a pyramid. the continent is in the shade.

Chief Sitting Eagle of the Sioux Indians declares that his people would

not take back North America as a gift. So any idea of offering it to them as a solution of present problems might as well be abandoned.

Rutland is being excavated in search of a lost village. Though not wide, Rutland is pretty deep.

On the hundredth birthday of the Great Western Railway, passengers who said to booking - office clerks, "Many happy re-turns," were asked to be more definite.

An amateur footballer is still playing regularly at the age of fifty-seven. He must be a link with the days when the game was played in top-hats.

Hoxton traffic was held up when an Italian organgrinder's monkey got under a stationary bus and refused to be coaxed out until the vehicle was lifted. Waiting drivers advocated "sanctions."

A centenarian in Canada attributes his great age to the fact that he has

never done a stroke of work. This will lead to a number of boys insisting that their fathers put them into the Oldest Inhabitant Business.

"Socially there is nothing to be said against the film colony of Hollywood,' says a critic. Except perhaps that so many film stars seem to move in the best triangles.

"Inhabitants of this country in A.D. 200 tried to make fires with a kind

of slate," a historian informs us. And they still do.

"There is always more room to be found at the top," says a lecturer.

Most film stars work six days out of every seven, we read. This leaves hardly any time for the honeymoon.

however, would be out of place on bridegrooms' faces.

It is pointed out that a nudist camp in Dorset is within a stone's-throw of the main road. But no doubt it will be moved out of range.

An airman crashed on a golf-course

near London. It is cads like this who put a fellow right off his game.

We estimate that if all the old-world cottages in Britain were to be placed side by side along one of the new arterial roads, they would be snapped up as tea-rooms.

A correspondent asks what is the oldest chophouse in London. Undoubtedly this great honour belongs to the Tower.

Somebody points out that it is not generally realised that telephonegirls are civil servants. But not very. * *

It has been stated by a magistrate that it is always dangerous for a motorist to have a drink. A case in fact of one swallow making a summons.

A farmer complained in court that his only boy ran away to London as soon as he left school in order to become a bootblack. So now he has to make hay while the son shines.

"The average pupil soon finds his feet in the air these days," says a well-known airman. These remarks also apply to roller-skating.

A partial eclipse of the sun is expected in Germany about the end of September. This is of course providing HITLER gives his consent.

A pageant was delayed owing to one Cornfield effects are to be fashionable of the performers having lost his false nose. It turned up in the end, however.



Earnest Soul. "You see, I want to study the underworld or LONDON JUST AS IT IS.

Stallkeeper. "RIGHT-O, ME LAD! THEN WE WON'T 'AVE IT ALTERED FOR YOU.

"What," asks an essayist, "is at the

back of all this crossword business?"

Just the part of the paper the rest of

the family wants, usually.

A woman journalist has started a school to teach women how to buy clothes. Why doesn't somebody start a swimming school for fish?

for weddings this autumn. Stubble,

Business for Pleasure.

V.-On Overseas Markets.

" Sell them the rotten, buy the ripe. Their heads are weak, their pockets burn.

Aleppo men are mighty fools . . ."-James Elroy Flecker.

It is only in recent years that the British manufacturer has begun to awaken to the possibilities of overseas markets for many of his products. This in itself is rather odd, for clearly the following arguments are all in favour of trading in foreign parts.—

- (1) In view of the fact that we in England make the best of everything that is made, it is our duty to let other people buy our stuff. We must not be selfish.
- (2) Whilst it is generally realised that foreigners and Colonials and so forth are rather awful people, there are quite a lot of them and they have a certain amount of money, even if it is of rather an inferior kind and reckoned in a very silly and confusing way.
- (3) After all, a very large portion of the world belongs to us, and there, naturally, they must buy our stuff. What's the good of having an Empire at all if it doesn't mean that people more or less have to buy from you?
- (4) Foreigners and Colonials and people like that being fairly awful, don't know a good article from a bad one. So if any of our products fall below the level necessary for the home market we needn't throw them away. We can just send them out to half-civilised God-forsaken spots like Melbourne or Montreal and the simple natives will fall over themselves to buy.

It will thus be seen that there are very strong arguments for developing foreign and Colonial markets. On the other hand, we may as well admit frankly that there are difficulties:—

- (1) The natives are often so simple that they do not understand the most elementary things. Quite a lot of them are quite uneducated. They neither read nor write and they have never been taught to realise that British Goods are Best because they are British. They do not realise that a thing which is made in Birmingham is automatically better than a thing which is made in Berlin, Bombay or Buenos Aires. Often they will buy the most awful foreign trash instead of paying four times the price for something marked "Made in England." It isn't really their fault. It's just that they don't understand. But it's undeniably a difficulty.
- (2) Not only are the natives simple, they are often also stubborn. They tend to have the oddest ideas about what they want—ideas which are often quite laughable. An English firm which makes axes recently opened an agency in Australia. Shortly afterwards it received an absurd letter saying that its axe-handles, which of course, like any civilised axe-handles, curved inwards, were "unsuitable for the Australian market" and "could they be made to curve outwards . . .?" Naturally the firm wrote back and pointed out—
 - (a) that the handle of a proper axe curved inwards;
 - (b) that they had been making axes for over two hundred years;
 - (c) that if the Australians liked axe-handles to curve outwards they were obviously—nay, laughably wrong.

Taking this strong firm line naturally closed the matter. But exactly the same sort of thing has happened in many

other industries, notably with motor-cars. The natives of many places have some absurd idée fixe about ground-clearance and will not buy British cars, which have been proved time and again to perform perfectly anywhere in the world between John o' Groats and Land's End. It need hardly be added that no manufacturer who values his country's prestige should listen to these ridiculous demands for one moment, unless we have reached a stage where we believe that an ignorant Colonial agent can tell a British manufacturer how to do his job.

(3) Our backboneless Government, having lost all trace of Real Governing Ability, simply refuses to make these foreigners and Colonials and people do their duty and buy British. Instead of making the sale of any but British goods an offence, it allows the imports of all sort of cheap trash from places like America, where of course the employer pays his workmen practically nothing. And the native, not knowing any better, buys this cheap rubbish.

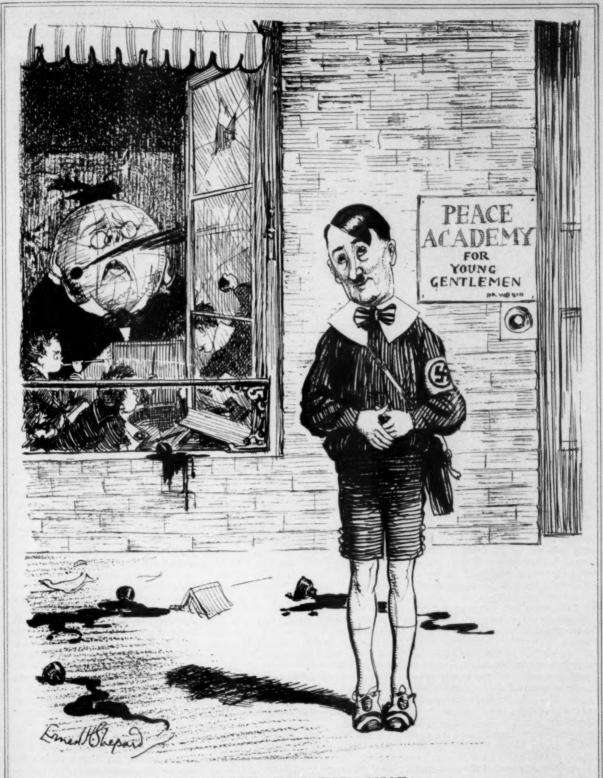
Thus, while on the one hand there is a good deal to be said for collecting a little business from Overseas markets, the British manufacturer should be careful not to take the matter Too Seriously. There is no need to rush feverishly round for orders like some tradesman. We have a certain dignity to maintain, and it would be a mistake to give the foreigner any impression that he was doing us a favour by buying from us. Let dusky Indians whine and kneel; a British manufacturer must do his business like a leisured gentleman.

We recommend, therefore, that the business man's attitude towards foreign and Colonial markets should be polite but restrained. If someone from abroad sends in an inquiry, by all means reply (if he encloses a stamp). Send him a catalogue of your goods. One of last year's will do. Time moves slowly in these outlying places. Inform him politely that you will be pleased to do business with him if he wishes it, that your terms are cash on delivery and strictly net, and that if he wishes to go further you will be glad to receive references from his bankers, his solicitors and Three Personal Acquaintances at his earliest convenience. If he goes on after that then the fellow is at least partly a gentleman. In fact he probably has white blood in him somewhere. If he doesn't go on then he clearly isn't the sort of man to handle British goods.

Farewell to the Forest.

Countless miles I crawled, my eyes on The expanse of Donald's breeks, A monotonous horizon;
Seven hours—or seven weeks?—Seven stricken hours of pain, meant For my joy and entertainment;
Then he hissed
As we crouched beside a boulder,
"Take him now—behind the shoulder!"
And I missed.

Donald shows no sign of sorrow
That I journey from his sight
By the 9.15 to-morrow,
Since there is no train to-night;
Now the pony sniffs my clothing
With disdain and all the loathing
He can show,
And each old cock-grouse that rises
"Back! Go back! Go back!" advises,
And I go.



A GOOD BOY FOR ONCE.

DER FÜHRER. "FANCY! THIS IS THE FIRST ROW I HAVEN'T BEEN IN FOR YEARS."



"PUT TRAT DOWN, SIR! IT'S ONLY TO BE USED BY PATRONS OF THE GRAND OCEAN HOTEL."

To the Gasworks.

On the way home very late, Stephen said, "I am a most idiosyncratic man."

His evident pride could have been traced to the words, not the idea. He was pleased to have said "idiosyncratic," particularly in the circumstances, which militated against its successful emergence from any member of the party.

"For instance," Stephen went on,
"I can very well imagine myself being
insp—inspired to climb up that gasworks."

The outline of the gasometer was firmly drawn in deep black against the luminous sky. It was nearly empty and the upstanding frame was a noble sight. The only other noticeable object of the kind was a factory chimney, and no doubt if it had been a little closer Stephen would have mooted the possibility of his being inspired to climb that. On the other hand he may have thought it was part of the gasworks, a kind of outrigger.

"Do you mean inside or outside?" inquired Langdale-Carruthers.

"Pah!" said Stephen, with a sweep-

ing gesture. "What do you want to know that for?"

"I like everything just so, everything exact," explained Langdale-Carruthers, who had once raised hell because the ornamental buttons on the sleeve of his sports-coat could not be undone.

"Outside, then," Stephen said.

At this Conrad and Mr. Kibitzer began to laugh, and Stephen at once flew into a passion.

"I suppose you think I couldn't do it," he cried. "I'll show you I'm addiosancritie!" he added in a voice of thunder, forgetting that one should not try to repeat a notable and unforeseen success.

So saying he strode wrathfully away in what he took to be the direction of the gasometer, and was brought up short almost immediately by a high blank wall.

"You won't get through that way, boy," declared Mr. Kibitzer. "No good dashing for it bald-headed. It'll just sit there laughing at you."

sit there laughing at you."
"These gasworks," Conrad corroborated, "are often just mirages. Often and often the weary and exhausexhausted traveller will come along

and think he sees a gasworks and then what'll it do? Vanish!"

"No good ever trying to walk straight up to a gasworks, boy," Mr. Kibitzer said. "You have to creep around and take it in the flank. Seek about, boy. Seek about."

Everyone looked round vaguely, seeking about. The road stretched away into the distance, empty as a trombone-slide. The double set of tramlines gleamed. Mr. Kibitzer went briskly through a door in a hoarding covered with posters and fell down a flight of steps into a small pail. "My mistake," he observed cheerfully when extricated. A window was thrown up a short distance away and someone inquired what was going on; upon which Mr. Kibitzer repeated his remark at the top of his voice. Nonplussed, the thrower-up of the window threw it down again.

In the ensuing silence Langdale-Carruthers said, "It might have been as well to find out from that man the

way to the gasworks."

Mr. Kibitzer was moved by these words to grasp his umbrella by the point and set out with the idea of remedying the omission, but fortun-

ately before he had gone far a motorevele stuttered thunderously from beneath the railway-arch. "How do we get to the gasworks?" bellowed Lang-dale-Carruthers, stepping into the gutter and waving his hand urgently.

The rider of the motor-cycle braked hard, slithered to a standstill and stared round. Langdale-Carruthers repeated his question in a courteous tone.

"Try poison instead," suggested the motor-cyclist. Then he kicked down the starter and made off grimly

"He seems," Langdale-Carruthers said with disapproval, "to have mis-understood me." After a moment's thought he continued: "Let us reason this thing out."

Mr. Kibitzer said "Oh, boy!"
"The gasworks," said Langdale-Carruthers, "is roughly north-east from here. Now, as it seems impossible to walk straight to it-

"I see, I see," Conrad ejaculated, "We walk south-west for twenty-five thousand miles and fetch up behind it.

Taking no notice, Langdale-Carruthers went on: "If we follow this road. leading roughly north, until we come to a side-street leading roughly east

The simple amplitude of this method of approach made its appeal to all, and they set out a trifle unsteadily northward, Stephen leading. It was Mr. Kibitzer who started a marching song. but the others soon joined in. Even Langdale-Carruthers, who had little ear for music, lent the whole thing tone and exactitude with an undercurrent of poms.

Several corners were turned in this manner, the gasworks appearing at intervals stark against the night sky, above a wall or between the chimneys of a steam - laundry. When they emerged at length into a small clearing before a shuttered public-house, Conrad announced that, although the gasworks was obviously leading them on and retreating in a mocking manner, he believed they had crept up on it a little. Stephen however declared that they were walking in a circle and that soon somebody would collapse for lack of water. Conrad said it certainly wouldn't be for lack of anything else, and a minor fight unexpectedly began.

When it ended, Mr. Kibitzer was found to have been mislaid, and the fact that someone had removed a manhole-cover caused a little apprehen-But he presently reappeared trundling the manhole-cover before him with his umbrella like a hoop.

At this moment a taxi hove in sight, and they chartered it and drove away. After a few moments Stephen remembered that he was a most idiosyncratic man; but by that time, fortunately,



Householder. "THERE'S NOTHING TO STEAL HERE." Cracksman. "THAT'S O.K. WE'RE JEST TRYIN' OUT A NEW EXPLOSIVE."

the gasworks was no longer visible, and Mr. Kibitzer, even more fortunately, was asleep.

Old Man's Beard.

Some folks calls it Wild Clemartis, Some folks Traveller's Joy. I still calls it Old Man's Beard, Like I done's a boy.

Farmer Dunn, to Chippin' Hanger, When them sprays turned grey, Old Man's agein'; Summer's dead." So 'e used to say.

Farmer Dunn, 'e grew good apples Red and crisp, but high, Danglin' half across his hedges, Well I minds, for why?

Once 'e caught me half-way over, Screwed his eyes and peered, What you doin' there !". . . I pipes 'Picking Old Man's Beard."

Them seeds'll turn red come Autumn. Them hairs, silver-white;

Old Man's Beard I always calls it-Nothing else sounds right.

At the Pictures.

"PEG OF OLD DRURY."

In at least two London theatres at the moment the curious may delight in the oddity of certain goings-on at Vauxhall Gardens round about the middle of the eighteenth century. On the stage at the Palladium the gardens appear as a decorative setting for, among other things, a song propound-ing the idea that "Music is love's tele-graph"; on the screen at the Leicester Square Theatre they are affronted by the first line of a Limerick. The rest of the audience, when I saw Peg of Old Drury, seemed to take this calmly enough. But it is a solemn thought that Dr. Johnson, who was present on the screen, in the party some unidentified member of which declaimed the line, "There was a young woman of Vauxhall," made no comment at all.

Of course he may have made some remark which has been cut out. As far as I can judge from what I have read about the film, this is not unlikely. Nell Gwyn, which also Mr. HERBERT WILCOX directed and in which the same stars (Miss Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke) appeared, was advertised with an implied snigger as dealing with "the naughtiest" (or the raciest—I forget the exact adjective) "period in English history"; but, although Peg of Old Drury is obviously from the same tap.



IRISH STEW OR STEWED IRISH.

Peg Woffington . . . ANNA NEAGLE.

Mr. WILCOX has this time drawn it a bit milder.

To change the metaphor (for I a.n determined to get my pun in somewhere), we may suppose that in scouring the annals of the drama after the

success of *Nell Gwyn* Mr. WILCOX lighted happily on this good strong serviceable *Peg*, and proceeded to hang from it everything he knew to be "good box-office."

I don't wish to be unfair, but I am quite certain that I cannot be the only person who is displeased when so



A THEATRICAL MAN'S STOCK COMPANY.

Mr. Rich HAY PETRIE.

flagrantly imitative an attempt is made to repeat a success. The same stars, the same director, the same kind of story, exactly the same treatment—and, very likely, the same delighted audiences. Very likely. But those whose delight is qualified are entitled,

I think, to protest.

Such films as this are bound to suffer. except in the opinion of the completely uncritical, from trying to make effects of too many different kinds. The implication throughout is that Olden Times were Quaint; but when opportunity offers for a modern effect, Mr. WILCOX does not hesitate to seize it. We are encouraged to marvel at the dear dead unsophisticated days when a stage-doorkeeper, adamant in the face of youth, beauty and an Ould Oirish accent, could be deceived into acquiescence two minutes later by the same youth and beauty shawled about the head and bearing a stray cat from round the corner. (By the way, would Mr. Rich, connoisseur of cats and owner of twenty-seven, really have been so ecstatically precipitous in his adoption of the twenty-eighth?) But we are also expected to believe that an eighteenth-century audience would have been roused to enthusiasm by songs in the modern manner, and the instruction "Go ahead" is not supposed to sound wrong on the lips of Garrick.

Admittedly, however, no film can pay its way unless it pleases most people, and since no one kind of effect pleases most people we must put up with a mixture of several kinds and strive to ignore the fact that they clash This is no film for the historically alert; but they, happily for the Leicester Square Theatre, are not numerous. Amateurs of acting, attracted to it by curiosity about Sir CEDRIC HARD-WICKE'S manner of solving his fourfold problem (GARRICK, GARRICK as Shylock, GARRICK as Richard III., GAR-RICK as Abel Drugger), will find much to approve of not only in his success but also in Miss NEAGLE'S, who is very much better towards the end of the film than she is at first. She is beginning to overcome the handicap of constantly being a heroine who bursts into all hearts on a torrent of highly-concentrated charm and vivacity

Everyone also can delight in the performances of Miss Maire O'Neill and Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Peg's mother and father: it is true that they start with the advantage of a brogue as genuine as that of Miss Neagle, and Mr. Jack Hawkins (Michael O'Taaffe) is intermittent and synthetic; but they would shine brightly enough without that. Miss Margaretta Scott too, without many opportunities, manages to make quite a memorable figure of

Kitty Clive.

On the whole one envies the expectant thousands—Mr. WILCOX must be



SCREENSFUL THAT GRIP.

David Garrick (as Shylock) . CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

confident that they exist—whose enjoyment of this film will be actually increased by its strong resemblance to Nell Gwyn. But one also hopes that Mr. Wilcox will not consider them exclusively in future. R. M.



"No, Sir, there's no chance of 'em electrifying this line; I've just 'ad another gallon of paraffin come through for me lamps, anyhow."

Words, Wishes and the Willow.

It was the imminent presence over here of the Test Team which some time ago led me to forsake the threadbare tropes and clichés of our modern journals and skim through some of the South African news-sheets printed in Afrikaans. True the topics which are served up to the Afrikander and his wife are indistinguishable from those of our own breakfast-tables, yet the different medium in which they are persented gives them a novelty and sparkle which our English often fails to achieve. There is a vigour and zest combined with youthful naïveté in the very form of the words which would make LEWIS CARROLL, or for that matter JAMES JOYCE, think that he had dreamed, and on waking found it true.

I am quoting from a rather belated edition, but there is no denying the charm of this bit of news under the heading of "Groot Rugbytellings in Engeland"—

Guys Hospital klop Old Alleynsians, 33-17.

Newport klop Plymouth Albion, 19-0."

Somehow one does not need a dictionary or any extensive philological equipment to take kindly to that little word "klop," or the "Great Rugby-countings" either.

And then still on the Sports page how fresh to turn to the doings of the "Gholfspelers"! In particular to the prowess of one "E. Temple—die krieketspeler," who appears to have missed "twee putjies," because I suspect his mind was on krieket rather than on gholf. Or pass on to the "boksers." "Bullet" Myers is a "middelgewig-campioen" though I would have backed him for a heavyweight myself, for he is reported to have slid to the floor like a "sak patats."

The vocabulary of politics south of the Line is not so pellucid; but that is a failing one has experienced elsewhere, so let us examine instead the "Radioprogram" of the day, where the ground is safer. Here, for instance, you may take your choice of Jack Hylton and his "orkes," or of Traviata, Verd's "aantreklikste opera." Personally I

would have placed Rigoletto as his totravelled-most, but that is only an opinion.

Then the advertisements. Ah, what an aid the language must be to salesmanship! Just see what amazing free gifts the cigarette-smoker is offered for his "300 koepons": "Halma, Dominos, Ludo, Hindernis-Wedren, Tiddley-Winks, Dambord, Go-Bang, Blokkiespelletjie."

And that nail-varnish which over here only makes a girl's fingers look distressingly Shavian, has the attractive advantage in Capetown of making them "blink and glinster."

So delightful a language, sharing as it does equality with the Imperial Mothertongue and hailing from the land of such doughty krieketspelers as our late visitors, might well become more extensively drawn upon in our own Press. As for the krieketspelers themselves, may their aantreklikste game continue long to blink and glinster, and when next we meet in the battle of—for want of a better word I can only suggest—the Ashjies, may, as in the series just concluded, the better men klop!

Spraker's "Macbeth."

ONE of the funniest things that happened last term was the warfare between Spraker and Trent in the Shakespeare class.

I don't often see eye to eye with a master, but I certainly can't help sympathising with old Trent over Nobody knows Trent's Spraker. faults better than I do, but one has got to admit that where English Literature is concerned he really is worth listening to, and to have to try to teach SHAKESPEARE to a moron like Spraker must be simply appalling.

Macbeth was what we were doing, being the Set Book this year for School Cert. When I was young I had a pretty good prejudice against poetry. caused, I think, by the sort of stuff we were made to learn by the Headmaster of my Prep. for ragging in the dormitory. But SHAKESPEARE is an utterly different proposition. Some of it, of course, isn't too easy to understand, which doubtless is the reason why they set it as an exam. subject, but all the same the general effect is just marvellous. But to Spraker the whole thing might just as well be Geometry or Algebra.

Trouble between him and Trent started quite soon, when we were reading the play aloud. Roberts Major had been given the part of Duncan, and when Holmes as the Sergeant had said, "My gashes cry for help," Roberts Major got quite excited and sang out, "Go, get him, Surgeons!"

This made most of us laugh like anything, after which Trent, who had already dropped twice on Spraker for not attending, suddenly stopped laughing.

"Evidently Spraker does not share our mirth," he said. Spraker, who had been looking out of window, sat up quickly.

"And what were we laughing at, Spraker?" demanded Trent. Spraker thought for a bit.

"The play, Sir," he said.
"Indeed," said Trent ominously. "And does the play strike you as funny ?"

"No, Sir," said Spraker doubtfully, "I don't think I should call it funny.

"Oh!" snorted Trent. "And what would you call it, may I ask? Come on. speak up.'

"I should call it queer," said Spraker. Trent didn't say anything but just sat glaring at him as though he was some frightful insect. Then he told Roberts Major to go on; but to anybody who knew Trent it was obvious that Spraker was a marked man.

Later on, after spending about a quarter-of-an-hour explaining one of the most difficult bits, Trent suddenly swooped down on him and told him to read the passage aloud. So Spraker, who of course hadn't been listening. got up, looking pretty fed, and started off laboriously:

"'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if the ass-'

Here he dried up altogether. "Will only proceed," hissed Trent, grinning fiendishly.

"If the assassination," suddenly went on Spraker with a rush, "'could trample up the consequence, and catch, with his circus-

"Trample?" roared Trent. "Circus? Miserable half-wit! Sit down!"

Spraker sat down.

This is a queer play, Spraker," said Trent, speaking with a sort of frightful calm, "written by a queer poet for queer people, and of course I can quite understand your determination to have nothing to do with such stuff. But in these cases we still have judgment here. Look up 'trammel' and 'surcease' in the Glossary and copy out the explanations fifty times."

This is just a sample of the sort of thing that went on afterwards for most of the term, and of course it meant a good deal of durance vile for Spraker. Then, about a week before the exams. things came to a head. Trent told him that he had slacked consistently throughout the term and that if he didn't get at least forty per cent. on the Macbeth paper he would have to take drastic measures.

This made Spraker sit up, because, although he's pretty tough, naturally he's no keener on being beaten than anybody else; so he borrowed Holmes's notes, having lost his own, and really did sweat like blazes during the next

After we'd done the paper, Spraker was very bucked with himself and went about telling people that it was potty, and that he'd fairly sat on it. But later, when Trent read out the marks, he began to look pretty blue, because Trent went right on down to "Burstow 29" and then stopped.

"I will now read you Spraker's paper," he said.

Here are the questions and Spraker's answers; I'm able to give them exactly because afterwards Roberts Major managed to get hold of his paper and make a copy of it.

(1) Refer the following passages to their context with any necessary notes:-

(a) "And what seemed corporal melted As breath into the wind."

Spraker. Spoken by the Sergeant describing the slaughter. "What seemed corporal" means "what looked like a corporal."

(b) "But this sore mg... Hath trifled former knowings."

Spraker. Spoken by a man who has been spending a night at Macbeth's castle. He says an obscene bird clamoured all through the night.

"There, the murderers, Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore.'

Spraker. Spoken by Macbeth. The murderers had blood on their breeches, which was bad manners before a king.

"Would I could answer This comfort with the like.

Spraker. Spoken by Macbeth when he gets a message that his wife is dead. He also says, "I am like a bear, I cannot fly."

(e) "The labour we delight in physics pain."

Spraker. Spoken by the Doctor, meaning that doctors delight in giving people unpleasant physic.

(2) Explain the dramatic significance of the Witches' Scene.

Spraker. The Witches' Scene is very significant. One of the Witches was annoyed because a woman was munching chestnuts, so she called her a rumpfed onyon, and the woman said Go and anoint yourself, and the Witch was very annoyed. This is very significant.

(3) Contrast the characters of Banquo and Macduff.

Spraker. Banquo was a good man, he used to go about a lot with Macbeth. Macduff was a good man, he didn't like Macbeth and called him a hell-kite and said he'd like to paint him all over and stick him on a pole. His wife was annoyed with him for going to England, and when somebody asked her where her husband was she said I hope he's not in some unsanctified place. SHAKESPEARE draws all his characters with an unnerving hand.

(4) Illustrate the rich variety of Shakk-SPEARE'S metaphors.

Spraker. Shakespeare's metaphors are very rich. Macbeth once calls a man you cream-faced lout, and one of the Witches calls a woman a rump-fed onyon, also a Murderer calls a small boy a young fried egg. All these metaphors are very rich.

(5) Is it true to say that Lady Macbeth was entirely inhuman?

Spraker. Lady Macbeth was not inhuman at all. She once refused to kill somebody because he was in bed, also she talked about her baby and said that she felt like dashing its brains out. These things show that she was really quite human.

After reading out the paper Trent sat and looked at Spraker, and Spraker looked at Trent, and everybody suddenly stopped laughing and waited for the painful scene. And then, curiously enough, it didn't come off.

"Have you been working at this play, Spraker?" demanded Trent.
"Yes, Sir," said Spraker in injured

"I believe you have," said Trent. "And do you still consider the play queer?'

Spraker turned jolly red and said nothing.

"Do you?" urged Trent. "Answer me.

"Yes, Sir, I do," said Spraker, who can be pretty obstinate.

"Well and truly spoken," said Trent. "As you see it, it must be queer indeed. You can go."

Birds'-Tongues-in-Wine.

I was a singing-bird Perched on a tree With gold leaves and silver leaves In far Araby.

The Emperor of China He sat down to dine On aspic and ortolans And birds'-tongues-in-wine.

On lambs'-tails and plovers' eggs Pickled in brine. On lizards and lampreys And birds'-tongues-in-wine.

I was a singing-bird Perched on a tree With gold leaves and silver leaves In far Araby.

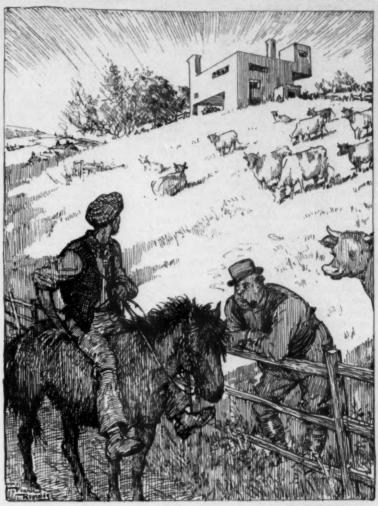
The Emperor of China He sat down to dine On ospreys and ostriches And birds'-tongues-in-wine.

They caught us in the tree there-I and my brothers, While we singing With fourteen others.

Seventeen were perched there, And every one could sing Madrigals and carols Fit for a King.

They cut out our tongues That a King might dine-The Emperor of China-On birds'-tongues-in-wine.

Once my voice was sweeter Than viol or flute; Once my voice was beautiful-Now it is mute.



"Noo varm'ouse do zeem to make cows look turble old-fashioned, Jan."

No more am I a singing-bird Perched on a tree With gold leaves and silver leaves In far Araby.

For the Emperor of China He sat down to dine On sweetmeats and syllabubs And birds'-tongues-in-wine.

Philosophy for Flytime. Another Scented Second.

It does seem hard that when we go to revel in the sun all sorts of stinging things should so combine to spoil the fun! We grow impatient, I'm afraid; we scratch and flap and swat, and, with our silly tempers frayed, resent them, do we not? Oh, fellow-sufferers, this is wrong and ineffective too, and so

I've made this simple song to soothe while teaching you. Whenever some wee wingéd mite, attracted by my skin, inflicts on me a sting or bite or puts his pincers in, though pained I try my best to be fair-minded, calm and kind a model of philosophy and cheerfully resigned. I do not make a frantic fuss, as though he were to blame. I sublimate my feelings thus; please try to do the same! I tell myself that tiny fly has just as good a right as larger creatures such as I to own an appetite; that even when he just annoys to satisfy a whim, the self-expression he enjoys existence owes to him; that, finally, the fact that he to feed is so intent upon my blood would seem to be a kind of compliment! And so I very softly say as he absorbs my gore, "Oh, tiny guest, don't haste away! Do take a little more!" W. K. H.

The Word War.

XXVI.-Answers to Correspondents.

Extracts from Letters.

(1) "DEAR A. P. H ..- I do not agree with anything you say about words. . .

(2) "DEAR A. P. H., -Everything you say about words is too obvious. . . .

" Air-Irome"

"Bembridge Airdrome. . . Cowes Airdrome." Daily Express.

You see nothing wrong in "airdrome"? Very well, then. Let us have cricket dromes and football dromes. horse-race dromes and greyhound dromes, tennis dromes and burial dromes. For if words like "field" and "ground" are not grand enough for the cloud-minded air-folk, why should the rest of us be content with them?

But let every "practical man" who uses this pretentious and ill-bred word get these two thoughts into his head :-

(a) that he is making unnecessary use of a despised "dead language" and (b) that he is using it in a very ignorant and inefficient way.

It is like putting water in the carburettor.

"Aerodrome" will pass. I should prefer "air-station," "air-port," "sky-port," "flying-ground," "flight-field" —and even "air-ground" or "planepark." But "airdrome" must die.

EXERCISE.

Who wrote-

"The stately dromes of England, How beautiful they stand ":

"Drome, sweet Drome"?

"Practically"

Do not misunderstand me, Bobby. Life would be impossible if we never said "practically." It is not the word but the habit that is bad. If the last survivor of an ancient family is an old bachelor lying on his death-bed you may say that the family is practicallythat is, for all practical purposes extinet; but a wager on the horse placed second in the Derby would not justify you in saying that you had practically backed the winner. (Yet I have heard this said.) A boxer may be practically knocked-out though still on his feet; but you cannot practically hit the bull'seye unless you do hit it. (Yet I have heard this said.) What is the objection to "almost" or "nearly"?

EXERCISE.

Which of the following "practicallys" are permissible in colloquial speech !-

(1) "He practically educated her."
(2) "He practically married her."
(3) "The Season is practically finished."

(4) "The car practically started."

(5) "She is practically a child still." (6) "She is practically a mother already." (7) "The comedians practically wrote the

(8) "I practically wrote him a nasty letter."

ANSWER.

(1), (3), (5) and (7).

"Commence"

I have been asked to say exactly why I dislike "commence"; and I am told that previous objectors, thus challenged, have answered, "I really don't know. It just obviously provokes objection.'

And a good answer too. But there is more. Here again one may distinguish, but not so strongly, between the word and the habit. "Commence," says the dictionary, "is more formal "Commence," than 'begin.'" But your chronic commencer will commence anything, from an Eisteddfod to a ham-sandwich. Which is like using "conclude" both for a sermon and a shave, or "terminate" for a contract and a currant-bun.

Also "commence" is longer than "begin," and the length adds no strength. Also, to my ear, "beginning" has music, and "commencement" (in English) has not. The sounds -mence and ment together displease me. I can think of no other word which is thus afflicted. It will be vain, by the way, to quote Shakespeare at me-

> "The origin and commencement of his grief."-Hamlet :

for Shakespeare there is manifestly padding, as he often did, and would have stuffed in any word to fill the line. Besides, as I have hinted, what may be said about "grief" is not necessarily right for a round of golf.

"Literally"

I did not say, Bobby, that "literally" can never be valid. I said that in practice it is "unnecessary and almost always erroneous." Look at this one-

"With Don Juan, STRAUSS literally threw a bombshell into the concert-halls of Europe."

This, Bobby, is imbecility. The man is raving; for what is meant is "not literally. But here is a different fellow:-

"The Blackheath boy . . . called on yet another effort, literally leaving Lovelock with his finishing effort."—Sunday Times,

This one is not imbecile but unnecessary. For if "leaving" is true, "liter-'adds nothing to it; and if "leaving" is not true, "literally" cannot assist the lie.

This kind of "literally" is only a con-

fession that, as a rule, we do not mean what we say, and an appeal to the world to believe us this time.

But you might say, Bobby, that in the holiday season many of our politicians are literally at sea, since some horrid citizens have a habit of saving that the politicians are (metaphorically) at sea, when in fact they are on dry land (but even here, I think, "actually" would be better). If at a picnic you quarrelled with George about the lighting of the fire, and George emptied the brazier over you, you might say that he "literally heaped coals of fire on your head," since in that expression as a rule we do not mean what we say. But I should not bother to have a quarrel-or even a picnic-for that purpose.

INTERVAL

Showing what a grievous waste of time it would be for our Practical Men to study the Dead Languages :-

"There may be something to be said for quotaing [Gosh!] the Jews who are allowed to escape to Palestine, but to quota the doctors seems doubly inhuman."—Josiah C. Wedgwood, M.P., in "The Times."

"Irreparable damage, if only pro tem, may be done to Duke Ellington's orchestra."-Melody Maker.

"The police discovered that the accused had been at the locus. . Glasgow Herald.

"The Air Ministry is to permit ultra light aeroplanes to be built."—News Chronicle.

LEARNED BUT RATHER JOLLY NOTE ON "AGENDA" AND "PROPAGANDA."

"Agenda," Bobby, as of course you know, is a Latin word (neuter plural) meaning "Things to be done" (singular agendum.") There is no necessity for Business Man to use the word "agenda" if he does not like Latin: for the list of tasks and topics before his Board or Committee Meeting can be headed "Business" or "Things to be done." But, if he does use it, there is no good reason for his using it wrongly. must not, for example, brightly add an "s" and speak of "these agendas," since the word is plural already. But does it matter? he will cry. Well, he would laugh if a foreigner spoke about "these mices": and he would be shocked if his secretary wrote about "these womens"; and he would sack a cashier or chauffeur who thought that the distinction between singular and plural was unimportant. I leave the case, with confidence, to his own judgment. The charges, once more, are inaccuracy and inefficiency, both, I thought, grave crimes in the kingdom

But he may do what he likes with propaganda; for here confusion has



"TRULY AN AROMA TO DELIGHT THE SENSES!"

"WHAT'S 'E SAY, BERT?"

'E SAYS THEY DOAN 'ARF SMELL ORLRIGHT."

prevailed so long that rectitude is impossible. Also it is a bad word and deserves to die. It is a political sneerword, used to describe the efforts of your enemy to make his creed or policy known and accepted: your own attempts are a "campaign" or "crusade."

Also (unlike agenda) it is a nebulous word. The speaker means sometimes the doctrine or policy disseminated and sometimes the machinery or methods of dissemination; and it is seldom quite clear which he does mean.

It is a mess in every way. I humbly confess, Bobby and Business Man, that until this morning I thought that "propaganda" was neuter, plural, nominative, like agenda—"things to be propagated." And so I still think, logically, it should be. But then we should have to say "The brewers' propaganda are clumsy" or "There is just one tiny propagandum that I should like to," etc.: and that, I agree, is not practical politics.

But my dictionary—awake, Bobby!
—says severely "sometimes erroneously

treated as a plural"; and, according to history, the absurd word is an ablative, feminine, singular. For it came from the "modern Latin title Congregatio de propaganda fide" (the propagation of the faith) . . . "a Committee of Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church having the care and oversight of foreign missions." And now it is chiefly applied to the verbal activities of such poor outlaws as the brewers! Did I not say that the word was a mess?

To sum up, Britons, while we have such words as campaign and policy, doctrine, preach, gospel, belief, publish, teach, state a case, tell the tale, advocate, educate, inform and advertise, we shall rarely need the word propaganda. So you, Business Man, may say propagandas, propagande, propagandi, or propagandibus, for all I care: and if, by making it ridiculous, you kill the word, so much the better.

"The Above," "Nearby," etc.

"The above matters. . . ."

Business Letter.

The adverb "above," it seems, has become an adjective (or, according to my dictionary, a quasi-adjective), like "nearby," to which many warriors object. I shall never use it in a leading article or epic poem myself; but, since I frequently speak of "those far-off days," I find it difficult to state a logical case against "a nearby hos-pital." We can only avoid it, and hope that the practice will not spread, e.g., to "the below remarks," "the before paragraph," "the behind horses," "the herewith enclosure," "the within savage dog," "the soon holiday season" or "the between ham" (of a sandwich). But we speak without shame of "a through train," "the off-side," "an off-day," "the up-grade," "an out-patient"; so I leave the whole thing to your own judgment, Bobby, with my blessing. (I know that learned distinctions can be made between many of these words and phrases, but they do not seem to have much substance). I will tell you this, that I dislike "a worthwhile policy" and I am not going to give any reasons. A. P. H.

Familiar Strains; or, Morning, Noon and Night.

By A. M. O. E. (A Mother of England).

Morning.

OH, am I late? Oh, I'm so sorry! I don't think anybody ever called me. Oh, I'm so sorry! Did I upset that?"

"Good-morning."

"Oh, good-morning, Daddy. I'm so sorry if I kicked you. Can we play tennis to-day?

"I think you're going to a tennisparty to-morrow, darling.

"Oh, Mummie! Not a tennis-party?"

"Yes.

"But, Mummie, we can't possibly go to a tennis-party. It's absolutely non

"But why, Lionel?"

"Oh, we couldn't. I'm so sorry I've upset the sugar. I can easily scoop it up. Oh, bother! I'm so sorry.

Not your table-napkin. Here, take this. Do you want tea or milk?'

"Where's this tennis thing supposed to be?' "The Gables. Tea or

milk?

"Nothing to drink, thank you. Does Rosamund know about this tennis affair?"

"Not yet, but I'm sure she'll be delighted. Why don't-

"Mummie, I should think she'd go out and shoot herself. I do honestly.

"Why aren't you drinking any-

thing?

'Oh, nobody drinks at breakfast now. It's the new fashion. People at school never drink anything. are we doing to-day? Can we go to the

Any special reason?"

"Oh, not any reason. I just thought we might. As a matter of fact I hate going to the village. I think we'd better make a camp in the garden instead. What jam is this?

"Blackberry jelly; and I think you ought to use two hands for—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Honestly, it wasn't my fault. I was holding it as carefully as possible and the horrible thing slipped. But we haven't really got to go and play tennis, have we?'

"But you and Rosamund are always

playing tennis in the garden here." Oh, that's quite different. Rosamund, Mummie thinks it would be marvellous for us to go and play tennis with some foul people at the Gables or somewhere.'

"Mummie, we couldn't possibly." "Good-morning, Rosamund dear.

Why are you so late?'

Oh, I don't suppose anyone ever called me. I only woke up exactly one second ago. I don't want any breakfast -need I? Can I have a banana?"

"You must eat something.

"Oh, Mummie! No one at school ever eats any breakfast. At least, sometimes they have to, but they don't really.

"Did you tidy your room?"

"Well, I thought there wasn't time." "I hope you washed properly."
"Well, I thought I'd go up after-

wards."

"Let's see if we can make it pitch. dark

Yes, let's. Where's Mummie?" "I don't know. Why do you want

to know ! Oh, I didn't want to know. I just asked. I do wish I had a fringe.

Oh, do you? It would be marvellous, I should think. I believe it's going to be fruit-salad to-day.

"That'll be super. Isn't it boil-

Absolutely boiling. Let's go like mad and collect the rugs and all the cushions and things.'

"Yes, let's. Come on! Let's race to

the house.'

Night.

"I don't have to go to bed now,

do I?

But, darling, you always go at seven. You know you do."

"But, Mummie, I never go to sleep. Honestly, I never do. So what is the use of going to bed?

'It rests you."

"No. Mummie, fruly it doesn't. I'm neverin the least rested in bed. Besides, I'm not in the least tired, ever.

"You would be if you didn't go to bed early.

"No, Mummie, I wouldn't. And nobody of my age goes to bed at seven, honestly. The people at school never go to bed till miles and miles later. And anyway

it's frightfully unfair, because when Lionel was my age he never went to bed before a quarter-past-he told me so himself.'

'Well, go along now, darling.'

"If I didn't have a bath I could be in bed in about two seconds, and then I needn't go till later."

"Yes, but you've got to have a bath.

'What age will I begin going to bed later? I mean honestly, Mummie, it does seem rather ridie'lous at my age when the other people of my age's mothers never dream of their going to bed like tiny babies about one second after tea, practically.

Darling, don't argue."

"Mummie, I wasn't arguing." "All right, Good-night, darling."

"Good-night, Mummie. It's marvellous having the holidays here again, isn't it?'

E. M. D. "Lovely, darling."



"IS THIS EENGLAND?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Daddy. Was that your foot? I didn't do it on purpose. I thought I saw a wasp. Isn't there a poem or something about somebody called EUGENE ARAM or something?

"Yes, but why did the wasp remind

"Oh, it didn't. It hadn't got anything to do with the wasp. I just thought of it, that's all. And as a matter of fact I think it was a

Noon

"Isn't it boiling?"

"Boiling.

"Look, Rosamund-I've got a frightfully good idea. Let's build a tent with all the rugs and put cushions all round it and stuff up the holes with newspaper.

"That'd be super." "Then we can sit in it."

"That's marvellous!"

[&]quot;YUS; WHAT PART DO YOU WANT?"

"Le Cricket."

THERE is just time before the season ends to say something of the French attitude to cricket, as expressed in an article by M. Jean Fayard in La Revue des Sports et du Monde. Entitled very properly "Le Cricket," it begins by drawing attention to the place occupied in the English mind by that game, to the exclusion, apparently, of any interest in more important matters.

ENGLAND OVERCOMES THE WORST DANGERS

is, says M. FAYARD, a typical poster "And what does it refer to? To a War? To a Revolution? To difficulties of State abroad? You would say at least that the Cabinet was in trouble. But not at all. England does not concern herself with anything so vulgar. The poster refers only to a Test match.' While the ordinary matches, such as that "between Oxford and the Old Salopians," call forth special editions of the papers, the greatest excitement accompanies the Tests, agitating the British Isles "from Aberdeen to Bishop's Rock, the cook and the liftboy being equally anxious for the latest news.

Although only just published, the article is based on what happened last year, for there is an allusion to the wife of M. TATE "expressing the anguish she feels while her husband

performs his customary exploits twenty thousand kilometres distant from their conjugal parlour." None the less, reading South Africans for Australians, the argument is the same, and the argument is that the cricket is essentially for the British. These may be Britons at home or they may be Britons in the Dominions; but if the cricket is a British game no member of any other race will ever be able to play it. And why? Because all Continental people want action and dislike repose. They all want actively to participate. At the cricket there is too much ceremony, too much phlegm, too much sadness. Listen to M. FAYARD. "At the cricket all time is ours; it may be one day, it may be two, it may be eternity. At the cricket each exploit is saluted with applause as discreet as if one commended a couplet by PAUL VALERY or a speaker in the House of Lords."

Listen again. "Among the twentytwo players in a cricket-match there is hardly one who is pleased. They cover the vast meadow for the purpose of returning the ball, should it by chance come their way, as quickly as possible, as bored as poets in exile. Their part is minute and without reward. One can describe them only as an enormous battering-ram. That is why this charming game will never please Continental people, who like a keener form of struggle, and sports in which the competitors put forth all their force all the time. Ask yourself with what difficulty one finds a goal-keeper at football. Everyone who is asked, replies that he came, not to be a spectator but to join in the game, so that the important duties have to be handed over to someone incapable of carrying them out. (These are not my sentiments; I quote from M. FAYARD, who, having been to Oxford, ought to know.)

And this is the conclusion: "If the French ever were to play cricket they would all wish to bat and thus get the limelight, just as, if they were deputies, they would want to be Président du Conseil." But I am doubtful. Having seen the game played outside Paris during summer week-ends between French as well as English, and often with some of each on a side, I believe that "le cricket" could easily become a French pastime. Already, although M. FAYARD does not seem to know, the Dutch play it very well. Philadelphians play it well. The West Indians, when they last came to us, brought a Chinese; the South Africans have been helped by an admirable slow-bowler of Greek extraction. I do not see why "le cricket" should be so peculiarly British; I believe, if serious efforts were made to interest French and Germans (both of whose countries have many natural pitches), a fine

federating move would result. E. V. L.



"SPEAKIN' O' RUBBER SHARES-WOT 'APPENED TO THAT BIT O' SPONGE-CAKE?"



She. "Certainly, darling, if you like this one. But in that case I think we shall have to damn a little more cost."

Red in Triumph.

["Hair is to be red this autumn. . . . A satisfactory method has not been discovered."—Fashion Announcement.]

Come all you red-haired ladies
I bring you pleasant cheer;
What your especial shade is
Is neither there nor here;
Whether it be plain carrots
Or the bold hue we see
In more expensive parrots
Remains all one to me.

For Fashion, whom not hovel
Nor mansion may ignore,
Has hit on something novel
Where you, it seems, should score,
And, for this coming season,
Condemns each female head
To turn for no sane reason
A quite unlooked-for red.

The dark alike with platinum
Are out to do and dye;
Ambition—lots of that in 'em—
Is raging fierce and high;

Filled with stern zeal the dyers Bend to it with a will; Many no doubt are fliers And all are men of skill.

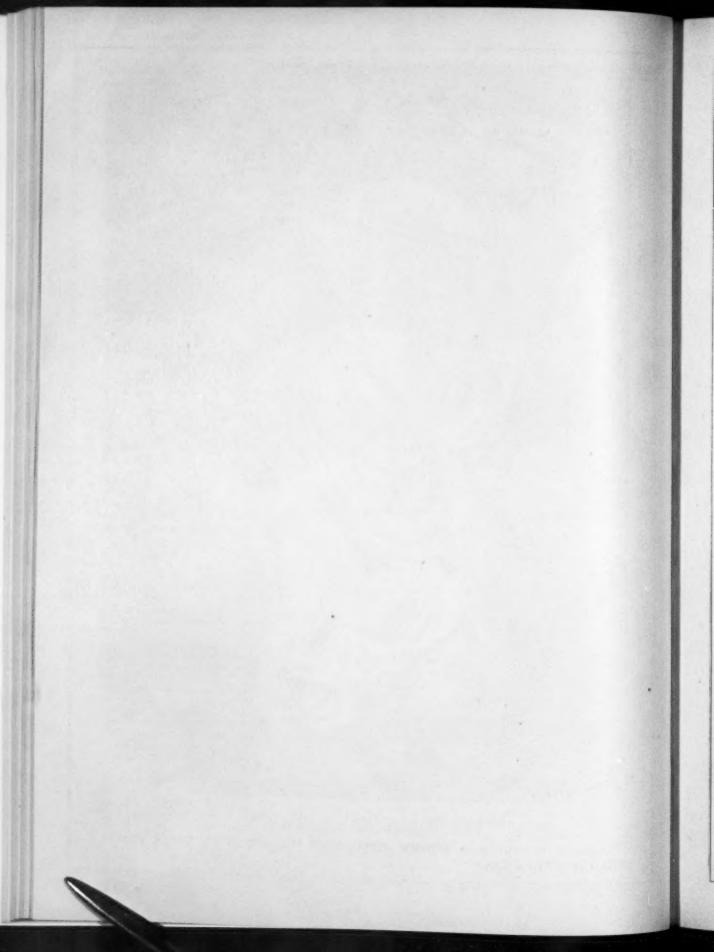
Vainly, alas, they injure
Their brains with o'ermuch thought;
The true, the blushful ginger
May by no art be wrought;
Too soon th' aspiring cranium
Will be perforce resigned
To sunset or geranium,
And let it. You won't mind.

When every head glows redly,
Though the effect may strike
Some possibly as deadly,
That will be something like;
And in that ill-faked splendour
Who—I repeat it—who
Will score off all their gender?
You, Carrots. Ginger, you.
Dum-Dum.



THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

ABYSSINIA. "I SOMETIMES WONDER WHETHER IT WAS WORTH MY WHILE JOINING THIS EUROPEAN LEAGUE."





"AND THEN, AS I WAS SAYING, WHAT FINISHED ME, OLD BOY, WAS THE WORM-CAST AT THE THIRTMENTH!"

Asking the Way.

"Excuse me," I said politely, "but could you tell me where Acacia Road is?"

"Acacia Road?" repeated the small fat man. He turned to his companion, a gaunt creature with a straggling moustache and two front teeth missing. "Gentleman wants to know where Acacia Road is," he explained with the air of one interpreting the ravings of a foreigner.

The gaunt one removed his pipe from his mouth and gave utterance.

"You know the 'Nag's Head'?"
"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"Well, you know Danvers Street?"

"No, I can't say I do."

My interlocutor regarded me contemptuously. I seemed to be deficient, his look said, in a knowledge of the most elementary facts of life.

"Well, d'you know where the 35 bus goes round the corner, down past the post-office?" he inquired despairingly. His manner had by this time become reminiscent of a schoolmaster dealing with a more than usually half-witted pupil. "No," I repeated apologetically.

"The fact is I'm a stranger in these parts."

The fat man looked at me reproachfully. "Now if you'd only told us that before," he observed sententiously, "it'd 'ave saved us all a lot of trouble. That's wot it'd done—saved us a lot of trouble it would 'ave. Wouldn't it 'ave, 'Erb?" he appealed.

'Erb endorsed the fat man's opinion and continued to gaze at me pityingly.

"Well now, look 'ere," said 'Erb, deciding to give me a second chance—
"you go straight up the road 'ere till you come to the school. 'Bout ten minutes' walk it is——"

"Five, more like," interrupted the fat man, a stickler for detail.

"Well, call it seven," said 'Erb, splitting the difference. "Although, mark you," he resumed, turning to me once more and fixing me with an unwinking stare, "I shouldn't care to try and do it under ten mesself. Why, I remember when old George Potter and me used to walk down from—"

"All right, all right," I broke in. "We won't argue. Call it ten if you like."

"Then you turn left down Napier Avenue till you come to the gas-works.

Turn round by the gas-works and walk along as far as Clements 'Ill---"

"Where they 'ad the bus smash last week," put in the fat man explanatorily. "Lumme, but that weren't 'arf a smash, that weren't," he added with relish. "Three killed and seven fatally injured. And to think that my wife's brother Joe's sister nearly went on that there bus. Red-'aired girl she is. Went and married a man wot was a widower with six children."

"Cor, fancy that now!" said 'Erb, interested. "Six kids, eh?"

"That's right. Four girls and two boys. Proper little cautions they are too. 'Specially Amy. She's the second youngest. You should 'ave 'eard wot she said last week. You'd 'ave fair died larfing. Wot 'appened was—"

"A most amusing child, I'm sure," I remarked at this juncture. "You must tell me all about her some day. In the meantime I'm rather anxious to get to Acacia Road as soon as—"

"Well, I'm tryin' to tell yer, only yer will keep on interruptin'," complained 'Erb peevishly. "Lemme see now, where was I!"

"We'd got as far as Clements Hill," I said patiently.



AN EMINENT ZOOLOGIST EXPLAINS HIS METHOD OF IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION OF THE WARTHOG.

"Oh, yes-so we 'ad. Well, after Clements 'Ill yer take the left fork down by the brewery. The left fork," he repeated firmly—"not the right fork. The right fork goes down by the 'orspital, and if you were to go down by the 'orspital-

"Yes, yes-never mind the right fork or the 'ors-hospital. I'll avoid them both like the plague.'

"Well, when yer gets past the brewery, then Acacia Road's the third turning on the left past the traffic lights."

"I see," I said. "Now I know exactly where it is. Thanks very much." "Course, that's only one end of the

road," explained the fat man. "Wot end was it you'd be wanting exactly?" "Well, I don't know, quite. I really

wanted the public library.

"Oh, well, wot you want's the other end of Acacia Road. Now if you walk down this way for about 'arf-a-mile you'll come to the 'Cat's Whiskers.' The proper name is the 'Marquis of Donington,' but we always call it the 'Cat's Whiskers'—don't we, 'Erb?'

"Ar, that's right," agreed 'Erb solemnly. The 'Cat's Whiskers.' That's wot they all call it round 'ere. Many a narf-pint I've 'ad there with old George Potter," he continued chattily. "Don't go there much now, though.

Changed 'ands, it did, 'bout six months ago. Never been the same since. Fellow called Wilkinson bought it. Man wot used to 'ave the 'Running 'Orse,' out Skipton way."

"Wilkinson weren't never out at Skipton," said the fat man scornfully. "Came from Aldington, 'e did. Used to 'ave the 'Jolly Miller.' I ought to know, cos my wife's brother Joe's

"I shall be delighted," I said, "to hear all about your wife's brother Joe's sister at some future date. In the meantime perhaps one of you would be good enough to tell me where I go after the 'Marquis of Donington.' Or." I added, "the 'Cat's Whiskers,' if you prefer it that way.

"Well, after that," resumed the fat man, looking at me in an offended manner, "go down under the railway arch and past a chemist's shop at the corner of Lexington Street, turn down Caledon Road, and up past the football ground till you come to the policeman on point duty. That'll bring you out into Pratt Street, and then you follow the tram-lines till you get to Virginia Grove, and then you're about five minutes from Acacia Road. Anyone'll tell you where it is."

"'E don't want to go down Pratt But a towel each, surely?

Street," said 'Erb. "That's miles out of 'is way, that is. Look 'ere, Mister -instead o' going down Pratt Street you turn down Tabernacle 'Ill, past the Co-Op, and then cut across the common. That'll bring you out by the Plaza Cinema-see? Then if you go along Warwick Gardens that'll bring you right into Acacia Road near the library.

"The easiest way o' the lot, of course," said the fat man as a bus pulled up a few yards away, "is for yer to take this bus. It's only a penny ride.'

"I see," I said, breathing heavily. "Only a penny ride, eh?"

"Yes," said the fat man. "But if yer want to get into the library I'm afraid yer'll be unlucky. It's closed all this week for cleaning and redecorating. I know, cos my wife's brother Joe's sister does the scrubbin' there."

Why Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

"Light or Dark Chestnut Hair-should be washed with pure castile soap, shaved and made into a jelly."—Birkenhead Paper.

> "ENGLISH BRIDGE PAIR'S FIGHT. ONLY ONE RUBBER DOWN. Headlines in Daily Paper.

Knife Must Fall.

(With apologies to Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS)

Scene—The killing-room in a small country house. A black cushion lies on the floor and a chair is pushed slightly askew showing that murder has recently been committed.

Stan enters with an abnormal smile. He looks young and simple at first sight, but a close observer can see that one of his ears is set sideways and his hat is kept on by elastic. His face continues to wear a pleased expression as he kicks the cushion aside and starts to turn the room out, singing, "There's not another Smother in the World like Mine." He turns at a quivering noise in the doorway and his employer's niece, Ophelia Playne, enters. Her hair is faultlessly waved and her skird droops at the back, showing her detective instinct and intense repression.

Ophelia. You've done it once more, haven't you? That's the second time this week. You've even swept up after you. That's one of the things that makes it all so fascinating.

Stan. I don't mean no harm, Miss. Takes my mind off my work—see.

Ophelia. If only I understood about men. You ought to be so sad. Your eyes are common and your cheeks are uneven, yet here you are murdering away and you haven't even troubled to get your hair cut.

Stan (defiantly). Well, I'm only young once, aren't I? An' I'll tell you this too. I'm someone, I am. I'm not goin' to sweep up any more of 'em. After this I'm goin' to tell people to sweep themselves up—see.

Ophelia (at the window). How outcast the garden looks. If only I knew more about Evil. Listen. You can hear the lettuces coming closer. And the hollyhocks are pouting as though they were annoyed with one of us.

Stan. I wish I 'ad my mouth-organ. You'd 'ear something then. You'd 'ear money passin' and people's medicine doin' 'em good. An' you'd 'ear this knife of mine twitchin' and turnin' because it can see a great white neck in front of it.

[He takes a large clasp-knife from his pocket and walks slowly towards Ophelia.

Ophelia. But surely—even you—can't do two murders in one day. When there's this room to finish and the shoes to clean. . . .



Q. E. D.

Young Beginner (being introduced to Devonshire). "I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD FOLLOW THE MOUNDS HERE WITMOUT ANY OBSTACLES?"

Stan (tosses his head recklessly). I'm takin' my half-day off just now—see. (He unclasps the knife and tests the blade.) This'll be a bit of an event for you, Miss. You won't get a thing like this happening to you every day with a feller like me to do it. This is a good knife too. (Suddenly, loudly and furiously) Only it's sick and tired of bein' shut up all day. It wants to fall somewhere soft an' keep on fallin' so's everything'll feel fine an' it'll know it's goin' places an' doin' things.

Ophelia (also excited). If only I could realise all this. I thought I was so intelligent and eccentric. And now I

> [With a murderous snarl Stan raises the knife and the Curtain falls, whilst triumphant music is heard OFF.

Fighting it Out.

"Anyway, Payne, Jacobs, and Toscanini conducting Verdi's 'Falstaff' from Salzburg, redeemed the day from a dreary sameness." Radio Critic in Daily Paper.

And the opera, too, we should imagine.

At the Play.

"ACCENT ON YOUTH" (GLOBE).

It is an old dilemma of the literary and theatrical worlds-and they must pardon being bracketed like this -that while all who write are told to write of what they know well, the public seldom cares much for books or plays about literary or theatrical people. If you wish to understand this prejudice, an evening at the Globe, watching Accent on Youth, will help. Here is a play all about a play-wright. Steven Gaye is good at writing comedies because he sees everything as raw material for his art. He is an amusing and goodnatured creature, but he paddles in the emotions and minds very little how his affairs of the heart go. He is most deeply stirred by his literary work, which is very successful.

But his creator is very hard put to it to make two hours of interest out of Steven's private life, which

means so little to Steven and nothing to us. The comedy of tangled affections, of marriage and divorce and liaisons needs a background of permanence. Adultery made plays interesting in the last century because marriage was solemn and lifelong. The people in Mr. RAPHAELSON'S New York comedy are volatile and fickle and so their permutations are not very arresting. Steven Gaye looks back at fifty to a life which includes a divorce and many sweethearts, and all that is at stake in the play is the greater or shorter duration of another affair. It is his secretary, Miss Linda Brown (Miss GREER GARSON), who discloses her unrequited passion in a burst of intense emotion, over which Miss Garson moved the audience to spontaneous applause, so well did she bring it out. To Steven it was good copy, supplying the clue for an improvement to his play; but he also follows up the declaration. His own play is all about the love of the middle-aged man for the young thing; he has theories, and after a few months he seeks to hand Linda to a young man of her own age. Mr. Nicholas Hannen gives a very able account of Steven Gaye, and it is a part, like Miss Garson's, which has some very rocky going.



THE DICTATOR.

Linda Brown Miss Greer Garson.
Steven Gaye Mr. Nicholas Hannen



THE DANCING BUTLER—AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Flogdell Mr. Archibald Batty. Steven Gaye . . . Mr. Nicholas Hannen.

Even when Miss Garson has to say things to Steven about keeping their hate on the same high level as their love, she manages it and is never abourd.

But there is a falling away in the Second and Third Acts from the probabilities and firmer character lines of the first, and the two chief performers have their work cut out to make their successive changes of mood plausible and entertaining. They succeed because they can act uncommonly well, and, although the piece keeps trembling on the very brink of the crudely farcical, it remains a comedy.

There is a butler, played by Mr. Archibald Batty, who in his vocabulary and competence and sense of solidarity is reminiscent of Jeeves grown old. There are actors and actresses to give the dramatist the chance for some comfortable scoring off the foibles of the profession. There are epigrams, which come from Miss Linda Brown and Mr. Steven Gaye quite naturally, for they love good phrases. There is a

athletic young American (Mr. ROBERT FLEMYNG) whose tongue-tied devotion changes quickly enough into a peculiarly ruthless quest for divorce evidence as soon as his wife has tired of him and too much of outdoor sports to which marriage with him has introduced her. Mr. FLEMYNG plays his part very well, and shows a young man who is the only character in the play to whom the events are plainly memorable and more than the normal stuff of everyday life. At the beginning it looks as though Linda Brown, with her flashing hidden fires, is charged with deep feeling, but as we come to know her better we realise she is going to get over everybody very easily and in a cheerful flitter well suited to the world she has chosen. It is a bright little world, where the most is made of tales of little _ D. W. meaning. _

Things That Might Have Been More Happily Expressed.

"During that time these letters were written (God Knows Why—Lutterworth Press, 2s.)."

Church Magazine.

Resting.

"This East coast air is very tiring," said Pamela, "and I've eaten too much lobster. I shall have a good rest on the lawn.

I also have eaten too much lobster. I shall have a bad rest on my bed.

'Not on a lovely afternoon like this. A hammock-chair on the lawn will be

the very thing.

The hammock-chair on the lawn proved to be two very things. One I recovered from the vicinity of the bishop and his wife and his wife's sister and his niece. The other, after exhaustive search, I discovered behind

the long telescope.
"Never mind," said Pamela soothingly, "you can have a good rest now. I've found a perfect spot. In the sun, on the edge of the cliff, a gorgeous view, and a wire-railing to put your

feet on if you feel like it.

"If the wire-railing feels tired out, I do feel like it," I said, and kicked one of the hammock-chairs into its fourth notch. Pamela sat down. I kicked the other chair, placed it a judicious distance from the wire-railing and subsided into it.

"Perfect," said Pamela.
"Very nearly. For absolute comfort." I'm a bit too far from the wire-railing.'

I rose, dragged my chair forward a few inches and subsided again.

"Of course," Pamela observed, "a hammock-chair badly wants a cushion."

"And I badly want a rest."

"So do I-a hook-on leg-rest. The colonel was absolutely stretched out on one this morning; and look! There are three over there."
"Three colonels?"

"No, three leg-rests. Over there by the laurel-bush. You can see if you crane your neck.

I craned my neck.

"All three leg-rests are appropriated," I pointed out.

"Naturally, but there must be plenty more. In the potting-shed, I expect.'

The potting-shed on investigation proved to be a home for clock-golf putters. No hook-on leg-rest was there. I returned to Pamela.

"There's definitely one on the lower terrace," she said. "I can see it

through the bushes.

And I can see over the bushes a woman who would look like a duchess opening a bazaar if she were not reclining on a hammock-chair with a hook-on leg-rest.

"Oh, well," said Pamela, "it's a lovely view, isn't it?

I sat down and agreed.

"And the sun is hot, isn't it?"



"GOOD AFTERNOON. I REPRESENT THE UNIVERSAL CONSOLIDATED GADGETS CORPORATION, AND I WISH TO SEE THE BIG NOISE IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

"Splendid," I said, closing my eyes.

"There looks to be a small patch of shade over by the tennis-courts, and now that the breeze has dropped-

The colonel and his wife beat us by two short heads to the small patch of

shade. We retired in bad order.
"Never mind," Pamela said; "we must try the lower little garden. You can easily carry the chairs down the steps, and there's a perfectly darling pond with gold-fish and lilies."

"But no shade," I commented when we had descended the steps.

"Actually," said Pamela, "we were pretty comfortable where we were at first.

We ascended the steps.

"The honeymoon couple seem pretty comfortable there now," I said on reaching the top.

"Damn!" said Pamela.

"I perceive a nice patch of shade by the croquet lawn," I said with a certain bitterness. I was still carrying the hammock-chairs.

"So there is. And absolutely deserted.'

"Perfect."

"Perfect," I agreed.

I lit a cigarette. A drop of rain obligingly extinguished the match. "Hurry!" said Pamela.

mustn't let the chairs get wet."

"For sale by private treaty, delightfully situated Freehold Residence, . . . paddock, considerable outbuildings and large wellstocked fruit, vegetable and flour gardens." Advt. in Local Paper.

Self-raising, no doubt!

The Salon.

"Herbert!" called Lady Mole softly, snuggling down beneath the bedelothes with a sigh of content. "When you've finished doing whatever you are doing will you come in here?"

From his dressing-room Sir Herbert gave an almost inaudible grunt. "I'm shaving, dear," he said, out of the

corner of his mouth. "Well, do be quick," replied his wife. "I've something very exciting to tell you, and I daren't tell you now, in case

you cut yourself." "Oh, Lord!" said Sir Herbert, "is it as bad as that?"

"Far, far worse from your point of view, darling," trilled Lady Mole, smiling engagingly at her pillow. "I've arranged a lovely dinner-party for next Thursday. All the intelligentsia of London are coming.'

Sir Herbert put a half-lathered face round the edge of the door and frowned fiercely. The mention of intelligentsia filled him with very natural apprehen-

His wife patted the edge of the bed invitingly. "Come and sit here and I'll tell you all about my dinner-party. Now, you know Madame DE STAELshe began.

"I do not," said Sir Herbert, perching himself precariously on the slippery

satin eiderdown.

"Well, then, you know Madame RÉCAMIER?"

"Never heard of her."

"Herbert, really!" Lady Mole was scandalised. "She used to hold a Salon once a week, and all the great ones of the day came there for elevating conversation."

"Well?" asked Sir Herbert anxi-

ously

"Well, I'm going to be a second Madame Récamier.

"Good Lord!"

"Every Thursday," she continued, ignoring the interruption, "I shall give a dinner-party, and the lions of Lon-don will attend. The fame of it will go

"So shall I," said Sir Herbert, hurriedly leaving the room.

By eight o'clock on the following Thursday everything was prepared for the Salon, and at a quarter-past eight Lady Mole made a stately descent from her bedroom, clothed in a simple grey chiffon dress and wearing the family pearls. On entering the drawing-room she suddenly recoiled as though she had been stung by a snake.

"Herbert!" she exclaimed, aghast, "what's that P. G. Wodehouse doing there?" She pointed with a quivering finger at a gaudily-covered book that, lay on the piano.

'I happen to be reading it," said her husband cheerfully.

"Well, will you please take it away? I've spent days carefully selecting the most suitable books for this party. Du Côté de chez Swann, Esoteric Buddhism

"Uncut, I see," said Sir Herbert, taking up one of the volumes with which the tables were so tactfully

-and the last two books by GERTRUDE STEIN and T. S. ELIOT, continued Lady Mole, ignoring him. "Now, run along, Herbert," she added, "there's a dear, and have a lovely dinner at your club with that nice old Colonel Pettigrew; and I expect you'll have a nice game of bridge afterwards, and a nice cigar-

"And," continued Sir Herbert, "several very nice glasses of port and a lot of very nice brandy." He blew her a kiss. "Good luck, Maria Récamier," he laughed as he closed the door behind

Confucius Jones was the first guest to arrive, his flaming hair standing erect on his head and his tie a trifle crooked. Young and serious-minded, he earned his livelihood designing those strange prison-like blocks of flats in which, one presumes, the younger generation, leaving nothing to chance, is preparing itself for possible future sojourns in Brixton or Pentonville.

Next came Edward Jeeves, the astronomer, and his wife, Gladys, who had a beautiful singing voice and had once appeared in the Chorus at Sadler's Wells, where she took the part of a

deaf-and-dumb hag.

Last but not least came Gregory and Armande Solomons, the notorious poet and his designing-or rather, I should say, dress-designing-wife, the latter wearing one of her own models, a gown made of tartan bath-towel trimmed with sable.

Well, there was Lady Mole and her five guests-the cream of the intelligentsia-gathered together under one roof. "This is going to be something really different," she thought to herself-"something spiritually and intellectually uplifting that I shall remember all my life.

During the soup, however, when Lady Mole proposed to compare the relative merits of BAX and SCHÖNBERG and conversation should have been general, Confucius Jones and Gladys Jeeves insisted on relating to one another at some length the stories of every Silly Symphony they had ever seen. Meanwhile, Armande Solomons and Edward Jeeves were discussing vintage port; and, try as she might. Lady Mole could in nowise prevent Gregory Solomons from describing to her with deadly accuracy the exact shape, size and age of the nine Teddy bears, relies of childhood, which he still kept under his bed.

It was a disillusioned Lady Mole who eventually made the move, before Armande had finished showing Edward how to make a sailing-ship out of a banana, and led the ladies upstairs.

"Give me a match, darling," said Gladys Jeeves, taking a cigarette from her case as soon as they reached the

drawing-room.

'Here, dear," replied Lady Mole, handing her the box, little thinking, poor creature, that this insignificant gesture would prove the final and utter ruin of her hopes and plans. For Gladys, having lit her cigarette, proceeded to do a match-trick. She placed a match between the thumb and forefinger of either hand, made a quick pass and, in some mysterious fashion,

the matches changed places.
"Oh, do let me try it!" cried Armande, crossing to the sofa and sitting beside Gladys. "It looks awfully easy

Gladys Jeeves gave Lady Mole a charming smile. "It's a match-trick," she explained.

"So I perceive," answered her hostess coldly.

Armande, her sleek black head on one side and a look of intense concentration on her face, curled her silver-tipped fingers round the match-sticks and began a series of reptilian writhings.

The others waited breathlessly. "Is it going to be all right?" asked

Lady Mole in a hoarse whisper.
"Ssh! don't talk to her!" hissed "It's very putting-off. Oh, Gladys.

"Blast!" growled Armande as the matches eluded her grasp and fell on to the floor.

When the men came upstairs they found the chairs, the tables and the piano covered by a welter of matches, and in the centre of the room, lying full-length on the floor, looking more like a tartan rug than a human being, was Armande Solomons with a sixpence balanced on the end of her nose.

"She's trying to dislodge the coin without moving her head," explained Gladys a little shamefacedly

Confucius went down on his knees beside Armande. "Try twitching your nose," he suggested in his slow serious

Armande opened her mouth, shut her eyes and then gave a sort of wild nasal snap. The sixpence remained exactly where it was.

"No." said Confucius sadly, "that won't do at all. It's still there.

"I know it's still there," retorted Armande. "It just happens that I haven't got a very flexible nose, that's all."

"Don't apologise," said Confucius. "It's a very common failing, isn't it, Edward?"

Edward did not appear to be listening. "Do you think I could have an empty champagne-bottle and two candles?" he inquired irrelevantly.

Lady Mole turned a pale shade of puce. "Is it another trick?" she asked in a strangled voice.

"A wonderful trick," he replied. "At least, it used to be. I haven't done it since I was ten. Please let me try!

During the next hour the drawingroom was a scene of unparalleled disorder, while the intelligentsia played Bears and Blind Man's Buff and Ringa-Ring-o'-Roses, and crawled about the floor uttering wild shrieks of demoniac laughter.

They were finishing up with a hilarious game of General Post when Armande Solomons, who was rolling across the room as a very crumpled telegram going to Dundee from Popocatapetl, struck one of Lady Mole's best marqueterie tables a savage blow on the leg, and it heeled over, bearing with it an enormous pot of tulips and a painfully lifelike portrait of Sir Herbert, aged eight.

At that very moment Sir Herbert himself entered the room.

"I do think," he said, surveying the wreckage,—"I do think, Maria, that when you give a bottle-party in this house you might at least invite me to it!

"But, darling," sighed Lady Mole, "it isn't a bottle-party.

"What it is, then?

"A Salon."

"I see. I didn't realise they were quite like this.

"Neither did I," said his wife, taking some dahlias out of her hair. V. G.

A Ditty from Dottyville.

NEVER have I craved or clamoured Notoriety to win; Never have I been enamoured

Of sonority or din, From my gentle gigelira

Drawing pleasure unalloyed As I chase the blithe Chimæra Bombinating in the void.

There amid the glowing cluster Of the Hyades I cruise Or confront the blinding lustre Of gigantic Betelgeuse,



"HALLO! LOST YOUR BALL?" "No; WE'RE HOEING MUSHROOMS."

Borne aloft on astral pinions. As with unabated zest I explore the vast dominions Of the cosmic palimpsest.

Names divorced from normal meaning Yield continual surprise, Tearing down the curtain screening

Magic from prosaic eyes, And enable me at Tooting, In my modest maisonette, To enjoy the Lamas fluting In the forests of Tibet.

There I watch the agile grampus Clamber up the Château d'If, Or observe the hippocampus Waltzing with the hippogriff,

Or hobnob with salamanders In the heart of Etna's cone, Where the blood-red oleanders Utter their mephitic moan.

Though a tendency to shrivel And to shrink affect my brains The ability to drivel And to dither still remains. Others may be happier struggling In the money-making mart,

Metric jingling, verbal juggling Is for me the better part. C. L. G.

Le Mot Juste.

"A great deal of attention is now being paid of late to the general situation in North China generally."—Chinese Paper.



How to Do and Say in England.

Apt Behaviourism for Nordic Students.

III.-Evening-Eat. How to Deport Yourself at a Meal.

STUDENTS! The evening-eat, you shall know, is styled dinner and is of serious import, for it is not only a chance to tuck-in but is always used also as an occasion for being well-bred and showing what first-class society you are. So pay me some attention, I do insist!

After the aperitiv, at which one need but chitter-chatter and need not say weighty things, each gentleman is supplied with one of the ladies to show her the way to the repast, arm-in-arm, as pleasant as you please—a good old englisch custom which prevents congestion at the entrance to the meal-room. A sedate step is correct. Never show too much eagreness and drag her along, for one must pretend to forget about the repast.

At table conversation may be heavier and a general topik may be discussed quiescently—do not be controversial, which is unsuitable to table.

Remember: Do not say things with the mouth stuffed with fare.

Do not provide your plate before plying others with each disch.

He who consumes peas by the knifeful is the laughingstick of those present. Therefore never do this in all seriousness. It is better to forego a pea than to muster as one of the not the Best People.

Opine kindly on what is served up as eatables. Say: "Yes, yes, very nice of course. Some flavour!" (Jess, jess, weri neiss, ow corss. Söm flehwör!)

Eschew the food without clamour, lest you be called "Oh what a grunter! Porki!" (O! huott ä grönter! Porki!)

Never show a preference for overmuch alcoholiks, for those present are sure to pass remarques subsequently.

Do not elbow the table or lean across. Such is not satisfactory form.

If you make a mistake of behaviourism, cover it over by pretending that you had been intending to be laughable and that really of course you were in the know and could carry on correctly if you tried.

In fact from beginning to end, act with restraint and on no account let on that you are enchoying the grubb.

If you take a rosy view of some pretti girl next alongside, do not nudge or tikle, but merely smile gravely and aver "We seem to be getting on like a cat on hot bricks, eh? You charm me, oh really!" (Ui sihm tu bi getting ön leik ä cätt ön hött brikss, e? Ju tseharm mi, o ri'äli!)

Songs of Ignorance.

VI.-Town Planning.

(Written in a seaside hotel after a tour through long-remembered and much-changed places.)

I.

In days when no one ever to Town-Planning had referred, A lot of lovely Plans were made—at any rate occurredAlthough our haunting melody they never yet had heard, Teas, TEAS, TEAS, TEAS; They thought "This Church will go there, This Inn will be so-so there,

We'll have a pretty Row there, And line the Row with trees."

п.

Still the little harbour fronts are there, at any rate in part, And each country town (in some degree) has beauty at its heart,

A spacious Square, an old Town Hall, a cool arcaded mart, And gabled streets thereby,

And, in spite of cars men walk there,

And in inns (sub DORA) talk there, Though destroying demons stalk there,

Even there with boding eye.

Ш.

But beyond those fronts and centres, where the roads relentless march,

There is neither curve nor crescent, there is neither square nor arch;

The man who looks for Church or Inn his soul and throat must parch,

For he will only see
Miles of red-brick coops (the reddest),
Miles of lead-slate roofs (the leadest),
And, if Plan, the very deadest

Ever dreamt by ant or bee.

IV.

Ant and bee, I'll not insult them: to their limited extent
They know what they want and get it, in the way their
fathers went;

Although, in spite of Mandeville, they have no Parliament,

The bees do not complain.
But we, much odder creatures,
All turn indignant preachers
As we observe the features
Of urban boil and blain.

V.

We cry, "Why don't they stop it all, why can't they regulate,

Where are the County Councils? What's happened to the State?

Didn't they pass an Act last year to check this awful spate? Why does the Act not work?

Or can it be that whoso
Desires the Act to do so
Must call in Stalin, Musso,
Or Ataturk the Turk?"

VI.

Is there no one who can tell me, for I simply do not know Why, the more we legislate, the more these ghastly ribbons grow?

Why we must find when wandering through England high and low

These strips which laws outstrip,

And Mr. Builder (Jerry) Still very, very merry,

Since he still obtains the cherry While we only get the pip?

J. C. S.



"Do you know who lives at the big house here?"

"WULL, MISS WILSON-SHE LIVE THERE-BUT SHE BE DEAD AT PRESENT."

"All Wrong" Stories.

II.—Ambergris.

In the teeth of the simoon the tramp steamer Marie Bosquet, in ballast from Cork to Pernambuco, fought the bitter waters of the Kerguelen Sea until the first feathery palms of Nova Zembla's shore-line rose to view in the west.

It was only then that Buck Livingstone, the shellback's first mate, relaxed his vigilance and allowed the bollard to spin to starboard. Utterly worn out he staggered along the companion-way back to his bunk. At any

rate the precious cargo was safe—the ambergris, almost worth its weight in gold, which now overflowed every keg and barrel on board and which had cost the lives of no fewer than four of his crew in the dangerous work of gathering it from the almost inaccessible crags of the Javanese hinterland.

Yes, there would be a fine price waiting for the precious cargo at the Spanish refineries just beyond the waving palm-plumes abaft the bowsprit.

Buck sat heavily down in his squelching sou'wester and began figuring it out in pencil. Let's see. Fifty-fifty

with the Old Man would come to thirty per cent. of the gross. Five thousand pounds! For a moment his head swam.

Then a noise startled him. It was the skipper's voice: "Say, Buck. Quit figuring. There's rats been in the hold."

Buck's tanned face turned several shades whiter.

"Rats!" A great fear surged through him. His jaw dropped. "That means?"

"The grease is now worth just so much punk!"

Buck Livingstone's jaw dropped still lower.

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Apologetic Man. "OH-I-ER-JUST CAME IN TO P-PURCHASE ONE OF YOUR DINNERS."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Sculptor Shivers a Lance.

Between a sub-human functionalism in the factory and a super-human æstheticism in the studio, a world that cares for the good things of life honestly made is in a bad way. The fulminations of critics engaged in bolstering up both aspects of the present régime, and the snobbery of a public afraid of the singularity of backing its own taste, eliminate most chances of improvement; and if it were not for the timely protest of craftsmen like Mr. Eric Gill the situation would be black indeed. In three lectures, reprinted as Work and Leisure (FABER AND FABER, 5/-), the sculptor sets out to determine what art is and its relation to commerce and religion, with a view to undermining a position in which an artist is a special kind of man-whereas every man should be a special kind of artist. Mr. GILL is notably fair to his opponents: to a culture which used to belong to a working life and now belongs to its playtime and to a "standard of living" which means more things and not better ones. But he knows his own mind and it is a mind worth communicating.

Ethiopia Calling.

Raw material of fact rather than ready-made opinion is to be found in *Abyssinia on the Eve* (Putnam, 10/6), by Ladislas Farago. The writer is a journalist whose acquaintance with the country is frankly a matter of only a few weeks, but he has made good use of unusual oppor-

tunities and writes with sympathy and insight. He tells of an Emperor of genius with a small circle of young supporters attempting revolutionary modernisation in the face of a stone-age resistance that may at any moment flare into civil war, a state of affairs suggestively comparable with the author's experience of a pack of hyenas swarming round a car held up at night on the country's only road. He tells of a ruling Amharic race scorning negro associations, of local princelings who travel with retinues numbering thousands, of an incredibly multitudinous priesthood, of a population woefully diseased yet born to warfare. In this country bitterly in need of the white man's help, money laboriously saved for a little beginning of schools and hospitals is now being spent on arms for defence against a European power. One gets an irresistible impression that Signor Mussolini ought to be able to buy his way into Abyssinia much more cheaply than ever he can fight it.

The Banner of Ballyhoo.

A bright and original start, but not nearly enough fuel to stay the course, must be the verdict, I feel, on Mr. Francis Stuart's new extravaganza. In Search of Love (Collins, 7/6) opens gaily and whimsically with the defensive alliance of two much-exploited female film-stars against their male exploiters. Miss Coral Century, the sweet and sulky exponent—for professional motives only—of sex appeal, is a typical figure; but Mrs. Margaret Hubbard, discovered cooking on a gas-ring in the King's Road and created by commercial astuteness "Mrs. Public" or "Everybody's Mummy," is a new departure. Bound hand and foot to contracts that keep the former ever fair and young and the

latter always middle-aged and dowdy, Coral and Margaret see (film) life on a whaler in the North Sea and in various Continental settings selected by a young author and an old impresario. Finally, they cope—retaining their very natural preference for each other—with matrimonial proposals from their bearleaders. One wonders why, as the fun waxes faster and hotter, one's pre-liminary interest cools. I should set it down myself to a lack of sustained intention on the part of the author.

Wigwam and Warpath.

To this story Youth and Age owe Praise as high as any steeple— The Adventures ('tis) of Sájo And her Beaver People: The plot of it is played in

Woods Spring-kirtled, woods Fallthinned—

The woodlands of Keewaydin And the north-west wind.

Here "GREY OWL" a magic chooses
And makes us true believers
In his two small papooses
And the lost baby beavers,
While Sájo and her brother
(Robins Redbreast, Robins Hood)
Play a father and a mother
To these babes in the wood;

Here are rapids and canoeing
And a forest conflagration,
And a Lovat Dickson doing
Is this charming publication,
For I'd say, and in no glib way,
In no all-too-fluent meed,
That this tale of the Ojibway
Is a charming one indeed.

The Retrospections of G. L.

The Leader of His Majesty's Opposition has already written his autobiography at length and in order. Now, Looking Backwards—and Forwards (BLACKIE, 8/6), he discourses at easy random of the encounters and adventures which have befallen him and the ideals which he has spent his length of years in pursuing; introducing us to men so various as LENIN, STEWART HEADLAM and the first Lord SWAYTH-

LING, and to the harsh but rarely resented experiences of a revolutionary in a world much given to orthodoxy. The political creed of Mr. George Lansbury is not for everyone's acceptance. Without undue cynicism it is possible to shrug a sceptical shoulder at his faith in a good time coming by grace of the inherent virtues of simple folk; but no one will deny him sincerity, courage and a large humanity. Although he has no personal use for alcohol, nicotine or the services of the Turf commission agent, he is neither bigot nor killjoy. In his description of Derby Night as it was celebrated in the Whitechapel Road sixty years ago there is a fine zest of life. And one who wanted Frank Harris for editor of the paper which he controlled must surely be acclaimed a sportsman. "I often wonder what his daily would have been like," he says. "At least



Apprentice. "There's one thing about these dam jobs we get; if anybody dies at sea they can't make us dig his grave."

it would have been something unique in history." Mr. Lansbury may be a sentimentalist; at any rate, unlike many of his Party, he is not hidebound.

Good Advice to Amateur Actors.

Amateur musicians, according to some pessimistic observers, are doomed to die out, as a result of the competition of wireless and the gramophone and the ever-increasing gulf that divides them from professionals. Miss Frances Mackenzie has apparently no fears as to the survival of amateur actors, thanks to the ineradicable instinct of "make-believe" and the fact that they find it good fun and enjoy being taken clean out of their everyday selves. That, however, is no reason why they should not seriously cultivate their talent. In The Amateur Actor

(NELSON, 2/6) Miss MACKENZIE has compressed within modest compass a great deal of sound advice based on her own experience on the professional stage and as Organizing Director of Drama Schools for the British Drama League. It is an eminently practical handbook, but her outlook is quite unconventional. For instance, she maintains that, given patience and intelligence, the amateur can teach himself enough technique for his purpose. Another notable saying is that nervousness, provided it is controlled, will heighten rather than destroy the value of a performance. The book includes a series of ingenious exercises, designed alike for the instruction of player and producer, and contains a spirited plea addressed to amateur audiences to

interest themselves less in the hat the actress is wearing and more in what she is saying under it. Miss MAC-KENZIE, at any rate, never talks through hers.

Confessions of a Noodle.

The reader of Enter Charles (HEINEMANN, 7/6), by Miss FLORENCE HODY, must be as sweetly foolish as its heroine if he does not at once attribute the entrance of the said Charles into Helen's flight from her husband to the said husband's machinations. Helen and Cliff's romantic marriage has been spoiled by the unscrupulous domination of her Great-aunt Alida, and Helen determines to leave him and go abroad. At Southampton a charming stranger insists on speaking to her, by and by appears on her boat, and, when they are held up by fog, turns out to be a cousin. Forcing the story of her marriage from her, Charles makes her see how ignorantly unfair she has been to her husband; then a famous doctor, who has once attended her, appears on board and exposes the great-aunt's wickedest machinations, so she hurries home to find Cliff waiting for

personal, but with sincere and pleasant emotion and some believe me, is a very difficult feat. good touches of character to its credit.

Unposed Portraits.

In her introduction to the one hundred remarkable fullpage photographs in Wild Animals (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 5/-), Miss HELEN SIDEBOTHAM writes that "where the object of a photograph is to show every characteristic line and detail of an animal, the average Zoo picture has an advantage over the natural one, for the caged animal knows that he is under observation and he will sooner or later assume a pose that makes him a perfect subject." In this book, however, naturalness and freedom are the aims, and the results in many instances are magnificent.

From the proud Indian elephant and the (temporarily) placid African rhinoceros down to the aye-aye (which apparently pronounces his name not in a nautical or obliging tone, but rather with intent to make one's flesh creep), these animals seem to have been caught by their numerous photographers at the best possible moment. This is one of those inexhaustible books that are kept for years on a handy shelf.

On the Way to Revolution.

In the opening chapters of The House of the Spaniard (HEINEMANN, 7/6) Mr. ARTHUR BEHREND writes with admirable effect and discretion. At once and without

effort he creates an atmosphere that is both tense and sinister. Evil was being plotted and contrived in the Wirral Peninsula, and David Grey's attempts to solve the mystery surrounding Don Pedro's curious activities were dangerous in more ways than one. The situation was indeed full of interesting possibilities, but I do not think that Mr. BEHREND'S development of it is quite successful. The scene changes to Spain, and, although Grey's adventures are hazardous and exciting, the distinction that marked the outset of the story vanishes. But undoubtedly Mr. BEHREND is a writer of great promise.



"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR FATHER WOULD WELCOME ME WITH OPEN ARMS?

"WELL, HE'S AN ALL-IN WRESTLER."

Lusty Fellows.

Neither in matter nor in manner will John o' the Green (Sampson Low, 7/6) disappoint Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL's admirers, for John was a man of resource, skilful withal in combat and never at a loss for words. Indeed at times I wished that he and his companions could have been less loquacious, because they talked so incessantly that I was diverted from admiring their

her at Waterloo, where again we suspect the inspired hand determined and gallant efforts to rescue a lady in disof Charles—this time on a telegraph-form. A rather con-fusing story of an incredibly foolish girl, tiresomely first—who could hiss "between gnashing white teeth," which,

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of the original work of Living "Punch" Artists recently held at the "Punch" Office will be on view at the Municipal Art Gallery, Burton-upon-Trent, from September 20th to October 26th, after which it will be shown at Newark-on-Trent.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at either of these places will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Offices, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Charivaria.

"RATTLING ROARING WILLIE," we are informed, was a Border minstrel executed for the murder of WILLIAM ("Sweet Milk") ELLIOT. Is this known at the Ministry of Agriculture?

Addressing the Anthropological Section of the **British Association** Sir ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD mentioned the discovery near the Piltdown Skull of a contemporaneous fossilized implement resembling a cricket-bat. This is regarded as strengthening the claims of Sussex to be the cradle of the game.

In view of the denial that the Chinese treasures now at Burlington House are watched by Chinese detectives, little credence is attached to the rumour that they are guarded by ferocious pekes.

A horticultural writer reminds us that the real name of the Scarlet Pimpernel is Anagallis arvensis. We understood it was LESLIE HOWARD.

Explorers in Tanganyika tell of natives who render

a preparation of leaves. Our belief is that a similar treatment is undergone by Press photographers.

A naturalist says that if properly approached a shark would be quite tame and docile. It may be so. But we doubt if any overtures made by an octopus could be regarded as friendly feelers.

"What prevents sea-sickness more thoroughly than hot water?" demands a writer. Smooth cold water.

Speaking at Norwich a scientist said that space was the most important thing in the world to-day. Any sub-

Thirteen waistcoats and four cardigans were taken from a second-handclothes shop during the night. sounds as if someone wants to set up in business as a taxi-driver.

"Bring your garden into the house

during the winter," says a horticulturist. Husbands would be well advised not to do so on the soles of their shoes.

"A youngauthor should keep his story moving,' states a critic. Editors can generally be relied on to do that.

Waiters in one London restaurant are all compelled to be clean-shaven. In the grill-room, mutton-chop whiskers are encouraged.

A doctor points out that park orators seldom suffer from laryngitis. It seems a pity.

Real beer is drunk on the stage in a new play. It is hoped the idea will spread to public-houses.

A man has told a county court judge that he would have bought a house for his daughter last year if the income-tax

had been reduced as anticipated in the newspapers. In other words his ambition was nipped in the Budget.

According to a critic there is a boom in bass singers. Especially when they are on the platform.

"Women in Paris are now wearing coats of banana-skins," says a fashionwriter. So for that matter are bananas.



Polite Celestial. "MUCH REGRET IMPERFECT PERFORMER HAS HAD MISFORTUNE TO LAY HONOURABLE OPPONENT MOST UNPREMEDITATED STYMIE.

their skins impenetrable by means of editor could have told him that years

We read of an all-round sportsman who plays golf "quite fairly." But would a true sportsman play otherwise?

A spiritualist declares that in the next world everyone will be found to be straight. Naturally, since they will be on a spirit-level.



From a Housemaster's Letter-Box.

From Mrs. Archibald Smythe-Jones, relict of A. Smythe-Jones, Esq., Warden of the Worshipful Company of Steam-Roller Drivers.

> The Poplars, Laburnum Walk, Tootsey, S.W.59.

DEAR MR. RODSPARE, -1 simply cannot resist just sending you a line to remind you that Percy is coming to Marlham this term! Of course I know how busy you must be, but Perey is rather highly strung and delicate, and is used to having his little ways studied. He is not really spoilt, and if he is treated in the right way he is a boy anyone would be glad to have about. My sister and I call him our "Ray of Sunshine.

Of course I know he will be all right in your house, your treatment of the boys is so sympathetic, and I have told the Matron all about his goloshes, his "queer turns" and his doses, but I should be ever so grateful if you would mention to his Form Master and all the other masters that he needs special treatment, and see that other boys do not worry him.

Yours v. sincerely, ELSIE SMYTHE-JONES.

From Capt. Posthorn, R.N.R. Martello House,

Portsea. J. H. RODSPARE, Esq.

DEAR SIR, -My son, Posthorn, H. F. is joining your House this term, and I feel I ought to warn you that he has been spoilt by his mother during my absences from home. My own opinion is that some application of the good old-fashioned cane is the best remedy for this state of affairs, and I trust you are not one of these modern "educationists" who forswear it. That sort of thing may work with ordinary boys, but my son is not like others and requires special treatment. Yours faithfully.

GEORGE POSTHORN.

From James Inglenook, Esq., Civil Servant.

Flat 1005, Victoria Mansions, Viscount's Court, W. DEAR BATTY, -It doesn't seem so

very long since we were little new stinkers at Marlham ourselves, and here am I sending my first instalment to your House. Remember how we used to look down on it in the Bishop's days? I expect you've changed all that, though; I hear you've even got proper baths now.

About John: of course I don't suppose he's a genius or anything like that, but I think it's worth keeping an eve on his work. He's rather a peculiar lad in some ways, and what he really needs is some individual treatment. I know I can rely on you.

JAMES. Yours,

From Mrs. Alice Briggs, alias Azalea Trelawney, author of "Passion's Ashes," "Unto This Dust," etc.

> Syringa Cottage, Pipkin-by-the-Water.

MY DEAR MR. RODSPARE,-I am dreadfully worried about my boy Rodney, and I shall be so much obliged if you can give him a little extra attention this term. He has taken it into his head to join the Foreign Legion, and quotes not only Mr. P. C. WREN, but my own books. I have tried to dissuade him and to explain the sound advantages of a bank or an insurance office, but he thinks I am disguising my true feelings to test his courage. He is rather nervy and easily exalté, and I am sure that the only remedy lies in a few sensible quiet talks with you.

Yours sincerely, A. Briggs.

From Jonah Jalebyrde, Stockbroker. The Old Manor. Sixteen Oaks.

J. H. RODSPARE, ESQ., M.A., Dudde House, Marlham.

Re E. Jalebyrde, Lower Middle Fourth DEAR SIR,-Reverting to yours of the 26th ult., what is all this about my boy being put on the Classical Side? If by that is meant that he will waste three-quarters of his time on Latin and Greek I will thank you to take him off again immediately. I never learnt either myself, and now I own town and country places, hounds, a yacht and everything money can buy. As for university scholarships, you will oblige me by not insinuating that I am dependent on charity. All Eustace needs to learn is to ride and talk like a gentleman and get to know people who will be useful when he comes into the business. I pay fees enough to have things done as I want them and to have a little personal attention paid to the boy.

Your obedient Servant.

J. JALEBYRDE. I have sent a copy of this to the Head Master.

From Lady Iris Crepie-Crauleigh, M.P. (Soc.) for Pithead-on-the-Wold.

1, Toad-in-the-Hole Mews, W. MY DEAR MR. RODSPARE, -I do pity you poor housemasters at the beginnings of terms, opening letters from hosts of fond parents about the apples of their eyes. Indeed, if I were you I should burn the lot unopened, as I do with my constituents', but you are so good and conscientious.

How boring it must be to read letter after letter from the parents of unique We mothers are especially absurd-not that I am like that about my children; I like them to have a perfectly normal life without any interference from us at all. I think however it is my duty just to let you know that Peter has had a slight cough these holidays, and if you could make a point of seeing that he changes everything if he gets wet it would be such a weight off my mind.

Yours sincerely.

ARTIS CREPIE-CRAULEIGH. P.S.-My husband was not very pleased with Michael's last report and wishes you to keep a special eye on his work. We shall probably be visiting Marlham in a few weeks' time, when we can have a nice long talk about both the boys.

From Miss Ida Stamp, Marlham Postmistress and General Stores.

DEAR SIR, - Very sorry I can't oblige with the six botts, aspirin and three ash-sticks you ordered as I ran out of both a few minutes ago, but have sent to Shrewcester for more. Mr. Worritty of School House had the last two bottles and perhaps could lend you some to be going on with.

Miss I. STAMP. Yours truly,

Commercial Candour.

"It is priced cheaper than all other unsuc-cessful treatments."—Advt. in Bombay Paper. The least successful of the lot, we presume.

"Tyger, Tyger . . . "

"The fire is said to have been caused by a tiger which ignited a box of matches by scratching about the building which has no South American Paper. floor,"

The Original Undertaker.

"Eight years of court contestations from never-say-die undertaker, have J. O. sickened Ald. J. B. A. — of public life and he will run no more." — Montreal Paper.

Frolics with Nature.

"Minister of Health Sir Kingsley Wood went 'hopping' to day accompanied by heavy rain, lightning and thunder." Daily Paper.



FLEET STREET REVISITED.

DR. JOHNSON. "I SEE THEY'RE STILL INTERESTED IN ABYSSINIA."

[Dr. Jonnson, the Anniversary of whose Birthday falls on Saturday, made his sole excursion into fiction in Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.]



"ER-ER, IS THIS T-THE PHILATELIC M-MEETING?"

"COME RIGHT IN, BABY."

The Arrest of Miss Colonel.

Miss Colonel—our Colonel Howitzer's small daughter—is ten years old, possessed of as much native wickedness as any three defaulters in barracks, and generally in mischief.

Her latest escapade began just after dark one autumn evening when Miss Colonel, sneaking out of the C.O.'s quarters with a recently-acquired electric-torch ("pinched for a cert" is the unanimous opinion) spent a happy half-hour stalking the sentry on beat between her father's house and the guard-room. She hid in doorways and behind the Crimea cannon that edge all well-brought-up barrack squares, and kept jumping out with a flash and a "Gotcher scalp!" and the whole affair was being rather Red Indian and delightful till terminated by "Retreat" angrily sounded from the nursery window.

Much impressed by the success of this, Miss Colonel next afternoon collected a few other young ladies and started a new game in which the sentry, this time our Private Pullthrough, was

again unconsciously cast for a leading $r\delta le$,

Pullthrough was marching up and down his beat, at intervals making a smart halt and turn to the front by way of impressing any passing officer as to his general alertness and suitability for promotion, and incidentally of getting a look at the barrack-square clock, when he gradually became aware on these occasions of the near presence of several small figures.

Now Miss Colonel and her pals were not unknown to Pullthrough, but the extraordinary thing was that every time his halt and face-round brought them into view they were standing absolutely still, a thing he had never seen any of them do before for longer than two seconds. Even more extraordinary was the fact that on each occasion, though still motionless, they nevertheless were unaccountably much nearer than before. Pullthrough ruminated on this phenomenon for some ten paces and then halted and turned a little quicker than his wont. He thus surprised Miss Colonel several yards closer still and in mid-step. This pos-

ture she sought for a wavering moment

to maintain in immobility, failed, fell over, got up, put her tongue out at the astonished Pullthrough, and retired to a chalk line some distance to her rear.

Pullthrough suddenly got the idea. There is an old game called "Steps," in which one person stands with his back turned while the others, starting some way away, try to sneak up to touch him between the shoulders. He in turn, by looking round unexpectedly, tries to catch them in the act of moving, in which case they go back to the post, moisten lips and start afresh. Miss Colonel and the pack were, it seemed, playing a variant of this.

Pullthrough at once entered into the spirit of the afternoon and his halts-and-turn-to-the-front became more abrupt and more erratic; moreover a cautious nod—not observable from the guard-room window—developed into the signal to some over-zealous young maiden that she had been detected.

Unfortunately a sentry cannot go on stopping every few paces without attracting attention, nor can he bring off that quick turn round again just after turning back, which causes such havoc in real "Steps," without inviting comment. The result was that after some time six small persons in quivering immobility were poised a bare two vards from Pullthrough, who was and had been facing to his front for the last five minutes in increasing nervousness, knowing that to turn meant disaster.

Four things then happened quickly. Sergeant Grenade appeared; Pullthrough under that eagle eye was forced to resume his beat; Miss Colonel and five others at once precipitated themselves upon him, and Colonel Howitzer appeared from his quarters.

The rules lay down that a sentry presents arms on the appearance of his C.O. Pullthrough unfortunately was not quite in a position to comply. His rifle lay in one direction, his cap in another, and he had been beaten to his knees in the ugly rush of small girls. The group took a little while to sort out, during which time Sergeant Grenade had rubbed his eyes, made positive that this horrible thing he was seeing after twelve years' service really did exist, and had come hurrying up, prepared to run Pullthrough in for playing on his post. By then however the miscreants were standing in an awed huddle and Pullthrough was dazedly presenting arms with his cap over one eye.

Some years' experience enabled Colonel Howitzer to put his finger on the ringleader at once. A brief command to Sergeant Grenade, accompanied by an imperceptible wink, and a rather scared Miss Colonel was being marched to the guard-room under close arrest. Colonel Howitzer then moved sternly off, and Pullthrough alone remained on the field of battle, still presenting arms in a sort of stupor.

From Miss Colonel's point of view a prisoner's life was quite a happy one. In a quarter-of-an-hour, gorged with cake, she had the whole guard at her feet-quite literally in Private Sling's case, for he was being a horse. A quarter-of-an-hour later still (much to Sling's relief, for now his bayonet scabbard was being used as a ridingwhip) the prisoner had been "taken out for exercise" under escort of Sergeant Haversack, orderly sergeant. Ten minutes after that she was being the life and soul of the Sergeants' Mess, her comments on the R.S.M.'s style of playing billiards being much admired. Finally a telephone call from the C.O.'s quarters resulted in Sergeant Haversack releasing her on parole. The inner meaning of the word parole was apparently lost on Miss Colonel, in that she bade affectionate farewells all round.

But for the next few days she and Private Pullthrough were observed to be not speaking.



"DON'T CRY, DARLING, EVEN IF IT IS A PEBBLE BEACH. DADDY WILL SOON THROW IT INTO THE SEA.

The Blazed Trail.

- THE day wore on, the Alpine dusk grew
 - And we, to whom the path was far from clear
- And seemed with every weary footstep steeper,
- Were not unconscious of a touch of fear.
- This mountaineering with its toilsome striving
- Appeared a game not worth the fret and fuss.
- And lower pastimes (such as deep-sea diving) Looked full of charm to us.
- No finger-post was there the route
- revealing, No other climber trod the hill to say If (as we had a dim uneasy feeling
- Making our terrors seem bizarre and
 - odd And spurring us to feats of fresh

Might be the case) we'd missed the

We hid our tremors lest the fate in

And each from each beneath a jaunty

For us were his who held aloft the banner

And then there came a welcome re-

proper way,

Inscribed Excelsior.

assurance.

manner

- endurance; Ours was the path that other men
- had trod-
- A sight o'er which we'd oftentimes grown bitter Now brought a joy we strove not to
- conceal,
- Two empty bottles and the usual litter Of someone's picnic meal.



Mother. "Don't you be so silly, Mabel. 'Arold's a nice young man—and if 'e is an undertaker it's only in business hours."

Awkward Position of an Artist.

I TICH with the creative urge To write a ditty or a dirge, A novel or a book on Tort, A play, or something of the sort,

Some work of genius and of fire, A mighty work that may inspire The heart of man. I raise my pen— And then I lay it down again.

'Tis not that inspirations fail, But visions of the future sail Before my eyes of what may hap When I become a famous chap.

Did ÆSCHYLUS OF CICERO
OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS know
How great the future suffering
That their immortal works would bring?

Would HORACE have been quite so bent
Upon his "brazen monument"
If he'd been told that hows in Britain

If he'd been told that boys in Britain Would learn as impots what he'd written? Would not the learned Aristotle Have put the cork back in the bottle If he had seen how many slips Are due to him in Greats and Trips.?

And don't you think had Homer known How I'd construe him (with a Bohn Concealed beneath a handy shelf) The bard would have restrained himself?

So, though I itch to scatter verse Like sovereigns from a spendthrift's purse,

I pause lest future generations May set me for examinations.

And every time I feel the urge To write a ditty or a dirge, Or some such thing, I raise my pen— And then I lay it down again.

Lots in a Name.

"Even as he was stricken with his last illness, authorities were seeking grounds for prosecution on the basis of a skull and bones found last year on the shore of Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggehaubunagunganaugg."—Montreal Paper,

Their difficulty was pronounced.

Brilliant New Joke.

Extract from "Pearson's Weekly," August, 1935:

"THE WEEK'S WIT.

Two sailors were discussing where they would live when they gave up the sea.

Said one: 'When I get ashore after this next trip I'm going to get a nice pair of light oars, and I'm going to sling them across my shoulder and start walking inland. When I strike a place where people say, "What are them things you've got on your shoulder?" that's where I'm going to settle down.'"

Extract from Homer, Odyssey, Book II., line 121, about 800 B.C.

"Go with thy shapely oar till thou comest to the land of the men who know not the sea: and when a passer-by, accosting thee, saith that thou carriest a winnowing-fan on thy shoulder, there rest."

Repair and Replacement.

I am not very good at mending fuses. Pamela watched with interest my efforts in the scullery.

"Certainly we have a screwdriver," she said. "I know because I used it the day the Harpers came to dinner and the tin-opener had disappeared. So there you are."

"I know where I am," I said a trifle gloomily. "What I want to know is where the screwdriver is."

Pamela knitted her brows. "It entirely depends on what I did with it that night. Perhaps Emily knows."

Emily did not know.

"I probably put it in the drawer in the hall-table to be tidy," said Pamela.

"And was the screwdriver tidy?" I inquired.

Pamela said the drawer was not and far from it.

"The screwdriver is also far from it," I said when Emily had fetched the drawer.

"But there's a broken nail-file," Pamela pointed out, pouncing eagerly, "and nothing makes a better screwdriver than a broken nail-file."

"Except a screwdriver," I said, looking at the broken nail-file without enthusiasm.

"It's funny," said Pamela reflec-

tively, fingering a bent piece of iron with a hole at one end, "what a lot of things get into a drawer. Almost all these things can be thrown away."

When the broken nail-file had detached a third fragment of skin from my forefinger I downed the tool and joined Pamela in the hall. She was sitting on the floor before the empty drawer with a miscellaneous collection of objects on either side of her.

"I presume," I said, picking up a strangely dilapidated gardening-glove, "that this is one of the things you propose to throw away."

She took it from me and replaced it in the drawer. "Not that," she said; "because, if I did happen to lose one of my gardening-gloves, it would come in frightfully useful."

"If you happened to lose the righthand glove."

"Yes, and there's a bottle-opener that can go back too. You often ask for a bottle-opener."

"And am often given a carvingfork."

"And here are a couple of screwthings for preventing the windows opening. We must keep those."

"Undoubtedly. And a couple of cord-things for opening the windows. I suppose we must keep those too."

"Of course."

"And three other screw-things for holding up curtain-rods."

"Actually," said Pamela, "the bits you screw on aren't there. I expect they're somewhere, though."

"And here's an old tobacco-pouch."

"You can throw that away."
I put it in my pocket.

"And three pencil-stumps."

"Put them in the bureau. And here's a nut."

"Put it on the sideboard with the dessert."

"An iron nut," she explained patiently. "It's probably part of the car. And that piece of iron with a hole in it—that's probably part of the car too. They must go back. And here's a washer. We might want that any day."

"Certainly we might," I agreed.

"And we might want a rusty curtainring and a broken door-knob, and a
handle of the drawer in the writingtable we sold when we bought the
bureau, and the heel of an old eveningshoe, and——"

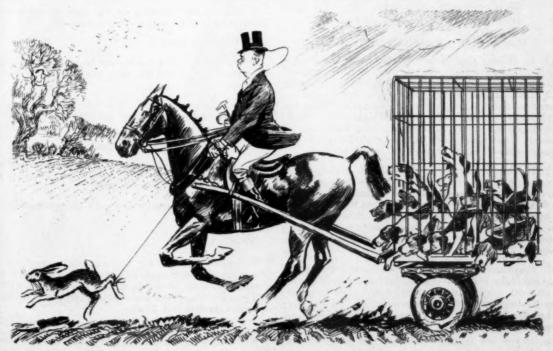
Emily entered the room.

"Put everything back," said Pamela.
"Yes, Emily?"

Emily said she had found the screwdriver in the bathroom cupboard.

"That being so," I said, "we can put back the broken nail-file."

"And put the drawer back too," said Pamela.



SUCCESSFUL ACHIEVEMENT OF THAT TICKLISH PROBLEM OF RUNNING WITH THE HARE AND HUNTING WITH THE HOUNDS (HITHERTO IMPOSSIBLE).

Business for Pleasure.

VI.-On Research.

"Once we lost our turnip crop
While he was inventing a gun."—"Bill Grubbins."

It is not absolutely necessary to have a research department—at least, not one of your own. In fact probably the most efficient and economical type of research department is to have an employee whom you can really trust working in the research department of your principal competitor.

Moreover, not every type of business calls for research,

- In some businesses there isn't really much left to find out. It would be a waste of money, for example, to have a perfectly equipped research laboratory if you are making hansom-cabs.
- (2) Research is a long-term affair, and in some types of business the long term may only come after the business has come to an end. It is useless to set a research department to work on some deep technical problem in the manufacture of, say, shoelaces, since in twenty years' time, when the problem is finally solved, you may be—
 - (a) making wall-paper;
 - (b) in liquidation;
 - (c) in for life.

On the other hand, if there seems to be any likelihood that your business will go on and become an Old Established Concern, money spent on technical research may be a very real investment. Nay, more, it will probably be an Absolutely Typical Investment, since—

- (a) it costs a lot;
- (b) it never pays a dividend;
- (c) if you get tired of it you can't sell it.

How to Run a Research Department.

- (1) In dealing with all research problems the greatest desideratum is Patience. The greatest of all the research problems is the people who do the research, and in dealing with them Patience is not only a virtue but a necessity. Remember that the research worker's motto is: "Rome was not built in a day, and we don't work nightshifts." So the three-hundred-and-sixty-six days of a Leap Year when the research department doesn't discover anything are presumably some of the days when Rome was not built.
- (2) It is worse than useless to point out to the research department that sales are falling, that profit margins are non-existent, and that they haven't turned out a new idea for fifteen years. You can't expect them to be interested in your beastly sordid business. They are scientists, and you can't hurry science. It was precisely to avoid being worried by this sort of nonsense that they became research workers.
- (3) Resist the temptation to ask the research department what the blazes is the use of anything it is doing. There are at least six very crushing replies which research people keep for those who ask this question. "Sir," as FARADAY said to Mr. GLADSTONE, "can you tell me the use of a newborn child?"

So, if you are making straw-hats and you find your research department deeply engrossed in inventing a new ferro-chrome alloy, just be quietly encouraging and go away.

Who knows? If war broke out you might be able to turn the place into a steel-helmet factory and make a fortune.

- (4) If you are going to have a research department at all, go the whole hog and enter into the spirit of the thing. Build a laboratory and place in it a lot of bottles and benches. Then collect a few people from the universities with First Class Honours degrees in Chemistry (they are quite cheap at the summer sales). Turn them loose in the laboratory and leave them. For a few days they will probably wander restlessly round, scratching at the doors and howling. But after a while they will settle down and start bending glass tubing and filtering things perfectly happily. And you will be able to show them to visitors, which is a nice thing to be able to do.
- (5) Try not to interrupt the research department with petty matters. It is a common mistake when some technical problem arises for the Managing Director to say, "Well, why shouldn't we get the research people in on this? After all, what are they there for?" Now this not only shows an entire lack of understanding of the meaning of research, but it is liable to cause difficulties. For with problems of this kind an answer is usually required quickly—say before the following winter. And when we consider that the research department will have to set to work and bend special glass tubing and filter Heaven Knows What before it can begin, it is clear that to demand an answer to a question before next winter is very like trying to build Rome.

It is far better, if one needs a quick answer on some technical problem, to get a roughly approximate one from old Joe Binks the foreman, who hasn't the disadvantages of a scientific education. Give the research department only Big Long-Term Problems and leave the results in trust for your heirs.

To sum up, the following are the main advantages and disadvantages of a research department:—

- (1) It does no harm.
- (2) Visitors and shareholders are impressed by the sight of so much science and the smell of so much sulphuretted hydrogen.
- (3) It provides congenial employment for a number of people who otherwise would infallibly be reduced to teaching small boys that

$$2HC1 + Zn \longrightarrow ZnC1_2 + H_2$$
.

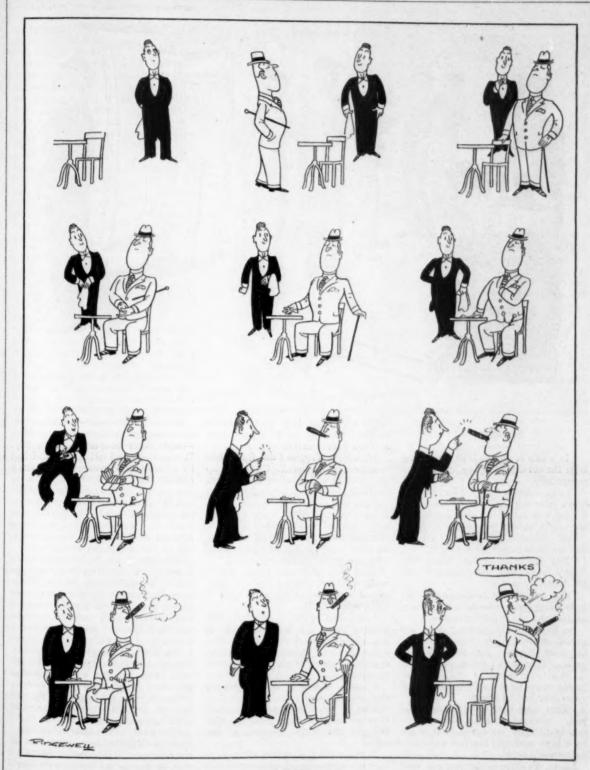
- (4) One of these days someone may find out something which will Make All the Difference to your business. The thing is at least statistically possible.
 - (5) Scientists are usually nice quiet lads without vice.

Disadvantages.

(1) Cash.

We cannot visualise any business man, comparing the advantages with this single slight impediment, being in any doubt as to what he should do. Money isn't everything, and you can always get somebody eminent to come down and open the Research Block.

A film critic regrets that DICKENS never finished Edwin Drood. It was certainly cruel and thoughtless of him to leave no ending for Hollywood to alter.



NERVE.



THE SEARCH FOR THE PORTER WITH THE GOLDEN VOICE.

Speaking.

"It's like trying to love a new dog after the old dog has gone," said Laura mournfully.

It was—except that it is far easier to find a new dog than a new cook. And it wasn't so much the cook one hoped one might learn to love as her cooking.

Still, the analogy was good. Day by day we encouraged one another.

"Her fish-cakes are not what Mrs. King's were—but her cheese-straws are definitely better."

"She may not be much good as far as bottling goes—but she's never once complained of the kitchen-range."

As the dear old saying has it, one gained on the swings what one lost on the roundabouts. But no—not altogether. There was a deficit somewhere.

"With Mrs. King," I said, "I practically never once in three-and-a-half years ever had to Speak."

"That must have been a change for you," observed Charles, deliberately taking literally an idiom that must have been perfectly familiar to him in its domestic sense.

Laura, for once supporting me, said sympathetically: "I know how you hate having to Speak."

She was right. It is the one flaw in an otherwise—I think—determined and self-reliant nature.

With Mrs. Waggitt I did from time to time have to Speak. One made up one's mind the day before, decided not to think about it again, thought about it in the bath and in bed, thought about it again in the night, made up one's mind not to think about it again, thought about it on waking and over an early cup of tea, and finally did it very soon after nine-thirty A.M.

As I have often told Laura, this is really the kind of thing that any competent secretary ought to be able to undertake.

"Oh," said Laura, "I couldn't. Not speak to them. I'll do anything else in the whole world. I've just sent off a letter for you saying that you can open the Sale of Work at Chuck Hill to-morrow."

I saw no reason to applaud her for this, and said so.

And at tea-time Charles remarked that he wished I'd Speak to Mrs. Waggitt about the dryness of her cakes.

It was a relief, as it very often is, to turn one's back on the domestic circle and seek Chuck Hill and the Sale of Work The difficulties there—and that there were one or two, became apparent—were other people's responsibility. It was they, and not I, who had had to arrange the various stalls on a broiling day, and theirs to explain to the other stall-holders why Produce and Houp-là! alone had such shade as the garden afforded. (To Produce and Houp-là! this probably appeared a rational and equitable arrangement, but to everybody else, invidious.)

Nor was I involved, except quite passively, in the short sharp struggle that took place behind the tent (Character-Delineation by the Cards) between the Rector's daughter and a tiny creature with curls from whose unwilling hands I had to receive a charming offering of sweet-peas.

The Rector's daughter, in the end, won, although a carping spirit might have said that the sweet-peas were wrenched away rather than gracefully taken, and that the screams of the tiny creature denoted bitter resentment at the whole performance.

Afterwards the Rector admitted that his daughter had spent most of the morning in rehearsing this effect with their dear old retriever as recipient of the bouquet, and the whole thing had then gone with a swing.

Probably one didn't sufficiently resemble a retriever.

Chastened but not allowing myself to be overwhelmed by the thought, I followed the Rector from stall to stall, purchasing here a lavender-bag, there a home-made sponge-round with jam filling, a couple of tickets for a raffle—live Angora rabbit in hutch—and quite a number of knitted articles—always sure to come in useful.

One also tried one's hand at clockgolf, Houp-là! and throwing little balls into a bucket from which they instantly sprang out again. Last of all, one's character was delineated by the cards, revealing one to be of a homeloving and domesticated disposition, never so happy as in serving others, and belonging definitely to the clinging-ivy type.

This, I thought, will do for Charles's surprise when I get home—and the children can have all the other things.

However, surprise, if carried far enough, readily becomes merged into flat incredulity, and such, unfortunately, was the case with Charles.

After saying a good many things about the cards, he did a little character-delineation himself—and one's reaction was, colloquially speaking, Give me the cards every time. He ended up, with true masculine persistence, by reminding me that I hadn't yet Spoken to Mrs. Waggitt about the dryness of her cakes.

The next day was Sunday, and therefore an entirely close season for Speaking, but on Monday morning one took a long breath, said "Oh, Mrs. Waggitt"—baulked, and turned it into a sugestion about stewed fruit—then rallied and again had recourse to the familiar but perhaps rather weak opening—

"Oh, Mrs. Waggitt-

"Yes'm?"

"We like your scones so much, but I think the cakes are a tiny little bit on the dry side. You know. The cakes."

"Ah," said Mrs. Waggitt, "that would be the cake you brought home from the Sale of Work, 'm. I said to meself, sending it in, that cake, I said, is dry."

And here, most unfortunately, the conversation came to a close.

Except indeed for my apology to Mrs. Waggitt for having made such a mistake.

E. M. D.

Offa's Dyke.

Down in the dyke of the ancient folk, Hard by the rampart crowned with oak, My foot sank deep in the drift of years, Of buried battles and hates and fears, And fights none reckons who lost or won, Long won, long lost in the time that's

done.



"YOUR CREW ARE ALMOST MUTINOUS, I ASKED ONE OF THEM TO FETCH ME ANOTHER CUSHION FIVE MINUTES AGO."

Deep in the dyke of the ancient folk, Something stirred in its sleep and woke, Something rose to the light of day, Something followed me all the way, Something dogged me that came not

nigh, Loitered and hastened and stopped as I.

Out of the dyke I came at last Where the drift lay high of the ages past, From the following thing that lingered there

To the sun and the sky and the lark in air,

And the wind in the bents that, strong and fleet,

Ran like flame on its unseen feet. . . .

Deep in the dyke of the ancient men

Something turned to its rest again. C. F. S.

The Irish Mail.

This is the song of the Irish Mail From London Town To Anglesey, As heard In a third-Class dining-car And written down By me.

"Get ready there! Get ready there
At Watford, Rugby, Crewe!
Inform the people everywhere
The Irish Mail is coming through!
'St. Patrick! Where's the List of
Wines?'
'We want a table, please, for two.'
Lower the signals! Clear the lines!
The Irish Mail is coming through.
L. M. and S.! L. M. and S.!
Back to the Emerald Isle.
Who would not go with the Mail
express
A minute to every mile?

Look slippy there! Look slippy there At Rhos and Colwyn Bay! Inform the people everywhere The Irish Mail is on her way! 'Och, waiter, take this turbot back.' I cannot hear a word you say.' Keep off, keep off the railway-track, The Irish Mail is on her way.

Rivets and plates! Rivets and plates!
Back to the Shamrock green.
Who would not straddle the Menai
Straits
With the cold grey sea between?

Stand forward there! Stand forward there,

There,
You porters on the Quay!
Inform the people everywhere
The Mail has crossed to Anglesey!
'Hot coffee, Madam? White or black?'
'The bill, Sir? Yessir, five-and-three.'
Lift down your luggage from the rack,
The Mail has crossed to Anglesey!

L. M. and S.! L. M. and S.!

Back to the Emerald Isle.

Who would not go with the Mail
express

A minute to every mile?"

Surprising Scene at Dog-Show.

"From an unpromising morning the weather improved and a splendid day followed, and huge crowds rolled on the ground and followed the judging in the various rings with great interest."—Report of Dog-Show.

"In the new blocks of luxury flats which have recently arisen in practically every district of London, every requirement of the flat-minded is met."

Adot, in Evening Paper.

It is nice to know that the two-dimensional intellect has come into harbour at last.

Impossible Stories.

XI.—The Little Peacemaker.
Two's Company.

ONCE upon a time there was a young couple called Bertram and Enid Blossom and they lived in a suburban house in the suburbs. They had bought this before they married, when they were still in love and inclined to be silly, and had painted its name, "Journey's End," in large gold letters on the front-gate. After their wedding and a somewhat windy honeymoon at Harlech they settled down at "Journey's End" to a long life of contentment. Bertram went off to the City every morning and returned every night, and Enid spent the intervening nine hours dusting the bric-à-brac in the drawing-room and then dusting it all over again. This she did lovingly because she and Bertram had bought this precious bric-à-brac together out of their savings and shared it in common, the "bric" belonging to him, and the "brae" to her.

When Bertram returned home from work in the evening he was often very tired, and after a swift silent supper would creep upstairs to bed like an exhausted oyster. Before creeping, however, he usually remarked through a yawn: "Bric-à-brac looks nice, dear," and Enid's heart would glow with happiness.

Then in due course little Marigold was born, and grew to be a charming child with long golden ringlets, big blue eyes and a pink sash. For a few years Bertram's and Enid's cup of happiness seemed so full that it sometimes overflowed into the saucer and again over that on to the tablecloth.

Little Marigold was a source of constant delight to her parents. With her whimsical sayings and her many pranks she kept them in fits of continuous laughter. On one occasion she put a packet of tea into the coffee-pot and then, seeing how successful this joke was with her father, she put a packet of coffee in the tea-pot just to amuse her mother. She said such quaint things too, such as: "Wumble jumble hiffledy poo, I'm a zebra in the Zoo!' statement that had no apparent justification but was nevertheless extremely winning. Then she would ask fascinating questions such as "Why is the sky blue?" or "What colour is black?" or "Why do flies fly?" and Bertram and Enid laughed so heartily that they could not think of the correct answers.

Marigold loved her daddy and mummy almost as much as they loved her. "Me loves oo!" she would croon, kissing them jammily on the face, and

their eyes would fill with tears at such a sticky display of sentiment. It was hard to say really which of the two, Bertram or Enid, loved Marigold most. They vied with each other in giving her all that her childish heart could desire; kiddy-cars, dolls'-houses and golliwogs galore were stacked to the roof of her nursery, and acid-drops and strawberry ices were stacked to the roof of her mouth. She was in fact a happy little girlie and it seemed as if she always would remain so.

One day, however, it began to dawn upon Marigold that all was not well in the old home. Daddy and Mummy were always arguing, which wasn't a bit nice. Once, indeed, she had seen Mummy strike Daddy across the face with a chocolate éclair, and in return Daddy had used a very rude expres-"Blow!" he had said, and this was the first real swear-word that Marigold had ever heard, so she was not surprised when her Mummy had replied: "Not before the child, Bertram!" and burst into tears. Marigold couldn't understand this at all, and her little heart ached to see her loved ones so sadly at cross-purposes.

"Doesn't Daddy love us any more?"
she asked her mother one day.

"Of course he does, darling," replied Enid reassuringly, but Marigold was not deceived. Was there not a tear nestling in the corner of mother's eye, or was there?

One night Marigold, lying warmly in her little cot, heard the most peculiar noises issuing from the bedroom beneath hers—bangs and thuds combined with angry shouts and oaths. What could it be? It was Bertram packing his expanding suitcase prior to leaving Enid for ever, and Enid packing her cabin trunk in order to leave Bertram for the same length of time.

"I'm sick and tired of it all!" shouted Bertram, shoving his collars into the box. "I'm nothing to younothing! We haven't a thing in com-

mon!"

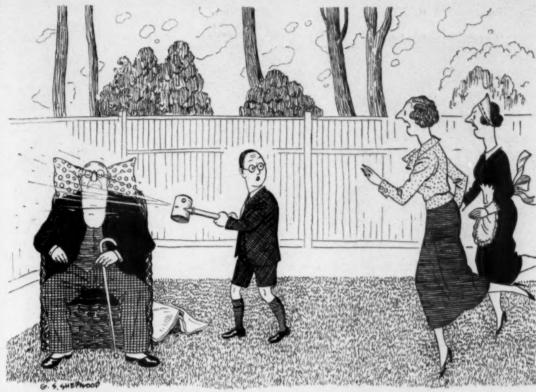
"So are you," replied Enid haughtily, rolling up a pair of stockings.

"Well, I can't stand your face anyway," retorted Bertram, "and I'm off for good."

"Oh, no, you're not," cried Enid.
"I'm off for good. Do you think I'm
going to be left penniless with a house
and child to look after while you
gallivant round the world with dizzy
blondes? I'm going back to mother."

With a savage toss of her head Enid flung open the wardrobe door, tore more dresses off their hangers and continued to stuff them into her trunk.

It was at this moment, when the atmosphere was fairly sizzling with



"GRANDPA IS ASLEEP, MOTHER, AND I FOUND A GREEN APRIS ON HIS BEARD."

conjugal hate, that Marigold made her timely if rather theatrical entry. She looked exactly like a cherub. Her little head was sunning over with yellow curls, her cheeks were flushed from sleep, her innocent blue eyes were large as saucers, and from underneath her white nightie peeped those ten pink little toes which her parents had so often likened to pigs on the way to market. She pattered lightly across the floor and stood in the middle of the room.

"Is darling Dadsie going away?" she asked tearfully.

"No," said Enid, turning her head away, "but I am."

"Are you?" cried Marigold, running to her side.

"No," said Bertram chokily, "I am." Marigold clasped her dimpled hands together.

"Oh, don't go, please!" she pleaded, running to Bertram. "Ickle Marigold will be so sad wivout oo! She loves her Daddy and her Mummy too. She finks theirs bofe vewy naughty peoples to want to leave their ickle girlie when she loves them so much."

Bertram and Enid both turned a trifle pale and shuffled their feet rather uncomfortably. "Come," said Marigold brightly, and, taking Enid's hand in her own, she led her across the room to where Bertram stood fiddling with a sock-suspender.

"Now," she said, as she solemnly joined their hands together, "Daddy kiss Mummy and Mummy kiss Daddy and then bofe of oo kiss me. Let's all be one big happy family again and never quarrel not ever any more."

It was a trying moment for Bertram and Enid. What indeed in the circumstances could they do? There she was, their treasure, pink-and-white and innocent, pleading with them to begin life all over again. Ah, what had happened to the devotion they had once felt for each other? Couldn't they, as Marigold suggested, forget their petty differences and recapture love's first fine careless rapture?

Bertram looked at Enid, and Enid looked at Bertram, and then they both looked at little Marigold who stood smiling between them. Suddenly an expression of hope, not unmixed with nausea, spread simultaneously over Bertram's and Enid's faces. They had found something in common at last. Shaking themselves free from their daughter as from a limpet, they ran

hand-in-hand to the door, rushed on again down the stairs, out through the gate marked "Journey's End," and so on into the night.

"What an odious child," said Bertram when they stopped running.

"And such a prig," agreed Enid, breathlessly.

"So fearfully pi."

"And so sort of—well, sick-making."
"Look here, Enid," said Bertram,
"now that we're free, let's start our
life all over again."

"Just you and I!"

Mr. and Mrs. Blossom are now living happily in a hotel in Pimlico whose only merit is that, though dogs are tolerated, children are not allowed.

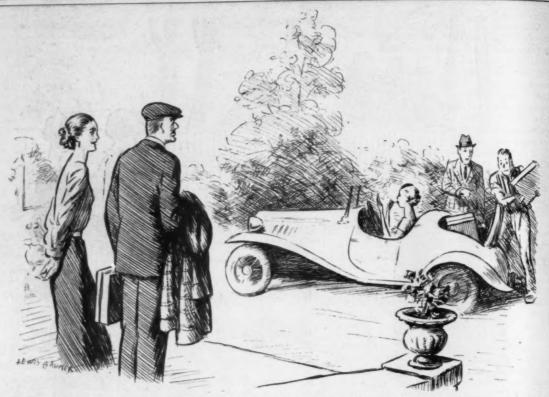
Marigold eventually went on the stage, and for the last twenty years has successfully toured the provinces as Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin. V. G.

How to Check Dandruff.

"M. O. (Edinburgh.)—There is no denying the fact that dandruff will, if unchecked, certainly ruin the hair in time. Take the precaution of nailing some perforated zinc over any ventilation holes, outside the house; this prevents the mice from entering the house from under the floor boards."

Scottish Weekly.

September 18, 1935



"CONFOUND THE FELLOW--HE OFFERED ME A LIFT UP TO TOWN AND NOW HE'S ASKED SOME GIRL AS WELL AND I SHALL HAVE TO SIT IN THE BACK WITH THE LUGGAGE.

"AND YOU'D RATHER SIT IN FRONT WITH THE BAGGAGE."

The Doughnut King.

["The doughnut-eating championship of Canada is claimed by A. Carmanico, who recently ate," etc., etc.

I MAY sing some day of LYSANDER, HECTOR, and other such He has wolfed down ten, he has wolfed down twelve, and names as these

The GREAT ALEXANDER should not be bad and ditto for Hercules.

I might have a turn at the Grenadier Guards (with a jubilant tow-row-row),

But the doughnut champion of Canada is the man that I'm at just now.

The gentleman's name is an alien name, or else it should grace my song,

But I'm not quite sure how the accent goes and should probably get things wrong,

But the doughnut's known for the way it sticks like glue to the nearest rib,

And I leave you to guess its adhesive power when tackled, as here, ad lib.

He has wolfed down two, he has wolfed down four, he has wolfed down eight and ten,

He has looked all round with a genial smile-ah, this was a man of men-

With never a pause of his working jaws he has managed an easy score;

God of waffles, was ever a sight like that in the world before?

Now bake, now bake, good bakers all, now bake with a right good cheer;

Speed, speed is the principal need, for time is of essence here;

the medical men cry Stay

But he laughed Ho, Ho, and he laughed Ha Ha "Why, I haven't yet got halfway.'

Fifty, sixty, and eighty-they have gone like milestones

But the pace grows slower and slower yet, and the bakers have baked their last;

And he looked on the great new heap with a glassy eye and a jaundiced air

As though he had views on the doughnut which he couldn't expound just there.

Bite by bite and gulp by gulp he has got to his ninety-nine; An ardent backer puts one in his mouth and he feebly asserts "I'm fine"

A hundred! By gad, he has done it! But the finish had not yet come;

There were four still left on the platter, and he swallowed them, every crumb.

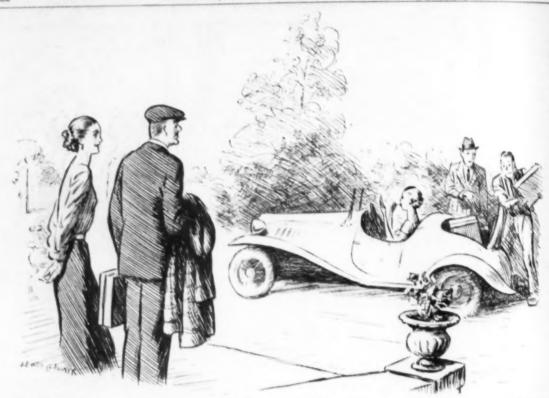
In sixty-eight minutes from point to point that glorious task was done,

A wondrous feat and a noble feat and a record grandly won; And I only wish his (unluckily alien) name could adorn my

But I'm far from sure how the accent goes, and should DUM-DUM. probably get it wrong.



The Governor.



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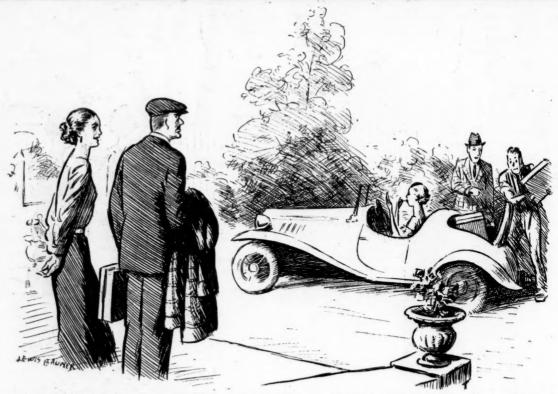
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 - Fifty, sixty, and eighty—they have gone like milestones
 - But the pace grows slower and slower yet, and the bakers have baked their last:
 - And he looked on the great new heap with a glassy eye and a jaundiced air
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The Generica



"CONFOUND THE FELLOW-HE OFFERED ME A LIFT UP TO TOWN AND NOW HE'S ASKED SOME GIRL AS WELL AND I SHALL VE TO SIT IN THE BACK WITH THE LUGGAGE.

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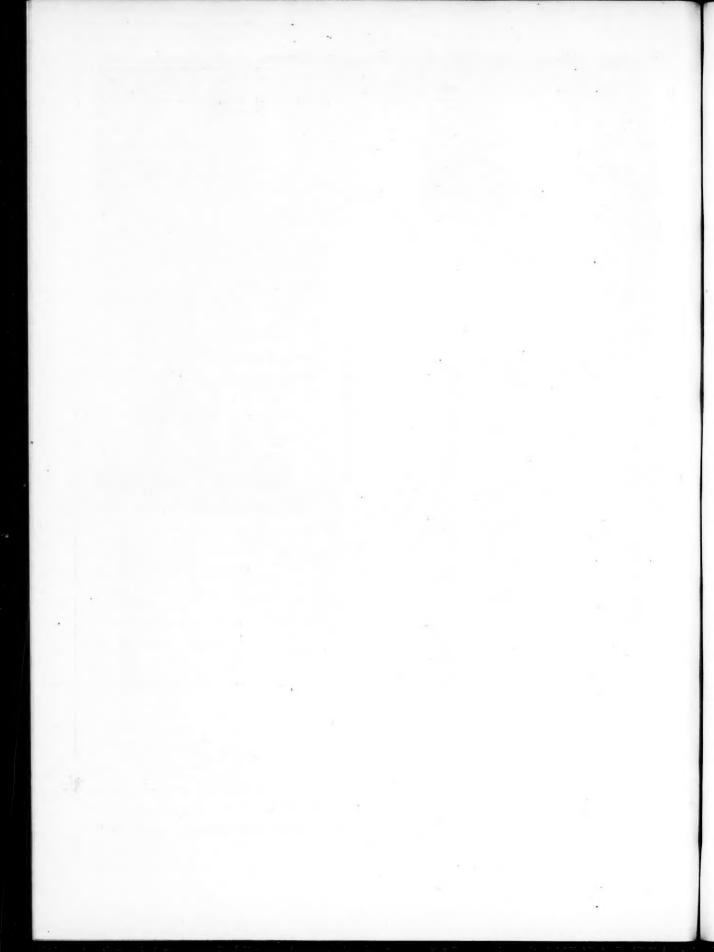
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THE NATION SPEAKS OUT.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE. "BE OF GOOD CHEER. SO LONG AS YOU REMAIN TRUE TO YOURSELF, BRITAIN WILL NEVER FAIL YOU."



The Word War.

XXVII.-Jungle Stuff.

Knock-kneed Verbs in -tion

"Air-conditioning" has long been raging in North America. It is now storming these beloved coasts, but with resolution we may still expel it.

I have read with admiration a booklet about our newest liner (which I must here call the Orchid), for the booklet, like the ship, achieves novelty and

simplicity without loss of elegance, and is written in a fresh and amusing style very welcome in this kind of work. Most of it, evidently, has been done by someone who distrusts the language of engineers and technical experts. When the "air-conditioning" plant is first mentioned it is printed thus, with deprecating inverted commas; and it is stated simply that the plant both cools and dries the air. But later the wordy men of action take charge: airconditioning loses its quotation-marks, and the odious verbs "humidify" and "de-humidify" appear. Why not "damp" and "dry"? "Considerable cooling and dehumidification can be achieved." "Cooling," I thankfully note, has not yet become "decalorification.

And why not "air-control" plant? Or "air-regulator" or

air-adaptor"?

To condition" has not the excuse that it is needed. Let us now get out the studbook and pedigrees and see why it is bad. Attend to this carefully, Bobby, for it is very important. A pint of bogus verbs in "-tion" would do more mischief in the language than a gallon of honest slang.

I see with dismay that the verb "to position" has already been admitted

to the newspapers:-

"The positioning of refuges also demands attention."—An official of the Automobile Association as reported in "The Daily Telegraph.

"The positioning was to be modified so that the road would automatically come in conformity with the rest of the Borough."-Alderman J. S. H. Abbott, as reported in "The Evening Standard."

Now why, Bobby, is "to position" a bad verb? Not only because we have already such verbs as "to place" and "to space," but because "to position" is itself congenitally feeble. It is formed

from a subordinate case (the accusative positionem, Bobby) of a noun derived from the parent-verb. It is like a very distant cousin claiming an earldom. It is as if you planted a leaf instead of a root or tree. It is as if you said, "I motion" instead of "I move," or "I obligation" instead of "I oblige," or "I valuation" instead of "I value." We have very few respected verbs of this kind, and rightly. There are "to auction, caution, question, petition, sanction, station," and, not very dear

"HULLO, MY LITTLE MAN, ALL OVER SPOTS ON THE DAY YOU WERE RETURNING TO SCHOOL, EH?"

"YES, DOCTOR. ISN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?"

to me, "function." Certain vile novelists use the verb "to motion" ("She motioned him to sit down"), which, I see without surprise, is in the S.O.E.D. and was first committed in 1476. I can recall no others. But if "to position" is admitted, without, mark you, the plea of necessity, which can be urged in favour of "auction," "petition," "question," and, maybe, "sanction," then there is no reason why we should not have "to ignition, to diction, to fiction, to friction, to session, to coalition, to suction, to abolition, and to tuition" (which I have heard already in the skittle-alley); or even "to abortion, to ablution, to ambition,

to section, to fraction, to action ('I actioned him'), and to proposition' which would all be intolerable. And do not tell me that I am working analogy too hard, for in these wanton times anything can happen, and happen very quickly. When I began to write about to condition" I had never met "to position": I mentioned it as a remote possibility, and, a few days later, there it was in print! *

Now, "to condition" is a verb of the same weak breeding-"an adapta-

tion," as the Dictionary says, "of condicionem" (later condit-) apparently connected with "condicere"—to talk a thing over, to agree upon, concert. I should have thought myself that there was a touch of "condo, condere, conditum" (I make, construct, build) in 'condition" where it means "a mode or state of being" -that is, that we had two distinct nouns "condition," the stipulation (condicere), and the state (condere). But all the proper authorities assure me that I am wrong: and either way, the verb is rickety and spineless. Earnestly, then, I beg our shipbuilders, architects and business men not to follow the North Americans like sheep, but to control, regulate or manage their delightful air.

EXERCISE.

Are the following passages correctly quotationed?—

"Where the bee suctions, there suction I."—Shakespeare.

"Are you salvationed?"

"I am unable to conception. .

The Rt. Hon. P. Q, M.P.

"Not perditioned, but gone Ebenezer Elliott.

thing and proposition nothing." — Lord Stanley. "The duty of an Opposition

"Re-condition" again.

"The Olympic . . . re-conditioned, refitted and refurnished."
"The Times," leading article.

I shall, I dare say, be told that there are subtle technical distinctions between these three re-verbs which justify the presence of "re-conditioned," and

^{* &}quot;The Queen Ovationed."

Queensland Paper.

[&]quot;Japan and Italy . . . are munitioning." Financial Times.

[&]quot;Players who wish to be auditioned. . . . " B.B.C. Advertisement.



THE BRITISH CHARACTER: ABSENCE OF THE GIFT OF CONVERSATION.

I shall wait with interest to hear what they are. The officers and engineers of His Majesty's Navy, I believe, but rarely use the word. A man-of-war's refitting covers all the known defects or deficiencies; and this old word should be good enough for other vessels. In my dictionary, I see, "refit" is dated 1666:—

"To fit out (a ship, fleet, etc.) again: to restore to a serviceable condition by renewals and repairs."

"Refit, renew, repair, refurnish, restore, rebuild, reconstruct, improvements, alterations"—I will eat my seaboots if you persuade me that the shipyards of Britain cannot do without the base-born "re-condition." Soon we shall hear the cry "Re-condition the Cabinet." You think I rave? Then look at these:—

"Re-conditioning the Workless."
Scottish Paper.

"Re-conditioning of Boys for Hotel and Catering Trades." Ministry of Labour.

Let us, brothers, re-position this word down the drain.

Slug-Words.

"If more people do not eventuate the meeting will not be held."

Caught in Bromley-by-Bow by a curate.

"The argument is that as the Franco-Soviet Pact will also oblige the Soviets to come to the assistance of France in the same eventuality . . ."—Observer.

"... or otherwise howsoever to effectuate the withdrawal of the people of Western Australia."—Western Australia's Petition to the British Parliament.

Tread on the slug-words. They increase like duckweed or the lower forms of animal life. The person responsible for drafting the Herring Industry Act, 1935, as a warrior well remarks, deserves grave censure for introducing "effectuate" to the Statute Book. Section 2, sub-s. (1) mentions schemes to be made "with a view to effecting" various purposes. So far, no complaints. But sub-s. (7) mentions amending schemes for "the better effectuation of the purposes aforesaid." And sub-s. (8) says that action may be taken for enabling a purpose to be "effectuated."

If "effect" is not enough, why not "accomplish"?

"Eventuate," I see, was first used in North America in 1789, and "eventuality" in 1828, I know not where. But "event" is dated 1573, and "result" is very old, and both are good words. But we make an adjective out of "event"—"eventual": and someone adds an "ity" to the adjective, and the

weak lexicographer welcomes the reptile into his book. I have not yet seen "resultuate," but I suppose that it will come; and I wonder that "eventualitarian" has not yet emerged from the warm swamps in which the slugwords are born. What would it mean? Well, you see, Bobby, some poor dupes persuade themselves that "eventuality" has the subtle and valuable meaning of a "possible" (as opposed to an "actual") event. So "eventualitarian" would mean "of or pertaining to a possible event": and you would have such sentences as I have quoted finishing in this way:—

". . . the assistance of France in the eventualitarian struggle."

Do I rave? No. Consider "differentiate," "disassociate," "authoritarian" and "totalitarian" (we shall soon see "the majoritarian party" and "the teetotalitarian doctrine"). You will read about one diet now for ten "dietaries." I suppose that already there are "dietarians," and from these we shall pass easily to the verb "to dietate," and from there to "dedietate" (to cease dieting). We may even have to "eventualize"—to make an event possible, as in:—

"It was the War that eventualized Female Suffrage. . . ."

Or:-

"Mr. Anthony Eden, the eventualizer of Peace. . . ."

From which it is but a short step to "eventualization." Tread on them all.

"Inter-" Fever

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I hear, almost without surprise, that in a "scientific" report the following monster has been trapped:—

"INTER-CO-OPERATION."

I hope unkindly that the inter-cooperators may fall out, for then there will be a clear case of—

"DE-INTER-CO-OPERATION," and that will be fun. But we will all work hard to bring them together again in a happy—

"RE-INTER-CO-OPERATION."

The lawless "inter" blusters unchecked in the jungle. "Inter-Imperial trade," I see, has popped up again in a *Times* leading article. This thing, I believe, was one of the offspring of Ottawa. It is supposed to mean "trade within the British Empire": but it can only mean, among

thinking people, "trade between two or more Empires"—as "between the British and Abyssinian Empires." If I am wrong, then "international trade" may properly be used for trade within the frontiers of a nation, i.e., the home trade; and we may as well give up all attempts to use words correctly and draw pictures or beat gongs instead. Why "Imperial Trade" is not considered sufficient to describe "Trade within the Empire" I cannot guess: but if a prefix is truly needed to express this complex thought it should be "intra," dear statesmen and editors. But, for England's sake, don't start talking about "Intra-Imperial" trade unless you simply must, darlings.

_ A. P. H.

"All Wrong" Stories.

III.-Musical Moment.

The scraping of fiddles, subdued toot of the tympani and other noises peculiar to a symphony orchestra tuning-in, ceased abruptly. There was a burst of applause as the celebrated librettist strode swiftly to the con-

ductor's rondo, tapped the lied-rail sharply and raised his baton on high.

Carl gripped Linda's wrist. His soul was aflame with expectancy.

"There," he breathed, returning her pressure on his wrist. For Fagonini had plunged straightway into the beautiful cadences of MENDELSSOHN'S Overture to Gil Blas. The brilliance of the early pizzicato in the wood-wind quite dazzled Carl's responsive heart, and as the music swept into the codathe heartrending tragedy of Siegrid's widowhood-his eyes glowed with suffering. But now the music quickened, larghetto; the loud triumphant allargando echoing in every fibre of his being until it faded away into the infinitely lovely Chopinesque rhapsody of Solveig's song.

Then the applause crashed forth anew. Carl saw that Linda's eyes were tense. In that moment he knew that they were meant for one another.

Appropriately, as he looked down at his concert-programme, he noticed that the next item was HAYDN's "Scheherazade"!



Learner (after driving test). "HAVE I PASSED?"

Inspector. "WELL, I'LL TELL YOU THIS MUCH, MADAM, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ANY THRILLS LIKE SOME OF THEM HAVE."

At the Play.

"THE HOUSE OF BORGIA" (EMBASSY).

The family as an institution has a great attraction for dramatists. After The Barretts of Wimpole Street it is the

turn of the BORGIAS of the Vatican, and, by contrast with the famous severity of Mr. Barrett, visitors to the Embassy Theatre can see in the House of Borgia an all too indulgent father in Alexander VI. That formidable figure, the best known name among the Renaissance Popes, was not at all particular what was said about him, and would, I think, find Mr. RUSSELL THORN-DIKE's representation highly entertaining. For Mr. THORNDIKE is an excellent comic actor and won many laughs. His Alexander is not at all forceful and formidable. He is endearing in his naïve delight in sinful ways-

"A-counting o'er his wicked deeds As friars count their beads,"

and his is the jolly wickedness of Pantomime Kings. But he does, as he admits, go rather far sometimes. He never has any talk with his dear son Cæsar (Mr. REGINALD TATE) which does not hinge on whom to poison next. Lucrezia Borgia (Miss IRIS BAKER)

takes no part in this, although her poison cabinet is on show in London for all to see. She is altogether charming, and it is plainly only her unfortunate surname which ever cast suspicious clouds upon her fair name. But her exemption is about as far as the author, Mr. CLIFFORD BAX, is inclined to go in meeting historical scholarship. The great BORGIA legend suits his purpose better. He appends a note to the programme which says "There can be little doubt that the Borgias, father and son, did occasionally administer poison; but the general notion of the family seems to derive from a nineteenth-century opera." But this does not hinder him from basing the whole of the last Act on the story, long ago labelled in The Encyclopædia Britannica as wholly without any foundation, that ALEXANDER died of drinking poison he had pre-pared for a Cardinal.

It seems to me a pity that Mr. Bax should have tried, in the tradition of Dumas and Victor Hugo, to crowd so many crimes into his play. The result, dramatically, is not a play so much as three One-Act plays, each complete but sketchy. If, instead, he

had expanded the episode of the Second Act, which keeps nearest to history, he had, in the exciting story of *Cæsar Borgia's* peril and escape at Sinigaglia, in the course of his wars with the Roman Princes, all the material for an admirable play. That Act is exciting,



MINISTERING ANGEL STUFF.

The Duke of Bisceglie (husband of Lucrezia) . Mr. Hubert Langley. Lucrezia Borgia Miss Iris Baker.

and Mr. REGINALD TATE, who is at his best as Cxsar in action, is admirably supported by Mr. Alan Wheatley's portrayal of Machiavelli, the best thing in the evening, perhaps a little fishlike but brilliantly studied and



HOUSEHOLD TROOPS.

Cæsar Borgia Mr. Reginald Tate.

Michelotto | Captains in | Mr. Wilfred Grantham.

Don Ramiro | his employ | Mr. Reginald Jarman.

conveying the impression that here is the profound and amoral student of affairs.

But Cæsar's enemies are quickly finished off, and we leave Sinigaglia to watch old Alexander die. He dies in the way little Eva dies in Uncle Tom's Cabin, being brought on in his bed and placed in the centre of the stage facing the audience, and being carried away again when firmly deceased. The roguish clergyman, helping himself to surreptitious whisky, is no longer sug-

gested, but the death-bed fails to hold the attention because the dramatist has shirked the juxtaposition of religious trappings and offices at a Papal death-bed. All verisimilitude is abandoned. The Renaissance Popes lived and died amid splendour and ceremonial, and their Vatican and the Borgia apartments in the castle of St. Angelo cannot be portrayed by bare walls, a late window and a little oak furniture.

The robbing of the Borgias of their setting extended to their great enemy. Mr. EARLE GREY'S impersonation of Cardinal Rovere, the fiery old bearded man who succeeded ALEXANDER as JULIUS II., made him more like a weakly unpleasant member of a public school Common Room, and

somehow all the Cardinals in the play are pinchbeck figures. The truth seems to be that historical plays should not attempt a wide sweep of action unless they are going to be spectacularly produced. There could be a film

about the Borgias, or there could be plays, for casts of twenty or so, written round carefully-selected episodes. But in his dilemma Mr. Russell Thorn-DIKE, as a very unmagnificent Alexander, took the best way out. He could not, for lack of setting and panoply and matter, seek to interest his audience in the concerns of the head of the Borgias. But he could, and he did, give a capital entertainment, although it did not fit the rest of the play nearly as well as it would have fitted an avowedly burlesque show, entitled "'666 and all That.

At the Revue.

"STOP - . . Go!" (VAUDEVILLE).

In view of this title it was encouraging to find in the list of collaborators that the proscenium had been specially designed by Mr. CLARENCE BELISHA. Such extreme thoroughness argued

promise; but unfortunately the argument remained in the main unjustified, and indeed the first sketch was such a tawdry affair that I nearly accepted the advice of the green light and left. Preceded by a lively promen-

ade of the cast and by a duologue purporting to be between Mr. Marks and Mr. Spencer, whose concluding lines might have been expected to annoy those gentlemen more than it amused us, it gave yet another airing to the sorry old theme of the actress who decided to try the effect on her public of adequate clothing. For several dreary minutes we watched the furbelows torn, bit by bit, from the dress of an indignant lady by a ring of managers, and personally I spent the time wondering how Mr. Charlot, with his great experience, had ever passed it.

Why is it that nowadays the sketches are nearly always the weakest part of revue? Good casts, good song-writers and good producers are still available, but how often are we treated to the kind of sketch which the HULBERTS used (alas! that "used") to put over - side-splitting sketches which were funny all the way and didn't just work tediously up to a wretched little squib of dubious wit followed by a blackout? I have said something like this before, but I make no apology for saying it again. Sketches are the backbone of revue, and if the rot goes on they will very soon be a lost art. One of the sketches here, for instance, hung on a husband's discovery of a pair of

alien socks in his wife's dressing-room; another, in which an old gentleman being medically examined detailed, it seemed endlessly, the record of his nourishment, depended on a black-out covering intestinal inquiries by the doctor. Well, if this is what the public really wants, I suppose it's all right; but I very much doubt if it is.

Mr. Douglas Byng. More outrageous, I warn you, than ever, well over the border, in fact, most of the evening, but marvellously versatile and sometimes very funny. To me he was easily best in a song called "I Want to Throw Stones," as a pathetic elderly little clerk who had never had fun. It was an original turn, beauti-fully executed. The words of his song, "Mrs. Lot," were not his best, though no one could deny that as a pillar of salt he had a certain magnificence; and in the new edition of his modern Diana he borrowed a good many of his old lines, which was a pity. With Miss DOROTHY WARD he sang "Will You be Mine, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh?" which was nearly very good, and with Miss MARY BRIAN'S able assistance he gave us the

most polished sketch of the evening, "Romeo and Juliet" as written by Mr. Coward in his *Private Lives* manner. Rather old game, but very well done. A two-balcony scene.



A BYNG GIRL SHOWS HER PACES.

Mr. Douglas Byng as Ladr Di in "The
Hunt Ball."



THE MUSSOLINI TOUCH: A STUDY IN CHINS.

MISS MARY BRIAN IN "RHYTHM IN A GREAT BIG WAY."

MISS DOROTHY WARD AS OLUA PULLOFFERI.

The best of an unexciting range of tunes seemed to me to be "Rhythm in a Great Big Way," which Miss Brian and Mr. Jack Clewes sang and danced charmingly, the Chorus following, each holding a dummy man dressed as Mr. Clewes. The effect was good; and indeed the décor and the dresses were the most consistent part of the show. Mr. Michael Weight and Mr. Alick Johnstone were responsible, and several of the scenes were really beautifully staged.

The ruthless debunking of rural England, or at any rate of the rural England of the loam-eating novelists, was quite amusing, including a clever song, "Children of the Soil," and a Hunt Ball scene which was agreeably idiotic and invaded by Mr. Byng travelling in his personal horse-box.

Miss Mary Brian's dancing was of a high standard, and her personality charming. She was at her best with Mr. Richard Murdoch, who is a clever and graceful performer—a newcomer, I think, and full of promise.

Several rather silly parts did their best to obscure Miss DOROTHY WARD'S talents, but with the song "Olga Pulloffski," all about a lovely spy whose suicidal influence on the armed forces of the nations was so tremendous as to

be a positive contribution to disarmament, she scored a great success.

For special mention there remain Miss Gertrude Mus-Grove, a comedian of marked merit, whose satire on British Ballet (in company with Mr. Byng) was harsh but funny; Mr. Donald Stewart, whose voice is much above the average; and Mr. George Benson, for a comic face and an original turn of humour.

The impression which the piece left on one was that so much good talent deserved far finer material.

ERIC.

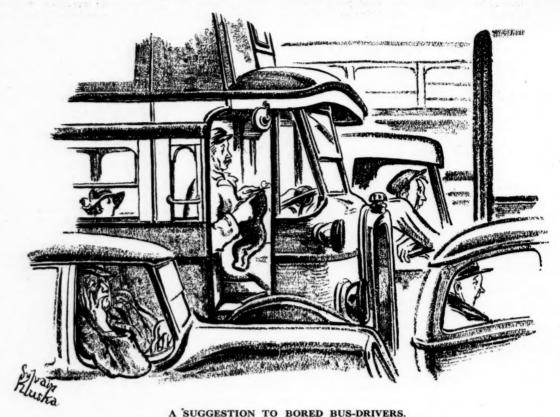
"Ferguslie started brightly against Poloc, but their batting faded out and a total of 1449 was not formidable."—Glasgow Paper.

Now that is just what we should have said it was.

"A bishop's pectoral chain and a gold cross attached to it were stolen when thieves visited the Church of St. John the Evangelist in Edinburgh. . . Both the chain, which is about two feet long, and the cross, which is about four feet long, are of solid gold."

Yorkshire Paper.

What we should like to know is: How long is the bishop?



"A COUPLE MORE HOLD-UPS LIKE THIS AND THE WIFE'S JUMPER WILL BE FINISHED. . . . "

The Lemon Squash.

His disappointed customers have said of Mr. Dunne, proprietor of Derreen's one and only shop, "He'll never come short of an oration about annything he hasn't got; an' whosomever may be the cause of the lack, it won't be Larry Dunne."

He is well known too for his detailed explanations of the spasmodic movements in the price of his goods within recent years—movements that are invariably upwards and are introduced to his clients with a creditable show of indignation with the instigators of the new tax or an appeal to the patriotism of the purchaser; it depends upon the political bias of the person who has to pay a penny more on Thursday than he paid on the preceding Tuesday.

"I dunno on earth how ye put up with it," Mr. Dunne said lately when he announced the rise in tea and sugar; and, knowing that these two commodities will always be bought, whatever the cost, he added gloomily: "It's enough to give ye a disgust agen tay for the next six months." To a staunch

supporter of the present Government he said, "What's a penny to you if it's anny benefit to them that's over us?"

Unlike so many Irish shopkeepers who complain of this erratic behaviour on the part of prices, Mr. Dunne treats as his two most powerful allies in this work of explanation the upsetting factor known to him as "Juty" and the much more mysterious sop to the producer called "One of them Bounties." In the comparative secrecy of his own home-circle he has wondered audibly what on earth he would have "Sure, there's done without them. hardly as much as a day passes but there's a new Juty," he told his wife, and, look'd it's terrible handy when you're hard put to it to give a raison." The Bounties, awarded by an apparently benign Government have exactly the same effect upon the article in question-it costs more. have a bounty upon calf-skins an' upon rabbits," Mr. Dunne explained; "but let ye be thankful annyway that we never see them periwinkles in Derreen, for there's a Bounty on them too -ay, an' a Juty upon the pins you prod them out with when they're

biled; so ye'd be hard hit, adout a doubt."

In the affair of the lemons, therefore, Larry's excuses would have been taken for granted if they had not been so extraordinary and arresting. He himself is appalled by the malignity of a Fate that put it into the minds of the sportsmen of Derreen to demand a fruit, hitherto despised by them, at a time when it could not be got. "Wasn't I very near a month sthrivin' to make them buy the case of lemons I got a bargain?" he says resentfully of his "But no; all backward customers. they'd do was to shiver at the very mintion an' to make faces at them. Every day I'd pelt up to a dozen into the river below, an' they gone like dough in me hand an' blue whiskers on them like Foley's ould goat. I was hard set to recuperate meself for that case, but I done it. An' now the lads is goin' mad for lemons afther what the great hurler from America told them. 'If ye want to be out-an'-out bitther athletes,' he says, 'suck two lemons in the day an' you'll be more nor su'prised."

Warned by one or two requests, Mr.

he

all

ke on vas nat nds nat old out

Mr.



THE DAY THE LUNCH-MUSIC REALLY MATTERED.

Dunne sent in desperate haste to Ballykealy: but the messenger brought back no lemons. He brought a note from Mr. Halloran, and nothing else.

Next evening the local hurlers came to the shop in full force and waited with dark looks of displeasure for Mr. Dunne's explanation of his failure to get the fruit. "It's all on account of this tinsion in Abyssinia," he said firmly. "There's a terrible boss of a lad over upon the Continent, an' he won't let as much as a lemon out of his sight-only givin' them all to the soldiers. He was always a class of a squeezer, annyway, but I never thought he'd have anny interference wid the Derreen Die-Hards."

Skilfully, from long practice, he was directing their resentment away from himself to a foreign autocrat. "God knows ve never done a ha'porth to him," he said self-righteously, "that he must leave ye short of a lemon. But that's the kind he is, they tell mehe'll say the one word three times, an' afther that a steam-engine wouldn't stir him from the one view; for he's that positive, he's the very same as if he was in a tay-pot lookin' out through the spout.

By this time the local athletes were getting really annoyed. "There's no man on this earth," the spokesman said, "has anny occasion to keep all the lemons for hisself." A sudden thought struck him and he spoke loudly and with deep suspicion. "Who is this fella annyway," he demanded, "as great as he is?"

Mr. Dunne leaned forward and "They answered with confidence. have a good name for him all right. he said; "they call him the JUCE.

Old Friends.

_____ D. M. L.

I HAVE been much disturbed by hearing lately, for the sixth time, a story which, when it was first related in my presence by one who knew, was associated with the late Lord Rose-BERY: the famous Lord ROSEBERY. who was once Liberal Prime Minister, who won the Derby with Ladas and who wrote the book about NAPOLEON at St. Helena.

At a farmers' dinner, it was said, the attendants, having served soup, were handing round lumps of ice for the tumblers. A farmer next to Lord ROSEBERY, thinking that, in high society, ice was meant for soup, put some in, whereupon Lord Rosebery, to save his guest from possible ridicule, immediately called for a lump for his own plate.

That is the story, and you will note

the word "whereupon," which, rarely heard in real life, the raconteur finds it difficult to do without.

I have since heard this story several times, on each occasion bearing upon the tact and presence of mind of either a nobleman or a member of the Royal Once it was the Duke of Family. DEVONSHIRE'S, but on the last occasion it was given to the PRINCE OF WALES and henceforth, I fancy, will be chiefly

"Ah, but," said one of the company, "you should hear about the PRINCE and the guest who drank his fingerbowl," and he proceeded to tell us. It was again, he said, at a farmers' dinner, where, observing that the servant had placed a golden finger-bowl by his side, the farmer next to the PRINCE drank it; whereupon His Royal Highness immediately and very publicly drank his too.

We had, of course, all heard it. I forget exactly the last time it came my way, but I fancy Lord DERBY then had the credit. A farmers' dinner,

anyway.
"Yes," said another of our party, "that's true enough. And you have heard of course of the farmer who took his knife to the peas. A natural enough thing to do, of course, especially for a farmer. But lest he should feel any confusion, what did the PRINCE do? Why, ate his peas with his knife too!"

"Whereupon—" I prompted.
"Whereupon," he added, "everyone else ate peas with a knife too."

Now those three stories are all good and I have no doubt that the tact that they illustrate is a Royal possession. What I want to emphasise is, however, that we have all heard them before and each time with a different although equally thoughtful host. The question then is, who was the hero of the incident at its first time on earth, or is there a factory for such stories which from time to time are put into circulation anew?

Incidentally I may refer to the unimportance of grammar in the best repartee. No reply is better known than WHISTLER'S to WILDE, after WHISTLER had made a certain remark. WILDE was both enthusiastic and wistful. "I wish," he murmured, "I had said that." "You will, OSCAR, you will," said WHISTLER. Will what? "You will have said that?" Certainly not: "You will say that." But that is not what Whistler said, and his bad grammar could not be bettered.

WHISTLER has and will have the undivided glory of this comment, but the world is full of societies for discovering this and that source and of investigation into every kind of origin. I wish that some person or some association would inquire into the true begetters of the good things. Apart from the examples I have given, I want very much at the moment to know who first said that So-and-So was "every other inch a gentleman." With my own eyes I have seen it put down to Miss Rebecca West, to Mr. Frederick LONSDALE and to Mr. NOEL COWARD: and no doubt it has also been attributed to Mr. Max Beerbohm, to Mr. George S. KAUFMAN and to the late OLIVER HERFORD. But did any of those really. say it? Or is there a witty man in some dark place who invents these things and decides upon which prominent individual they shall be fathered? JOE MILLER I suspect to have been a very dull fellow, but look at the jokes he is said to have made. Thousands.

_ E. V. L.

Nomen, Omen.

[The list of new composers whose works appear in the list of Empire programmes published by the B.B.C. includes Groftzsch ("Monkey Tricks"), Dr Blong ("Elephant's Birthday") and Kochmann ("Dancing Rats")].

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young And flattered us with golden tongue. The votaries who served her best With sweetly-sounding names were blest.

And none from ORPHEUS down to GLUCK

The paths of harmony forsook. To-day, abandoning the duty Of worship at the shrine of beauty, The modernist finds inspiration In his cacophonous appellation. Thus Groitzsch is subtly moved to mix A potpourri of "Monkey tricks" "Elephant's Birthday" stirs DE BLONG Into a burst of Trumpet song; And KOCHMANN wins his way to fame, Spite of his undistinguished name, By lavishing his sharps and flats Upon the grace of "Dancing Rats." C. L. G.

Headache for Stockbrokers.

"NEW COMPANIES OLfimayarde6Lf 1Gunitntho." Financial page in Melbourne Paper.

- said the allegation "Police Inspector was that the accused was directing traffic near the Town Church and generally making a fool of himself."-Cornish Paper. Only the police are allowed to do this.

"TWIN LAMBS.

A ewe belonging to Mr. ——, of Great House Farm, Newchurch West, Chepstow, has given birth to two lambs, only one of which survived. The other is doing well."

South Wales Paper.

Cropping the Elysian fields?



"WHERE DID KING JOHN SIGN MAGNA CARTA?"

"ON THE DOTTED LINE, SIR."

The Expert.

THE B.B.C. folks, as gives out they knows, They ups last night and they says "General rain."
"That wireless ain't no use," I says to Jane.
"Rain!" I says, scornful, "Rain! Lordie, Jane, it wun't rain! Look at that sunset there fair flarin' red, And them gnats buzzin' high, And all them swallows, see the way they fly; And they says 'Rain'!" I says, "You mark my word they're wrong again."

Well, next day showed; I never seen a better.

Lord, I knowed!

I mind last year the wireless it said "Fine," So Vicar took the choir down to the sea.

"You goin', Bill?" they says. I says, "Wot, me?
Me," I says, "to the sea?"
I says "You wait an' see.
Look at the moon afore you goes to bed;

There's seagulls on the Green;

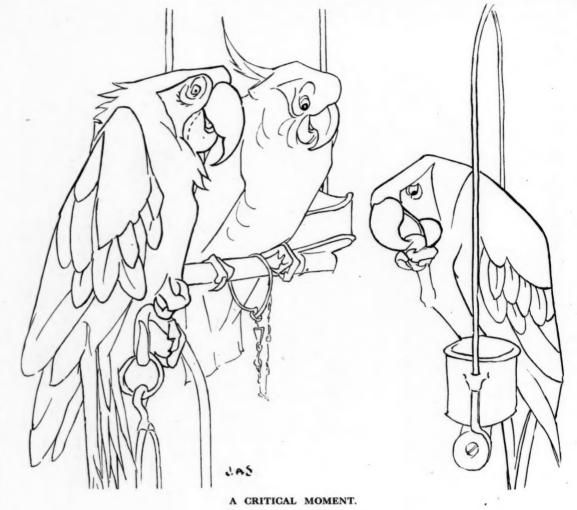
And what d' you think that mackerel sky might mean? If you asks me

They're wrong again at that there B.B.C."

Well, next day showed;

You never seen a wetter.

Lord, I knowed!



THE NUT-IS IT A GOOD ONE?

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ermine, Silk and Stuff.

Mr. Justice Avory (GOLLANCZ, 15/-) contains enough plots to supply the average writer of thrillers with material for the rest of his life, though the rest will not be repose, for Mr. STANLEY JACKSON is too much of a lawyer to make them very thrilling in the telling. His job is of course to show what part Avory as junior, K.C. and judge took in connection with them, and he does this very well. He does it so well, indeed, that he gives very few hints that his subject was anything beyond the stern unemotional efficient legal machine which the public recognised. He makes it clear that Avory was temperamentally a prosecuting counsel, and when he reached the Bench the points of the prosecution nearly always appeared to be those which most appealed to him. Yet it is surprising in how very few cases in his long career he seems to have made mistakes. There was the Adolf Beck business, but even there Avory as prosecutor chose what many would

agree was the fairest course—trial on the present facts and no raking up of the past—only to find too late that the past held the vital evidence.

Every Sort of Girl Loves a Sailor.

Elli, Maeve, Ada, Alma, Virginia, Esther, Juanita, Mrs. Wyatte, Mrs. Fawcett, Athalie and Ginevra became (though not all at the same time) infatuated with Sidney Nevile, a ship's officer of curious charm who, in return, loved most of them a little, but only two of them for long. amatory list is detailed and explained by an old chief engineer to a woman passenger "who, like many women who write, always seemed to be wearing some other woman's hat." My only objection to the engineer is that he talks, though with wit and wisdom, altogether too much like a book. Of Nevile's wife he said, "She kept a libido very much as my sister in England keeps a yellow tom-cat. Also I wish he could have kept the tale a little shorter. The first love, the wife, the woman who wrecked his career and one or two others have importance as revealers of the hero's strange character, but the others only repeat the fact that he loved unwisely and too little. Athalie, the

ex-chorus girl who took her admirers to church, has a different value altogether, and in writing of her Mr. WILLIAM McFeeproves himself a first-class story-teller. The Beachcomber (FABER AND FABER, 8/6) is a perplexing book, brilliant in places, tedious in others, but well worth reading.

Achievement.

To read Gino Watkins (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-) is to realise how ably Mr. J. M. Scott has accomplished a task that was none the easier because it was a labour of love. Quite rightly he says that WATKINS was "a rich collector of experiences"; to many of us who followed the young explorer's career with increasing admiration this fact is well known, but others who were less interested will be surprised to find how splendidly these experiences were put to useful and magnificent purpose. Here is a clear and vivid picture of one who, under a cloak of light-heartedness, sometimes indeed so frivolous that it was bewildering, came out in true and noble colours directly anything serious had to be arranged or tackled. A leader of men when still a vouth. GINO WATKINS has left a record behind him which any nation in the world would be glad to call her own.

English Glass.

Mr. W. A. Thorpe has compressed a vast amount of information into his book, English Glass (A. And C. Black, 7/6), but it is clear that there is a further store which lack of space has compelled him to leave out. He has raised the art of compression to a science. If a slang word will help him to express a meaning which might require a sentence of more literary verbiage he does not hesitate to use it. He seems to be acquainted with every known document on glass, whatever its language (for English to him refers not only to glass made in England but

glass found there), and he quotes from many of them in the original tongue without translation. This is a compliment to the "general reader," for whom the book is intended, though it is one which some readers may find irksome. Not himself a collector, he adds at the end, under orders from the publishers, a brief "Note for Private Collectors," whom he advises that there is no short cut to the detection of imitations. He also drops a hint. Victorian glass, some of it very good, is not yet all snapped up, and "junk" shops in mean streets are better than "antique" shops. But I fancy that what most collectors hope to snap up is a VERZELLINI.

For the "Average" Reader.

Miss Phyllis Bentley has proved her quality before now, but the limitations of the short story have made me appreciate it afresh in her newest volume. Seventeen tales of varying length are bound together in *The Whole of the Story* (Gollancz, 7/6), but they are almost all of a similar excellence. Some are very slight and short, some, such as



"If I 'AD MONEY I'D 'AVE A NICE RUN ROUND THE SWELL NIGHT-CLUBS IN THE WEST END."

"No good, boy. Your dial wouldn't go with tails an' a white weskit."

the title-story and "True Reward," have enough in them to have formed the first sketch of a full-length novel. Only one or two could justly be called magazine pieces, and all betray that intense absorbed interest on the author's part which is the surest recipe for winning the reader's. I particularly liked the theme in "Conversion," where the kindness of a man, unattractive in looks and habits, changed a cynical young novelist's estimate of human-nature. Miss Bentley seems a little too fond of trains perhaps and the book is not for the ultra-sophisticated public, but it may be guaranteed to delight that rare creature, the "average" reader, who presumably likes fiction to reflect life as it looks to the vast majority of his countrymen and countrywomen.

Noll into Oliver.

There is a pleasing irony in the fact that writers who preach or amuse, or both, for the delectation of their age are usually finer stylists and more lastingly popular than the apostles of self-expression. The aims of Oliver Gold-

smith (BUTTERWORTH, 15/-), for instance, never soared higher than a livelihood earned by conscientious hackwork, coupled with the chance-how magnificently seized!-of writing a finely-meditated didactic novel or poem or a rollicking drama of "low" life. A sound and sympathetic charting of these currents of morality and art renders Mr. Stephen Gwynn's biography of Goldsmith not only attractive to read but cumulatively impressive and satisfying. He has discovered, I feel, what the man really stood for, and what to-day—when his "superficial jumble of frailties" is unimportant—he means to English Letters. He has made a good story of a chequered career; but he has appraised a writer first and foremost as a writer, and for this-in a world of contrary procedure-we should be duly thankful. As for Goldsmith's social theory, I can

confirm his testimony that The Deserted Village is winning renewed appreciation as the finest rhetorical expression of

rural propaganda.

A Knight of the Pampas.

The late Señor RICARDO GÜIRALDES, son of a Buenos Aires ranch-owner, enjoyed the friendship and counsel of a gaucho of noble character, high courage and superb technical skill in the formidable business of cattle-herding and horse-breaking. In Don Segundo Sombra (CONSTABLE, 7/6), the author pays his tribute to his friend and his friends' comrades, telling the story through the mouth of a youngster who left a dull home to follow his hero and serve apprenticeship to a hard trade, much as our boys run or used to run away to sea-a story of heroic and sustained physical hardships, of perpetual danger from stampeding cattle, of light loves and dark hates with the too ready knife to satisfy them, of inevitable incidental cruelties and brutal sports, but with the abundant compensations of tried fellowship, rude health, fine horse-

manship, and above all the sense of freedom and dignity which comes from relying on one's own strength, skill and spirit. If the uncompromising North American idiom of the narrative and dialogue seems to put the story out of key somewhat it is vivid and exciting in detail. Don Segundo and his fellows are men to admire, and this is

a wholesome book for the insular mind.

Right Angling.

One of the troubles about fishing is that the close contacts with Nature which its pursuit demands have a way far too often of inspiring the contemplative angler, who spares neither rod nor pen, to indulge his literary fancy; the more welcome, therefore, is a book of such outstanding merit as About Fishing (BARKER, 15/-), in which Mr. ROBERT HARTMAN enlarges in an altogether fascinating manner on the chase of those elusive creatures, the salmon and the trout. Beginners will find here much good advice, very lucidly given; experienced fishermen will mark the wisdom

and approve the absence of dogmatism, and all will be charmed by Mr. HARTMAN's writing, by his unfailing sense of humour, and by the delightful little drawings with which he decorates his text. Exponents of the thread-line school of spinning may think his disapproval of their method somewhat sweeping; personally the only bone I wish to pick with him is for his scurrilous attitude towards the Great Lexicographer.

The Legalist's India.

The Government of India Act of 1935, being the longest Act ever passed, requires a wealth of commentary and explanation to make it intelligible to the common man. An excellent exegetic start has been made by Messrs. J. P. Eddy and F. H. LAWTON with their book India's New Constitution (MACMILLAN 6/-). In this they survey dispassionately not

only the Act but also the history and circumstances which have made many of its provisions necessary. The various enactments are neatly summarised, and the space at the authors disposal has been wisely apportioned. I cannot say that this volume offers particularly light reading, for naturally instruction has been aimed at rather than amusement. But it is not nearly so severe as the Act itself.



"THESE CHOCOLATES ARE PARTICULARLY DELICIOUS, MADAM-RICH DEVON CREAM CENTRES, FLAVOURED WITH

"THEY SOUND VERY NICE; BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF SU-choo TASTES ONE? He's SO FRIGHTFULLY FADDY ABOUT HIS FOOD."

Enterprise.

Although Mr. ALAN SULLIVAN tells a praiseworthy story of a young man's struggle to make good in The Great Divide (LOVAT DICKSON, 8/6), the absorbing interest of his book is not to be found in its fiction but in its fact. For in these pages we can follow the building of the Canadian-Pacific Railway from the time when Sir John Macdonald embarked upon his "prodigious political gamble" to the day when success crowned the efforts of those who were determined that British Columbia should be given a chance to remain in the Empire. Allowing himself a novelist's licence yet remaining essentially true to fact, Mr.

SULLIVAN has written of the many crises that threatened to ruin this gigantic feat, and of those who came to the rescue, with dignity and skill.

An Unusual Novel.

Readers interested in the processes of fiction-writing will be better able to appreciate Cast Down the Laurel (Con-STABLE, 7/6), by ARNOLD GINGRICH, than will those who prefer to ignore the fact that a story has an author. The book is in three parts. The first is a collection of "dossiers" of certain characters and places, written for the author, Wakefield Speare, by a friend; the second is the book which Speare writes "working-in" this information; and in the third, the friend, bitterly disappointed by the professional author's slick commercialisation of the material with which a masterpiece might have been made, writes to tell Speare where he is wrong. The book has more than one subtle merit impossible to commend adequately in a brief review. A very skilful piece of work.

Charivaria.

It is thought possible that this year's Nobel Peace Prize will have to be awarded to the man who finds any signs of it.

What a pity it is that the Abyssinian controversy should have clashed with the marriage of Mr. Fred Perry, the lawn - tennis champion!

Italian soldiers manicure their nails, we are told. They belong to the rank and file.

A new London nightclub is said to be so exclusive that the management have requested that only ex - public - school police be sent to raid it.

In order to restrict the importation of perambulators into the Irish Free State the duty has been raised and a sharp lookout is kept for pramrunners. ***

The belief that bad spirits could be put into bottles is said to be still held in some parts of this country. Bootleggers have proved it true.

In view of the possibility that the office of City Marshal may be allowed to lapse, assurances would be welcomed that there is no idea of abolishing that of the Lord Mayor's Coachman.

In Denmark a motorist's blood when tested should not show more than '08 per cent. of alcohol. Prudent Danish drivers are therefore careful not to take "one over the '08."

A record of GLADSTONE'S voice is to be broadcast by the B.B.C. Rumours that the Corporation are inspired by a desire to answer a certain time-honoured question are not, however, true.

Baths of permanganate of potash are recommended for continuing the

effect of sun-tan. In the coming months many smart skins will be "perm'd."

According to a daily paper, the wedding of a well-known bank manager was a very original affair. It is understood that the happy pair left the church under an archway of crossed cheques.

It has been noted in the Press that

Trafalgar Square. Still, it is safer than walking.

A well-known racing motorist has signed on as an outside-right for a football League team. It will be interesting to see if he puts out his hand when he takes a corner.

Good hops are said to have been grown in an East End backyard, but

there is little support for a "Hop at Home" movement.

A well-known comedian has been suffering from laryngitis. We respectfully request humorists not to make a joke about hoarse chestnuts.

It is now said that the average man only needs four hours' sleep every night, and the neighbour's loud-speaker should help a lot in this direction.

A former heavyweight champion has become a successful farmer. Nothing will please him more than a field of wheat with thick ears.

Highways of rubber are suggested in a new scheme. We understand that many of them will stretch for miles.

"At what point of the swing should a golf-club be farthest from the ball?" asks a novice. After you've hit it.

Brighton people are inclined to be talkative. Natives of Whitstable and ca Colchester, however, are noted for side

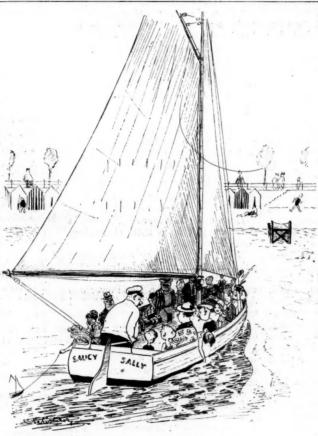
The Victorian mother opened every meal with grace, observes an essayist. The modern method seems to be with the use of a tin-opener.

their reluctance to open their mouths.

A Naturalist points out that a butterfly has to flap its wings nearly eight hundred times in order to cross A London actress has insured her cat. We understand she pays a considerable sum in premiums for the nine policies on the animal's lives.

"Walsall Drew on the Post" according to a Football News Headline. Not funny pictures of the referee, we hope.

Pink snow is reported to have fallen in certain parts of Maine, U.S.A., for the first time since Prohibition was abolished.



"BUT WE'VE ONLY BEEN OUT HALF-AN-HOUR."

"Well, Lady, wot did yer expect f'r a bob—a perishin' Mediterranean cruise?"

Correspondence.

It was a casual remark of Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe's that set Edith

thinking.

"He's quite a well-known man," said Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, talking of a cousin of a friend of somebody she met on a cruise; "he is always writing letters to The Times and that sort of

Edith tackled me about it when Mrs.

Johnson-Clitheroe had gone.

"Here you are," she said, "getting older every day, and so far nobody has ever heard of you. Why not make a start by writing a letter to The Times?"

"What about?" I said with stern

masculine practicalness.

"We'll get this morning's Times and see what sort of controversies are going on at the moment, and you can pick the subject you know most about. Or if there isn't a controversy that appeals to you, I expect there is some other subject on the carpet, such as recollections of cattle-shows in the 'fifties.'

I told her that I didn't go to any cattle-shows in the 'fifties, but she fetched The Times and started to go through the letters systematically.

"There's a great long letter about 'Reform in the Theatre," she said. "Have you any views about 'Reform in the Theatre'?"

"I think it's a silly idea not to let you smoke except at musical plays," I said.

"That won't do. Too obvious. Then there is a letter about the medicoscientific work of the League of Nations, but that's too deep for you. Then somebody writes to say that New Zealand-but you don't know anything about New Zealand-and there's an argument about whether Sussex is a kingdom or a shire-but you can't write about that unless your grandfather remembers something his grandfather said to him about it in 1866."

"I could invent something," I said.
"Everything in *The Times* has to be true," said Edith, "that's why it costs twopence. The next letter is about separating cream from milk."
"We could find how our milkman

does it," I said. "He seems to be an

expert."
"Then there's a letter about litter. Somebody writes to suggest that if cigarette-manufacturers gave a free packet of cigarettes for every twelve cartons returned people wouldn't throw away their cartons. Couldn't you follow that up?'

"I could suggest that if greengroeers gave a new banana for six bananaskins there would be no banana-skins left about," I said, "but it would be

dashed uncomfortable getting your money out of your pocket while you were saving-up banana-skins. how would greengrocers know that they were getting their own banana-skins back?"

"Then there's a man writing to say that he used to pick violets within a mile of Acton station in 1873."

"I could write and say I caught butterflies in Bouverie Street in 1815, I said; "but I suppose I must wait till The Times comes down to a penny.

"Then there's a letter about the train service in Devonshire in the 'sixties-surely you can write something sensible and original about one of these subjects?

"I'll write about the train service to Little Wobbley in 1935," I said.

"But there is nothing startling about the train service to Little Wobbley in

"Not to our contemporaries," said, "but if we put the letter away for fifty years or so to mature. . .

Little Bongonia's First Grammar.

Instructor. This morning, Bongonia dear, we will do a little elementary political grammar.

Bongonia. But why must I learn political grammar, kind Instructor?

I. Because every little nation who wants to grow into a Big Power one day must know how to talk to and understand other Big Powers.

B. But do not Big Powers talk like

other people?

I. Dear me, no! What an idea! The Language of Politics uses the same words, it is true, but its grammar is far more complicated.

B. In what way complicated, please? I. There are so many exceptions to every rule. Take the verb "To promise," for instance. "I promise," "I will promise," "I have promised" would be, politically, "I promise"; "I will, subject to certain conditions and with full power to retract at any future date, promise," "I was forced into signing.

B. It certainly seems rather difficult to a little nation. Could you explain

some more, please?

I. Let us then take the possessive adjectives-My, Thy, His. instead of being governed by the noun, as in French, themselves govern the noun. For example, "My native land," but "His uncivilised tribes."

B. But is it not the person speaking who really governs the adjective?

I. In a sense it certainly is, Bongonia. For example, take the word "patriotic." "I am patriotic, but thou

art aggressive and he is a menace." Now let us see if you can open your book at Military Exercise One and conjugate the singular verb "To apply sanctions."

B. "I apply sanctions. Thou givest

thy sanction. He defies sanctions. I. Very good. And now "To desire

B. "I desire peace. Thou art unprepared for war. He shall not fight."

I. Better and better. You will be a very Big Power one day. Now the next:

"To acquire land."

B. "I colonise. Thou expandest. He starts a war of aggression." But, Instructor, I am tired of verbs. Let me try to decline a noun now. May I try Arbitration?

I. Ah! that is a very difficult one. My little Bongonia must wait till she is a lot bigger before she can decline

Arbitration.

To Julia, on Catching It.

["A telegram catches the spirit of the moment."—G.P.O. Official Pamphlet.]

I'D quarrelled with My sweeting-We parted in Disdain. I sent a Telegreeting (I'd quarrelled with my sweeting) To ask her for A meeting To patch it up Again.

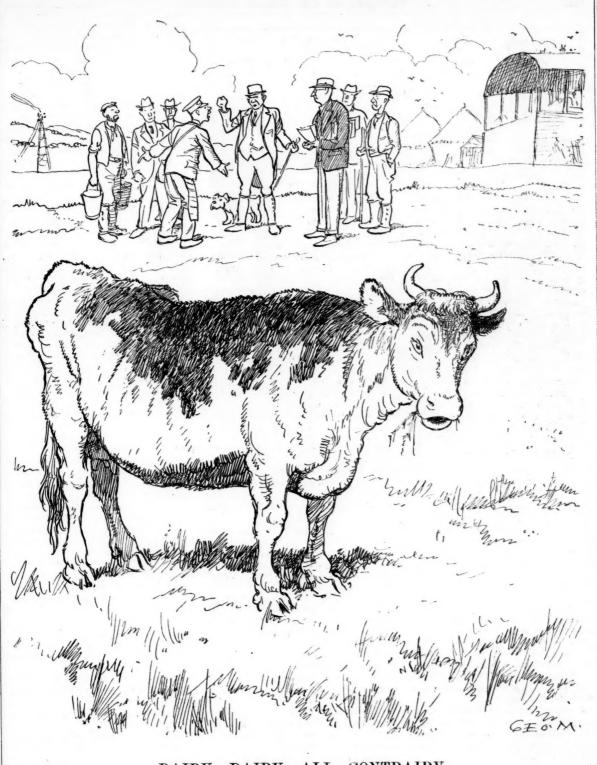
I got it, 'pon My Sam! I waited for Her answer And then the fun began, Sir. My pet, my little lamb, In barbed and pointed answer Refused to lift The ban, Sir-A scrappy Snappy 'Gram. (According to the man, Sir. It was a Happygram.)

I waited for her answer:

A beating (It is the English creed); I sent a Telegreeting, another Telegreeting To shower upon my sweeting The vows I wished to plead. And now we've had a meeting: She is again my sweeting-The smiles of Luck are fleeting

And who will give them Heed? O happy Telegreeting! O Happygram, indeed!

I wouldn't take



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DAIRY, DAIRY, ALL CONTRAIRY.

THE COW. "WELL, WHOEVER ELSE IS GOING TO BE MILKED, I AM."



"I AM CANCELLING THAT CONGO SHOOTING TRIP, EVELYN, AND I'M GOING TO BREED BLUEBOTTLES FOR SWATTING; I NEVER FELT SO FIT IN MY LIFE!

The Happy Group.

"Now this," I said, "has got to be a happy photograph. A happy holiday group. It won't stand a chance of getting a prize unless you all look

"And it won't then, if you hold the camera facing the sun," Laura said.

The remark, like so many remarks, was unnecessary. I hadn't properly begun. Something told me that a really happy holiday snapshot wasn't going to be achieved all in a minute. It might take days, even weeks, of hard work—and we only had ten days.

"Take it after we get home," Charles suggested. "I daresay I shall look

much happier then."

I pointed out the conditions of the competition. A happy holiday groupby the sparkling sea, on the open moorland, camping by the roadside, climbing the mountain pass, or hiking joyous and carefree through the picturesque byways of rural England. Nothing said about rolling the tenniscourt at home, or going up to the village in pouring rain to give the dogs a little exercise and leave last week's picture-papers at the Reading-

"'First prize, twenty pounds, second prize, ten pounds, and ten prizes of five pounds each; a hundred consolation prizes each of a three-guinea folding pocket-camera," I read out. "If we win the first prize it'll practically pay for the whole holiday. And all we've got to do is take one snapshot. I'll take it, and the rest of you have only got to look happy. It's perfectly simple.

"I shan't look at all happy if you make me look at the sun," said my eldest. "I can't possibly look at the sun. I'll stand with my back to it if you like."

"I'll look as happy as anything," my youngest cried jovially, "if I may be the one to take the photograph. I don't want to be taken.

Oh, that's a marvellous idea! We'll take the photograph!" they both

shrieked in chorus.

"I don't think," Laura told them thoughtfully, "that just your father and mother and I would make a really good happy holiday group."

For some reason this idea made the children scream with laughter.

"I don't see why old people shouldn't look happy," one of them broad-

"No," said the other, "but they never do."

Judging from the faces of Charles and Laura-and from my own feelings-they didn't.

Laura changed the subject.

"Is it a weekly competition? Have they put any of the prize entries into the paper? They might give us some ideas.

I turned to the page where the winning snapshots of the previous week had been reproduced.

We examined them in a deepening gloom.

"It's funny what a lot of them seem to have expressed their happy holiday feeling by standing on their heads in bathing-suits," Laura said. "I don't think I should really ever look frightfully happy standing on my

"Some of them are standing on each other's shoulders, like acrobats. Look at this man with the two girls standing on one leg on each of his arms.

"Charles," said Laura, "shall I take an absolutely carefree and merry snapshot of you standing on the shore, supporting a child on either shoulder?'

"I couldn't do it," said Charles. "Not nowadays-and with those children weighing what they do.'

Both his tone and his look were so discouraging that I saw at once we were on the wrong tack as regarded a happy holiday group.

Here's one where they're all playing cricket on the sands. Now we could easily do that."

"We didn't bring any bat. Or any

stumps," said my son morosely.
"Cricket is foul," said my daughter. I should loathe to be photographed

playing such a horrible game."
"I don't mind being photographed running away from the ball, if you like," cried Laura blithely.

"Why not let's just be photographed having tea?" I then suggested, abandoning the cricket motif. "Just a jolly picnic tea on the sands."

"I never have seen and I never shall see what the attraction is in eating food in utter discomfort out-of-doors when it might equally well be eaten in a civilised manner in the diningroom," said Charles.

I saw at once that the inclusion of Charles in a happy holiday snapshot of tea on the sands would do nothing

"What you want," Laura said, "is to find something they all enjoy doing at one and the same time, and then just snap them while they're doing it and looking thoroughly happy.

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She might just as well have said that what I wanted was the moon.

When Charles registered happiness, which was seldom, it was not in the company of his dear little children.

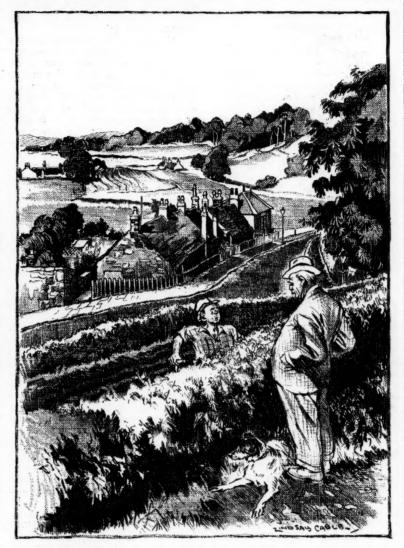
Laura's moments of joyous abandon generally occurred after the evening cocktail, when the light was wrong for snapshots.

The children made an admirable happy-holiday group over ice-cream cornets, but it was never the kind of group that, as their mother, I should have wished to see reproduced in the public Press.

And all of them, whenever they caught sight of the camera, at once stopped looking happy and appeared steeped in apprehensions of the gloomiest kind.

In the well-known old phrase, "Never the time and the place and the happy holiday faces all together.'

The nearest one ever came to it,



"BUT SURELY YOU COULD DISCUSS THE EUROPEAN SITUATION WITHOUT CIVING HAMISH A BLACK EYE.

"I COULDN'T HELP IT, SIR; Y'SEE I'M A PACIFIST."

curiously enough, was on the last morning, when the car stood at the door packed with suit-cases, tennisrackets, cardboard-boxes, rain-coats, packets of sandwiches and damp bathing-suits. Charles had just said a few quite calm but definitely well-chosen words-none the less well-chosen because the selection had been made many years ago and had never varied since—as to what the car should and should not be expected to do.

"Daddy!" shrieked a delighted "do you know the car's on fire?

And it was-though not very seriously-and by the time Laura and I

and the children had snatched everything out of it, Charles and the hotelstaff had extinguished it.

They all stood round, beaming with excitement, amid the scattered bag-

A happy holiday group, if ever there was one.

But I suppose the Competition Editor really prefers art to nature. _ E. M. D.

"Wholesale distributors report a sudden demand for all classes of holiday goods owing to the recent spell of summer weather, stocks of which have rapidly been cleared." Trade Report.

So that's where it's gone!

"Fan Mail."

Stablesworth Hall, Stablesworth Magna, Leicestershire.

DEAR SIR,—Lady Robinson-Brown presents her compliments and begs to say that she is an ardent admirer of your work. She is considering the project of distributing some of your books, along with blankets and groceries, to the poor at Christmas, as she feels that the standard of culture among the poor of her village is not high enough.

Lady Robinson-Brown would like to know if it is possible for her to buy your books in quantity at reduced rates and encloses stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

Yours truly, ELINOR ROBINSON-BROWN.

297, Pond Buildings, Institution Road, E.C.27.

DEAR SIR,—If you will excuse my riting sir but I would like to say how that your books is wonderful. My missus says I had not ought to rite to you but being out of work this last 6 week I beg to say has I can do gardening having had allotment and could easy lern to drive a car my brotherinlaw being in a garidge. If you could see your way to giving me a job I should be pleased.

I find it very hard riting being no scolar and the wireless going all the time. If you can't have me would you be so kind has to loan me 10/- has I can not pay rent and oblidge.

Hoping this finds you in good helth has it leaves me

Yours faithfully
ALFRED MURTCH.

118, Dartmouth Road, Harrogate.

SIR,—I beg to say that I consider your work is retrograde and degenerate to a degree. Gone are the days of STERNE and SMOLLETT, I know only too well, but even in these degenerate days I would tell you, Sir, that you have passed the limit. I have forbidden my wife and daughter to have your books in the house.

I can only account for your writing such trash when I remember the spread of elementary education among the working class.

Yours, Robert N. Ramsbottom.

> Mayfield, 27, De Vere Avenue, Finchley.

DEAR MR. INKPEN,—I think your books are absolutely marvellous. I am

twenty-five, with fair hair and blue eyes, and people say I am good-looking.

I think that bit where she lays her head on his shoulder is absolutely wonderful. I always do admire clever men so much. I can't tell you how thrilled I am to be really writing to you. I am sending you a portrait of myself done by a friend of mine who is taking a correspondence course in fashion-design. She is frightfully clever and it is supposed to be very like me, but she can do another.

We are a very cultured family really. We always take the *Intelligentsian Weekly*, and father always listens-in to the second half of the Proms on the wireless.

Hoping to hear from you soon, Yours very sincerely, CYNTHIA COLDCREAM.

> 183, Britannia Place, Acton.

MR. INKPEN.

SIR,—As a member of the Communist Party I can only describe your work as anti-social and unfair to the worker. In a better state of society such work would not be permitted. Your books have already been banned in Russia, and I only wish they could be banned in this country.

My only consolation is that after the coming revolution they will be. We won't want your sort after we have overthrown the Capitalists you support. From the way you stand up for the upper classes I can only take it that you come from Capitalist stock. Believe me, this sort of thing will come to an end sooner than you expect and you will fare badly.

Yours, VICTOR LADYSMITH FIZZLE.

> The Olde Cowe House, Mouldsmore, Gloucestershire.

DEAR MR. INKPEN,—I wish to tell you how very much I appreciate your books. I live very quietly in the country with my aged mother, and if you could only imagine my reading your books aloud to her in our little garden embowered in roses, you would realise what they mean to simple folk like ourselves.

We have no worldly sense of values, and, far from the fret of modern life, we read of the outer world and dream our dreams. I always feel when you write of your heroines that you must have known me in another incarnation. Perhaps you have. Who knows? I surely feel that I have been one of your intimates in the dim past and should so much like to meet you again.

If you are ever passing this way we should love to entertain you in our simple country way, and talk with you of those deeper things in which we have so much in common.

Yours very sincerely, MILDRED SACCHARIN.

> 13, Nile Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.3.

DEAR SIR,—I am a sincere admirer of your work and wonder if you would be so kind as to help me with my literary career. I have written several plays in free verse, and a novel, which I am forwarding to you under separate cover, and would be very grateful for a criticism on them, as I must earn some money soon. The novel is not a novel in the usual sense of the word, it is an intimate analysis of the author's reactions to life under the influence of Mme. Blavatsky and D. H. LAWRENCE.

Yours sincerely, SEAN SWEENY JONES.

> The Pytchley Hotel, Bournemouth.

DEAR JAMES,—I expect you will have forgotten me, but I hope you will excuse an old man who was a great friend of your father's writing to you.

I can remember your father away back in eighty-five, long before you were born. What a fine man he was! And I have followed your career with great interest. I always recommend your books to my friends. "That man's father was one of the finest men I ever knew," I always tell them. He was the best shot for miles around in his young days, I remember, and clever with the gloves too. I always knew any son of his would turn out well.

Though I think you must have got the idea of writing from your mother. She was one of the Smythe-Joneses, if I remember right, and if you will excuse an old man saying so, they were considered rather a queer family in my young days.

I never would have thought of old George Inkpen's son writing for a living, and it's not what I would have chosen for any son of mine. But you have made a success of it, lad, and I congratulate you just the same. But if you will excuse an old man saying so, you will never be the man your father was! He was the best rider to hounds I ever met, and could have made a success of anything.

With best wishes for your future success,

Yours truly,

NIMBOD HACKING.

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Headmaster of Preparatory School. "I CAN ASSURE YOU WE HAVE A STRONG LANGUAGE STAFF HERE."

I Took My Love A-Walking.

I TOOK my love a-walking, I gave her half-a-crown To buy excursion tickets to journey out of town. But oh! my love deceived me, she went and bought a hat, I poured some milk inside it and gave it to the cat.

Chorus.

Ah! women are capricious, they seldom know their mind;

My love is but a woman who resembles all her kind. For oh! my love deceived me, she bought a hat instead, I poured some milk inside it, and now the cat is dead.

I took my love a-riding, I gave her fifty bob,
I ordered her to hire me a filly and a cob.
But oh! my love deceived me, she bought a Russian book;
I autographed the volume and presented it to Cook.

Chorus.

Ah, women are capricious, they rarely know their mind;

My love is but a woman who is of the fickle kind.

For oh! my love deceived me, she bought a worthless
book

That cost me fifty shillings and a well-proportioned Cook.

I took my love a-biking, I gave her twenty quid To buy a racing tandem complete with luggage grid. But oh! my love deceived me (I suspected she might try); She bought the flimsiest dresses that twenty quid could buy.

Chorus.

Ah! women are capricious, they never know their mind:

My love is but a woman of the most deceptive kind. For oh! my love deceived me (I somehow thought she might);

She bought some silken dresses that turned out far too tight.

I took my love a-courting, she gave me her reply That she would like to marry me if only I would try. My love could not deceive me, I took her for a ride; We drove into a chapel and now she is my bride.

Finale.

Ah! women are capricious unless they know their mind,

My love is only woman but she's the second kind. My love did not deceive me, I took her for a ride; We drove into a chapel and now she is my bride.

At the Pictures.

GRACE MOORE'S NEXT?

It will be interesting to see how the responsible authorities arrange for Grace Moore's next appearance as a film star and singer. In One Night of Love, it will be remembered, she became the pupil of an Italian impresario, but for whose contiguity (like Trilby with Svengali) she could not realise herself in such favourite operatic airs as were carefully chosen for



J-H-D

THE THROAT OF SONG.

Margaret Howard . . . GRACE MOORE.

her. The result was a delight both to the audience and the Italian; and the mixture having been approved, the successor, that which is now to be seen, called On Wings of Song (Tivoli), had to be concocted. In this, we find GRACE MOORE again the singer who would like to become a professional, and again she is put in the way of triumph by an Italian whom she will ultimately marry. This time, however, he is not an impresario but one of those lavish hard-yet-tender-hearted gamblers to be found so often in American fiction: yet he is sufficiently interested in music to give the diva her opportunity; to select popular songs from Italian operas, not to mention "Funiculi, Funiculà," for her to triumph in; and, son of the gutter though he be, to be tamed, by his belief in her and his love for her, into gentleness and devotion.

You see, then, how eagerly I await the next exploitation of GRACE MOORE's talents; for what can be the new combination, and is Italy likely to be so prominent?

The singer in On Wings of Song is exactly she whom one goes to hear.

The acting of the only other person who matters, LEO CARRILLO as Corelli the Italian, is admirable, and there is one moment, when he and the prima donna look from a window over New York at night, which is a photographic masterpiece. But I confess to becoming a little weary of male film stars in their baths, as we first see Corelli, although I suppose there is a following for such exhibitions; and I never understood, except as a humble and docile member of the film-going public, why two Italians, such as Corelli and his Italian associate, should always converse together in broken English. But what matters so long as Puccini fills and enchants our ears?

When, at an hour when one might reasonably expect a small audience, I entered the Empire and found it packed, I said to myself that the crowds were a tribute to the popularity of that feckless daring hero, CLARK GABLE, whose smile alone should conquer. But I was wrong. It was not CLARK GABLE that everyone wanted to see; it was WALLACE BEERY. Excellent picture as is China Seas (although a little spoiled for me by being based on a story by poor CROSBIE GARSTIN, who used to write for Punch and who. after serving notably through the War, was drowned off the Cornish coast)excellent picture as is China Seas from the very start, it was not until WALLACE BEERY'S mobile homely features appeared on the screen that the house really awakened. And even though WALLACE is not this time the kindly philosopher that we expect, but turns



ANOTHER OPERATIC STAR'S LOVE-SICK SPONSOR.

Steve Corelli LEO CARRILLO.

out to be a double-dyed villain, such is his charm that he remains the most dominant personality. Another victory for ugliness; but I fear he is to a large extent wasted.

The mixture is not only excellent,

but well and expensively prepared and performed. In addition to CLARK GABLE and WALLACE BEERY, there are JEAN HARLOW, the petulant dangerous blonde, and AUBREY SMITH, as a wise phlegmatic pro-Consul, and LEWIS STONE, as a third mate shot by pirates and performing afterwards astonishing feats of acrobatism in his attempt to save the skipper and his ship. There are also the pirates; and, before the piracy functions, there is a typhoon in which everything rushes about but no one is ill. And—I had almost forgotten



A PIRATE IN PRACTICE.

Jamesy MacArdle . . WALLACE BEERY.
China Doll JEAN HARLOW.

there is a novelist on the search for local colour who is always drunk and always serene and who once, when someone tells him about a lady's spangles, says that he used to own one himself—a Cocker Spangle. Could anyone want more?

E. V. L.

Our Local Cinema.

"ALL THE STARS IN HUGH WALPOLE'S GREAT CLASSIC OF DAVID COPPERFIELD."

"WARNING NOTICES FOR DANGEROUS CORONER."

Headline in Provincial Paper.

Too fond of inquests, perhaps.

"'O.K.!' said the English-speaking Greek."

From a Story.

Momentarily forgetting himself.

Smith Minor's Sister Again.

- (1) Domestic Science notes from dictation:
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 - (2) History Essay.
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I've Written the Book of the Month, Boys!

I've written the Book of the Month, boys!

And is my excitement intense? For H. S. PRING

Has voted the thing
"A masterpiece . . . moving . . . im-

I've written the deuce of a book, boys! And everything's now looking up;

"It's handled with fervour,"
To quote The Observer—

"Awareness. . . ."—Times Literary Supp.

I've arrived at the top with a bang, boys!

I'm really a bit of a lad, For Bloomsbury "arties" Have asked me to parties And that in itself isn't bad.

It's soon to be seen on the stage, boys!
And lit by the dimmest of lights;
There are fifty-one scenes,
A table, two screens
And forty-three actors in tights.

It's going to be done as a film, boys!
By some intellectual blot;
A shadowy frolic
That's highly symbolic—
I cannot imagine of what.

It's being prepared for the Mike, boys! And this is what gives me the pip,

For over the wireless
It's sure to inspire less
With no Rabelaisian zip.

So now I'm about to retire, boys!
And live like a literary toff,
In Sussex or Surrey,
With never a worry,
Improving deplorable golf.

I've written the Book of the Month, boys!

A winner beyond any doubt;
My one disappointment
And fly in the ointment
Is not knowing what it's about.

The Woman Magistrate and the Clerk of the Court.

A Fable.

ONE morning when a Woman Magistrate arrived to Preside over her Particular tribunal, the Clerk of the Court, having Quelled the chattering of Sundry spectators assembled there for Cheap entertainment, rose Ceremoniously and addressed himself to the Woman Magistrate in a Set speech.



Resourceful Salesman. "Probably designed by Chippendale, Lady, during is stay at Windson."

"This," he said, not without Unction, "is one of the Rare but Happy days in our Local annals when we assemble to Dispense justice but have No justice to Dispense; for, owing to the Absence of manifestations of Turpitude by any of our Citizens, we have no Malefactors to-day. It behoves me, Therefore, to observe the Immemorial custom and to present you, Madam, with the Ritual gloves, these being White in colour Aptly to symbolize the Spotlessness, for the Nonce, of our Borough."

As soon as the Rather perfunctory acclamations of the Spectators had died away, the Woman Magistrate made reply as follows: "It is Becoming in a Virtuous magistrate to Exult when the Uprightness of the Citizens allows

Justice a day Off, and to me it is a matter of Very great regret that you yourself, the Clerk of the Court, should Blot this Virgin page in our Calendar; for to present me with Men's Gloves, Size Nines, is to My mind a piece of Impertinence for which, Anxious as I am not to Damp the general Rejoicings, I can do No less than fine you Five Pounds for Contempt of Court."

Moral: To Many Women a Solecism in Politeness, whether Intended or Not, is Worse than a Felony.

A Busy Moment.

"The hymns' Love Divine' and 'O Perfect Love' were sung whilst the organist played a Wedding March as the bridal pair left the church following the ceremony."

Surrey Paper.

Business for Pleasure.

VII.-On Shareholders' Meetings.

" How long the many will endure the few. . . . "

WE have already explained that the shareholders, knowing nothing about the business, appoint a Board to run the concern. Once a year, however, it is legally laid down that the Board shall meet the shareholders and explain just why the concern has lost money. Now on the face of it, this looks a little awkward. One feels that the Board, as a theatrical gentleman would say, is cast for an unsympathetic part and that shareholders' meetings would be full of interruptions, cries of "No!" and votes of censure. In actual fact, however, it is usually quite all right,

because:

(1) Shareholders are not usually optimistic people. After all, none of their other shares pay dividends either.

(2) There is always a perfectly good reason why things have gone badly, for which the Board is not responsible.

(3) Most of the shareholders live in such outlandish places that they can't come to the meeting anyhow. They are therefore obliged to let someone else vote for them. Thus in so far that there may be a few people present who are difficult, there are always far more who just can't be bothered to make a fuss.

ORDER OF EVENTS.

- (1) The Secretary reads the notice convening the meeting. This is, of course, necessary, otherwise people are left wondering why the blazes they are there at all.
 - (2) The Chairman then rises and
 - (a) regrets that in the course of the year a director has died. (This is always done);
 - (b) "pays a tribute" to the director who has died. (This is usually the only payment recorded at the meeting):
 - (c) assumes (rather gratuitously) that everybody has read the accounts:
 - (d) consults a vast sheaf of papers given him by the Secretary ten minutes before and proceeds to "examine the position." This, which is the main business of the meeting, is what is reported in the financial columns of the newspapers as "Mr. George Gurgle's Review" or "Sir George Gaspipe's Statement."
 - (3) The Chairman then sits down again.
- (4) A nasty little man who holds ten Third Preference "A" Shares then rises and is difficult. He is quickly suppressed.
- (5) All sorts of people then offer themselves for re-
- (6) Everybody present votes against them. Nevertheless they are "unanimously re-elected" (by the people who haven't come. See above).
- (7) Votes of thanks are then passed to everybody, including the staff, "without whose devoted efforts we should have lost even more money."
 - (8) Everybody goes home.

Now this sounds easy. But clearly the whole thing really turns on Mr. Gurgle's review or Sir George Gaspipe's statement, as the case may be. We therefore append a few notes on

How to Examine the Position.

A proper Chairman's speech falls naturally into two halves:

(1) Why things are as they are. Please remember that there is a well-understood convention in this matter. The following table gives an idea of the phrases usually employed to describe various reasons for losing money:-

PHRASE. REASON. (a) General Incompe- Difficult years. Unsatisfactory trading conditions. Depressed markets. tence..... World Conditions. Disastrous Government Policy;

Necessity for keeping your Company (b) Extravagance . . . in the forefront of the March of Progress. Depreciation and ob-A Forward Policy. solescence. Faith in the ultimate soundness of the industry;

Period of development. Intensive (c) Stuff no good competition. Uneconomic prices. Impossible profit-margins;

(d) Manager bolted Unforeseen expenditure. Changes in with cash personnel. Reorganisation of control. Costs of litigation;

(e) Don't know Losses by subsidiary companies. Economic forces. Loss on Investment. Labour troubles. plexity of the Problem;

and so on.

(2) The Shape of Things to Come. In making a statement about what is going to happen, the Chairman should be guided by what he wants to happen to the price of the shares. If he has been left with about a hundred thousand of the darned things there is no harm in a little guarded optimism, e.g., Fundamental Soundness of the Position. Writing Down of Assets. Investments Shown at Less than Cost. Recovery Cannot Long be Delayed. New Developments of Great Interest. Conservative Finance will Bear Fruit. Company Ready to take Full Advantage of Inevitable Improvement. Improvement in Fluid Position.

If, on the other hand, he has sold short, then we suggest Useless to Expect any Rapid Improvement. Recovery Must Take Time. Must Reconcile Ourselves to Difficult Period. Capital Reorganisation May Prove Essential. No Hope for Industry without Subsidy. Government Apathy. International Agreement Essential, or, as one might say, words to that effect.

It is quite in order for a Chairman on these occasions to say directly what he thinks about Free Trade, Protection, the Government, Tariffs, Socialism, Unemployment and the Modern Girl.

Quotation from his last letter to The Morning Gazette will not be out of place. This is a Review of the Situation and an Address on the Industrial Position, not a dull chat about the beastly Company. Everybody knows the worst about that, anyhow.

SOME ASSORTED WARNINGS.

(1) If you happen to be Chairman of several companies be very careful not to mix your speeches to various meetings. The shape of things to come remains much the same if you make battleships or bus-tickets, but the explanation of why you have lost money may be different. It confuses the shareholders of a battleship company to be told that the fall



"Perhaps we're mistaken, Ursula. I'm beginning to think this can't be part of the riding-school after all."

in profits is due to the increasing popularity of the Underground Railways.

- (2) Always refer throughout to "your Company." It pleases the shareholders.
- (3) On the other hand, don't stand any nonsense from some little pest who thinks that because he has twenty pounds in the concern he can run it.
- (4) If it is absolutely necessary for you to read the accounts remember that the two sides of a balance-sheet always add up to the same. It doesn't necessarily mean that you have just broken even on the year.
- (5) Try to know your words thoroughly. If you are a "slow study" and the Secretary will write impossibly long sentences for you to say, hand a printed statement to the Press before the meeting and let it go at that.

How to Do and Say in England.

Apt Behaviourism for Nordic Students.

IV.-Alone with the Porto.

STUDENTS! When the last dinner-disch has been tucked away and one sighs and says, "All good things come to an end, I think" (Öll gudd dhingss köm tu an endd, ei dhingk), the ladies are politely shown the way-out, while gents sit

round the porto and have some not-drawing-room tabletalk and it is permitted to voice skandlemongerisms.

With regard to the Wine.

(1) Do not gulp, but sip.

(2) Remember that the dekantre always revolves in the same way and may not be putched about from one side of the board to another.

(3) However the flavour may seem to you, you must always approve of it. Say: "This has ever such a tophole taste!" (Dhiss has ever sötsch a tophohl tehst!) or "Scrumptious, really!" (Skrömtschjöss, ri'äli!).

Tall.

This is the time to bandy fun and tell anekdotals. But it must not be laughed at one's own fun, oh, no! Merely crak the choke and keep a solemnised visage. It is the others who shall guffaw and say "Comik! I cannot restrain a chortle!" (Kommik! Ei kännot restrehn ä tschortl).

Do not, however, reveal what you may have heard about those present. That is really carrying-on a bit too far and would stamp you as a rough-and-ready one, which it is not always convenient to be too much of.

When the time comes for a cigar apiece, disband it first, lest it be sospected that you cannot afford them in private. It is necessary to be a know-all in society.

Problem of the Week.

You have left your car in a side-street off Piccadilly while you lunch with a friend at a fashionable restaurant. After lunch you both go for a walk in the Park, ending up at your club, where you spend an hour or so in the mortuary—I mean library. You regain consciousness towards six P.M. and stand each other a cocktail. Under the influence of these you stand each other another. Under the influence of these—but you get the idea. About seven you ring up your wife and say, What about bringing old Joe back to dinner? She says, Rather, anything you like as long as you don't refer to the operation at any time as "taking pot-luck with us, old man," or she'll

scream. The pair of you thereupon jump into a taxi and set off.

About halfway home you begin to have a vague impression that everything is not quite as it should be. About two-thirds way this impression develops into a definite conviction that you have lost or mislaid something valuable. Three-quarters of the way you recollect that this something is your car, which is still in the side-street off Piccadilly where you left it before lunch. The chief thing, however, that fixes itself in your mind is that it now undoubtedly has a large policeman waiting in patient hopefulness beside it for your return.

The problem is: What does A do? By the way, I should have said at the beginning that you, of course, are A.

Well, my dear A, there are several courses open to you which I will now briefly discuss for your guidance and help:—

(a) The Simple (but Expensive).

Cut your loss, that is to say, forget your car completely, buy another right away and drive into your garage with a flourish as if you had just come home in the normal course.

(b) The Honest (but Darn Silly).

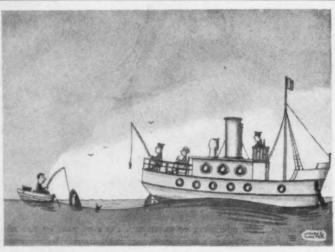
If you decide to adopt this method you must turn round immediately and drive back to fetch your car. While this course will leave considerable doubt as to your sanity in the taxidriver's mind, it will at any rate bring

the matter to a head without procrastination. At the same time it will open up another problem—that of the policeman whom you will find waiting to run you in for obstruction. He may also even be waiting—if he hasn't been wasting his time—to run you in for having a licence out of date, only one brake in working order, no white light showing to the front, no red light showing to the rear, and, after the conversation has become general, failing to produce a driving-licence. All this opens up a vista.

Obviously, therefore, honesty is not the best policy, and you might be better advised to employ another method, say —

(c) The Subtle (but Pretty Good, Considering).

Return as before, but dismiss the



"FISH AND SHIPS"-AN INTERESTING STUDY IN RELATIVITY.

taxi about fifty yards from your car and send your friend on ahead. He should have instructions to walk briskly up to the car, as if about to get in and drive off, then affect to see the policeman, turn and walk briskly away again. The constable will naturally call out, "One minute, Sir! Is this your car, please?" Your friend will say, "No, no, not my car, no!" and continue to walk away even more briskly.

Now this is your opening gambit, which the majesty of the law has to accept or decline. In other words, to believe or not to believe, that is the question; and the subtlety of it all is that either way the poor old bluebottle is had for a mug. For if he doesn't believe your friend's disclaimer of ownership, he will shout after him, "Here, just a minute, Sir! I want to have a talk with you." Your friend will not hear, having by then moved still further off, and the police-

man will at once proceed rapidly after him by way of negotiating a pleasant little swop—a name and address in exchange for a summons for obstruction. Being caught up at the corner, a short conversation is bound to take place before your friend proves to the constable's satisfaction that it really is not his car, that he thought it was, that he is short-sighted, that he is in the wrong street, and so on. During all this you get in and drive away.

If, on the other hand, the policeman does believe in the first instance that the car is not your friend's, he will continue to remain watchfully beside it, but only till his vigilant eye notes the reappearance of the gentleman in question some way away—this time making a furtive approach towards another parked car. Feeling that a

car-thief red-handed is worth two minor summonses in the court, he will at once set off in pursuit and your friend will promptly take to his heels. As soon as both are out of sight you will, as before, get in and drive away.

I should add as a rider to this that in the first contingency, of course, you get both your friend and your car back safely; but in the second you probably lose your friend. However, no doubt you will be allowed to visit himonalternate Fridays; and after all, what's one friend amongst so many, I always say, don't you?

But perhaps the best course of any to adopt is—

(d) The Masterly (and Inactive).

Bearing in mind that, as in other problems of life, the simplest thing is to do, say, and know nothing, you and your friend will continue your taxi-drive as if nothing were the matter, arrive at your house, have dinner, and after a jolly evening he will depart. At no time will the word "car" pass your lips. You will then go to bed as innocently as a child. Early next morning your wife will appear in a fluster and a négligé, crying out, "Albert, Albert, the garage doors are wide open and the car has been stolen! What shall we do?"

"Phone the police!" will be your sole contribution, and within a few hours your stolen car will be returned to you by the ever-courteous Metropolitan police force, having been found abandoned by the thief in a side-street off Piccadilly.

A. A.

Solution.

THERE were only four of us, so we each had a corner-seat. The old lady was knitting and smiling; the young man was reading a legal-looking document; the elderly man opposite me was studying *The Times* with intense concentration. I, a keen student of my fellow-men, was weaving a suitable life-story to fit each of them.

The elderly man leaned across and tapped me on the knee. "You, Sir," he said severely—"have you ever ridden on a came! ?"

I admitted that I never had and felt a little guilty. It was obvious that I was expected to be an experienced rider of camels.

The young man had never ridden a camel either. We looked at each other with gratitude; there was a bond between us.

"And you, Madam," asked the old man, "like these two young men, have never ridden a camel, I presume?"

"You are right," said the old lady with a little sigh. "I have never ridden a camel, though it has long been my greatest ambition to do so. My nephew Jack was once in the Egyptian Army. He used to write me letters

containing long descriptions of his rides on camel-back."

The elderly man was white with excitement. He breathed loud and fast through his nose.

"How long was your nephew Jack in the Egyptian Army?"

"Five years exactly."

"Presuming that he rode his camel daily, he would have taken one thousand, six hundred and twenty-five rides?"

"One thousand, eight hundred and twenty-six rides," corrected the young man.

"Exactly," said the elderly man.
"Then I think we may say that it is
more than possible that on one of these
occasions he may have been accompanied by a rat-catcher."

"It is possible," admitted the old lady doubtfully, "but he never mentioned it in his letters."

"Perhaps he forgot. If he did indeed accompany a rat-catcher on a camelride, and a German rat-catcher at that, he is the very man I wish to meet."

"And you shall meet him," said the old lady sweetly. "He will be waiting for me on the platform at the next station."

As we drew in to the station the elderly man and the old lady were leaning out of the window like two children expecting their first glimpse of the sea. The young man and I were close behind them, peering excitedly over their heads

We all bundled out of the carriage and, led by the old lady, hurried towards a tall man with a black moustache and a green hat.

The old man came straight to the point. "Were you ever accompanied by a German rat-catcher on one of your camel-rides, and if so, did he turn into a bird?"

The tall man looked at him coldly. "No," he replied rudely, "I was not. And if I had been he wouldn't have."

The old lady and her nephew walked away. We three returned to our carriage crestfallen.

"A great disappointment," remarked the elderly man sadly, putting away his pencil. "I had only that one word to get."

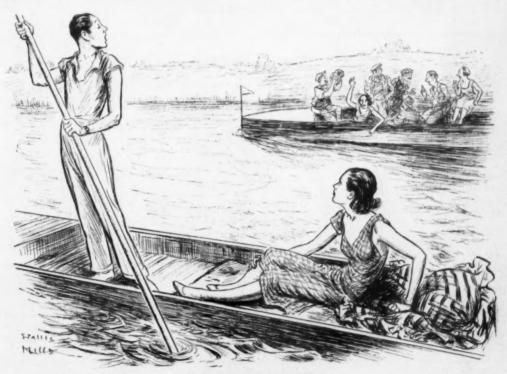
"What is the clue?" I asked.

"A camel-ride would probably transform the German rat-catcher into a bird."

"Sand-piper," said the young man.

"You are probably right," said the old man, seizing his pencil and *Times* once again. "But I consider the clue far-fetched."

So did I. It was not till the old man had explained it that I understood.



Superior Young Man. "Oi rolloi."
Girl. "HERE-DO YOU KNOW THAT GIRL?"



GOLF CHIC IN BRITTANY.

A (VERY) MIXED FOURSOME LEAVING THE FIRST TEE.

Songs of Ignorance.

VII.-Colours.

(Written after studying several Autumn Stores' catalogues.)

Time was, when I was young and green,

My choice of words was slick. I could describe the clothes I'd seen-The spectrum did the trick:

A dress was either blue or red Or something of the kind, And so the drapers also said,

And no one seemed to mind.

But now whenas my Julia strides, What colours does she wear? And what adorns the season's brides? Describe I do not dare! For as each Autumn comes I note

Full many a novel hue That was not found in JOSEPH's coat And rainbow never knew.

Mere beige and puce were bad enough, But when I'd mastered those I rashly thought I "knew my stuff": But now my shutters close.

For Fashion draws from land and

Terms numerous and strange Whose connotation is for me Beyond conjecture's range.

One gown is Lizard, so they say, Another one is Duck;

For all I know, Brown, yesterday, To-morrow may be Muck.

I see no ending anywhere To this most mystic code.

If Duck and Lizard deck the fair Well, why not Frog and Toad?

Ah me, what mortal fears are mine

Lest this example spread! For if a dress be Tuscan Wine, Why not a lady's head?

If Spindleberry does for silk And Cheese and Afric Moon And Fish and Boue de Thames and Milk,

Will later poets eroon:

"I sing her charms, for sing I must; She's bowled me over quite.

Her hair is BOTTICELLI Rust Her eyes are Chinese Night. The brightest Lido are her lips,

And when she smiles, beneath, There breaks most lovely from eclipse

A row of Tango teeth.

Oh, who could paint her Bottle neck,

Her cheeks of Aubergine, What poet would not wish to peck Her ears of Runner Bean?

Her little feet peep in and out In shoes of Eau-de-Vie,

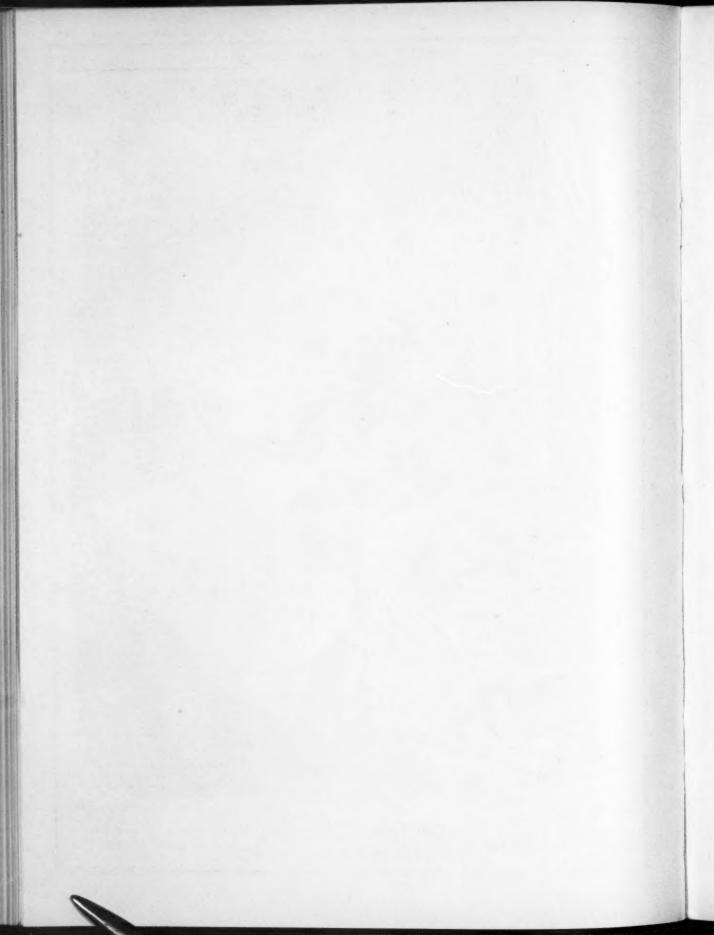
And, for her hose of Barley Stout, Oh, how it taketh me!"

J. C. S.



COUNTING THE COST.

(With acknowledgments to Rodin's "Penseur.")



The Word War.

XXVIII.-Winter Quarters.

COURAGE, Bobby! This is the last lecture. And to-day you are to have a treat, for you are going to meet my friend, WILLIAM SIDWELL

THE TWO DEFENCES.

A Harley Street doctor, speaking for a Dutchman charged with driving a car under the influence of drink, wrote to the Court thus:-

"The past week has been a period of unparalleled jubilation, with which de-fendant and his fellow-countrymen have unreservedly identified themselves. It was solely in connection with the general feeling of enthusiasm throughout the community that he undoubtedly took more than was good for him. The circumstances, I think, justify mitigation of the consequences."—Daily Mirror.

(54 words-301 letters.)

This, Bobby, is the careful utterance of an educated man of 1935, a distinguished member of a learned profession. Now read how, in 1728, a simple ship's cook urges the same plea, that great lovalty to the Crown ought to excuse misbehaviour:-

Here is WILLIAM SIDWELL, defending himself at the London Sessions on a charge of putting ELIZABETH WOOD-NOT in fear and taking from her a cloth cloak value one shilling:-

Prisoner: "As for the Pistol and Powder, I can give a good account how I came by them. I was Cook of a Ship that was just come from New-England, in company with another Ship, and our Captain invited the other Captain on board our Ship, and that Captain brought his Cook with him: and this Cook was more expert than I, in talking, and telling Stories and singing a Song, and besides he could dance, and tumble and play twenty tricks to make Diversion: and your Captains, you know, love to have their Frolicks when they are at Sea. So that this Captain set great Store by this Cook, and this Cook took a great liking to me, and says he, 'Let's take some Cartridges of Powder and make Wildfire to run about the Streets, for the Glory of God that we are come safe to old England!' And so I came by this Powder, sweet Jesus Almighty knows it to be true. And as for the Pistol, this Cook was a Hanoverian, and a loyal Soul he was to His Majesty, and so he gave me this Pistol, and we drank our Sovereign Lord King George's Health, and at every Glass we fired off a Pistol in honour of the Royal Family: and the Lord above knows that this is the whole truth of the matter, and that I had this Pistol on no other Account than to show my Loyalty."

Court. "And how came you to Angel-

Prisoner. "God knows that, for I was elevated, and can't give a particular Account; only I remember we came from on board about four in the afternoon, and this Cook row'd us ashore with the wrong Ends of the Oars; and I believe he had some relations that liv'd about Angel-Court, and so I might bear him Company;



"IS THAT A TIGER WITH ITS FOOD TAKEN OUT, MUMMIE?"

and tho' I had a Pistol and Powder, I had no Ball."

Court. "But it seems you had small Pebbles. How came you by them?"

Prisoner. "Pebbles? Why I remember we were heaving Ballast the Day before, and the Cook and I threw many a Shovelful of Ballast at one another for Sport, and so I suppose some of it got into my Pocket. I have a great many Captains to speak to my Character, tho' it happens that none of them are here: but I am an innocent lame Man, and if I suffer, it is wilful Murder.

The Jury found him Guilty.

EXERCISE.

We cannot expect a busy physician to achieve the eloquence and ingenuity of WILLIAM SIDWELL: nor would it have done the Dutchman much good if he had tried. But, having read them

both, Bobby, let us consider whether the doctor could have done his job with shorter words and better effect. These "circumstances" and "consequences" and "in connection withs" are habitual to most of us, but are they necessary?

ANSWER.

"This has been, for England, a week of jubilation, in which our friends the Dutch have generously joined. Without doubt the defendant took more than was good for him, through his innocent desire to share our joy. But this was the only cause of his offence, and I hope that he may be excused."

(54 words-229 letters.)

I do not say that our version could have saved the Dutchman from his



"What date did Edward the Confessor come to the throne, Elliott?"

"I COULDN'T TELL YOU, SIR, I HAVEN'T GOT THAT CIGARETTE CARD YET."

heavy fine (£25) or is beautiful English: but it is, I think, a little more moving, and fewer words are wasted. The point to be noted, Bobby, is that we have no more tried to "write like a book" than poor WILLIAM SIDWELL, who, by the way, was hanged.

"Definitely"

Where will it stop? This has now become "very definitely."

". . . . she is very definitely the fastest away from the trap."—Daily Express.

Diploma for "While"-work.

"Their method of sawing was very primitive... One man stood above it and one below, each holding the end of a long saw. One man pulled up while his companion pulled down..."

H. V. Morton, "In the Steps of the Master."

To the Warriors.

And now to you, my gallant and innumerable warriors, who have generously supported me with encouragement and ammunition, my warm thanks. Do not relax. Together we have done great deeds and shaken the enemy in many places. Yet everywhere he rages furiously still; and you must fight on, though the Master rests. Write to them! Harass them!

Refuse to do business with them! Write to the Film Censor and complain about the barbaric language to which he exposes your tender young. Write to your newspaper and say that you can no longer endure a daily dose of "bids," "bombshells," "followings," and "due to's." Inform the "stockist" who offers to "service" you that you prefer to deal with a simple shopkeeper who is content to serve you. Write and tell the advertiser that his language offends you so much that you will not buy his goods. Refuse to obey a Government Department which talks about "evacuating" people or "re-conditioning boys." Decline to fly from an "air-drome"; forbid your wife to visit a "beautician"; return all letters containing "further favours," "inst.," "ult.," "prox.," and "idem," and ask the writers to translate them. Laugh heartily when politicians talk about "unilateralism"; laugh at the absurd Tough Talk which the Young think smart; laugh at the wordy people who "try out," "start up," "check up on," "or definitely face up to." Write to them! Harass them! Ask them what they mean! Fight on!

"But," says yonder anæmic fellow, "you can't lay down the law about words—you cannot fix their meaning

or their value. You must leave all to the great god Popular Usage." Oh, can't we? Oh, must we? Already, warriors, we have driven "inst.," "ult." and "prox.," and "your further favours" from thousands of offices. The verb to "sterilize" (meaning "to keep land green") has not once appeared in public life since we trod upon it here; and with the warriors' untiring aid we shall kill many more of this breed. As for "Popular Usage," this means no longer what is left after the old slow process of sifting and selecting by the English. It means, too often, the latest illiterate but seductive mannerism in 42nd Street or California. And then the thing to do is to make Popular Usage unpopular by derision or otherwise. Suppose, for example, that our Film Censor announced suddenly that he would pass no more films containing "O.K.", "Sez you," "Face up to," or "Try out"? What a "sensation"! And yet-why not?

Alas, we are so timid to-day that reputed highbrows are still inventing complex defences for the imbecile "O.K.", and if men and women are not called "guys" and "janes" a book is deemed to be old-fashioned. I may be told that these are trivial follies which will pass; but in these times they

take a long time passing. And so they will always, Bobby, unless you worry about words, suspect Popular Usage, and refuse to be the slave of habit, Hollywood or οἱ πολλοί. God Save the King's English! Fight on! A. P. H.

(Series very definitely finalized.)

Lapsus Linguæ.

"When two minds are properly attuned words are absolutely superfluous," Pamela informed me, dropping the local weekly on the floor. "Thought-transference," she added.

I transmitted a wish to finish *The Times* leader before lunch, but presumably it failed to get across.

"There's a lot in it really," she said.

"Only yesterday I was wondering whether Maud Soames would ever return my new racket, and the telephone-bell rang. It was Maud."

"Maud Soames may be many things," I objected, "but there is one thing she cannot be. She cannot be a telephonebell"

"I tell you it was Maud. She wanted me to have morning coffee at the Thistle. Definitely thought-transference."

"But you wanted the racket, not coffee."

"Yes, but the point is, I was thinking of Maud and she rang up."

"Exactly. Maud Soames rang up. Had this been a case of thought-transference, there would have been no need for her to ring up. She would have transmitted the thought of coffee, followed by the thought of the Thistle, and there you would have been."

and there you would have been."
"There we were, anyhow," said
Pamela. "At the Thistle. It shows
that, with practice, it might be extremely useful; and think of the saving
on the telephone bill!"

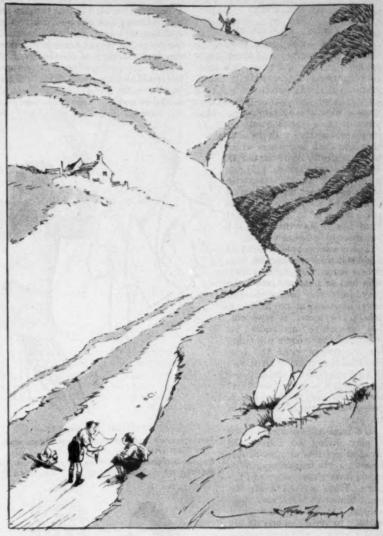
"Willingly."

"Besides, one can't always ring up.
For instance, suppose you were playing golf and I wanted you to drop in at
Harrison's on the way home and bring
half-a-pound of tongue for lunch, I
should transmit the thought, and—"

"I should be put off my game."
"You'd say you had been. Let's
try it this afternoon."

I said I wasn't playing golf that afternoon, but Pamela said that didn't matter because she was going to the hairdresser's, and while she was drying would be a perfect moment for concentration.

"Half-past-three," she continued.
"I shall think terrifically hard of something I want you to do, and you had better start making your mind a complete blank about three-twenty-five."



"CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. ACCORDING TO THIS MAP THIS HILL OUGHT TO GO DOWN."

"Wouldn't it be better if I did the transmission at three-thirty and you started making your mind a complete blank at three-twenty-five?"

"Certainly not," said Pamela.

The ease with which I picked up Pamela's thought surprised me. By three-thirty-one I had left the house and was on the way to the village to buy half-a-pound of tongue at Harrison's.

Pamela returned from the hairdresser's in time for tea.

"Well?" she inquired, and removed her hat.

I looked triumphantly at my packet of tongue. "Most successful," I said. "I knew you'd think so," said Pamela. "Just a small fringe in the extreme middle, not a fraction longer, and curled up."

"At three-thirty," I said with dignity, "in accordance with our arrangement, I concentrated on—"

"I'm so sorry," said Pamela. She opened her bag and took out a small mirror. "I completely forgot." She stared critically into the mirror. "I

I unwrapped my packet and placed a slice of tongue between two pieces of bread-and-butter.

"You're sure you like it?" she asked.

I said I liked it very much indeed.

At the Play.

"NINA" (CRITERION).

THERE is often good reading in theatre programmes, and there ought to be, for they are read with great thoroughness. If you study your programme at the Criterion you will read among other truths that Miss Mannheim's wigs are by Gustave. That

piece of news stands quietly in its place, together with the news that the desk telephone, which works perfectly, is by the G.P.O. But it gives the shrewd playgoer a hint, taken in conjunction with the appearance in the programme of a Miss UNA ALTRA, that the play Nina is so written that Miss Lucie Mannheim is two exceedingly different women.

There were people at the first night last week waiting and vondering why Miss UNA ALTRA, who had so patently stolen the play from the professed star, never appeared at the final curtain. The secret is now out, but successive audiences for many months to come will enjoy the excitement none the less. For Miss Mannheim is an actress of a very high order who achieves the triumph of being two different women, each of whom undergoes great change of character in the play.

If a prize had been offered for a play giving an actress the greatest possible number of different moods to portray, Nina would have strong claims to the prize. There is Nina Gallas, the great film-star, bored and magnificent but making the great decision to live a real private life in the country with her husband (Mr. CECIL PARKER). And there is Trude Melitz, who passes from the humiliations and sweating of a film double's inglorious life to heights of vulgar stardom.

The old drama used to show the emancipation of woman from the conventional home, but now it is a question of emancipating a woman and setting her free, in the old phrase, to live her own life, when she is the prisoner of a vast commercial concern which lives by her popularity. The film producer, Schimmelmann (Mr. HUGH MILLER), may writhe and rage, but he soon realises that after all he makes the stars, who have no real independent existence, and all he needs is the raw material.

The play is built round an idea of the PIRANDELLO sort: What is the personality about which the public waxes so enthusiastic? It is not the real woman, for the public do not know her, and as she deputes much of the drudgery to others—the signing of photographs and the remote scenes—why should she not hand over the whole of her professional activities and let someone else carry on the business under the old name? If



HITCHED TO A STAR-

BUT WITHOUT MUCH ENTHUSIASM FOR THE FIRMAMENT OF FILM DIRECTORS.

Stephen Buchanan (Husband to a Star) MR. CECIL PARKER. Schimmelmann (Film Director) . . . MR. HUGH MILLER.



HER ALTRA EGO.

Nina Gallas (MISS LUCIE MANNHEIM) and Trude Melitz ("UNA ALTRA") simultaneously to one another. "Congratulations, my dear!"

film producers take the hint the great stars will never grow old. Just as a succession of elephants or clowns have carried the same name without the public knowing, so may it be with film-stars.

It must be admitted that the action of *Nina* is a little rapid. Decisions are taken and acted upon very quickly, and there is not much subtlety about the picture of a film-star's life. The colours

are hard and bright. Even the Winchester house-agent (Mr. WILLIAM DEWHURST) is too rich a character for the world we know. But the very theatricality of the production throws Miss Mannheim's great act into prominence. She is able to dominate the plot, to draw from somewhat forced situations material for great comedy, and a more naturally moving plot could not have given her at all the same scope for acting.

Miss Nina Gallas talks better English than Miss Trude Melitz, who is indeed happiest speaking that kind of Hollywood jargon which all nationalities can master. Hampshire versus Hollywood, proclaims the dramatist, and whatever hankerings and doubts Stephen Buchanan, the star's husband, may have-and Mr. CECIL PARKER played his indecisions very convincinglythe dramatist and Nina herself have none. It is much better to live quietly in Hampshire, tuning in to the Southern Regional for news of the big film world and having Southampton handy, as the house-agent explains, should you be wanting to go on the spree.

Meanwhile, for Londoners on the spree there could be nothing better than going to see *Nina*. D. W.

"One woman has left the washtub to devote all her spare time to learning how to eat the big drum." News Item.

A penny cornet would be easier.

Trade Secret.

"'I find —— very useful for all kinds of dirty work. I am employed by one of the largest newspapers in London.'"

Testimonial in Advertising Leaflet.

From the Horse's Mouth.

"Points of discussion that would have entailed months of correspondence were cleared up in talks across a stable in a few minutes."

Calcutta Paper.

At the Ballet.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY (COLISEUM).

The second week of the short season of ballet at the Coliseum began with Les Sylphides, for which both the traditional orchestration and the choreography had been somewhat medified. Mlle. Valentina Blinova and M. Igor Youskewitch danced well together, particularly in the valse.

M. Woizikovsky had made slight alterations in the story of L'Amour Sorcier, and, though choreographically it may have been improved, the theme itself appeared obscured, the unfaithfulness of Candelas to the memory of her husband seeming to have small connection with the wassail of the wedding group in the corner. As a compensation the dancing of M. Woizikovsky as the cestatic bridegroom was a magnificent portrayal of the spirit of the Spanish gipsy.

The curtain for Le Spectre de la Rose was rather upsetting, a symphony of the ugliest greens imaginable, and it was placed too close to the back-wall to allow the Spectre his final famous leap from the window; but in spite of the curtain Mlle. Ruth Chanova and M. Igor Youskewitch skilfully conjured up romance before the final disillusionment.

The last item was Prince Igor, a rousing savage scamper admirably punctuated by the voice of Frederick and remarkable for the splendid dancing of M. Woizikovsky as the Tartar Chief. Here the rising emotions of the crowd were well handled, and, though the set again suffered from a certain crudity of colour, one received a due impression of pagan warmth and abandon. And Mlle. Nina Raievska gave a pleasing performance.

On the whole this is a very competent company, but the measure of its shortcoming from real excellence is best demonstrated by the way in which its Maître de Ballet stood out.

"All Wrong" Stories.

IV .- Home From the Wild.

From his favourite table in the corner of the vestibule Sir Edgar Burrows, K.B.E., home at last after a lifetime spent in the service of the British Raj in darkest Africa, surveyed the crowded mezzanine floor below

him. This was life indeed after the marshy veldt! The baronet toyed with his liqueur-glass of fine old Château Yquem and wished that Madge could be with him at this supreme hour.

The orchestra was playing a haunt-



LA DANSE DE L'ARBRE.

ing entremet and a wave of sentiment suffused the being of the bluff soldier who had grown grizzled in the service of his country during four reigns. Lilting music, fine wines, perfect cuisine!

How it all came back! The poulets d'agneau had been exquisite; the Chateaubriand, cooled to just the right chill, had been superb. But now in the midst of the bouillabaisse he suddenly realised how he missed Madge.

And in that moment the swing-doors revolved and she was standing before him like a lovely wraith, as though conjured from the lazily ascending smoke of his Bolivar Habana—miraculously in answer to his wish.

Ebrahim.

His turban is a thing of taste,
His coat is long and starchy white
And tightly belted at the waist—
You never saw a butler quite
So taut and trim
As Ebrahim.

The servants cower at his ire,
No matter where, no matter who,
No matter what they may desire,
It's got to be according to
The daily whim
Of Ebrahim.

Be it a hundred in the shade,
He toils with all his might and main;
Be it a deluge, he will wade
To work; for neither sun nor rain
Shall quench the vim
Of Ebrahim.

Around his go-down on the sward Squat shrouded shapes as like as peas, Who cease their hubbub when

their lord
Appears, for conjugally he's
A trifle grim,
Is Ebrahim.

See him en route to the bazaar,
A jaunty fez upon his head,
Buttons that twinkle from afar
And baggy trousers which o'erspread
The nether limb
Of Ebrahim.

His eyes like rain-drenched asphalt shine Should I encourage him to tell Of patriarchs who are his and mine

Orlatter-day Pathans; for well He knows his *Koran* and his *Kim*, Does Ebrahim.

And when I think of pensioned years

And English housemaids, I've a mind

To risk the hazards and the fears Of Ind to be—to stay behind And sink or swim With Ebrahim. J. M. S.



L'EXERCICE EXOTIQUE; OR, ONE OVER THE DAILY DOZEN.

Tartar Chief LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.

The One-sided Affair.

THE untimely and violent end of Ballykealy's new Safety Mirror banished, temporarily, all hope of traffic control from the minds of the local Urban Council, and the narrow streets took on once again their congested appearance. Visiting motorists complained more loudly than ever of the sheer impossibility of getting through the town without a bent or, at any rate, a scratched mudguard. "An' then, up wid the Ah Ah agen," Johnny Nolan said, "an' they never knew an aisy minute until they instigated the Loony Atheral, an' all the chat about th' Almanack; an' that's what turned this town into a pandemonium.'

Johnny had a good deal to go on in publishing his arresting description of the new scheme, for the key-word upon the yellow discs that were fastened to the wooden poles at both kerbs of the long main street was UNILATERAL. The other words were "When the Date is Even Please Park at this side of the Street"; and, on the discs at the opposite kerb, "When the Date is Odd Please Park at this side of the Street."

In a place where ordinary dates have practically no importance, though a few anniversaries are observed with so much ceremony, the idea of being influenced in the choice of a stopping-place by the date of the month was nothing less than grotesque.

The suggestion that a donkey or a jennet, accustomed for years to halt outside Mooneys' and there to drowse until its owner reappeared from the shop in which the "generations of him" had dealt, was now to change its whole "gait of going" and to loiter instead before the rival establishment on the opposite side, was too childish to consider. Not until Mat Kelly was summoned for leaving his cart at the wrong kerb on the thirty-first of August did Ballykealy allow itself to be really irritated by a restriction that seemed to have no sense whatever. "We're afther puttin' up wid a lot, back an' forward," someone said darkly, "but this time they have went too far."

No one could blame the people of Ballykealy for feeling bitter about novelties that made life so complicated for those who had absolutely no use for them, and who certainly had no desire whatever to encourage passing motors that continually got in their way. "It didn't exactly knock him down," an angry onlooker said cautiously of a narrowly-averted collision between a local cyclist and a large touring-car,

"but it gev him occasion to fall to the ground." And the same speaker went on to speculate upon the helplessness of the authorities had there been no electric light poles on which to affix the yellow signs; "an' only that Bally-kealy happens to be a Shannon Schaymer now," he pointed out, "the dickens a pole they'd have."

Realising at last the seriousness of the situation, the disgruntled villagers turned with increased concentration to the tattered green volume found in every Ballykealy cottage and known as Old Moore's Almanack, or, more briefly and affectionately, as Ould Moore. Unfortunately this honoured prophet pays very little attention to ordinary dates, and is inclined almost to hide them away. All his forces are brought to bear upon the days for which he has foretold some outstanding event, such as the winning of the October Handicap by the darkest of dark horses, or the violent eruption of some far-off volcano. Also upon the days that mark the holding of a cattle fair in one or other of the small towns of Ireland.

Impressed by the confusion of his clients, Mr. Mooney placed in his window a large calendar with the current date marked in red ink. On the same day Maher's Emporium opposite hung out a large sign bearing the words, "SHOP THIS SIDE TO-DAY"; and left it there regardless of whether the date were odd or even. "It makes great divarshion for the shop-assistances," people said gloomily. Conservative draught-animals made the original congestion worse by wandering from an unfamiliar kerb to an accustomed waiting-place, meeting on the way. Of the cob whose hooves became entangled in the reins on his lone way across the street and whose high-stepping effort to free himself were much appreciated, it was said, "You'd be full sure he was playin' the harp, the creature.'

It remained to the local garageowner to strike the final blow that rid
Ballykealy of its latest scourge. Accepting the fact that no car must halt for
petrol at his door except on a date that
was even, he got an extra long pipe
and, with the aid of a hinged iron arm,
he stretched it across the street when
the date was odd. Its height was such
that any normal man might safely
walk under it; but Martin Hogan is
the local giant, and one day, walking
quickly, he took it just below the point
of his chin. "He stood prosthrated," a
sympathiser said, "an" then his head
hot the ground." His case against the
garage-owner was dismissed, no one

ever knew why; but, in the words of Ballykealy's own weekly, "The Justice, having carefully considered the claim of Mr. Hogan, found that he had none."

But the Loony Atherals were taken down.

D. M. L.

Ballade of Chronic Insolvency.

They chase me over moor and over hill, They follow, growling, to my very gate;

They draw my notice to "this little bill."

They mention "payment at an early date":

And through the gloom, instinct with darkling fate,

That broods beneath the moon-forsaken sky

I see, malignant and insatiate, The gleaming of the creditorial eye.

There are not many things that make me ill:

My appetite is keen, my pulse sedate, My nerves are strong, my liver sound but still

There is one thing I cannot tolerate; All Browns are subject to this curious state,

My father told me in the days gone by. "Your grandmother," he added, "used to hate

The gleaming of the creditorial eye."

In vain I ransacked with burglarious skill

The premises of Lord Augustus Tate; In vain, with hopes of a convenient will,

I sprinkled arsenic on my uncle's plate;

The jemmy-merchant says he cannot wait,

The chemist presses for a prompt reply;

I find it ever harder to placate The gleaming of the creditorial eye.

Envoi.

Prince, I will lend you 17/8
That I may have a debtor ere I die
On whom I too may grimly radiate

The gleaming of the creditorial eye.

Far-Flung Rejoinder.

Some time ago the B.B.C. promised us a broadcast of an Indian bazaar, in which all the street noises, cries, crowdeffects, etc., would be reproduced with a running explanatory commentary, in case we might be in danger of confusing the punkah-wallah with the dhobi-log, or of mistaking the nullah mussuck (or water-carrier) with the kala nag or dispenser of sugared land-crabs).

Now this delightful programme surely calls for a return courtesy. I personally suggest that we give the Indian peoples, regardless of cost or caste, an opportunity to hear one of the most typical of our institutions—an English bazaar. Our skies admittedly may not be so blue, our sun so fierce, our colours so brilliant, our cries so tuneful as those of India, but at least we can supply the running commentary, to say nothing of the crowd-effects.

THE PROGRAMME.

The Announcer. Salaam, everybody. This is England calling. Greetings to the peoples of India. Our time is now three o'clock in the afternoon. You are probably just going to retire for the night. But before you do so you will listen-in to the relay from London to Bombay Regional. To-day you are shortly going to hear an English bazaar in progress. The word "bazaar" means a place where people come to buy and sell, with this difference: that our bazaars take place in a room or hall and are organised for some charitable object, while your bazaars take place in the open air or street for the purposes of trade.

This bazaar is in aid of the church, or mosque, of St. Bartimeus' Vestry Fund, Kensington. A vestry is that portion of the church or mosque where the vicar, or temple priest, robes himself. It is hoped by the proceeds of the bazaar that much money, or lakhs of rupees, will be made. . . .

The weather is distinctly foggy, with tendency to downpour, or light monsoon. Salaam, everybody. Salaam. [Pause.]

The bazaar is now about to be opened by the Grand-Duchess of Magensatt-Knurrtmahlzeit. [Pause.

Voice. . . . undt therefore I hev moch bleasure in declaring dis bazaar open.

[Noise of stirring, chairs scraped back, somebody blowing nose sonorously, china being rattled and isolated coughing.

Announcer. The Vicar is now showing the Grand-Duchess round the stalls. . . . She has stopped in front of the fancywork, or needlework, stall—your dhirzi performs needlework, but these objects are made by the Memsahibs of Kensington.

Voice. I t'ink dat is a ferry pretty table-runner. I shall buy it.

Voice. That is ten-and-six. Voice. Can I tempt you?

Announcer. In this connection the word "tempt" does not denote with us what it does with you. It signifies a persuasion to purchase.

Voice. Will you take a ticket for



Hostess. "I'm very annoyed with my husband and I haven't forgiven him. He thumped my ace last night."

Guest. "It is annoying when your partner does that."

Hostess. "He wasn't my partner."

this hand-embroidered cushion? Only two-and-six.

Announcer. You are now listening to the Mayoress, or village headman's wife, taking a ticket in a lottery. She is wearing a veil, or sari, of black spotted net tied round her hat, or turban.

Voice. I can't say no to that. Henry———— [Music.

Announcer. The orchestra is now playing some old English favourites. The melody you are listening to is a once-popular song entitled, "Yes, we have no bananas," or, as you would say, "Huzoor, by the favour of Allah, the tree is unfertile."

Voice. Well, we've never had such a poor attendance!

Voice. Ladies and gentlemen, the weight of the cake was five pounds, six-and-a-half ounces. The lucky guesser is Mrs. Pom—Pum—Pamphlet—no, Palfrey, 5, Puddifoot Gardens, Battersea. (Applause.) Will Mrs. Pomfret—Phill—Palfrey be so kind as to come up to the platform to receive

Announcer. The Grand-Duchess is about to leave the hall. At the entrance stands her private carriage, or gharri or—er—tonga.

Voice. It hes been ferry bleasant. I hev many burchases bekomm.

Voice. Too kind . . . so good . . . indeed . . . allow me. . . .

Announcer. Now that the Grand-Duchess has left the hall you are about to hear the actual sounds of the crowd,

or bazaar gup.

Many Voices. Thursday—tempt you—come and see our sideshow—that will be ninepence—she's gone—I don't know. It looks like a kettle-holder—Mummy, can I have a lucky dip?—Ladies and gentlemen, the raffle—but my dear, I told you—no string—stall sixteen—ha! ha! ha!—Henry—my influenza—too marvellous—simply absurd—going well—what? (Etc. etc., etc.)

Announcer. The purchasers are now trooping in to tea, which is served in white china cups. They are eating our English bun. The bun is a sort of dough-cake of leavened flour, baked brown on the top and filled, or partly so, with small fruit, such as sultanas, currants and so on. (Pause.) In a few minutes you will distinctly hear one of the side-shows, or chota tamasha. A one-Act fairy playlet, "The Brownies' Jest," by Miss Gertie Glucose.

[The programme proceeds. RACHEL.

The Emperor Dreams.

The Emperor Wang (says the historian) awoke from sleep one morning in the pavilion called Repose with the Imperial nose tightly held between the Imperial thumb and forefinger and an expression signifying disgust and repugnance issuing from the Imperial lips.

lips.
"Go Long," he said to his Chancellor, who entered at that moment on all-fours, "be good enough to interpret without delay the following dream:

A herring. Fried."

"Seer of Visions," replied Go Long, still in a horizontal position, "was the herring of the dream sejant, rampant or couchant?"

"The herring of the dream was smelling," said the Emperor curtly. "Now

interpret."

"Your Majesty," replied Go Long smoothly, "the interpretation will proceed with official rapidity as soon as this low hound finds what a herring is."

"It is a fish," said the Emperor, again holding his nose at the memory

of the dream.

"I had long suspected it," returned Go Long with composure. "Now that my suspicions are officially confirmed I shall summon the Mandarin of Dietetics to assist in the interpretation."

Accordingly the Mandarin of Dietetics was summoned and kowtowed.

"Recite to the Connoisseur of Odours," ordered Go Long, "the information possessed by your department concerning the herring."

"The herring," began the mandarin,

"is a fish which swims—in the sea, I think. Notwithstanding its natatory powers it is caught by men who are called, from their occupation, fishermen. If Your Majesty permits, I shall now detail my secretary to request the administrative officers to instruct the executive officers (who are, I believe, mainly of plebeian origin) to collate their information on the subject."

"Do so at once," ordered the Emperor, "and report to me. My dream was so powerful that it must be a special omen."

In a short three moons the mandarin

presented his report.
"Dissipator of Misfortunes," he began, "the ocean teems with herring

and the fishermen are destitute."
"Remarkable," said the Emperor.
"And to what does your department attribute the latter phenomenon?"

"To the singular unwillingness of your subjects to eat the herring," replied the mandarin. "All the usual measures have been in vain. The department has organised Herring Weeks and Herring Pageants. It has circulated diagrams showing the nutritive value of the herring. There have even been Herring Queens crowned with much pomp by local dignitaries. Still the herring remains, uneaten but potent."

"Account for the popular unwillingness," ordered the Emperor.

"Your Majesty," replied the mandarin, "the vulgar allege that the herring contains bones."

"And does it?" asked Wang.

"My department has not been able so far to collect evidence to the contrary," admitted the mandarin.

"Strange," mused the Emperor.
"But no doubt my Chancellor will be able to find a way out of the impasse.
Most certainly the dream was a por-

tent. Proceed."

"The first step, Your Majesty," said Go Long importantly, "is the creation of a new Order, that of the Silver Herring, Third Class, for the administrative officers; Second Class, for my honourable friend the Mandarin of Dietetics, and First Class, for a dissolute scoundrel who shall be nameless for the present but who is about to save the herring industry. We shall then issue an edict compelling every child in every school in the Empire to eat a herring every day."

"Does this not savour of repression?" asked the Emperor. "I do not wish to fetter the right to self-expression of my

"The children will no doubt express themselves, Your Majesty," observed Go Long, smiling; "so will the pedagogues, on whom will fall the duty of

frying the herrings and superintending their mastication. Still, no one ever takes any notice of them. The aroma will teach them the virtue of resignation. The Mandarin of Education, on my representation, will issue a neat booklet, couched in the gentlemanly language for which all the publications of that department are distinguished. pointing out that the handling of herring-bones constitutes an invaluable training in the correlation of hand and eye. It will be found necessary to increase the staff of the department by numerous lecturers, who will hold courses for pedagogues in herring-bone technique.

"This disreputable sinner must associate himself with the good work," submitted the Mandarin of Dietetics enthusiastically. "Fish, as I have repeatedly pointed out in the booklets issued by my department, is a brain food. What more natural then than that it should be used in the schools of the Empire? I shall engage a staff of lecturers at once to tour the Empire delivering homilies on 'The Herring

and the Brain."

"Could not the Herring-Bone lecturers do that?" suggested Wang.

"Were that suggestion to come from one lower in rank than myself," replied the mandarin stiffly, "I should stigmatise it as ungentlemanly. As it is, I must point out that it would involve a series of conferences between the two departments, and anything which tends to delay the good work must be officially deprecated."

"Then the only question to be settled," said the Emperor, "is who is to pay for the herrings. When that is done the fishermen may begin

officially to rejoice."

"The rejoicings may begin at once," replied Go Long. "The herrings will be paid for by a tax on the herring-fishers. As they will benefit it is only fair that they should bear the cost."

"Did you say the herring was a brain food?" inquired the Emperor in honeyed tones.

"This guzzling fool has heard a statement to that effect," replied Go

Long cautiously.

"Then I see the meaning of the dream," said Wang. "You may cancel the scheme. Henceforth the upper ranks of the Civil Service shall save the industry by living on herrings and nothing else. Fried." W. G.

No.2

[&]quot;So long as 'The Vicar of Wakefield' is read one can hardly speak of Goldsmith's fame as living vicariously."

Manchester Paper.



"Good gracious, Mary! What a terrible experience! Was anyone with you?" "No, Mum—only me bioycle."

Music at Meals.

Since a writer on musical matters Asserts that, for people who munch

The contents of delectable platters, Puccini's the favourite at lunch,

I venture in verse to enlighten
The scribe who indited this screed

With some notes on musicians who heighten

The zest of all persons who feed.

First I highly commend to the readers
The linking of Verdi with greens,

And to all non-carnivorous feeders
That AUBER suggests aubergines;
While SIBELIUS, famous Finlander,
Will add to all courses of fish

A quality richer and grander
Than sauces can lend to the dish.

Donizetti goes well with spaghetti; Moussorgsky goes better with mousse;

And Charlot's revues are a cure for the blues

When properly served à la Russe.

SCARLATTI and BACH and COBELLI Will always oblige with their suites, And D'ARANYI, wonderful JELLY, Makes aspic the rarest of treats.

But, alas! I despair of attaining
Success in these urgent appeals
To enforce simultaneous training
Of ears and of palates at meals
When so many impenitent sinners—
The old gastronomical guard—
Maintain that the joy of their dinners
By music is utterly marred. C. L. G.



Maid. "They're waiting for the letters upstairs."

Cook. "They'll just 'ave to restrain their curiosity for a while."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Romance Transplanted.

If I do not discover in Darby and Joan (Heinemann, 7/6) all the delicate coherence of The Lonely Lady of Dulwich, it is perhaps because the heroine of Mr. Maurice Baring's new novel is, I think, less clearly seized than her circumstances. The bare bones of her story-a series of fortuitous failures to marry the right and willing man-are lifted, the novelist tells us, from a similar sequence of cross-purposes which took place between 1546 and 1629. Mr. Baring has transmuted the dates to 1855 and 1930; but I am not sure that the impediments that sunder Joan Brendon and Alexander Luttrell would not have taken on a more credible air in an earlier and more formal century. For the rest, the cast is mainly drawn from the smaller fry of the diplomatic service, whose self-engrossment and the complacency with which the novelist regards it, bulk rather more annoyingly than usual. There are, of course, charming passages: the début of Joan, "generous and noble-like a piece of old silver," is one of them; but I cannot feel that the promise is quite sustained or that an austerely graceful formula has given its best results.

On and On.

There are times when a Learned Clerk finds irksome the restrictions imposed upon him by Mr. Punch. I am told, for instance, that it will not be possible for me to quote the whole—or even pp. 224–310—of Voyage Without End (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6), by W. TOWNEND. I shall have to confine myself accordingly to the bald statement that this is a very fine book. It is an epic of the tramp steamer.

as simple and poignant as Journey's End. It tells of the last voyage of the S.S. Annandale, sunk in mid-Atlantic in one of fiction's best-described winterly gales, but not the last voyage of Captain Izzard and his men. Their fate, rescued this time, is to go on and on and on, following the only trade they know, till one day, one presumes, they will not be among the survivors but will have joined Red Hallett and young Spencer and Fergusson the trimmer and the others whose voyaging has ended. Read this book, is my advice, if you believe with Aristotle that pity and terror purge the soul. It comes before the public without one of those natty ribbons round its waist which have become so familiar in these days. It is not, so far as I know, Our Booksy Circle's Choice or The Boosters' Club Selection—not even The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette Book of the Month. But, as far as one critic is concerned, it is the Book of the Year.

A Country-House Phantasmagoria.

The American novelist tends, I think, to take himself too seriously, and the result is a pretentious handling of themes which might provide legitimate entertainment. Glass (Collins, 8/6), for instance, treated by Mr. Denis MACKAIL, would have given a pleasant and well-proportioned view of life in an English country-house devoted to paying guests. Invested by Miss March Cost, an American authoress, with an intensive atmosphere of pseudo-mysticism, the twenty-four hours spent at Jordans End can only be described as a nightmare. Everyone is preposterously keyed up, everyone is on the dangerous edge of things; a professor is going mad, a maid-servant preparing to murder her baby, major operations are a minor relaxation, "terror and disruption, and the enclosed cycle of monotony" are with us from first to last. You can, I submit, put up with a good deal that is sordid and unhappy from a realist

who can write, but not so much should be forgiven a novelist who chooses to interpret appearances so crassly and who takes so much poetic licence with the vocabulary of the ordinary Briton.

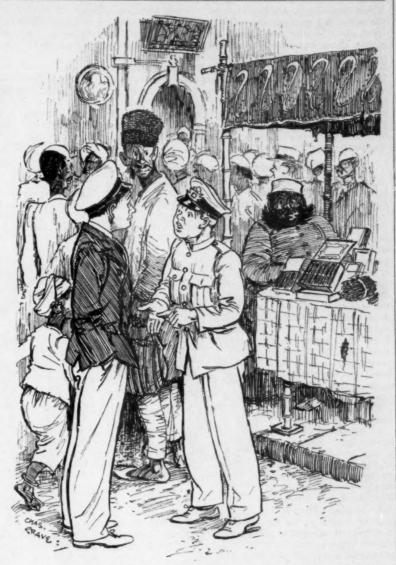
After Success-What Next?

Mr. Louis Bromfield's new novel, The Man Who Had Everything (CASSELL, 6/-), is one of those satisfactory but rare productions, a romantic story written by a realist. It is also in the best sense a psychological novel, for he has an extraordinary power of making vivid his whole field through the working of the mind of his central character, in this case a jaded playwright to whom great success had brought nothing beyond a deadening immersion in the artificial relationships of smart cosmopolitan society. He had gained fame and had lost incentive, and the habit of ruthlessness to which ambition had disciplined him left him almost frightened of things simple and fundamental. Mr. BROMFIELD tells how he fled to France, to an old white house by a river where, wounded during the War, he had known great happiness with the French girl who had nursed him, and how the girl, now a matriarchal farmer in Normandy, nursed his mind back to health with as much wisdom as she had once nursed his body. The story is beautifully told, especially the retrospect of the War period. English readers will occasionally be brought up with a bump by Mr. BROMFIELD's syntax, but his writing has a fine strength and an admirable spareness.

Idyll and Tragedy in Virginia.

It would be very easy to find fault with such a book as Drury Randall (BUTTERWORTH, 7/6). It would not be very difficult to sneer at it. Miss Mary Johnston plugs the emotional stop with an excessive insistence. She slides over-readily into a vague transcendentalism, and she gets her effects by certain stylistic tricks, as of repetition, which become a little wearisome. Nevertheless her story of a Virginian family caught and wounded in the devastations

of Civil War moves with dignity and charm. In the opening phases it is idyllic, and Miss Johnston, as often before, gives evidence of how sensitively she responds to the old, calm, cultivated life of the Southern States. But the idyll is shattered by tragedy. First, Drury's wife and children are drowned; and the description of the storm and the shipwreck is a very fine piece of writing. Then comes the War, and Miss Johnston pays wise recognition to her own strength and weakness by keeping battle at a distance and suggesting it as an "unhappy far-off thing." What is most to be admired is the way in which she presents nobility of character keeping its integrity against odds. Her Randalls, delicately if rather faintly individualised, compel our respect; and if we sometimes discover ourselves craving some more definite trace of wickedness in one or other of



First Apprentice. "DID YOU GET ANY CHEROOTS FROM THAT TOBACCO-WALLAH?"

Second Apprentice. "No. I oppered him four bars of soap and ten of the
MATE'S PENCILS I PINCHED FROM THE CHART-ROOM, BUT HE WANTED MORE. THE
MAN'S JUST A COMMON THEEF."

them than *Drury's* quickly harvested wild oats—well, that is but to confess our own infirmity and that we are hankering after another kind of book altogether.

"Grow Old Along With Me."

The author of Middle Age (CONSTABLE, 10/-), writing anonymously (though her identity will be clear enough to many because of the famous friends she mentions), begins her autobiography with an account of her birth in 1885 as the rather unwelcome eighth child of a Nonconformist minister who later became the Principal of two Colleges. She goes on to describe childhood and family life in the leisurely days with the love and attention to detail that are now the fashion. The first part is pretty enough, but to my mind she is a little too unrestrained in her account

of her devotion to a schoolmistress and her rejection of various young men (mentioned by name). She is equally frank about her marriage. All the same the book has charm, vigour, shows a great zest for life and people and gives an excellent portrait of family life. As MARK RUTHERFORD, to whom she pays high tribute, wrote to her: "It is an incalculable blessing that you can find your pleasure in air, water, sun and stars. . . . How many people are there in England to whom the harvest now being gathered means anything beyond food !- the red corn in shocks, the sheaves leaning against each other, the bowed heads of wheat, this ancient illuminated manuscript . . . which ABRAHAM and HOMER read, the very same,

"O Swift and Strong and Dear."

There are books obviously by amateurs whose sincerity is emphasised by that fact; Bright Armour (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), by MONICA SALMOND, is one of them. It is the history of one girl's work in the Great War, and there is much in it that thousands of women will recognise

as part of their own War story. But its greatest recommendation is one of which the author is, I suspect, unconscious. MONICA GRENFELL, as she was then, sister of JULIAN and BILLY GREN-FELL and daughter of Lord and Lady DES-BOROUGH, had rare opportunities of knowing how the young people of a whole class faced the crumbling of their world: "We had all had the most happy childhood we rushed to meet all the fun," she writes -here we see how they and their friends rushed to meet stern duties, drudgery - and death. The tale of her days at the London Hospital

and in France is, for the most part, one of little things, but from it emerges a picture of these young people of twenty years ago which, in the storehouse of the country's memories, will retain peculiar lustre.

A Red Venture.

The Soviet Government is always ready for experiment, and in 1933 it sent a freight steamer (partly reinforced against ice damage) to sail the North-East Passage from Leningrad to Behring Strait. The account of the voyage is contained in The Voyage of the "Chelyuskin" (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 18/-) by Members of the Expedition. The "leader" of the party of a hundred-and-four condenses the volume into a synopsis. The rest of the Soviet Council aboard then give their versions in successive chapters-all being in agreement. The ship was crushed and sunk beneath the ice in 1934, and the party was rescued by aeroplanes. It seems curious that a Polar expedition should carry four women aboard and two babies (one born just after sailing), and that one lady-meteorologist should have the exclusive duty of noting the direction of the wind. We read that eighty-five sailors visited her post in one watch to ask for her information! The ship sank eighty-seven miles from shore, and there were many U.S.S.R. Councils in Moscow

and on the ice before the explorers were taken off. I cannot help thinking that if STEFANSSON had been there he would have said, "I'm walking home. Anyone coming with me? I'm bored with this.

Spades and Hearts.

Four different authors provide answers to the question How Does Your Garden Grow? (GEORGE ALLEN AND UN-WIN, LTD., 4/6), though they don't mean so much your garden as theirs, or Charlie Chaplin's or American gardens or gardens in general. People who have a garden of their own will read it in moods which will be changing all the time. They will be saying to themselves, "Oh, he's found out that little dodge of mine," or "Good heavens! Doesn't she know what to do then?" or, less critically, "That's a good idea; I must try it." But the point is not so much what they say as how they say it, and by all of them-BEVERLEY NICHOLS, COMPTON MACKENZIE, MARION CRAN and V. SACKVILLE-WEST—that is rather charmingly done. Here and there it is a bit sugary and sentimental, or people

who are not fearfully keen sentiment about a garden (when the weeding is finished), if it is only the regret, so well expressed by RUTH DRAPER, that

gardeners will think so (if they read it). But after all there is a good deal of no visitor ever arrives at exactly the right moment. Behind the Scenes.

Baroness Orczy gets quickly off the mark in The Uncrowned King (HODDER AND STOUGH-TON, 7/6) and keeps up a steady pace from start to finish. This, we are told, is "a true romance of the '60's," but whether it is accepted as true or not makes little difference. For although she has

drawn a vivid picture of those who were taking part in European intrigues and of Louis de Bourbon, the main interest is neither in him nor in his ambitious mother, but in his half-brother, Cyril Bertrand. Cyril indeed is a man dear to the hearts of lovers of romance, and the tale of his devotion to Véronique Christophe is told with all the skill that the Baroness commands. Here is an excellent entertainment for those who still think that a novelist's first duty is to tell a story.



HAVE YOU ANY MODEL BOATS? " NOTHING BUT BOTTLED ONES."

A Series of Stories.

Clara, Baroness Linz was very useful in times of difficulty, and on eleven occasions she gives Advice Limited (Hodder AND STOUGHTON, 3/6) to people who for many and curious reasons were in need of it. To get the utmost enjoyment and entertainment from the Baroness I do not advise you to read Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S tales at a sitting, for a prolonged dose of her and her methods might produce weariness. My prescription would be "One to be taken after meals." The eleverest—and the least thrilling of these yarns is "A Family Misunderstanding," and next to it I place "Too Many Dukes" and "A Gift from the Gods." Mr. OPPENHEIM'S XI. is not without its duds, notably "Between the Eighth Green and the Ninth Tee," but taken as a whole it is a sound though not distinguished collection.

Charivaria.

ADMIRALTY Fleet Orders announce that funds will be set aside for the installation of cinema apparatus on

Naval vessels. Join the Navy and See the Pictures.

* *

Melton Mowbray is threatened with a plague of leatherjackets. Hunting people hope, however, that it may not be necessary to re-turf the Shires.

In a report of the Imperial Entomological Conference the grasshopper was described as "a wolf in sheep's clothing." A description even more applicable to the clothes-moth.

Residents of Aylesbury, Bucks, are said to be very proud of the statue of DISRAELI that adorns the Market Square. Several visitors have differed, however, holding that the statue bears but little resemblance to Mr. GEORGE ARLISS.

"Herbs can do a man far more good than beer.' states a herbalist. Thyme, gentle-

men, please!

Mr. VALENTINE Bell is quoted as saying that there must be something

radically wrong with a lad who was reading a cheap thriller at fourteen and is still reading it at nineteen. He must, anyhow, be a pretty slow reader.

The fact that fewer calls have been made on the fire-brigade during the

past few months is looked upon in certain quarters as an indication that business generally is improving.

A Fashion-artist says blue is seldom

"Most football referees are teetotallers," says one of them. Still, they get their share of the boos.

A sixpence was discovered inside a

salmon which was recently caught in the Dee. Now we know why Mr. NEVILLE CHAM-BERLAIN is so keen on fishing in Scotland. * *

"Sport is a great leveller," remarks a writer. This is particularly true of boxing.

A reasonablypriced electric garden-roller is now on the market. The big drawback to the thing is that it has auxiliary attachments for hand operation.

"How long will American films dominate the market?"asksacritic. For very many yeahs. * *

The point of the average after-din-ner speech according to an eminent mathematician is located at the intersection of the highest possible longitude and the lowest possible platitude.

A Swedish professor says races decay through prosperity. In this island prosperity decays through races. * *

Chelsea's football, it is pointed out, is ceasing to be a joke. Life, in fact, becomes increasingly difficult for the humorist.

Insects, we are told, attack blondes more than brunettes. The former of course they count fair game.



THE AUDITION.

"I INTENDED TO HAVE A LARGE BOWL OF GOLDFISH ON THE TOP, BUT I FORGOT TO BRING IT, AS YOU CAN SEE.

> a fast colour. Sir MALCOLM CAMPBELL asks leave to differ.

According to a psychologist the reason some men leave home is because they feel they are not wanted. Others disappear because they know they are.



Business for Pleasure.

VIII.-On Organising One's Time.

"When in the chronicle of wasted time . . ."-Shakespeare.

"IF," as Mr. KIPLING has so beautifully said, "you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the earth and everything that's in it." By a short calculation it will be seen that if any of us can contrive to fill the unforgiving minute with, say, 5 seconds' w.o.d.r., he will cash in on 5/60 × the earth, which is enough for anybody. Even this, however, is not easy. Consider the following facts:—

- (1) However willing one may be, it is only possible to work a certain number of hours in a day. All of us, I know, would be perfectly willing to make a start at six-thirty A.M. But what's the use? No one else will. It is useless to get to the office before eleven A.M. as none of the people you want will be in. In exactly the same way it is impossible to do business between twelve and three. Everybody is at lunch. After five everybody has gone home. And we all know that Friday is hopeless because everyone has gone away for the week-end, and Monday equally so because no one has yet returned.
- (2) The keen business man must therefore resign himself to a short working week and seek to make up for it by the clever and intensive organisation of the time during which it is possible to get anything done.
- (3) On the other hand this intensiveness must not be gained at the expense of Strain. It is useless to kill oneself by trying to do too much. One owes it to oneself, one's family and one's business to be sensible and keep fit and fresh.

Let us therefore try to make a short summary of the things which must and should occupy the time of the modern Managing Director:—

- (a) Relaxation. Above everything, he must have this. A Managing Director is only human. He cannot go on all the time.
- (b) Rest. Modern forms of relaxation make subsequent rest absolutely imperative.
 - (c) Keeping in Touch with Things. Necessary in the formulation of policy.
 - (d) Social Contacts. The firm's success may well depend on his skilful handling of these.
 - (e) Thinking and Organising-his major functions.
 - (f) Managing and Directing.

Between the hours of eleven and twelve, and three and five, then, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, room has to be found for every one of these vital tasks. Quite clearly every modern resource, every trick of organisation will

be necessary if the day is not to be hopelessly overcrowded.

Accordingly, let our Managing Director adopt the following hints:-

- (1) He must be prepared to delegate responsibility. He must have at least one able energetic young assistant and a capable secretary to shoulder some of the burden. A man with vital issues to consider must not let himself become enmeshed in a tangle of detail. And when you come to think of it, practically everything is a detail.
- (2) He must accustom himself to a regular programme for each week, or even each day, setting aside certain times for the fulfilment of certain definite tasks, e.g., 11-12: Read Times.
- (3) He must decide what hours he proposes to work and stick to them rigidly. It is fatally easy to slip into the habit of staying on an extra ten minutes to finish an important letter. But the practice is the first step towards chronic overwork and nervous breakdown.
- (4) Periodically he must arrange to get right away from business altogether. If he has organised his work properly it should be perfectly possible for him to be away for months or even years without making much difference. It is a fatal mistake to allow oneself to become indispensable.
- (5) Finally, he must realise that he is a busy man and refuse to commit himself to meetings, conferences, interviews, writing letters and so on, which leave him no time to deal with his proper work.

Let us now proceed to work out a typical week for our Managing Director, endeavouring to preserve a nice balance between the various desiderata:—

Monday. Morning: Relaxation (golf).
Afternoon: Rest.

This leaves him quite fresh for the pressure of

Tuesday. Morning, 11-11.30: Read correspondence.

11.30-12: Read Times (Keeping in Touch with Things).

12-3: Lunch.

3-3.30: See a man (Directing).

3.30-4: Tea (Rest).

4-4.30: See another man (Managing),

4.30-5: Think.

Wednesday. 11-12: Dictate letters.

12-3: Lunch.

3-5: Billiards at club (Social Contacts).

Thursday. 11-12: Ask someone what he's doing and tell him not to. (Organising)

12-3: Lunch.

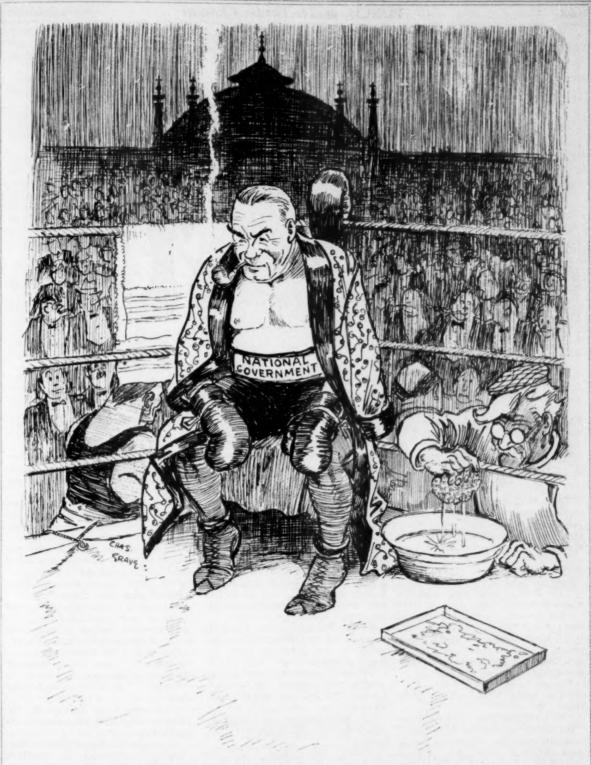
3-4: See a man (Managing).

4-5: Think.

Friday Saturday Sunday

Relaxation, followed by Rest.

Now here is a week which is a model of organisation. Not a minute has been wasted, the tasks have followed one another in quick succession. But so skilfully have they been varied that our Director is likely to finish fresh and unjaded, with brain clear and keen. Only once, indeed, is there a semblance of poor arrangement—on Tuesday, when, with the sole break of half-an-hour for tea, Men are Seen solidly from three to four-thirty. But even so the energy stored up by the careful Relaxation and Rest of Monday will probably carry him through.



WAITING FOR THE BRIGHTON BRUISER.

(It is rumoured that the Labour Party may elect a new Parliamentary Leader at the end of their conference this week.)



"MUMMY, WILL THAT MAN HAVE TO WASH HIS HANDS BEFORE HE HAS HIS TEA?"

Sparring Partners.

The comedian came bustling up to the restaurant-table, his arms full of periodicals. His partner, a very pretty girl, already seated there, watched his approach without enthusiasm.

"Well, well, well," he said cheerfully, slamming the papers down.
"Have you been here long? Waiter!"

"Have you been here long? Waiter!"
"The lady ordered, Sir," said the

waiter in an undertone.

"Oh, she did, did she," the comedian commented. "Then proceed, proceed, by all means proceed. I starve, I palpitate, I am a vacuum within—— I say, that's not bad for a start. How about that for a start?"

The girl gazed at him coldly.

"You mean begin our act with that?" she asked.

"By all means," said the comedian.
"The curtain goes up on us sitting at a restaurant-table. There's a lot of good restaurant jokes: we can work 'em all in. For instance, the waiter comes up to me and says—no, I say to the waiter, 'I say, waiter——'"

Here he screwed up his eyes and allowed the rest of his face to collapse.

"'Ai seh, waitah, awld fellaw,'— I'm a sort of dude chap, d'you see— 'Ai seh, this is the best steak I ever had here,' and the waiter says, 'Oh, crikey! I've given you the manager's portion.' How's that?"

The girl said it was old.

"Of course it's old," the comedian agreed. "What's the use of a new joke? Nobody sees it, nobody hears it. I want laughs, I've told you before—I want laughs. Ah, and about time too," he added as the waiter brought the soup.

As he consumed it he turned the pages of one of the papers, and presently he put down his spoon and began to chuckle.

"There's a good one here we could work in," he laughed, "about a kid. Listen. This kid says to his mother,

'Mummy, why does——?'''

"So we're going to take a child into
this restaurant with us, are we? Quite

a party?

"Sweet, listen here," said the comedian. "We can work it in. I say to you, 'How's that kid of yours?' and you say, 'Do you know what he said to me the other day? He said, "Mummy, why does——?"""

The girl gave him a dangerous look. "How old is this infant?" she inuired.

"Doesn't say. Maybe about eight, nine—but that's not the point. The point is where he says to his mother, 'Mummy, why does——?'"

"Are you under the impression that I'm going to be credited with a son of eight or nine years old?"

"Oh," said the comedian, coughing, "I overlooked that. Sorry."

He picked up his spoon again and spoke no more until after the plates were removed. Then he murmured with a far-away look, "It could be the waiter's kid. The waiter comes up to me and says, 'Crikey, Sir, do you know what my nipper says to his ma the other day? "Mummy," he says, "why does——?" '"

"You seem to be determined," the girl observed, "that this waiter should

say 'Crikey.'

"It gets a bigger laugh than 'Blimey,'" explained the comedian, "nowadays. If it was a few years ago I'd say 'Blimey by all means—by all means Blimey.' It used to lift the roof. I blame British films for the change: they overdid it. Now a laugh for

'Crikey' is the most a feller can hope for. They take no notice of 'Blimey' at all."

"You ought to mention that in your income-tax return. Depreciation of stock."

The comedian said that was an idea and made a note of it. Then he said peevishly that she shouldn't have ordered fried mackerel.

"You should bear my liver in mind," he protested. "Would I do a thing like that to you? Here am I, racking my brains, looking up references right and left, spending my money on comic papers to make our little act one of the finest in existence; and what do you do? Order things that are death to my liver!"

"Cue for song," said the girl unsympathetically.

With a martyred glance the comedian turned again to the periodicals.

"What we need," he enunciated keenly, frowning, "is something original. Supposing you say to me—""I know, I know," said the girl.

"I know, I know," said the girl.
"You want me to say, 'And what was
the matter with the curate's egg?' so
that you can throw out your chest and
yell, 'Good in parts!' You want one
of the good old laughs."

"Nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind. But now listen, dearest: supposing you come on wearing a funny hat and I say to you 'Where——?'"

The girl uttered a wailing cry.

"Let it go," the comedian said hastily. "Well," he went on, stacking the periodicals together with the air of one rolling up the map of Europe, "there seems to be only one thing to do. You don't approve of my suggestions, so we shall have to fall back on the good old act."

"Did you use the word 'good'?"
"I used the word 'good,' and 'good'
was what I meant," said the comedian
with some sternness. "That act has
served me well, with slight modifications, for many years. I built it up—"
"You've told me."

"I built it up from jokes of every year between 1870 and 1920, so there's something in it for every person in the audience."

"And usually enough over for the programme-girls."

The comedian stared at her menacingly.

"I see how it is," he said. "I'm not appreciated. For two pins you'd leave me and hook up with someone else, I do believe."

"Let me see the pins," said the girl cautiously.

"Waiter!" cried the comedian, standing up, "come here and tell me I am wanted on the phone." R. M.



"WHAT WE WANT IN OOR CHOIR, MEENISTER, IS ANITHER MUSSOLINI."

Their Duty.

Less than a little year ago
This spot was rural as could be;
You saw no dwelling-place, because
There was no dwelling-place to

The happy meadows spread around,
The oaks and ashes flourished there,
And weary townsfolk walked that way
To get "a breath of country air."

But now two rows of villas stand Exactly on that sheltered site; And water now has every house, And every house electric light. The placid cattle browse no more, The birds that used to sing have flown;

But every house a garage has, And every house a telephone.

"Well, well," I said as, looking round, I realised the altered scene;

"The people must be extra nice To justify such loss of green.

Yes, extra nice," as once again I sensed the new urbanities—

"The people must be extra nice
To compensate for all those trees."

[But will they be ?-ED.]

Life.

"Have you seen the article about Bulmer Butterbury in this month's Highbrow Magazine?" said Edith. "It just shows you what sort of life a literary man leads when he gets to the top of the tree. There is a picture of his wife in a simply divine fur-coat that must have cost hundreds of guineas."

She tossed the magazine across to me. The "well-known writer of best-sellers, Bulmer Butterbury," told of his early struggles and what a lot he owed to his wife. He gave a rough programme of a day in his life, from the time the footman brought his tea in the morning till the time he smoked a last cigar on the terrace in the North Wing before retiring. But it was less the article than the illustrations that filled me with envy.

Bulmer Butterbury was shown at work in his study, a place apparently the size of Olympia. His desk was so large that he must have spent most of the day dashing across to the inkwell

and back again.

He was shown fishing in huge boots, and it was evident from his smug expression that he had caught hundreds of the largest fish. He was shown driving off the tee with easy non-chalance. He was shown playing tennis, gambolling on the lawn with his children, opening a local bazaar and instructing his gardener about rose-bushes.

"I wonder he has any time for writing," I said to Edith. "And to think that ten years ago I shared rooms with the blighter at two guineas a head all found. Why shouldn't the public be interested in the home-life of an author at the bottom of the tree? I'll write an article about myself, and we can get Colonel Hogg to take some

snaps."

Even Bulmer Butterbury couldn't have gone about the task with more vigour. I described my early and present struggles. I said that I owed a tremendous lot to Edith and a good deal more to most of the local tradesmen, and I described a day in my life, from the time my hand creeps round the front-door for the milk at 7.30 A.M. to the time I smoke my last ten-for-sixpenny on the west verandah at 11 P.M.

But, as in Bulmer Butterbury's article, the illustrations were the chief feature. Colonel Hogg had got some beautiful snaps:—

(a) The author frying the breakfast eggs with easy nonchalance.

(b) The author ironing his trousers before setting out to interview an editor.

(c) The author explaining to the man who has called for the instalment on the vacuum-cleaner that he is expecting a big cheque from Manchester on Friday.

(d) The author taking the dog for a walk. The building in the background

is the "Black Boar."

(e) The author playing shove-halfpenny at the local Institute. It is obvious from his expression that he has just achieved a noteworthy shove.

I took the article up to the Highbrow as soon as it was finished and showed

it to the editor.

"We might use it at some future time if we have a series on 'Life in the Raw,'" he said, "but at present I don't think I can find room for it. Good-morning."

Saddened but not surprised, I took my departure, and at the street-door I ran into Bulmer Butterbury.

"Could you manage a fiver for a few days?" he said. "I'm expecting a big cheque from Birmingham at the end of the week."

Sex Appeal.

Dear Mr. Punch,—As one who for the past eight months has not kept goldfish, I am naturally interested in a point raised (poetically) in your columns by one whose father, after dallying for many years with three of these fascinating creatures under the impression that they adorned the gentler sex, had his peace of mind rudely shattered by the suggestion of a friend that "goldfish (girls) are rare."

Misery, Sir, delights to trace its semblance in another's case.

Towards the end of last year I selected two goldfish from a large tank in a near-by fish-shop and took them home. The christening problem at once presented itself. I wrote to the Information Bureau of one of our large multiple stores and received a well-worded reply as follows:—

"Madam,—Your esteemed inquiry as to the sex of goldfish has been referred to our Zoological Department. We are informed that this is a very delicate matter, but our Zoological Department will be pleased to give you a demonstration.

Always at your service, — "

I hastened to the Zoological Department, whose representative, with the utmost delicacy, showed me—

(a) a male goldfish(b) a female goldfish

and pointed out an almost perceptible difference in the formation of their respective fins.

Armed with this information, I

hurried home, but found to my chagrin that not only were the fins of my pets identical in all respects, but they appeared materially to differ from all (or any) of the fins of the two goldfish shown me by the Zoological Department.

Though baffled, I never doubted that clouds would eventually break, and wrote to Fish Food Manufacturing Co., Ltd., who proved more informative, though somewhat less refined. Their reply was couched in the following terms:—

"MADAM,—Your favour to hand. From May to August males develop small white spots about the size of a pin's head on the gill-plates. Before this is observed, much chasing about will be noticed, the chasers being the males.

Always at your service --- "

This placed me in a quandary. The month was November, and I was loath to postpone the christening. However, every avenue was not yet explored, every stone not yet turned. I consulted a friend. He wrote as follows:—

"Yes, I reckon I know pretty well all there is to be known about these damned fish. Roughly speaking, all of them are females, which they can't help, but if yours should happen to come to the top and swim in circles, the one behind will be male, assuming that he (or she) is a male, which she (or he) probably isn't."

This seemed to bear out and indeed amplify the views of Fish Food Manufacturing Co., Ltd. My goldfish frequently came to the surface and swam in circles. Conceive then my mortification on realising that, the glass-bowl which they called home being circular in shape and not over large in circumference, it was impossible to determine which fish was chaser, which chased.

I had done my best. I could do no more. Reluctantly I composed myself to await May and the possible appearance of pin-heads. In the meantime, so that I might know one from the other, I christened one "One," and the other "The Other."

The sad story has a sadder end. "One" passed away on Christmas Eve, "The Other" followed her (or him)

early in the New Year.

And so, Sir, unless your contributor can tell me whether his father's Julia, Edith and Joyce really were Thomas, Dick and Harry; and, if so, why, and, if not, why not, I shall never know.

Goldfish are like that.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, H. F. W.



- "PLEASE WILL YOU GIVE THIS TO MR. SMITH?"
- "IS HE A FELLOW?"
- "OH NO; 'E'S A GENTLEMAN."

October the First.

With gamebooks telling the tale of grouse, With sleepers booked on the London train, The English tenants have left the house And the laird comes back to his own again. With the big rooms shut and the dust-sheets spread,

Full half of the house is sunk in gloom; But not for us, for we seek instead The fire of logs in the smoking-room.

Soon is the best of the year, I think,
When the autumn woods are brown and thin,
The roads with feathery ice a-clink,
The tenants out and the woodcock in,
The lochs in the hills as hard as stone,
The floor of the glen astir with duck,
When a man can travel the woods alone
With a dog and a gun to try his luck.

The best of the year; though, sooth to say, Sad was the laird and sad his sons
Thinking in August, far away,
How the grouse were falling to alien guns.
Yet, cubbing now in an English shire,
The tenant may think his cup is full,
But nothing he knows of our larchwood fire
And the duck that come to a certain pool.

This is October: let him dream, Happy enough in his Saxon creed, Having shot the moor he has skimmed the cream

And the year is done with North of Tweed.
There's a bitter wind and a threat of snow,
But soon the pheasants begin to fly,
And, drawing close to the fire, we know
That nothing can shift us till July.

Cosy Quarters.

Glumsag Dirjeman and his wife Grieva are at supper in their living-room in Europe. The apartment lacks comfort and is painted pink. Revolution may break out at any moment.

Grieva, a restless woman of thirty, is carrying one lip higher than the other for the sake of appearances, but obviously suspects herself of having committed murder since lunch-time.

Glumsag is in the early forties. He has a mottled look and his face and hair have never been house-trained. He looks slightly bewildered, and plainly is not sure if he ought to be arrested or not.

With a gasping cry Grieva throws two bottles and a sausage on the table and strikes herself savagely upon the breast.

Glumsag (tearfully). It's all up with me, I tell you. Already they suspect me. After the meeting to-night Peinberger would not smile at me. I sat for an hour holding the hat I wore at the last Revolution, but he would not look at me.

Grieva (laughing wildly). What does it matter? In a high-class quarter like this one could suspect anyone. They can't prove anything. It was not even your turn to-day to carry our pistol.

Glumsag (hopelessly, drinking beer). But at yesterday's meeting I made such a speech. I said we must no longer pull wool over our sheep's clothing. "Some people," I said—and I pointed straight at Sapski and I pulled such a face at him—"some people," I said, "are pigs, and when one sees a pig—" (He takes the sausage up on his fork and stares at it unhappily.)

Grieva (in sharp fear). Ah, Glumsag, you ought not to have said that. Suppose—someone—should think you were bourgeois?

Glumsag (with dignity and intense conviction). The Party knows my ideals. Whatever I may have said in the past about Sapski and others they must know that I could never shoot straight at them except by accident. "You rotten wops!" I said. "You ought to be drowned, the lot of you." (Proudly) I can tell you I had them all shouting for me in no time. (Starts up in terror as steps sound on the stairs and a postcard is pushed through the letter-flap.) Read it, Grieva, quickly. Is it exile? Or—

Grieva (reading). "You are a Rotten Wop Yourself."

Glumpag (slowly). I don't like the tone of that postcard, Grieva. If they are trying to make a blackguard of me I shall know what to do. (Bursts into

angry tears and throws his beer on the floor.)

Grieva. Come, Glumsag, we must be brave. (Flings herself at his feet in an effort to rouse him.) You must see Peinberger. Tell him how busy you have been marking the overalls for the Artisans' Outbreak next Thursday. Tell him that yesterday you rode our bicycle on the wrong side of the road to show you are for the Party.

Glumsag (drinks Grieva's beer). We must be brave. We? (Looks at her with suspicion, changing to certainty.)

Grieva (quietly). Yes, Glumsag. You are right. I shot at Sapski to-day from behind a tree in the wood. Because I loved you. He lay in wait for me and called you names. He said you were common and the Party ought to wash you and brush you up. I begged and implored him not to say that. At last I felt I could bear no more. When I had shot at him I threw a sausage after him. (Slowly) A sausage that was marked with your initials, Glumsag.

Glumsag (finishes Grieva's beer and drags himself vacantly to his feet). No wonder Peinberger suspected me! My good friend Peinberger. I must tell him. He is the only one that can help us now. (Crosses to the telephone and dials a number.) 'Allo. 'Allo, 'allo. (Listens for a moment, then rings off and lets his hands fall to his side.)

Grieva (wildly). Glumsag! What is it? Glumsag (tonelessly). He says he is not at home. This is the end. Without Peinberger we are finished. Come, Grieva—we have always gone everywhere together.

[He draws her into an inner room. There are some cries and crashes, then silence. After a few moments a voice is heard calling through the letter-flap: "Mr. Dirjeman, your friend, Mr. Peinberger, is downstairs. He wants to know if you can go out with him to-night."

The Bark and the Bite.

"I'VE a very good mind to write to The Times," said Charles in a low passionate voice.

Charles has more than once had a very good mind to do something of this kind, and one has always felt it right to take an interest in the scheme, and—Hope springing eternal in the human breast—find out how many copies of the fateful issue he would like sent to his mother and Aunt Gertrude.

On this occasion, rather unfortunately, my mind skipped a few of the intervening stages and I said, some sentences ahead of its proper place in

the conversation: "You could sign yourself 'Senex."

"Why should I sign myself 'Senex'?"
Charles asked in a tone that made it very clear that he wasn't going to care about the answer, whatever it was.

"Or 'Juvenis,'" I quickly amended with ready tact.

Charles said that it wasn't a question of signature by a very long way. Come to that, he could sign himself by his proper name.

But fancy had, as so often, taken the bit between its teeth and kept on urging fresh inspirations.

"Why not 'Englishman'?" I heard myself say, "Or 'One of the Old Brigade.' Or just simply 'Lover of Justice.' I never care about 'Disgusted' very much, and I'm not sure if 'Paterfamilias' is quite fair, when you've only got two. How about 'Protestant'?" "Anglican," said Charles curtly.

I explained that I was thinking of the word in its wider sense as denoting one wishing to lodge a protest.

"Something tells me that it is a protest," I said, naturally not adding that this something was simply the experience of fifteen years living with Charles.

"As a matter of fact," he admitted grudgingly, "it is rather that kind of thing."

I very nearly asked: Why not sign yourself "At it Again"—but something —the same something as the above—stopped me just in time, and I asked for the marmalade instead.

"How you can eat any breakfast at all!" Charles said explosively.

"Why shouldn't I eat breakfast just as usual? Unless you mean because we're staying in a perfectly good hotel and having fresh rolls, instead of crunching rather hard toast in the dining-room at home."

"Do you mean to say you haven't noticed anything?"

"Only the rolls."

"Look behind you. Exactly behind you. Only don't turn round."

I thought the injunction unreasonable and said so.

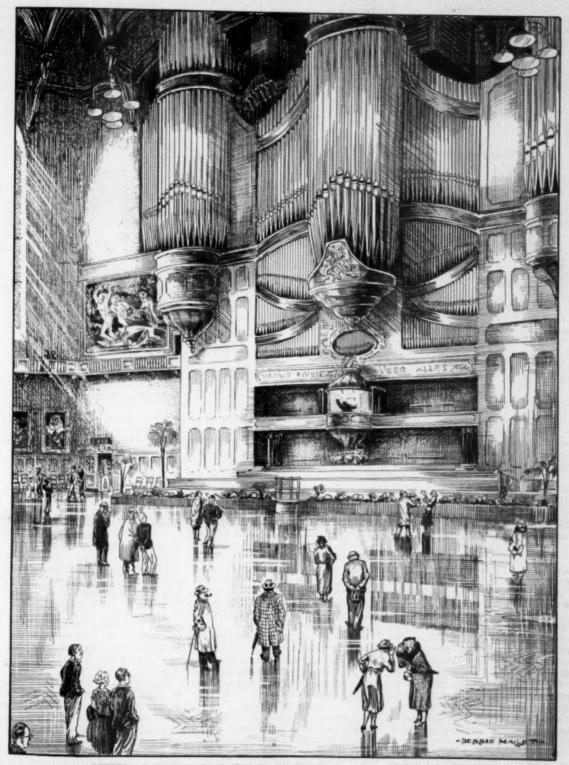
Charles said "Tehah!"—rousing in me an all-but-uncontrollable desire to suggest that he should sign his letter to *The Times "Pukka-Sahib"*—and then explained that he meant I was to turn round, only without looking as if I were turning round.

Any mother is more or less accustomed to this exercise, and I performed it without difficulty.

it without difficulty.

Immediately behind our table was, as I had fully expected, another table. A very young man sat there, eating his

breakfast quite harmlessly.
(Continued on page 374.)



"THEY SAY HE CAN EVEN IMITATE A MOSQUITO ON IT."



"I'VE NEVER HAD MY SHOES CLEANED SO WELL AS AT THAT INN, AND I'M KEEPING ONE CLEAN TO SHOW OUR MAID AS A PATTERN WHEN I GET HOME."

"Do you see that?" Charles hissed. "I suppose that's an American fashion."

"I know! Sign yourself 'England for the English'—or just 'John Bull."

"Smoking a cigar! At breakfast! At breakfast!" Charles said, utterly disregarding both these surely rather constructive suggestions.

"Oh, is that all?"

"In a public room, while other people are calmly and quietly trying to eat eggs-and-bacon. . . ."

There were at least two inaccuracies in this speech, but one refrained from pointing them out. A wife, in fifteen years, readily learns to practise consideration. Besides, Charles wouldn't have paid any attention. He had more to say about the very young man and his eigar.

"Of all the revolting habits . . . smoking in the middle of meals! Good heavens, what my poor old father would have said if I'd ventured to light so much as a cigarette anywhere but in the smoking-room. . . ."

"One of the Old School" flashed into my mind. Fortunately it flashed no further.

"It's enough to prevent one from eating any breakfast at all," said Charles, helping himself to the sausages—and I had the greatest difficulty in not telling him that "Mendax" would be as suitable a signature as any, unless he took a hold on himself.

The very young man leant forward—by this time I was still looking round and had rather forgotten about not looking as if I were looking round—and smiled very nicely and said: "Pardon me—I hope my cigar is not inconveniencing you in any way?"

He certainly said it to both of us, but it was Charles who replied.

"Oh, that's all right," said Charles gruffly. "Quite all right."

A moment later I was visited by yet another inspiration. But I kept it to myself—until I used it at the head of this article. E. M. D.

"Detective — stated that — had nine previous convictions against him, most of them for thefts from cars.

'He tells me he does not want to do it, but he cannot help himself,' said witness." Oh, yes, he can. Lalpet.
B/123. 15th July, '35.
To the Quartermaster, Raymond's
Rifles, Vizalore.

Monsoon Madness.

Memo

I have to point out that much trouble is being experienced owing to the presence of moths and mealworms in the last bags of flour issued for the men's rations. Please inform me if this issue may be condemned.

(Sgd.) B. F. SMITHERS, Captain O.C. Detachment.

Vizalore. Q/98765. 17/7/35. To the O.C. Detachment, Lalpet.

Memo.

With reference to your B/123, it may be pointed out that the parasites therein referred to by you are incorrectly described. At one period it was assumed that the mealworm was prevalent in India, the moths being its winged metamorphosis. This error has been exposed by the Institute of Science and also by Mr. Brainbrigge

Fletcher, who declares that the mealworm is not found in this country. It would appear therefore that the grubs infesting your flour are those of the Ephestia (not to be confused with the beetles Tenebrio or Trebonium).

(Sgd.) D. STRANGE, Lieut. and Q.M. Raymond's Rifles, Vizalore.

Lalpet. B/124. 19/7/35. To the Quartermaster, Raymond's Rifles, Vizalore.

Ref. your Q/98765, while appreciating your masterly dissertation on Natural History, I am compelled once more to inquire if the issue of flour in question may be condemned.

(Sgd.) B. F. SMITHERS, Captain O.C. Detachment.

Vizalore. Q/98766. 21/7/35. To the O.C. Detachment, Lalpet. Memo.

Ref. your B/124 it is pointed out that the flour therein referred to may not be condemned without sanction being obtained from higher authority. In the meantime it is suggested that you adopt immediate measures towards the abatement of this nuisance. Fumigate with Hydrocyanic Gas (which must only be used under expert supervision), also consult Ward and Buckle's Principles of Insect Control.

(Sgd.) D. STRANGE, Lieut, and Q.M.

Lalpet.
B/125. 23/7/35.
To the Quartermaster, Raymond's
Rifles, Vizalore.

With ref. your Q/98766 I wish to point out that I am in possession neither of the volume mentioned therein nor of Hydrocyanic Gas, nor am I conversant with the correct manner in which the latter should be used. Please inform me if, pending appeal to higher authority, a fresh ration of flour may be issued.

Kindly treat the matter as urgent.
(Sgd.) B. F. SMITHERS,
Captain and O.C. Det.

Vizalore. Q/98767. 25/7/35. To the O.C. Detachment, Lalpet.

Ref. your B/125, you do not appear to be aware that the Ephestia lays eggs to the number of 300 to 500 and, during the monsoon, breeds with almost incredible rapidity. It is therefore essential that steps should at once be taken

"Believe me, Mrs. Parkin, there are times when I almost wish 'E was back on the dole."

towards its extermination. Your personal attention to this matter is requested. For your further guidance it is pointed out that the Ephestia is a darkish fawn in colour and its head is appreciably raised above the horizontal plane of its body.

(Sgd.) D. STRANGE, Lieut. and Q.-M.

From the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, Lalpet, to the Senior Medical Officer, Military Hospital, Vizalore. 27/7/35.

SIR,—I have the honour to report that Captain Smithers is at present sick in quarters. Late last night the Quartermaster Havildar, observing light in Ration-store, went to investigate. He there discovered Captain Smithers on all-fours, clasping weapon (which I think is butterfly-net), muttering to himself and behaving in strange fashion. Sir, what to do? Could this be sunstroke? I think not as yesterday there fell ten inches of rain and also the fatality took place at midnight. Please to send instructions.

I have the honour to be, Your obedient Servant, R. K. Modak, Sub-Assistant Surgeon.

Approved by the Committee.

Our dramatic society is run on autocratic lines, and with a dictator like Herbert P. Bode the method works well. He permits the committee to meet from time to time to hear his views, and it goes home happy in the knowledge that it knows its own mind so well. He also permits me (he himself holding the office of librarian-a sinecure) to go home and do all the work

I draw up syllabi, ring up printers, write up minutes (mainly a matter of thinking up synonyms for "Mr. Bode then said") and generally burn the

midnight watts in the interests of the Bilkham Players.

At a recent meeting I was instructed to draw up a letter to that eminentauthor, Mr. Bernard Whimbush, asking him to give us permission to do The Turpentine Tree without paying the usual but utterly iniquitous

royalty of five guineas per performance. There were a number of reasons why we wanted him to do this. Mrs. Sniffkins-Blugham felt sure that the dramatist, if he cared to look

into the matter, would agree that the Bilkham Old Dogs' Home was as worthy a charity as any he could wish to seek out for support. Mrs. Willoughby-Bigham said that she had heard that

the Little Throbbley Thespians had recently done a play by that much more eminent author, Arnold Pash, without paying anything like the full royalties. Bode said that for that matter we ourselves-when we were a much younger and smaller society-had done a play by the very man in question, Bernard Whimbush, without paying any royalties at all. He also reminded the committee that The Turpentine Tree was a poor play anyhow, and we had only chosen it to avoid the stigma of doing a "West End success." (Having a certain highbrow reputation to keep up, it is a fixed principle of the society

Miss Binge-Bubbly put the matter very succinctly when she said that the play would probably draw such lousy audiences that we should be lucky if we could even afford real champagne

to do, whenever possible, a West-

End failure.)

on the stage, never mind the luxury of paying extortionate royalties to unknown authors.

Bode said that as we were performing the play on three successive nights we should get off paying part of the royalties automatically, and that Mr. Whimbush would not therefore be giving such a princely sum to charity if he waived his reward altogether.

"So if you'll draft out a letter on those lines," said Bode, "and bring it along to the next meeting, you can read it to us before you send it.

This precaution is simply a survival of the days when we had a rather nitwitted secretary whose work always had to be vetted. One does not like to

"I SEE A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD."

"You don't happen to see who's paying for it, do you?"

offend the man-who is still on the committee-and that is the only reason I can think of for our keeping up this now wholly redundant procedure.) I accordingly embodied such points as seemed relevant in a carefully-worded letter and submitted it to the committee last night.

"Better read the whole thing straight through," said Bode.

'Dear Mr. Whimbush-"'I began. "Just one interruption," said Bode. "I should be inclined to put his name at the top of the letter and say 'Dear Sir.' After all we don't know the man and don't want to.

I made the correction.

"'My committee desire me to write to you with regard to your play, The Turpentine Tree, which we have decided to do-

"Better not say we've decided or he may think he's got the thing in his

pocket. Better say, 'which we are considering'—he won't know we've started rehearsals."

I made the necessary revision.

"'The proceeds this year (less the rather heavy expenses) are being given to the Bilkham Old Dogs'

"I shouldn't mention the name of the charity-it's just possible he may not have heard of it. Read it without that bit.'

"'As we are giving the play on three consecutive nights we feel that it will be a splendid advertisement for you and as this will be one night longer than the run the play enjoyed in Town

"I shouldn't say that," said Bode.

Might hurt his feelings, When I suggested telling him it was a rotten play I expected you to use your discretion. All right, proceed.'

'We understand that Mr. Arnold Pash frequently allows his plays to be performed free by small societies in small villages and'-(for the purpose of this letter)we do not set ourselves up as being much more.

'I doubt if I should mention Arnold Pash-I'm told there's often a bit of rivalry between these fellows.

"'I would remind you that this is not the first time we have done one of your plays. We preformed Mock Octopus five years ago-

"Steady," said Bode;

"you wouldn't be re-minding him—you'd be first with the news. And if by any chance this appeal for decent treatment should fall on stony ground he might begin asking awkward questions about his Mock Octopus royalties. Go on."
I coughed modestly. "Possibly," I

I coughed modestly. murmured, "I have gone beyond my instructions, but I thought it would be a graceful gesture if I sent him a couple of seats for the show. I therefore wound up the letter by saying-

He won't come, and we shall be able to sell them again. All right. . Read the whole thing through in the light of our criticisms and let's see how it sounds.

'Dear Sir,'" I read—"'With regard to your play, The Turpentine Tree, which we are considering for our next production, I have great pleasure in enclosing two complimentary tickets for the Friday night. - Yours faithfully, for



"I SHAN'T BE A MINUTE, BUT ERIC IS KEEN ON ROCK STRATA OR SOMETHING."

the Bilkham Players, Oscar Snoop-

"A very good letter, Snoopwhistle," said Bode. "Send it.

The Insurance Racket.

Some years ago, after four successive bouts of influenza, Jane insisted I insure myself against the complaint. She said as I was so persistent we might as well get something out of it.

I sat at the manager's desk. want," I said, "to be insured against influenza.

The manager looked at me disdainfully. "You can't," he said at last, coldly-"you can't just have influenza alone.'

"Oh, can't I?" I snarled, twisting

my hat angrily.
"You can't," he continued, ignoring me, "just have influenza. You must also have xeroderma, infantile paralysis, sciatica, scurvy, elephantiasis— "Anything else?" I cried feebly.

"Yes. There are altogether twentyfive diseases in the first series.

influenza?

"Certainly."

"Oh, all right," I capitulated miserably, "I'll have the twenty-five."

Then I remembered the pain I occasionally felt in my side. "May as

well be thorough," I thought.

"And may I have appendicitis, please?" I asked humbly.

"No," he said, "not unless you have

varicose veins, quinsy, hypokinesis globus hystericus."

"But," I protested unhappily, "I don't want globus hystericus. I assure you I never do get globus hystericus.'

"Then I'm afraid you can't have appendicitis.

looked at the manager with loathing.

"Well," I said at last grudgingly, "I suppose you'd better give me the other twenty-five and have done with it.

I paid my first premium on the fifty diseases I had bought and staggered out of the office.

Since that day, many years ago, I have paid up my premiums with unfailing regularity. I have never missed

"And must I have them all to have a payment. And I have never had a day's illness. I have never even managed a trifling bout of scurvy.

Nor do I dare discontinue my payments, for I know perfectly well that the moment I do I will develop each and every one of my fifty diseases.



"Baldly, he set out to discover some of those secrets which Nature has so jealously withheld from inquiring man through the ages."-Scots Paper

That of a reliable hair-restorer, for example.

"G.B.S. and G.K.C. are to appear as film stars in the new Film of the B.B.C. made by the G.P.O."-Daily Press

The Box Office results look like being O.K. as to L.S.D.



RACING CHIC IN BRITTANY.

Course de Penguen: Messieurs les Jockeys.

Songs of Ignorance.

["To escape from worrying about Mussolini, Hitler, unemployment and other problems of the day, Arthur Gehrke, an innkeeper, of Watertown, Wisconsin, to-day went to bed, where he will hibernate till next spring. Gehrke, who weighs eighteen stone, learned the trick of 'winter-sleeping' from the bears. . . . Mrs. Gehrke said her husband has hibernated regularly for twenty years, and when he rises from his 'long sleep' he 'looks like a bear, as he neither shaves nor cuts his hair.' "—Daily Paper.]

Autumn came in the mountain home
As the bears prepared for sleep;
They took a last draught of their oldest comb

And drank to each other deep.
And one bear said, "Well, cheero, Mate!"
And another said, "Good-bye, Sid!"
And they then proceeded to hibernate,
Which ARTHUR also did.

Month by month they lay in their lairs,
Nor trouble nor bite nor sup,
The publican-to-be and the bears;
And he kept the custom up.
Every year at the usual date,
Whether 'twas that instinct bid,

Whether 'twas that instinct bid,
Or his wife said, "Come, now hibernate!"
Well, ARTHUR promptly did.

And now he has gone to rest again
From a weary world away;
The yearning tradesmen wait in vain;
They may call perhaps next May.
In vain the barber knocks at the gate,
For ARTHUR's safely hid;
Once more he has gone to hibernate,
Just as he always did.

How lucky is he, he misses so much
That the rest of us have to stand—
Supermen, papers and pacts and such,
And howls on every hand!
How numerous are the blows of Fate
Of which we were easily rid
If only we'd learned to hibernate
As Gehrke's grizzlies did!

"Oh, happy are badgers and everything That curl up half a year!" I muse, as loud from the lighted Ring The referee's voice I hear: "The latest Italian heavyweight And the Abyssinian Kid!" How glad I should be to hibernate! If only I sometimes did!

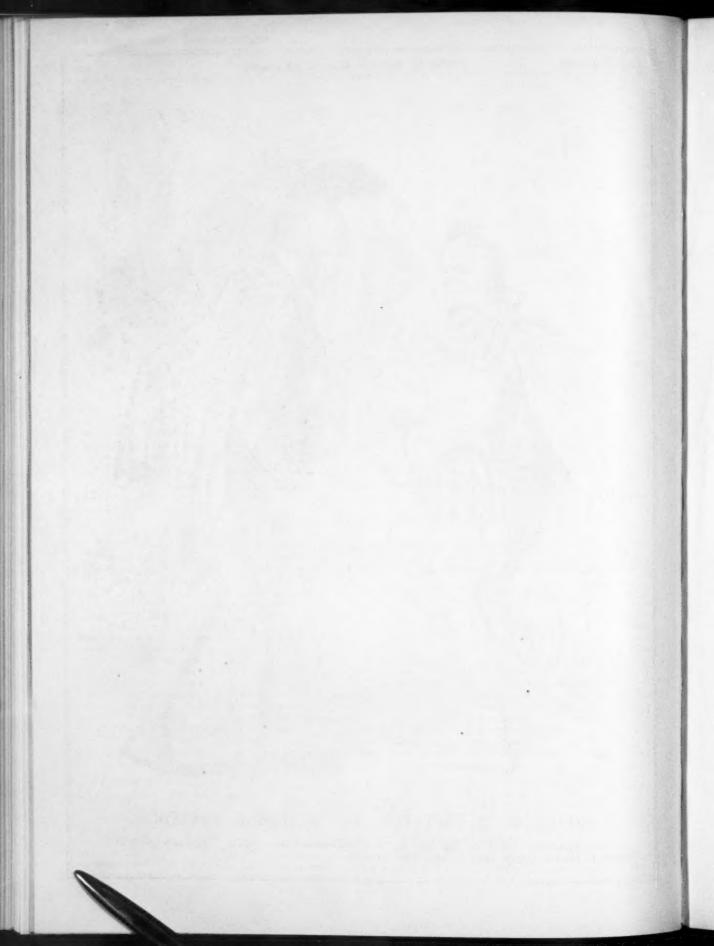
And the men who cope with Foreign Affairs,
The men at the top of the tree—
Do they ever dream of peace with the bears?
Do they ever think, like me
(As they try to tame each truculent State
And sit upon Hades' lid),
That they don't know how to hibernate
And they only wish they did?

J. C. S.



TRIALS OF A DICTATOR; OR, A TIMELY REMINDER.

THE WAR GOD. "EXCUSE ME, DUCE, BUT BEFORE YOU START THERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE INSTALMENT OWING ON THE CAR."





Late arrival (known as an indifferent shot). "Missed the first drive, have 1?"
Keeper. "Ach, ye've no missed as much as ye micht ha' done."

More Perils of English Abroad.

I am one of those Englishmen who, when they go abroad, assume loudly and clearly that all foreigners speak English. It is easy to do. Foreigners seem to like it. And you never know what quaint little exotic flowers of English speech you may not gather by the foreign wayside. I am a collector of such things.

There was the time when I left a glove in the breakfast-car. One can get on very well without any gloves. With only one glove one feels extraordinarily incomplete. I might have thrown the remaining glove out of the window. Instead (for that is the English way) I went back for the missing member.

My late chair was occupied by a large foreigner. Had I spoken to him in his own language (whatever it was) he would certainly have misunderstood. He would have suspected me of trying to take his place. He would have muttered darkly about Imperialistic

Englishmen. I should have made an enemy for my country. Instead, I addressed him in confident and resonant English. I told him of my loss. He stared. I told him again. I showed him my two hands, one gloved, one naked. I spread them before him as in appeal. He understood, burst into smiles and rose from his chair. "Perchance is it," said he, "downstairs." It was my turn to stare. Then, as he looked beneath the chair, I understood. We looked together, our heads clinking amicably. He was right. The glove was downstairs. We parted in mutual delight. He had proved himself a linguist. I had my glove. Better still, I had that little friendly gift of his to the English language.

Such scenes brighten my ways about Europe. It was not until I went into the tobacconist's at Jönköping that I realised what an awful responsibility it is to talk English in a foreign country. Speaking as if I had stepped through that doorway from the paving-stones of Piccadilly, I asked for the tobacco

which I smoke. It was given me at once and I paid for it. Then the tobacconist disappeared suddenly down a little stair. I should have done well to go at once, but I was curious. Was it perhaps that some gift accompanied the purchase, something (a motor-bicycle, for example) suitable for a traveller and at the same time commensurate with the price which one pays for a quarter-pound tin of English tobacco abroad?

I waited. The tobacconist returned; all he had with him was a book—a large book—a dictionary. He placed it on the counter. "I am student of banking," he said. "I search to know how in England the banking"—(he consulted the book and found his word)—"performs."

I do not know how the banking performs. I never cross a cheque without wondering what I mean by writing "and Co." But I am not ashamed of this ignorance. Thousands of good men know nothing about banking, and the modern economists tell me that the people who know least about it



AN ENTERPRISING HAIRDRESSER GETS BUSY AMONG THE HAIRY AINU.

are the bankers themselves. If I had been asked this question in England I should have said that I did not know. Had I been asked the question abroad in a foreign language I should have smiled, shrugged and shaken my head, leaving it to the foreigner in his courtesy to decide whether it was my ignorance of banking or of his language which prevented a reply. But I had been asked in English. I saw with sudden horror that by that very fact I had beeome an authority on the subject. I could not refuse.

Speaking with a slowness which I hoped he would attribute to my consideration for his foreign ear, I described what I thought a banking system might be. I do not put it down here because, though I was rightly proud of it as a genuine impromptu, I am not vain enough to think that it is ever likely to be adopted. All I need record is that it seemed to excite the tobacconist very much. He succeeded in saying that he had no idea our system was so different from his own. He seemed to be much surprised at the difference. He was much more surprised than I was. He bent eagerly over his dictionary, but I had no intention of being cross-examined on my system. I went on to say that this

difference was only an example of the way in which human institutions imitated the wonderful variety of nature horself

That is the sort of remark which sounds extremely silly in one's own language, but in a foreign language is frightfully impressive. The to-bacconist certainly was impressed; but I gave him no time to show it. "Take," I said, "the flora of your country." And when I had told him to take it, it struck me with dismay that the flora of his country was exactly like the English flora. No, I remembered one flower which we had not. I mentioned it by name. I paid a tribute to its beauty. I spoke of it with a fervour which surprised him.

My panegyric came to an end, as panegyrics must, but I was no longer perturbed; for of course you have already seen to what I was leading. One step more and I should be safe. "And have you," I said, "succeeded in growing tobacco in this country?" There! He could not expect me to know more about tobacco than he did, in whatever language we spoke. He said nothing. He was busy with his dictionary. The sentence which he had prepared some time before must now be quite out of date. He prepared another. But

I was in no hurry. I could allow him to have his turn. He looked up at last. "The tolls for tobacco, how they are gross!" he said. Having just paid nearly ten shillings for tobacco which, if left to itself, would have cost about a shilling, I was not prepared to deny that the tolls were very gross indeed; but I did not intend to discuss them, for I saw with awful clearness that one step more and we should be back at the subject of banking.

There was only one thing to be done, though I hated to do it. I pulled out my watch. At once, with a single look of reproach, the earnest student of banking became again the courteous salesman; and I left the shop.

And so, you will say, the little incident ended—not very creditably to me perhaps, but still it had ended. But had it? That question haunts me. One day I feel sure my tobacconist will meet a fellow-countryman who knows all about the English banking system. The fellow-countryman will describe it, and my tobacconist will contradict him. He will contradict him with the perfect confidence of one who has had the system fully explained to him by an Englishman in English. What an awful responsibility it is to talk English abroad!

Hara-Kiri.

A Tale of "The Twelfth."

The argument had turned upon The Celtic pride of race,

When up there spake an ancient man

With meditative face:

"The strangest sight I e'er beheld Allow me to relate,

The pride of race you talk about 'Twill aptly illustrate.

"Tramping," he said, "o'er Highland moors

Among the butts and Bens, I came upon an ancient grouse Conversing with his hens;

The flow of words astonished me Coming from such a source;

The twelfth of August seemed to be

The theme of his discourse.

'My sires,' he said, 'have graced the boards In many a chieftain's hall, The pellets launched from titled guns

They did not mind at all; But surely grouse may have a grouse, And this is mine, my dears—

We do object to being shot By low-born profiteers.

My grandsire fell before the gun Of Alistair MacDhu;

It was a noble death he met, And enviable too,

For the MacDhus were chieftains here

Even before the Flood, It is an honour to be winged By those of gentle blood.

Another twelfth is almost here, Yet things grow worse and worse,

It seems we now may lose our lives
Through an ignoble purse;

For men of lesser breed, who made Their money, say, in cheese, Now own the Castle and the moors, Must we be shot by these?'

A chorus of indignant 'Noes'
Rose from each angry bird
As, rising from their heather bed

As, rising from their heather beds, Into the air they whirred;

Towards the waters of the loch
They swooped with downward
glide,

Then, plunging in its sullen depths, Committed suicide."

The old man ceased, and on the room

A solemn silence fell

As though some power invisible Had grasped us in its spell,

And each man looked nor uttered word,

Time seemed itself to halt;

Then from the corner came a voice—

"Will someone pass the salt?"



Sympathetic Porter. "I know just 'ow you feel, young ladies, 'earts full of Hambition and not a blinkin' 'ope."

At the Play.

"PEER GYNT" (OLD VIC).

The Old Vic has undertaken many bold enterprises in its honourable day, or night, but none greater than Peer Gynt. IBSEN, writing with exuberance and opening out under Italian skies, freed himself from the trammels of the stage, and did not expect his great narrative dramatic poem to be acted. Nor is it very often attempted. Even with a number of cuts it played for four hours.

The version at the Old Vic (by Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS) is a new one, very lively and vivid, and for the most part in rhyme. The rhymes seemed to me a mistake, increasing the already heavy task of the actors. There is so much in the plot of Peer Gynt that suggests a pantomime without reinforcing that suggestion with the sort of rhymes that trip lightly off the tongues of Demon Kings and Fairy Queens.

There is, anyway, the wild son and the old mother, transportation to the tropics, shipwreck and much else that is enshrined in the pantomimic cycle. That the suggestion never established itself is a measure of the achievement of the players, and first and last of *Peer Gynt* himself (Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN). Mr. DEVLIN made his mark as *King Lear*, a sufficiently exacting part but a

minor one compared with the triple rôle of Peer Gynt, which gives him a triple crown. In his first and largest task, the impersonation of the wild Norwegian youth, Mr. Devlin was immensely real and vigorous. It was easy to understand why Peer lied so much and with such relish—because he did it so well.

The producer did not shirk showing us the trolls and their king in a gloomy cavern not too dark for us to see their full appallingness. It is the great tragedy of Peer Gynt that his abandonment of Solveig—beautifully played by Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT—which is the turning-point in his life and the beginning of his ruin, is done from a high feeling of un-

worthiness. He knows he is unclean, more than the outlaw of men. He goes right away not to injure her, and she does indeed remain beautiful and noble and works a measure of redemption for him.

Peer Gynt, as we see him at his climax, gave Mr. Devlin a great chance, and he took it. His mother, Ase (Miss Florence Kahn), dies and the old life ends. Miss Kahn played



A DREAM-PRINCESS.

A Green-Clad Woman . MISS BETTY POTTER.

that sad figure quite beautifully, with a simple naturalness that held the play fast to its deeper allegories.

IBSEN returns at the end to the theme of the worth of the simple peasant-life



VICTIM OF ALL HE SURVEYS.

Peer Gynt Mr. William Devlin.

which is the basis of Norway, the things from which egoistic daydreams lure the young Norwegian, who gains a worthless world and loses his soul. Ase fixes them for us at the beginning of the play, and Solveig holds them up at the end.

The complete loss of moral standards. the effects on a man of an existence made up of his own daydreams and the quest of his own fortune, and the resulting imbecilities in which the search for pleasure leads him-all these things Mr. DEVLIN had to show in the second part. Peer Gynt has prospered as a slave-trader and exporter of cheap idols to the heathen. and he becomes the fool of Anitra the slave-girl (Miss MYRTLE RICHARDSON). Miss RICHARDSON'S performance was oustanding, even in this company. Anitra is not perhaps a very difficult part, but it was played with a subtlety and finish delightful to watch. There is nothing in life for Peer Gynt but to return to his origins as his end draws

For a third time the actor has to transform himself, and for a third time Mr. DEVLIN achieved the transformation—so completely that we then remembered that old men are one of his strong suits.

As the button-moulder Mr. Ion SWINLEY is happier and more effective than as one of the caricature figures who embody the European exploitation of Africa in that earlier scene whose appositeness to-day the audience did not miss. The button-moulder, an echo of early childhood, is the form under which death and remorse force themselves on the attention of Peer Gunt.

Players of this great poem, perhaps the chief morality-play, in the old sense, of the nineteenth century, have to steer their course between flesh-and-blood drama and the portrayal of allegory. The Old Vic Company so mastered their material that no meanings were lost, but neither were the breath of action and the historical life of the play. D. W.

"CLOSING AT SUNRISE" (ROYALTY).

Life at a coffee-stall may be at times romantic, picturesque or even exciting, but it is necessarily fragmentary; its slices are as thin as the sandwiches are thick, and the hardboiled eggs munching round the stall are usually extracted from their shell

with much more difficulty than are those upon the counter. Having had their fill, they grunt "Good-night," move on, and are unlikely to come back for some time.

From the dramatist's point of view

such transitory habits are a serious drawback, and in this play, the only scene of which is a coffee-stall, Mr. RICHARD CARRUTHERS had tried to overcome the difficulty by converting a lock-up garage on the left of his set into a tiny café with tables and chairs, where the more important customers could be anchored for a little. This device was a good idea, but it could not make up for the slightness or the

unreality of the story.

Easily the best thing in the play was the coffee-stall proprietor, Ted, an excellent portrait of a middle-aged Cockney wag, the real salt of the earth, into whose mouth the author had inserted a generous supply of authentic backchat, and into whose character Mr. MARK DALY put some very skilful comic acting, getting the voice and intonation perfectly and expressing the essence of the Cockney philosophy in a few masterly gestures. Behind his gold spectacles there seemed to gleam kindness and shrewdness and impishness, mixed exactly according to London's peculiar formula, and so long as he was on the stage and talking one was entertained. But we felt that the cream of his part could have been compressed into a longish music-hall sketch which would have suffered little by divorce from the play. The play, however, would have suffered sadly.

What would have been left? Ted's stall being in the West-End and being open from 9 P.M. till sunrise, and Ted himself being something of a magnet, you never knew who might not turn up; and we quickly guessed, from the presence of an unsuccessful playwright on the look-out for copy, that his needs were about to be satis-

fied. We were right.

A virtuous young actress, out of a job and in the eccentric habit of dropping into Ted's for supper at the oddest hours of the night, was paid a debt of a pound by an obviously unvirtuous friend soon after the play began, and the playwright changed the note for her. Dud notes, so the taxi-drivers were murmuring over their ham, were flying around in droves, and therefore when a rather over-suave young man came on the scene who appeared to share some

and to be very anxious lest in her cups she might disclose it, and who, moreover, had been recognised by Ted's assistant as a super-crook, it was fairly clear that the poor playwright was twenty shillings down. A second note, issuing from the same quarter, turned suspicion into certainty, and the suave young man was arrested after a mêlée in which he accidentally shot his accomplice.



MINE HOST.

Ted MR. MARK DALY.

While these developments were brewing, the romantic note was being hit at intervals by the playwright and his love, to whom he finally and very decorously proposed; and various revellers and workers drifted in and out, including a splendid sailor who had celebrated his safe return from the Antipodes in the old time-honoured



STANDING NO NONSENSE FROM THE WAITER.

Marsden Mr. Anthony Ireland. Frank MR. FREDERICK COOPER.

guilty secret with the unvirtuous lady way. But he was very much a part of the coffee-stall rather than of the more genteel café-annexe, and as the evening passed it became noticeable that the types who refreshed themselves perpendicularly at the stall his back to the wall-for her sake!

were much more convincing than those who sat down in the café, whose atmosphere at times seemed not remote from Young England, what with its vice undone and its virtue rewarded. Ted and his mate and the taxi-drivers and the drunk sailor were solid recognisable chunks of London, well drawn and well acted, and the pity was that they had so little to do with the story.

Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND packs a slick gat and can put a vast degree of villainy into his voice and manner, but he had small scope: Miss Joan Marion as the good girl was much better than her part; Miss SHIRLEY HOUSTON as the bad one had an easier job but showed that she has a fair share of the family talent; and Mr. PERCY MARMONT gave the playwright a personality, though perhaps an unnecessarily "hearty" one. Several minor characters were good; but when all was said and done it was really Mr. MARK DALY'S evening. ERIC.

"All Wrong" Stories.

V.-An Artisan's Dilemma.

"Undoubtedly a case of metabolism," said the Harley Street osteopath, putting down his ophthalmoscope. He shot a keen glance at the pallid patient who stood there with the stethoscope still held in his trembling

'It means-?" "Complete rest and change of air, Mr. Bennet. Your blood-pressure is far too highdefinitely peristaltic.

The patient flushed again. This would spell ruin! How could he relinquish his work with Julia at this stage? His whole career as a mural engraver was at stake.

The alternative?

"Progressive malmonia and poliosis." The great surgeon spoke decisively. "Those steellike fingers upon which your mural work depends-

Benet nodded. He understood, but he was going to make a final fight against fate. "I shall not go, Doctor," he said simply. There was force in Benett's square resolute face and sturdy figure.

"I can only wish you luck," said the specialist. "But in

any case take this tonic. It is homeopathic. A table-spoonful at a time. It may help.

Bennett shook hands and walked forth resolved to conquer or die with

Interview with a Lady.

THE morning-room was large and full of sunlight and the incessant twittering of birds. The birds were outside but the twittering managed to invade the room extensively.

I meandered about the room rehearsing my remarks; opening a cigarette-box and remembering my manners in time; smelling the tulips for some reason I cannot suggest, other than nervous agitation, and glowering

at the pictures on the wall.

I examined one picture—a modern one—at length, because it didn't fit with Mrs. Bunt's room nor with my conception of her soul. It was a rather pedestrian Fantassin entitled "Un homme avec une chose." This title was corroborated by the picture more or less, for it was probably a man, and if he had anything in his hand it was a thing, unless it were a bowler-hat.

I was still studying the thing in his hand (la chose, I presumed) when a voice behind me said, "I see you are interested in Pointillisme."

"Er-very. How d' you do?"

"How d' you do?"

"I have come to ask you if you would be so good as to open the Bazaar next week—the one, you know, for the Parish Hall Heating Fund Deficit? I have come to see you about it as the Vicar is laid up."

"I don't think I quite understand. Wasn't Lady Marjorie going

to do it ?"

"She was, but Gerald has developed tonsilitis out in Nairobi and she is flying out to nurse him—in an aeroplane, if you see what I mean."

"Oh, I didn't know."

"Yes. So will you open the Bazaar?"
"But haven't you asked anybody else?"

'No. I naturally came straight to you when Lady Marjorie failed."

'Well, I must go and have a look at my engagement-book, and I'll tell Alice to bring you in some sherry. And, if you will excuse me I must go and have a word with Doubleday the gardener. I have a lot of trouble with him. He has tantrums, you know."

I said, "Oh, I'm sorry," as though she had told me that he was in the last

stages of a fatal disease.

Eventually Mrs. Bunt returned with her engagement-book in her hand and said, "Really that man Doubleday is most provoking. I am sure he was hiding in the greenhouse when I was looking for him."

"Didn't you go and look?"

"Of course; and I am convinced he slipped out of the door at the other end as I came in."

"I wonder if Doubleday has cloven

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Can you open the Bazaar?"

"I find I am doing nothing that day, so I shall be very pleased to."

"Splendid!"

The telephone-bell rang and Mrs. Bunt crossed to the telephone and answered. She was unavoidably audible to me, although the voice at the other end was only a crackle.

"My dear, I'm so much better-

almost quite well again.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry. This weather is so treacherous. Does he wear wool next to the skin? I think it is essential.

"What's that? You say Mr. Rumbling asked you to open the

TO TO

"You're not going to?

"Yes, that will be delightful. About half-past four?

"Good-bye, my dear. My love to

Edwin."

She turned from the telephone and looked at me like a Roman lion that has spotted an unattractive but nevertheless succulent Christian.

"Why did you say you had asked no one else when all the time you had

asked Claudia Blunte?"

"I'm sorry; I thought you wouldn't like it."

"I don't. Of course you quite understand I will not open the bazaar now?"

"Oh, but I say, please don't take it so badly. I will do anything if you will open the Bazaar."

"What can you do?"

"I could offer a special prize for begonias this year at the Flower Show." (Mrs. Bunt's begonias are famous.)

"Yes, perhaps I might consider that."

She caught sight of Doubleday through the window. "Ah! there is Doubleday now. I will go and ask him what our begonia prospects are. Meanwhile you can pray."

Through the window I saw her trailing down the garden with Doubleday, bellowing at him. That is her idea of how to dominate him—a most un-

successful method.

I helped myself to some more sherry just in case the begonias were not doing well, and waited hopefully. She was not absent long and came back beaming. "Doubleday says the begonias are going to be good this year."

"Splendid!"

"So mind you give a really nice prize."

"Oh, certainly. And you'll open the Bazaar?"

"No; I have decided not to. Claudia will tell everyone you asked her first and I shall look a fool if I accept." "Oh, I say, play the game!"

"What do you mean? You owe me something for the lie you told me. I think I am being quite fair."

"Oh, very well."

I rose to go. Mrs. Bunt was very amiable now, and we went out into the hall chatting about manure, a current cause of trouble with Doubleday, so I gathered. Then we said good-bye and I departed.

When I reached the road I pulled out a piece of paper on which there were five names, the top two of which had already been struck off; and now I ran my pencil a little crossly through the

third, which was "Bunt."

On the reverse of the paper I began a list of local horticulturists who might with encouragement compete with possible success against Mrs. Bunt's begonias.

The Great Shoe Question.

HAVING recently been in a large number-far too many-of hotels (of which whoever says they are homes from home is a liar), I want again to ask the question: Why is it that when you breakfast in bed, no one, not the chambermaid who wakes you, or the valet who looks after your clothes, or the waiter who brings your tea, ever stoops down at the door and carries in your shoes? I have asked this question before and I ask it again now: Why? Is there some definite arrangement when any of these three servants is engaged, so that each says to the manager: "Yes, I'll do all you expect as a valet, as a chambermaid, as a waiter-but understand, I will never carry in shoes"? Do they say that, or is there some subtle trade-unionism preventing any one of them from performing this tiny extra task; some feud between the various departments, of which the unfortunate guest is the victim?

Anyway, there it is. No one but oneself, partially dressed or largely undressed, with a quick look each way for observers, is allowed to open the door and scrape in the despised articles—often very badly cleaned, with polish all over the laces.

And because this is the case, I have been wondering if advertisements might not lead to improvement. Supposing, for instance, one were to put

something like this in a prominent position:—

WANTED

at the Hotel Glorioso a chambermaid who, in addition to her ordinary duties, for which she will be well paid, will be so eccentric as to come down a peg or two and promise to carry in the shoes. That there will be no sarcastic comments on loss of prestige is guaranteed.

Would that be any use? Or another method might be tried:—

OLD PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOY AND UNIVER-

in need of employment is propared to accept a job as valet or floor-waiter in a hotel, and as such to carry into bedrooms the boots and shoes he finds on the mat outside the door. No extra pay required for this service, which he is so odd as to consider part of his work.

But the whole question of amelioration by advertisement is worthy of thought. There is, for instance, in bluebell-time the recurring spoliation of woods and the bearing of those fragile blossoms, bound much too tightly together, to city or town. Would something like this be a deterrent?—

A CORDIAL INVITATION.

Since bluebells are known to wilt and begin to die as soon as they are picked, and, torn from their surroundings, give no pleasure, it is hoped that as many trippers as possible will during next spring break into the copses of the —— Estate, near East Grinstead, and ravage them.

And there is also the constant question of damage to the countryside by litter. Might something like this be of use?—

To PICNICKERS.

In the interests of variety, by which the monotonous green of grass and bushes is made gay and bizarre by the presence of white and brown paper, bottles and other rubbish, it is hoped that no one, after lunching at any of England's beauty-spots, will pick up and remove the débris.

—That is the oblique method. But perhaps, since more people than not take things at the foot of the letter, the direct means employed at Inkberrow, near Alcester, is the best. According to a correspondent of *The Times*, the following verse has there been set up:—

" Let no one say,
And say it to your shame,
That all was beauty here
Until you came."

Very pretty, and, I hope, effective. The lines should be adopted wholesale.

Fashion Note for the Navy.

"For this season smallness in diameter of the tops of periscopes is a most sought-after factor in submarine design."—Daily Paper.



"CAREFUL OF THAT BANANA-SKIN, JOE!"

Milk-O!

(Founded on Fact.)

Quite recently, on waking
After the dawn of day
Had done its punctual breaking,
As snug in bed I lay,
I heard a roundsman singing
In accents clear and ringing,
While cans and bottles bringing
Upon his milky way.

'Twas not the call that rallies
Tirol's stout mountaineers
Or in Swiss hills and valleys
Falls blithely on our ears;
Oh, no, the spell that caught me
Was "Songs My Mother Taught
Me."

By Dvořak, and it brought me Back to my childhood's years. What though milk distribution
Is in a parlous mess
And charges of dilution
Are levelled in the Press?
Our infants' safest feeder
Who sings delightful Lieder
Can ne'er be a seceder
From paths of righteousness.

Though jazzers in their blindness
Delight in drums and gongs,
The cream of human kindness
Undoubtedly belongs
To minstrels mild and milky,
But never bad or bilky,
With voices sweet and silky,
Who sing their mothers' songs.
C. L. G.



More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Nigel Grippett, 5, Nutcracker Lane, London.

12/8/35.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you that my gold cigarette-case was stolen when I visited your Club-house this

morning.

As soon as I discovered the loss I telephoned the facts to the Steward (you were out), and I may say that, although my misfortune did not become apparent to me until after I had arrived home, I have no shadow of doubt that the theft occurred when I left my leather golf-coat in the changing-room of your Club prior to having a drink in the bar.

My cousin, Mr. Wrigglevest, with whom I was playing, can vouch for this.

Yours faithfully, N. GRIPPETT.

P.S.—While fully appreciating that it was foolish of me to leave the cigarette-case in the coat, the fact remains I have been robbed.

P.S. 2.—It is no good your writing me a letter of apology stating your members and staff are above suspicion. I have no time for that sort of drivel.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

12th August, 1935.

SIR,—I hear a gold cigarette-case has been stolen from a visitor at the Club. It was probably taken by Lionel Nutmeg. He has been looking very furtive ever since the theft was discovered, and you should tell the police to have him searched.

It may interest you to know that I have always thought there was something fishy about N., and I am now more than convinced that it was he who stole my old briar last year—see Complaint Book, 7/6/34, 13/7/34 and 4/8/34; also a pair of my brogues—see my usual New Year's Day entry in the same book, 1/1/30, 1/1/31, 1/1/32, 1/1/33, 1/1/34 and 1/1/35.

Yours faithfully, ABMSTRONG FORCURSUE. From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

12th August, 1935.

SIR,—As I was passing the door of the downstairs changing-room about the time when the cigarette-case must have been stolen I saw General Forcursue near the place where the visitor left his golf-coat, and he was acting in a most suspicious manner—bending backwards and forwards and slapping his thighs.

When I entered the room and asked him what he was playing at he gave a start, and, after abusing me roundly, said that it was "his —— lumbago."

I think my evidence is worth looking

Yours faithfully,

Anonymous letter from the undersigned.

SIR,—I am quite sure it was the page-boy who stole the eigarette-case. It is only asking for trouble to allow a young scamp like that to go and put clean towels in the changing-rooms when members are in the bar.

Yours faithfully, Sub Rosa.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Rough-

3/8/3

L. NUTMEG.

SIR,—I hear you sent for the police this morning. Was I right about Nutmeg?

Yours faithfully, Armstrong Forcursue.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

13/8/35.

Dear Sir,—I saw the police-sergeant coming out of your office this morning. Is Forcursue to be arrested? I shall be glad to give my evidence if called upon to do so.

> Yours faithfully, L. NUTMEG.

From Alfred Bore, Roughover.

Tuesday, 13th August, 1935.

Dear Sir,—Several people in the eading-room walked out when I

reading-room walked out when I walked in this A.M. What is the reason for this? If members are sending me to Coventry because they imagine I stole the cigarette-case there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED BORE.

P.S.—My own idea is that McWhigg took it. I heard once that he successfully got away with a piece of soap from an hotel in Aberdeenshire.

From Algernon Glass, Verdun Terrace, Roughover.

STR. I was bearing in

DEAR SIR,—I was hearing in the town this night that you is to employ a detective, introducing him as a visitor and giving him a free pass to the bar, etc., etc.

I should be glad, Sir, to undertake the job, as I am a good hand at imitating the gentry, me being a batman in the War, but now fallen on

bad times.

Your obedient servt., ALG. GLASS.

From the Undersigned.

13/8/35.

MR. WHELK, SIR,—With much regret this is to say that unless members give up hinting it was us that took the cigarette-case we shall give notice.

Respectfully, Sir,
John Baggs, Caddymaster.
Vincent Pullcork, Page.
Jean Knippey, Waitress.
Ephraim Wobblegoose,
House Steward.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., Roughover.

13th August, 1935.

SIR,—I overheard Wobblegoose and the Caddymaster blatantly stating that they were quite sure it was a member that took the cigarette-case. Kindly attend to this matter immediately. The staff are getting absolutely out of hand, and it is all your fault. Yours faithfully.

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

13/8/35.

Dear Whelk,—I understand that a visitor has had his eigarette-case stolen and that you are at your wits' end to know what to do next.

Now, Whelk, you may not like what I have got to say, but I have read a lot of detective fiction in my time, and it is common knowledge that the man who at first sight appears to be the least suspect is more often than not the guilty party. I think, then, that if I accuse you of this despicable theft I should not be far wrong.

Should you therefore care to make a frank confession and get it off your mind immediately I shall do all I can, as Captain of the Club, to see that you are let down as lightly as the circumstances permit.

Yours sincerely,

R. VINEY.

P.S.-If you have not already sent



CHICKEN LIVER NEVER VOS. HOW YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS, TIGHT OR LOOSE-YES?"

for the police, please do so without delay and show them this letter.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Roughover.

14th August, 1935. SIR,-I have to inform you that I found what I imagine to be the missing gold cigarette-case in the pocket of my golf-coat this morning.

That unprincipled fool Nutmeg has apparently realised that it would only be a question of time before he was found out, and in his bovine brain conceived the childish plan of trying to plant the article on to me.

police and am to see my solicitors this afternoon.

Yours faithfully, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Nigel Grippett, 5, Nutcracker Lane, London. 14/8/35.

DEAR SIR,-My wife tells me that the leather coat I brought back from the Club-house on Monday is not mine, although I cannot see any difference.

If therefore there is another coat in the changing-room similar to the one I am returning herewith and it has

I have reported the matter to the a gold cigarette-case in the pocket, I shall be glad if you will forward same immediately.

Trusting that I have not put you to any inconvenience on my behalf,

> I am, dear Sir, Yours faithfully, N. GRIPPETT. G. C. N.

An Impending Apology. "The prizes were handed over by Lady , a wife of the M.P. for Mining Journal.

"Green Fly is the amateur's bite noire." From a Rose Catalogue. Not quite.



"I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN VERY GAY, GIVING A JUG-AND-BOTTLE PARTY."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Per Ardua ad Astra.

When the R.101 crashed to destruction near Beauvais she brought death to many gallant men and to more than one whose name will figure in the histories of the air. But none of that ill-fated company is likely to appeal more keenly to the imagination of the future than Air-Vice-Marshal Sir W. SEFTON BRANCKER, at that time Director of Civil Aviation. His portraits proclaim him the soldier of romance—a "'Beau Geste' soldier," in Captain NORMAN MACMILLAN'S words-and so in fact he was: a born fighter, a mighty hunter, a lover of the good things of life. But that was the smaller part of his equipment. To the intelligence and enthusiasm which gained him early promotion was added an imagination which enabled him to grasp the potentialities of aircraft in warfare when most others had but dimly surmised them or held them in derision. Though a gunner by training, he devoted himself immediately to the perfection of this new arm; so that when the Great War came he was prepared to do his country magnificent and most essential service. By his very abilities condemned to Whitehall when he had rather been overseas, he proved himself an admirable administrator, displaying as much courage at the desk as in the field. Nor were his later efforts in the cause of civil aviation any less excellent. Half the story of Sefton Brancker (Heinemann, 21/-) is told in his own lucid and straightforward words. The sequel has been most efficiently added by Captain Macmillan. The whole makes a very valuable record of a fine career.

An East Anglian Chapter-Ending.

Spacious and simple in design but full of enchanting subtleties, Mr. R. H. Mottram's new novel has the quiet charm of a Girtin water-colour. The "modern" manner of Bumphrey's, which became him, I feel, very little, has been successfully shed, and Flower Pot End (MURRAY, 7/6) relates with unpretending skill the passing of a picturesque East Anglian "quarter" and the characters who nested in its ruins. For the kindly incumbent of St. Mary le Pleasant, their rector, and the small shopkeepers and still smaller rentiers who dwelt there in decent insalubrity, the decayed mansion and pleasure-grounds of an upstart Tudor family were worth defending-on widely different but tacitly concerted grounds-against the banded forces of modern hygiene and vandalism. But it belonged to a passing order, as did the Rector himself, Phil his scapegrace brother, Rose his heroic housekeeper, and Fred Curell the greengrocer, whose daughters and their soldier cousin figure as pioneers of a cruder world. This, in its stereotyped energy and tasteless goodheartedness, is given a fair deal; in fact the soldier's sweetheart, Patsy, is allowed to carry over some traditional virtues to the new account. But "brightness falls from the air" and the novel chronicles its passing.

The Inconstant Nymph.

Rachel Rosing (Collins, 7/6) relates the further adventures of the beautiful Jewess whom we left shattered and defeated at the foot of the social ladder she had scaled so advoitly in Shabby Tiger. Mr. Howard Spring, however, is not the man to leave a new reader groping for clues, and the sequel is eminently readable on its own merits, the more so as its eleverest psychology is devoted not to

Rachel but to her husband. The former, I submit, is a competent feuilletonfigure, neither more nor less; as is the aristocratic young playwright who reluctantly puts up with her appetites for the sake of her dramatic genius. But the wealthy partner who finds her down-and-out at Blackpool and is as much beglamoured by the common squalor of their mutual origins as by Rachel's accomplished vamping is an interesting, attractive and cleverlydelineated figure. There is perhaps a touch of Miss KENNEDY'S Birnbaum in Bannerman (né Fahnemann), with his wistful consciousness of wealth's limitations, his artistic yearnings and his unreciprocated passion. But this chiefly emerges in the second and metropolitan half of a novel whose more racy and original chapters are staged in the North of England.

Miners' Lives-and Language.

Mr. JACK JONES (if indeed that is his real name) wrote Rhondda Roundabout, which was a long and realistic novel about mining life in the Rhondda Valley, and he now follows it up with Black Parade (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), which deals with the same subject in the district of Merthyr Tydvil. Clearly he knows his ground, and he is an acute observer, but he allows his writing to look after itself. He uses no art whatsoever; his sentences, in narrative, are often distressingly clumsy. But presumably he is not exercised about that. He is out to paint the life of the mining district, and I suppose he succeeds. He takes a young man, one Glyn Morgan, and gives his career from lusty beerswilling youth to a rather querulous old age, during which he marries-his wife, Saran, is one of the few pleasing characters in the book—and sees his family

grow up and most of his sons pass through the War. He sees also the district in which he lived and worked, and the mining industry in general, decay with him. There is no invention in the book and no art, but it has the merit of being true to life. If you really want to know how the Welsh miner lives, how he behaves in the bosom of his family and in the local public-houses, and especially what sort of language he uses, then we can recommend Black Parade to your favourable notice. But if you are getting a little tired of slabs of life, presented starkly without ornament of any kind and unredeemed by any graces of writing, then perhaps you had better try something else.

Gentlemen Adventurers.

Mines destroyed, 23,873. Minesweepers lost, 226—that is a précis of "Taffrail's" book, Swept Channels (Hodder and Stoughton, 21/-), in which he gives the story of more than five years of constant danger incurred by the fishermen-yachtsmen-civilian (with a small proportion of Naval) crews of our minesweepers. There are plenty of statistics in the volume but nothing dull. The writer alternates his pages cleverly between tales of cold-blooded heroism, tragedy and delightfully humorous anecdotes, and holds



"By the way, how is your brother Ahmed Khan getting on?"
"Surr, he is studying Lahore High School; he is very shiny boy, no doubt."

the reader's attention throughout. Of all the heart-breaking jobs in the War the passing, mending and clearing of mine-sweeps must have caused the most swearing, but these loyal, half-disciplined, tough and salt-soaked men stuck to their work till long after the Peace was signed. The book is well illustrated with photographs, and technicalities are explained down to the layman's level. I find only one doubtful point: the U.S. mines of the Northern Barrage are credited with the destruction of six U-boats. The Germans only allow them one, and that a doubtful case. However, not only students of war-books should read this, but everyone interested in records of human courage should do so as well.

"Power" to Little Purpose.

Although As I Lay Dying (Chatto and Windus, 7/6), by William Faulkner, has only just been published in this country, it has (we are told) long been recognised in America as one of his "most powerful and remarkable works." Well, remarkable it is, and in the intervals of tedious half-baked philosophising in the Gertrude Stein manner it is sometimes also powerful; but I cannot think it was very well worth doing or that it is worth much as Mr. Faulkner has done it. His admirers will be

astonished to hear that it contains no violent star-blasted aviators, no lament for the decay of the Southern States, no negroes to speak of, no Indians, and not a whisper about the Civil War It deals with the constantly impeded crosscountry journey of six characters, in whom, though they take brief turns at telling the story in their own way, I did not find it easy to be interested. All, even the little boy Vardaman, seem to have read too much GERTRUDE STEIN. The book is difficult to read, and there are only about two pages in which the amateur of purple passages can take any of that pleasure Mr. FAULKNER as a rule delights to give him.

Medium Stuff.

It seems unlikely that the spirits of many departed authors, divorced from all possibility of royalties, yearn to unload fresh works upon an earthly public; but at the same time the point raised by Mr. Alan Griffiths in Spirits Under Proof (Werner Laurie, 7/6) is one which must give the literary world furiously to think.

He tells how Dean SWIFT, coming through at the top of his form to a mean ignorant little medium named Albert Pawsey, dictated an upto-date sequel to Gulliver, and how Albert, turning a deaf ear to the Dean's full-blooded protest and publishing the book as his own, found himself alarmingly the Lion of the Month. For once the critics were right in their daily diagnosis of genius, and had it not been for an unfortunate accident, Albert's reputation might have blossomed indefinitely. Mr. GRIFFITHS is at his best when he is satirical. and he describes very funnily Albert's adventures with the bookboosters; but, although

there was clearly a good excuse for his choice of such a serve and select and has a keen eye for character. It all worm for his central character, I could find none for the prolonged freedom of tongue and of salacious fancy which he permitted him to enjoy. A very squalid fellow, Albert.

Mine and Countermine.

Vice-Admiral USBORNE has made an interesting and entertaining book of his Blast and Counterblast (MURRAY, 10/6). His opening chapter is an eye-opener. It describes the Navy as it was before Sir Percy Scott took it by the scruff of the neck and made it learn to shoot, and makes one devoutly grateful to that officer and to Lord FISHER. The main part of the book deals with his War experiences. He began up North, and at Scapa was principally engaged in working out an invention of his own for countering the new peril of the sunken mine. After Jutland (which, on that account, he missed) he was sent to the Mediterranean, where, ironically, he found himself doing the exact opposite, and laying minefields. In that more sunny part of the world he seems to have had a sunnier time. He describes queer improvised organisations in queer improvised bases, populated in some instances by various Allied contingents who "loved one another about as much as a mongoose loves
In these days walking lessons are nothing but a luxury.

a cobra." He found the Japanese a charming people to work with, and it is heartening to notice his unexpressed but evident delight at the joining-up of the Americans under Captain Nelson (of all names), known as "Juggie." This was at Corfu, where he remained till the Armistice: and his last war, or first peace, experience, was to get a beautiful new overcoat lined with lambswool out of the Army Clothing Department, and promptly have it pinched.

Russian Review.

There is an air of detachment and therefore of likely truth in Borzoi (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 9/6), an autobiographical record written in English with an astonishing felicity of phrasing by IGOR SCHWEZOFF, which marks it off from the usual tendentious books about Russia. author was thirteen when the Bolsheviks came into power; suffered with his family-his father was a General -severe privations and confiscations which he records without rancour; notes that constant preoccupation with

the question of food transcended every other feeling, even so late as 1930 when the record ends. Choosing dancing for his professionthere was evidently full freedom of choice-he quickly attained distinction in it but found his bourgeois origin a handicap, while the subordination of the work to political and propagandist considerations outraged the artist in him. An engagement at Vladivostok suggested escape to Europe viâ Harbin, which, after incredible hazards and hardships, he achieved with three companions. A fascinating story without a dull page. The author can not only write well; he can ob-



"Y' SEE, SIR, BEN 'ODGES KEEPS MAKIN' OUT 'E'S OLDEST INHABITANT, AN' 'IS FATHER DOAN'T LOIKE IT."

seems to make life in England a little tame.

In the Days of Beau Brummell.

Miss Georgette Heyer is a clever and attractive storyteller, and, although it is possible to think that coincidence's long arm has been fully stretched in Regency Buck (HEINE-MANN, 7/6), the adventures of Sir Peregrine Taverner and his sister, as they spread their wings in the gay world of fashion, go with a swing that cannot be denied. Miss Taverner had the bad, or possibly the good, fortune to be the ward of a man who had, before she knew him by sight, grievously offended her. Moreover, they continued to provoke each other wherever and whenever they met. Nevertheless he was both her and her indiscreet brother's guardian angel, and in the process of proving this Miss HEYER gives us a vivid picture of society in the days of the Regency.

> " "ТнЕ -THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL WHO LOVE YOUNG PEOPLE. BABY'S FIRST YEAR. TEACH YOUR CHILD TO SWIM."-Contents Sheet.

Charivaria.

ITALY states that she has invaded Abyssinia "in the interests of Peace." The German High Command never thought of that one when they took Liége.

A new dance, in which the dancers

take two steps forward and four back, is said to be the latest craze. There is some talk of its being called "Civilisation."

It is said that the tiger has a more injurious bite than the lion. Somebody must have gone to great pains to find that out. * *

In New York a twenty-stone man trapped in a burning building was rescued with great difficulty by fire-men. At one period the anxious spectators feared the fat would be in the fire.

It has been mentioned that Mr. G. B. SHAW has never been seen in the House of Commons during a debate. But then the building has no Very Distin-guished Visitors' Gallery.

"A fast-moving train," states a writer. "has something, call it what you will,

that can move any man." Why not call it the engine?

While visiting a paint-factory to gather material for his new book an author accidentally knocked a large can of paint off a shelf. As it splashed all over him he decided that he had obtained enough local colour.

"Cotton shows a certain weakness," ously enough, this coincided with a remarkable fall in buttons.

"The man with a new suit," says a psychologist, "is instinctively trusted." That of course explains how he got his new suit.

Spurious one-hundred-pound notes recently ran a financial report. Curi- are in circulation. So you had better look carefully at your change.

> An American girl's father has just shot a crooner. British papas, please

"Robbery at Spa," runs a heading.

Somebody actually took the waters?

The decision of the railway companies to retain some summer arrangements throughout the winter is believed to apply to waiting-room fires.

An American music-hall performer claims to be the world's champion eccentric-eyclist. Will British errandboys accept the challenge?

Other nations fear that talkies will make all the world speak English. Not the talkies we've heard.

"Prison warders go on strike in America," runs a news-item. understand that the convicts want to come out in sympathy.

"Motherhood," says a writer, "is still the best career for women."

They have the field to themselves, anyway.

An exiled Royal House is said to have renounced all intention of regaining the throne. It ain't going to reign no more.

"Italian General required, Portsmouth." Provincial Paper.



Competitive Neighbour, "THAT'S DONE IT, MRS. 'ARRIS. NOW WE SHALL HAVE WAR."

Plants from the seeds of tomatoes thrown away are growing on the racecourse at Epsom Downs; but the racecourse authorities are believed to be unfavourable to the idea of putting glass over them. * *

"I don't see anything in wireless," says a gossip-writer. But he isn't supposed to unless he has a television set. Unhappily they are all engaged.

Ordeal of Mr. Parkinson.

It is unlikely that Mr. Parkinson will repeat his visit to the Brampton Ladies' Literary and Social Club. It is quite certain that should he do so he will never again attempt

to be jocular in the course of his address

The objects of the Brampton Ladies' Club are clearly enough stated in its name, originally decided upon not without much anxious thought by a Committee of Five, though to be quite accurate the word "Social" should perhaps precede "Literary." They are an informal body. "We like a friendly atmosphere at our meetings," as Mrs. Lampost explained to Mr. Parkinson on the occasion of his Talk to the Club on "Some Aspects of Modern Journalism"—"nothing stiff, if you know what I mean. So you mustn't mind if some of the ladies just put in a question now and then about anything they don't quite understand. Will you? It makes it all so much less formal, don't you think? Just a nice cosy chat!"

Mr. Parkinson was not altogether pleased. As Assistant Editor of The Pendleton and East Movbury Gazette (which incorporates, as all the world knows, The Brampton Advertiser) he felt his importance keenly, and he had spent many hours of careful thought over the preparation of his Talk. Not that he thought of it as a Talk. He thought of it, and had indeed frequently spoken of it in the past few weeks, as a Forthcoming Address; certainly never as a nice cosy chat. But he smiled rather a frosty smile and said, "Quite so" several times over in a polished and slightly condescending way before moving forward to his place on the platform.

For a time all went well. Mr. Parkinson spoke eloquently of the Beginnings of Journalism, he dwelt on the Power of the Press, he even used, without interruption, the phrase "a Finger on the Pulse of the Nation." He spoke with telling technicality of "lay-outs" and "copy." And so by easy stages he came to the Use and Abuse of Headlines.

"Consider," he said, "the enormous increase in interest and importance—what we journalists call news-value—that is lent to an occurrence by a judicious use of headlines. Overnight a wind springs up, shaking the trees and rattling the chimney-pots. 'It's blowing hard,' you say to one another as you go up to bed. But what does the journalist say about it? 'Eighty-Miles-an-Hour Gale Sweeps Britain's Coasts — Havoc of the Great Storm — Hundreds of Bathing-Huts Battered to Pieces — Acrobat Blown into the Sea at Skegness.'"

Mr. Parkinson paused. It was going well—better even than he had expected. Several of the younger ladies had distinctly tittered at that last flight of fancy. He was well

on the way to being a Success.

Mrs. Waterhouse, however, sitting very straight and prim in purple silk at the end of the second row, thought otherwise. She had her views as to what was and what was not a laughing matter, and besides she had no use whatever for that giggling Miss Saunders behind her.

"I hardly think, Mr. Parkinson," she said mildly, "that a drowning accident is quite a subject to be treated so

lightly. Don't you agree?"

Mr. Parkinson was not seriously put out.

"My dear lady," he said amiably, "you misunderstood me entirely if you supposed me to be quoting an actual occurrence. I gave those headlines merely as an instance of the kind of thing you might expect to find in your morning paper. They were," he added modestly, "my own invention."

"I see," said Mrs. Waterhouse. "All the same, I still do not think drowning altogether a matter for—er—joking." "I'm sure I should be the first to agree with you. But

I never mentioned 'drowning,' you know. I said, if I remember rightly, 'Blown into the Sea at Skegness,' not 'Drowned in the Sea.'"

'But we weren't to know the poor man was not drowned, were we, Mr. Parkinson?' asked Mrs. Tantrum with sweet reasonableness, loyally coming to the support of her

"Then let me assure you, Madam," said Mr. Parkinsen, now slightly nettled, "that there was no fatal termination to the incident. The totally imaginary acrobat of whom we are speaking did not, as I see it, suffer any serious aftereffects of his alarming adventure. He escaped," he added humorously, "with nothing worse than a wetting, largely owing to the gallantry of a ship's bo'sun by the name of Coombes."

"Coombes!" exclaimed old Mrs. Finnigan suddenly from her place in the front row, where on account of a slight deafness she invariably sits—"Coombes! Wasn't that the name of that man who was so rude to us at Skegness two years ago, Hetty?"

"Bognor, Mother dear, not Skegness," said her daughter reproachfully. "And his name was Harris, I think, or

Simpson. Something like that.'

"No dear, it was Coombes. I'm sure of it. Miss Arkwright would know. Gertrude!" she called out in a voice that carried easily to the back of the hall, "it was a Coombes, wasn't it—that man who was so impertinent about the hot water that time? Don't you remember?"

Miss Arkwright rather believed it was Hayman, and for a time the conversation became general. Mr. Parkinson, realising that at this rate the rest—and best—of his address would never be delivered, not even as a cosy chat, made a desperate effort to assert himself.

"The point I was trying to make," he said loudly, "is

this. Every newspaper—

"If you'll allow me to say so," put in Mrs. Waterhouse, returning with commendable persistence to the point at issue, "I feel strongly that jocular references to accidents of any kind, even imaginary ones, are always inadvisable. Suppose a real person actually was drowned at Skegness

in the storm, how would you feel then?

"The point is well taken, Madam," said Mr. Parkinson, now almost beside himself with irony. "I ought of course to have added that if any acrobat did have the misfortune to be blown into the sea at Skegness or elsewhere during the recent severe gales, no reference of any kind was intended to such acrobat, the acrobat I had in mind being quite another person. Nor was there any reflection on the adequacy of the arrangements made by the local authorities for the protection of visitors to Skegness against the fury of the elements, the accident I visualised having taken place at a spot just outside the limits of the Council's jurisdiction. I think that about covers it. I fail to see that I have said anything to which bo'suns of the name of Coombes could reasonably object."

He paused for breath, and in the silence that ensued the voice of old Mrs. Finnigan could be heard with a dreadful clarity. "Acrobats!" she was saying. "What is all this about acrobats? The man must be out of his mind."

The Assistant Editor of *The Pendleton and East Mowbury Gazette* strove for speech. His face grew purple and the veins bulged ominously on his swelling neck. And at last inexcusably the words came:

"Pack of Fools!" he cried—"pack of blithering old Fools!" and, gathering up his papers, he swept blindly

from the platform.

Mrs. Waterhouse complacently smoothed her skirt.

"I never did like the man's looks," she observed triumphantly—"not from the very start."

H. F. E.



BOTH (together). "FANCY YOU BEING IN THIS BOAT WITH ME!"



Which Way Does the Clock Go?

Twice a year I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that I simply have not the brain to cope with this changing over from Summer Time. I don't mean so much the fait accompli as the initial changing over from one time to the other: it is the actual alteration of the clocks that invariably beats me to my knees.

There should of course be nothing in this. One just puts on all the clocks or puts back all the clocks as the case may be; but my trouble is that I never can grasp which the case actually is.

It is all very well for you to interject scornfully that my daily paper tells me just which to do. It does; but unfortunately it insists on doing so at a time when I can't really act upon the information; for breakfast on Saturday is no time to start setting clocks and watches to Sunday morning's new time unless you want to make yourself pretty unpopular with everyone you meet throughout the day, even down to the kids in the park who ask for the Right-Time-Pleez-Mister. No, late on Saturday night is obviously the only time to embark upon clock altering, and in any case late on Saturday night

is usually the earliest moment that I realise that a change is anywhere in the offing at all. On one occasion I didn't realise it till 8.45 P.M. on Sunday night, when it was grimly brought to my notice by an annoyed hostess who had asked me to 7.45 P.M. supper.

Late on Saturday night, therefore, I start to alter the clocks-and where is the daily paper to help me then? If you have ever tried to refer to a newspaper even a couple of hours after it has been read you will understand what I mean. By evening, of course, it's impossible. It has either been used to relight a dead fire or draw up a moribund one—the effect on the paper being the same in either case-or it has been made into a fleet of sailingboats for the kids; or is wrapping up something somewhere; or it seems mysteriously to have turned itself into yesterday's. If, after an upheaval something between spring-cleaning and the sack of a town by hostile soldiery, it is at last brought to light, the bit I'm after has been cut out because it happened to be on the back of a recipe my wife "particularly wanted to keep. This means she has by now mislaid it.

So in the absence of the daily paper to tell me what to do I am forced to use my brain—a situation which doesn't often arise in this overjournalised age—and, as I said, my brain simply isn't up to it.

I begin by tackling the problem logically. Winter, I say, is slowly approaching, therefore the evenings are slowly getting shorter: soif Summer Time goes out with a rush; so, where it would have been eight P.M. by Summer Time, it will now have to be nine really, giving us an hour shorter evening. Obviously, therefore, the clocks must be put on from eight till nine. Quite simple, after all.

I have put on a couple of clocks and am on a chair in front of the hall clock—a complicated and temperamental grandfather—when I am suddenly assailed by doubts about the accuracy of my logic. I go over it again and get the same answer, but am now definitely suspicious of a flaw. Obviously there is something funny somewhere, so I decide to check up from another angle.

The arrival of Summer Time earlier in the year, I start off again, was designed to make me save an hour of daylight by getting me up sooner—say at seven instead of eight (or ten instead of eleven, as it was a Sunday).

Now the only reason I could ever be induced to do such a silly thing is that I was deluded into thinking that it was eight after all. In other words, the clock showed eight when it was really seven, and now I must reverse this process and make it really seven when Summer Time had shown it was eight. This sounds better, and so I put the hall-clock back, during which it stops once, strikes twice and chimes what sounds to me like a plain course of Grandsire Triples.

About three clocks and a watch later I realise that, having got two different answers by the use of logic I ought really to play "best out of three," and that the simplest way of tackling the problem is of course from the sun's point of view, which, after all, doesn't alter. Assuming, therefore, the sun rose at seven A.M. Summer Time, there has been when I get up at eight o'clock Summer Time one hour of sunshine already while I've been hogging it among the pillows. But there was also the hour I saved, so if I am to stop saving it and still get up at the same time-no, if I am toget up an hour later -well, not ostensibly an hour later but actually-what I mean is, if I have to get up at the same time on the clockwell, all I have to do is to go and set the sun back an hour andthat way lies madness.

By this time, you see, the thing has thoroughly got me down. I take a stiff whisky and go into a huddle with a pencil and a lot of paper, rushing off now and then to alter clocks. Some time after midnight it dawns abruptly on me that as a result of my experiments there are now some clocks in the house that I have put on, some I have put back, some that are untouched. and some, originally put back, that I have re-altered either to normal or to an hour on, or vice versa-and I'm hanged if I can remember which. In addition I have a haunting suspicion that there is a clock, possibly the kitchen clock, which I have already put on once but have put on two hours further still under the impression it was one of those I had put back. As a result, every hour from ten P.M. to four A.M. is represented by some timepiece somewhere, and grandfather in the hall has completely gone on strike in both senses of the phrase.

I eventually pull the straw out of my hair and, forgetting to wind up my watch, stagger to bed, where I fall asleep muttering to myself about wocks and clotches and picking feverishly at the counterpane.

At nine o'clock next morning, haggard and worn, I straighten it all out by listening for the church clock.



"What to do with Partridge Depends on Age of Bird."-Heading to Cookery Notes in Daily Paper.

That on this last occasion the verger, or whoever was responsible for altering the church clock, should have forgotten to do so till Sunday afternoon, thus sending me hungrily out to lunch with friends a good hour before they expected me, was the final straw, and I am now in bed with what the doctor flatteringly calls "brain-fever." I expect to be all right again by next April-in time to after the clocks once more.

Host and Guest.

- "WELL, now, what'll you have to
- "Have you-er-have you any-er WATER?
- "Water? I don't know. I'll find out. Wilson!"

- "Yessir."
- "Have we any water?"
 "WATER, Sir? I'll see, Sir."
 - [Wilson goes out. Wilson comes back.
- "Er-no, Sir."
- "'No,' Wilson ?"
- "Yessir. No, Sir. No water, Sir."
- "No water?
- "No, Sir. Spot, Sir."
- Spot?
- "Yessir. Spot, Sir."
- "Are you trying to say 'Not a
 - 'No, Sir. Spot, Sir."
 - "Spot, Wilson?
- "Yessir. Spot, Sir. We had some water, Sir-from the dairy, Sir. But Spot, Sir-he drank it, Sir.

Business for Pleasure.

IX.-On Consultants.

"Farewell! Thou art too dear for my possessing."—William Shakeopeare, dismissing consultant.

Definition.

It is not easy to give a precise definition of a consultant. He is of course an Expert. But then there are thousands of experts who are ordinary honest men working in the usual way. Again, he is not a permanent employee. He only comes in to do a certain job and goes away again quickly before anyone can see the snag. But then so does a plumber. And manifestly a plumber is not a consultant. At least, not the sort I mean. Moreover, an ordinary Expert or an ordinary plumber has to produce some credentials to show that he is an expert or a plumber. But it is an essential feature of the true consultant that you don't ask rude questions about an expert's qualifications or watch carefully to see if he forgets his tools and brings his mate. You just take him in a spirit of sublime trust. In the last analysis I think the only way of deciding whether a man is a consultant or not is to look at the amount he is paid. If he is paid at the rate of more than five thousand a year, and if, moreover, he is paid in guineas, then he is almost certainly a consultant.

Functions.

A consultant is essentially an Expert on Something. Nowadays that something may be almost anything. But whether his special line is Vegetarian Dietetics or the Effect of Music on Output, it is his job to know more about that particular thing than anybody else. It is no use asking him how he knows or why he knows or who told him, or anything like that. That, as the dear old joke says, is his business. He is an expert in the matter, and being an expert he naturally charges expert's fees. And if you doubt that he's an expert—well, look at his fees. Would he charge fees like that if he weren't an expert?

Advantages of the Consultant.

- (1) A consultant brings a fresh point of view. Your own people are so close to the job that they can't see the wood for the trees. Supposing you are making bassoons—have been making bassoons for fifty years. Is it reasonable to expect you to be able to have any new ideas about making bassoons? No; you're stale. But if you bring in a consultant who's never even seen a bassoon before, think what lots of ideas he will get! On exactly the same principle, when the nation's finances go wrong the ideal man to send to the Exchequer would be a lad from Borneo or somewhere where they don't have money. It's the fresh mind that's wanted.
- (2) A consultant, unlike an employee, can be absolutely impartial. After all, if an employee is frank and speaks the truth he may lose his job. But as a consultant knows he's going soon anyhow and has got his money in advance he can be delightfully rude to everybody and nothing can be done about it.
- (3) A Consultant's opinion is worth more than anyone else's. After all, supposing the question is an engineering matter; what do you pay your chief engineer? A thousand a year? Well, now, you pay a consultant at least three thousand guineas a year. So a short calculation will show you that his opinion is worth over three times as much as the engineer's.

(4) A Consultant has wide experience. Compare him with your own people. Take your manager. He may have been making bassoons for thirty years and have worked in every bassoon factory in the world. But a good consultant will almost certainly have been in a gas-works, a potted-meat factory and a place where they make shoe-horns. See what breadth he's got—what a wealth of experience in problems like yours!

Methods of Work.

The actual method of work of consultants naturally varies with what they are consultants about. Broadly speaking, however, there are two main types:—

- (1) The sort you pay by the day, week or month. Usually these work rather slowly but stay a long, long time, doing the job very thoroughly.
- (2) The sort you pay a lump sum in advance. These don't usually stay long, but work very quickly.

It is usual for a consultant to make an estimate of the time it will take him to do a job. With type (1) this estimate should be multiplied by six; with type (2) it may safely be divided by three.

How to get the best out of a Consultant.

- (1) Allow him to know. It is absurd to pay a man as much as that if you're going to argue with him. If you want to argue, choose someone cheaper.
- (2) Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. Having spent the money on getting the man, give him an office, a secretary, two clerks, half-a-dozen assistants, plenty of cigarettes, a free pass to the café and the key of the safe. After all, if he were a taxi the meter would be ticking up at the rate of about a pound a minute. Don't hang him up for the sake of a few pounds' worth of help.
- (3) Support him strongly against other people. Some of them will be sure to disagree with him, but, after all, they're only your employees. What do they know about it?
- (4) Don't expect him to work too hard. Remember that all through industry the amount of work you can expect a man to do is in inverse ratio to the amount you pay him.

Finally, one or two

Words of Warning.

- (1) As a general principle, if you must employ consultants, employ the sort who come to fool around with the lights or the ventilation rather than the sort who come to create morale or esprit de corps among your staff. It takes so long to do any real good with morale or esprit de corps.
- (2) Make your foremen leave all razors, sawn-off shotguns and blunt instruments in the gate-house. After all, a consultant is your guest—your real guest, not just a lodger.*
- (3) If, when your consultant has gone, everything seems very much as it did before, remember that but for the consultant it would probably have got a lot worse.
- (4) Never refuse to write a testimonial for a consultant. After all, if he's done a good job it's only fair. And if he's just been a waste of money—well, why should you be the only one to suffer?

^{*} Lodgers pay to come.



"THAT'S NOT LIKE WILLIAM THE FOURTH."

"SORRY, SIR, BUT THIS MAN IS THE ONLY ONE I COULD FIND TO ACT AS MY MODEL."

Fall Song.

- I sing the Fall—nay, not that sad secession From innocence that did poor Adam in, But that which yearly functions (the expression Is Transatlantic in its origin).
- Fall of the leaf, fall of the year, the closing
 Of Flora's courts, Pomona's garners stocked
 In other words, to quit this highbrow prosing,
 The comely month of Oct.
- Philosophers have found the later autumn Suggestive but of melancholy gloom;
- Poets have sung (as other poets taught 'em)
 Of dying years descending to the tomb.
 I don't agree. October, that late-comer,
- To me's a jolly month; excitements cease; We know the worst—there's no more hope of summer,
 - And for a time there's peace.
- Now parents feel in muscle, nerve and tissue That stunning silence, solitude and void Which mean the schools have opened and their
 - Are otherwise and otherwhere employed;

- Fees have been paid, bread cast upon the waters, Cheques scattered widely to the ravening mob, And now for eight good weeks our sons and daughters
 - Are someone else's job.
- Now comes the time for fireside books and slippers, Some friendly golf, some doddering round the place.
- Beaches rough-weathered but immune from trippers,
- Roads that are roads and not a chariot-race; Truce falls on all the tumults and the shoutings
- Germane, alas! to summer's ecstasies, And man and dog resume their daily outings In safety and at ease.
- Are these not things worth having? Gentle reader, They are. Give me the short and failing day
- And give me Peace—I worship her, I need her (And so, my friend, do you). And anyway
- This season's but an interval or isthmus 'Twixt continents of jollity and cheer:
- A few short weeks and here comes Merry Christmas, And then—oh, dear! oh, d ar! H. E

At the Pictures.

MARTIAL SOB-STUFF.

It was a surprise, when we are all thinking so acutely and anxiously of 1935 and 1936, to find that The Dark Angel is yet another film of the war of 1914-1918, although for a certain amount of time some unnecessary American scenes, intended to be English, postpone the realisation. But then suddenly the cousins, Alan (FREDRIC MARCH of U.S.A.) and Gerald (HERBERT MARCHALL of England) appear in khaki and we know the worst.

Both these young officers love Kitty Vane (MERLE OBERON)-as who wouldn't, at any rate when she smiles? -but after one of the five railway-trains which the producer allows himself for local colour have delivered them on the platform for their first leave, Alan is chosen. Thereafter we begin to wonder again, this time as to the tragedy unmistakably ahead. Will the illicit child that will result from the (unlikely) unmarried night which Alan and Kitty spendat Folkestone have to be explained to Gerald? This was the first guess. For children so often follow such adventures. and we were convinced that Alan was to be killed and Gerald to survive. But no; we were partly wrong.

That is as far as I will divulge, merely adding that if there ever was



TEAR ANGEL.

Kitty Vane MERLE OBERON.

a skilful compound of sentiment, The Dark Angel is it.

Another surprise. I was speaking the other week of my astonishment to find that an audience which I expected to be assembled chiefly for Clark Gable,

was really waiting for Wallace Beery. Later I had a similar experience at Stormy Weather, when those who I presumed would chiefly be adherents of Tom Walls turned out really to be there because Robertson Hare was in the cast. I do not say that they were unalive to the promiscuousness of



"GOOD MORNING, MODOM."

Bullock . . . J. Robertson Hare.

Tom Walls or to the unusual purposefulness of Ralph Lynn (on whom Tom Walls is having a naughty effect), and I do not say that that most attractive and amusing actress, Yvonne Arnaud (whose presence was my lure) was disregarded; but it did seem to me that that arch piece of pomposity, Robertson Hare, has become a formidable public darling on his own.

Films of several nationalities are on view in London this week, soon to be sent about the country, and best of all that I have seen, I like, I think, the German picture, Music in the Blood, although I shall always regret that when Fräulein Hagedorn relented and returned to Dresden and new triumphs, she did not bring her 'cello with her. Still, it seems mysteriously to have arrived, and she played, and the concerto was a success and she will marry Peters, and so we must consider that the "Ende" came happily. But I fancy that Franz Zahlinger (WALTER LADEN-GAST), the ugly but interesting accompanist who really loved her, would have made a better husband. The word "Ende," however, is so final that such speculations are vain.

The German actress, HANNA WAAG,

of real life, brings to Hanna Hagedorn, of the film, much sweetness, and Hans Peters, of the film, is made sufficiently perilous by WOLFGANG LIEBENEINER, of real life. But the memorable performance is that of LEO SLEZAK, of real life, as Friedrich Hagedorn, that Chestertonian figure with paternal rage and flowing cape. But the little fiddler who played the wrong F—surely there was more of him in the original version, before they made any cuts?

At the same theatre, the cosy Curzon, a topographical film called The Song of Ceylon is being shown, where many secrets of the Isle of Spices are revealed; but the pictures seemed to me to be too big for the screen. I like to see a whole god at a time, and a whole elephant at a time, and I like to hear what the describer is saying, even if he sounds too reverential. But too often I was defrauded. None the less, the East is brought very near.

I am afraid that WALT DISNEY is becoming too complicated. The early simple Silly Symphonies were at any rate far more appealing than the sophistications of Who Killed Cock Robin? his latest, where Jenny Wren is made to look and talk like MAE WEST; where Cock Robin is really not killed at all,



A CONDUCTOR'S TOUCH OF COLLAR.

Friedrich Hagedorn . . . Lee Slezak.

and no gay charm is evident. The days of the *Three Little Pigs* are indeed distant, and this is doubly a pity, because at the same time that our fidelity to WALT is being tried very high, rivals are multiplying on the warpath.

The Triumph of Podgy.

"I'm no' wantin' ye to tell me a story aboot princesses an' knights," interrupted young Podgy McSumph, who seemed to be in an unusually peevish mood. "Ye've to tell me a story about a butcher's boy, an' he's to be chased by lions.

"But," I objected, "I don't think I know any stories about butchers' boys being chased by lions.'

"Ye do so," retorted Podgy. "An' it's to be ten thousand lions, an' they're to eat him.

"But why do you want a poor

butcher's boy to be eaten by lions?"
"Because," scowling, "the butcher's boy was chasin' me.'

Ah! And why was he chasing you?" "He was just chasin' me."

"Yes, but what were you doing?"

"I wasn't doin' nothing," mumbled Podgy. "I was just cryin' 'Liver' after him. It's 'Liver' that ye cry after the butcher's boy," he explained.

"Now, Podgy," taking him on my knee, "you know you shouldn't call names after people, because it isn't nice."

"I don't want to be nice," growled Podgy. "An' when I've grew up to be the biggest man in the whole world I'm goin' to bash his heid aff.'

"Yes, but in the meantime he's bigger than you and he'll keep chasing you if you call him names.

Apparently appreciating the truth of this, Podgy stared dolefully at the fire and murmured, "I wish I could just get big all of a sudden. But," rousing himself and nodding his head at me determinedly, "I've started to get big. I had two plates o' broth at my dinner the day.

"You must have been very hungry." "I was not hungry," snapped Podgy. "It was just for gettin' big I done it. An' after my dinner I went to auld Davie Stodge an' he measured me.'

"And what did he tell you? "Auld Davie Stodge said it was nearly three feet to the tap a' my heid an' I was three stones as weel.

That was good, Podgy. You'll-"An' I've no' nearly stopped gettin' big yet," added Podgy. "An' whenever I'm bigger than the butcher's boy he'll better look oot.

I stroked his head soothingly and whispered, "D' you know what I think you're going to be when you're big? You're going to be-to be a great hunter. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Ay," agreed Podgy; "an' then I'll come hame an' bash the butcher's boy."
"Well, we'll see about that. Once



Butler. "MAY I REMIND YOUR LADYSHIP THAT GREENWICH HAS NOW BEEN RESTORED TO ITS STATUS QUO.

upon a time," I went on, "there was a boy called Podgy McSumph, and he took so much broth for his dinner and grew so big and strong that there was nothing for him to do but to become a great hunter.

Hoo big was I?"

On the day he left his native shore Podgy McSumph stood five feet nine inches in his stocking-soles and weighed twelve stone, and he was still growing.'

"An' I had to get a new kilt," said Podgy, "because my auld kilt was too wee for me."

"For years Podgy McSumph travelled up and down the jungles of the world hunting wild animals, which he was able to capture alive because of his great strength, and all the time he was getting bigger and bigger."

"An' one day, when I was terrible big," supplemented Podgy," I catched an elephant.'

"And then, when he had grown to be the biggest man in the whole world, Podgy McSumph returned to his home. He came up the village street riding on a huge elephant, and all the other animals he had captured followed behind him. Thousands of people lined the street and cheered him. And they all marvelled that such a terrible big man could be so good and kind as to tame these fierce animals and make them so fond of him.'

"It was easy," remarked Podgy modestly, "because I was that strong." "But," I went on, speaking slowly

and impressively, "the people marvelled even more when they saw



"FOR MERCY'S SAKE TAKE IT ALL IN A REASONABLE SPIRIT, HORTENSE. WHY NOT MERCLY SUE ME FOR BREACH OF

Podgy McSumph, the great hunter, passing the butcher's boy and making no attempt to-

"I got doon aff my elephant when I seen him," interrupted Podgy sharply.

"But surely," I prompted—" surely this big kind man wouldn't-

"But I never touched the butcher's boy," Podgy assured me. "I just went up to him an' I said 'Liver' right into his face.

As Others Hear Us.

Music at Eventide.

"Well, which is it to be?"

"Well, I think we ought to try Mozart in D. Besides, Father likes that.

"Father, Joan says you'd like us to practise that Mozart thing. You know -MOZART in D.'

"Eh?"

"We're going to practise, Father."

"MOZART in D."

"Very well, dear; don't scream. I heard you perfectly well the first time. What do you want to practise? One

of your piano-and-fiddle arrangements,

"We thought MOZART in D."

"Very nice, very nice indeed. Has either of you two girls seen my reading-glasses?"

"They're here, Father. And here's The Times. Now, Dolly, are you ready? Oh, dear! Just give me the A.'

A-A-A. That's all right, isn't it? A! Have we ever tried this little thing? It looks easy. I like one sharp.

"I think it's a thing I once heard KREISLER play. Does it go la-la-la and then up! la-la-la and then up again?

"No, I don't think so. It's more like tra-la-la, la-la-lee, boum, boum. You

"Oh, yes, I know. It isn't what I thought. Just give me A again."

"Can either of you two girls remember the name of that unpleasantlooking fellow with the wife that we met at Bournemouth?"

The one with the dog, Father?"

No, I know the one you mean, who didn't like tomato-soup. Tompkins.'

"Eh ?"

"Tompkins."

"No, no, no. Nothing in the least like it. More like Whitestone, if anything."

Oh! Was it Sandiloe?'

"Might have been. Anyhow, I don't suppose it's the same chap. It just struck me, that's all.'

"Is he dead or anything?"

"Oh, dear, no, not that I know of. Simply an advertisement. I thought we were going to have a little music."

"Yes, so we are. Mozart in D, we thought.'

"Eh? Play that thing I'm so fond of-you know.

"We're going to, Father—if you mean Mozart in D. You know you're very fond of that.'

"No, no, no-nothing of that sort. Something quite simple. Rather a pretty little tune."

"You can't remember what it's called, I suppose?"

"No idea whatever. A pretty little Goes something like this: La di di-la di da- No, that isn't quite it—tra-la-lee-tra— Dash it all! how does the thing go? You must know what I mean."

"I think I know what he means, Dolly. It's that little Berceuse-thing."

"Oh, dear!"
"Why?"

"Oh, I don't like five sharps."

"You know, that really is nonsense. Five sharps is exactly as easy as one sharp. I always have said so and I always shall say so. Come on, let's start."

"Shall I count?"

"You'd better, I think."

"Three—and—one—two, three, and one—two—three, and one—not quite so fast—three and one—two—"

"You girls ought to play something cheerful. No, no—don't stop. I'm only telling you——"

"Oh, Father! Now I've lost my place."

"Shall we start again?"

"Father, isn't this the one you wanted? We thought it was."

"What did you say, dear?"
"It's all right, Father—nothing."

"Honestly, I think we ought to tackle Mozart in D, don't you? I hate this Berceuse thing, and all the sharps are driving me mad. You may say what you like, Joan, they do make the most frightful difference."

"Eh? What's happening? I thought we were going to have some

music."

"So we are, Father. Mozart in D."

"Eh ?"

"You'll hear in a minute, Father. I think that's the one he meant all the time, Dolly. He always says he likes it."

"I can't find it here."
"Oh, I'm so sorry; I know where it is—I was doing the flowers on it this

morning. Here we are. Now we're off. Oh! Just give me A again."

"A."
"A—A—A—"

"What are you girls doing? I don't care for that squeaking, I must say."

"It's all right, Father. Now, Dolly! Ready, steady—go! One, two, three and four, one, two——"

"Very nice indeed, girls. A new piece, eh? I haven't heard that before, have I? What happened in the middle?"

"Oh, we just weren't quite together, that was all. We caught up before the end all right."

"Ah, very pretty little piece indeed. And what was it called?"

"That was Mozart in D, Father. You've heard it millions of times and you always say you like it."

you always say you like it."
"Nonsense! Never heard it before
in my life. Now mind you play it
again to-morrow evening." E. M. D.



"I TELL YE, JIMSIE, IT'S JUIST PETT'N' WRANG IDEAS IN FOWK'S HEIDS-A' THESE ABYSSINIAN SODGERS GAEN ABOOT BAREFOOTED."

Matthew.

TALK of a chap that can fish
With a threid and a needle!
Man, but I wish

I could do it as weel as the beadle.

Some of us spend Half a day by the side of the

water;
Doun comes thon chap at the end,
Ae cast and he's got her.
Dod, but he's fell as an otter!

See'm on the Sabbath gaun in With his buiks to the pulpit: Ye'd say he was thin,

Peelywally, bow-leggit and shilpit—

Naethin' like Knox,

Naethin' like Calvin or Luther; But see'm gaun doun to the rocks With his rod on his shouther, Deadlier faur nor gunpouther. He startit to fish as a wean; He plunkit the school And catched with a preen

Seeven trouts in the Gigmagog pool; Folk in they hotels,

Fishin' on Leven and Lomon', Never come near to his totals O' trouties or saumon.

I'm sayin' the felly's uncommon!

Whiles I've jaloused that it's weird,
For the beadle's a bauld ane,
Whiles I'm gey feared
That he's tradit his saul with the

Auld Ane.

Gin it's the truth,

Nae ferlie he's able to bate us,

For he hasna his match north or sooth,

Frae Wick to the Gatehouse.

But I doot that it means he's forfeeted his amateur status!

The Fifth Form at St. Oswald's.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Grimshaw, the English master at St. Oswald's, when we of the fifth form had taken our seats, "before we start this term's work I want to give you a résumé of the progress we have made up to date. You will now be able to see the advantages of the St. Oswald's method of teaching English. It makes the methods used at other public schools appear very absurd and antiquated. 'Sensational' is the word which instantly springs to mind—— But I don't

springs to mind—— But I don't propose to go into that now. The course in self-advertisement comes

next term.

"I want you to cast your minds back to your first year at St. Oswald's. You will remember that we spent a lot of time studying the old-fashioned writers, and you probably wondered why we did so. We soon reached the conclusion that they were very dull and long-winded; but in our third term we discovered something else. What was it, Jones major? Yes, that is right; I see you have been attending. We discovered that they were only able to write when they had something to write about.

"Now it is quite likely that that was all very well for the times in which they lived; but it wouldn't do now. Anyone nowadays who waited until he had something to say before putting pen to paper would very soon be left behind. And I don't think I am exaggerating if I say that never were the prospects more bright for the writer with nothing to say than

they are to-day.

"And now, I hope, you are beginning to see the object of your second year's work at St. Oswald's. Any of you boys, if you paid the least attention to what I said

last term, should be able to write almost indefinitely on any utterance by a woman-novelist, on a baronet's remarks about modern dress, on a bishop's opinion of a seaside-resort, on the modern girl, on the old school tie, or on any other of the subjects which you should have taken down in your notebooks last term. I was not altogether satisfied with the examination results. Many of you tried to pad out your essays by introducing facts. On the whole I think Thomson was the most successful. He wrote ten pages of foolscap on 'Hot Weather Hints' without the knowledge of a single practical fact or hint to help him.

Now this term you will be taken a

step further in your literary career. We are going to deal now with the doctoring of news. You will find this a good deal more difficult than last term's work. Then, either you ignored facts or you invented them; now, you will have to take a certain set of facts and use them to convey a meaning on which you have decided beforehand.

"The chief object of this literary form is of course to convey abuse. Owing to the libel laws it is not permissible to invent disparaging facts, but the truth can be turned to equally good account by the well-educated

Awili

The Student of History (listening-in to Rome):
"As Walfole said in 1739, 'They may ring their bells now, but they will soon be wringing their hands."

["All the bells of Rome are ringing."-Daily Paper.]

writer. This morning I shall not have time to deal with more than what I might term the accessories of the method—exclamation-marks, quotation-marks, italics and one or two simple phrases. But much can be done with them.

"I shall now write on the blackboard an extract from to-day's issue of one of the old-fashioned type of newspapers, which present the facts in a bald and indigestible form, and we will see what we can make of it."

Mr. Grimshaw then wrote as follows on the blackboard:—

"In presenting the prizes at St. Cuthbert's School yesterday, Mr.

Arthur Tomlin, M.P. for Blimpton, said that he had always considered that St. Cuthbert's represented an English public school of the best type."

"We will now," said Mr. Grimshaw, "re-write that sentence so as to discredit the whole affair. First of all we want to suggest that Mr. Tomlin is, quite probably, not even an M.P. at all. How would you do that, Jenkinson—without of course actually saying so? A 'so-called M.P.'? Yes, that is one way. Another is to write of him as

'a Member of Parliament (sic).' But personally I prefer, 'describing himself as . . .' It contains the additional hint that he is probably wanted by the police.

ably wanted by the police.
"I want you to pay particular attention to the use of the exclamation mark. Last term, you will remember, you used it at the end of a sentence to indicate 'This is a funny joke.' This term you will learn to use it in its more sinister meaning-in brackets in the middle of a sentence, to imply 'This is a lie,' or, 'This is a very foolish statement indeed.' I will now re-write the sentence on the blackboard and you will see, I hope, how very easy it is to transform an ordinary report into literature.

We then took down in our notebooks Mr. Grimshaw's revised version, which read:—

"Describing himself as a 'Member of Parliament,' a Blimpton man, Mr. A. J. Tomlin by name, made it his business to present the 'prizes' at St. Cuthbert's School (sic) yesterday. He electrified his audience by saying that it was his considered (!) opinion that St. Cuthbert's represented an English public school of best type.

Comment is superfluous."

"You will notice," said Mr. Grimshaw, "that that is a perfectly fair and accurate report of the proceedings.

"Now for your preparation to-night I shall give you each a copy of a report that two German citizens were among those who visited this year's R.A.F. display at Hendon. I want you to suggest from this—without departing in any way from the facts—that a very sinister system of espionage exists in England and that only your own acuteness can possibly save the country from disaster.

"But you mustn't go so far that you would have to publish an apology afterwards."

H. W. M.



SOME FLEETING IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.



"I wonder how she gets a dress like that into her trunk."
"I wonder how she gets her trunk into a dress like that."

The Limed Bird.

My maternal grandmother disliked dogs. At least she always said she "liked them well enough, dear, but in their proper place." With the result of course that no one ever discovered where their proper place might be. Certainly nowhere near my maternal grandmother.

Though I do not share her coldness towards dogs I am apt to treat birds with something of the same reserve. And I know-or I think I knowexactly where is their proper place. The creatures' names are a great help. Rooks, for instance, live in rookeries. willow-wrens in willows and sandmartins in sand. The roc and the dodo exist only in fable, and the nightingale only by night. If any child of mine brought a golden eagle into the house I should not be at a loss for suitable comment. "The golden eagle's place," I should say severely, "is its eyrie." (Poets have assured me of this; the dictionary has spelt it for me, and the B.B.C. has offered a choice of pronunciations. So I am on pretty firm ground.)

Feeling as I do, it is not often that

I glance at the "Aviary" column that adorns the front page of our leading national newspaper. Whatever may be the proper habitat of any given bird, it is certainly not either of the rooms in my flat. No coloratura canary, no parrot with an almost Pentecostal gift of tongues shall haunt my temples; no waterfowl however ornamental shall duck and bob in my bath.

But the other day my eye was caught by an advertisement—an advertisement in which childish simplicity and innocence were mingled with courage and trust in better things to come. Little (blue) wings fluttered outside my window, and mother-love (prospective) tore at my heart-strings. Sir James Barrie might have penned that advertisement. I like to think that he did. It read: "Faultless pair outdoor Blue Budgerigars, anxious to nest, 10s. 6d."

That is the end. It is in vain that I remind myself that the budgerigar is that spiteful little creature known throughout the nurseries of this country as the "lovebird." I recommend it to future Latin syntacticians as an example of the lucus a non lucendo. Smith minor would instantly grasp the

meaning of that teasing pun. Lovebirds indeed! And faultless!

I look out of the window and watch the rain driven before October winds. "Is it possible," I ask myself, "that this pair of budgerigars in all their azure faultlessness should be anxious to nest out-of-doors in an English autumn?" They shall receive, I say, no encouragement from me. What a whimsy!

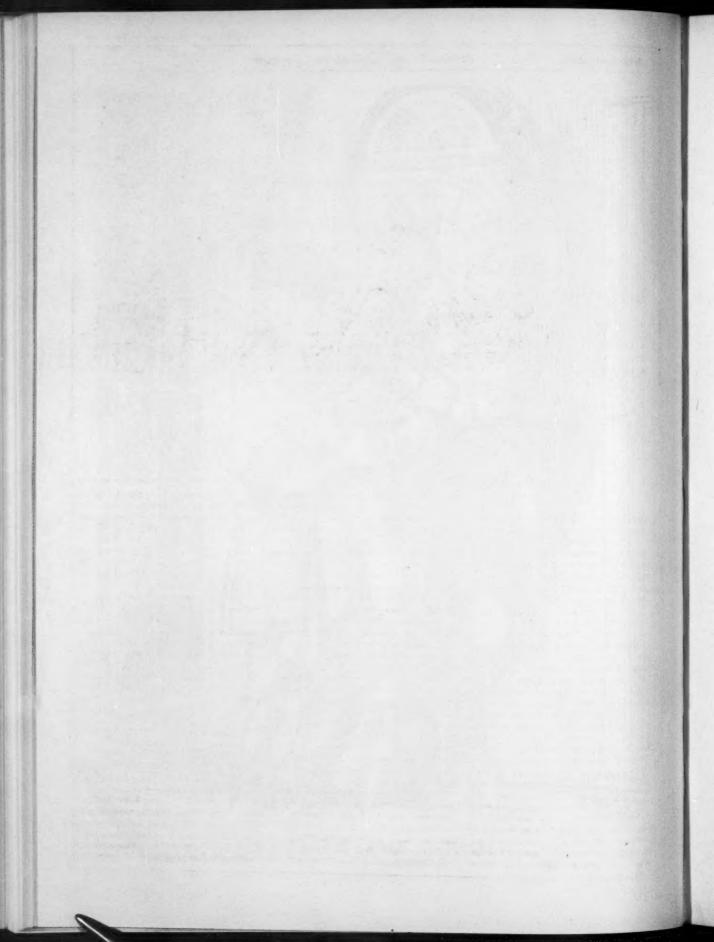
And yet consider their gay reckless daring. There they sit waiting (indoors very likely) for some fairy godfather to wave half-a-guinea and transport them to an outdoor honeymoon house where they can nest amid the equinoctial gales and rear their faultless fiedglings.

I know they would not really be happy in that old tree in the yard; I know I should have to spend my life chasing away cats, erecting shelters, trudging through the rain with hotwater-bottles and bird-seed. I know all that. But they are blue and faultless and very much in love. I could call one "Peter Pan," and the other "Mary Rose." If ten-and-six is all they cost, why—!

Almost I reach for pen and chequebook! Courage! My maternal grandmother never bought a dog.



PUTTING BACK THE CLOCK.





"Well, MY DEAR, I HAD HIM HALVED AND STUFFED. I THINK HE MAKES A BEAUTIFUL PAIR."



The Name.

"Harold has sent us a couple of tickets for a Literary Luncheon on Tuesday," said Edith at breakfast. "Are you free?"

"Quite free," I said, "and I intend to remain so. I am a modest flower, and I definitely refuse to go to any literary or other luncheons where they have a Shouter."

"What do you mean by a Shouter?"

"One of those men who ask you who you are as you enter and then look at you derisively and shout out your name in a loud voice as if it were a good joke they wanted to share with all present. For ordinary business purposes L. Conkleshill is quite a good name—the sort of name that sticks in the mind. But shouted out suddenly and contemptuously by a man with a loud voice

to a lot of perfect strangers it sounds ghastly. Sort of plebeian, especially the 'Conk' part of it; and it is always my bad luck to be announced after a string of people with names like Beverley and Cavendish and Fortescue-Montmorency. And if there happen to be any titled people present they always arrive just in front of me, so that the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous is accentuated."

"Nonsense," said Edith. "Quite a lot of famous people have silly names, if you really think of it."

So we went to the Literary Luncheon. I hung back a bit to gather courage before we approached the Shouter, and I couldn't help admiring his efficiency. As each guest approached he just bent his head and the victim shamefacedly murmured something that sounded like "Clinkaclank" or 'Zumperzimp," but without hesitation the Shouter translated it and filled his lungs and yelled "Captain Beauchamp-Bazackerley and Mrs. Beauchamp-Bazackerley. Lady Billabong and Miss Henrietta Shrimp. Sir George Phatthe Dowager Countess of nut and Clerkenwell. Mr. and Mrs. Gushley-Mortimer and Miss Priscilla Gushley-Mortimer. The Maharajah of Bing . .

We seemed, as usual, to have arrived And was it listening in?

with a particularly blue-blooded bit of the crowd, and I would like to have waited for some more ordinary pieces of seaweed to drift along, but Edith pushed me forward, and before I could retreat I found myself practically in the arms of the Shouter. He bent his head and looked at me with disfavour out of the corner of his eye.

"Er—L. Conkleshill and wife," I said apologetically, and waited for the bad news to be broken to the company. But instead of shouting the name (as usually happens) as if he were offering for sale a bit of rather doubtful fish, the Shouter shouted with unction: "The Earl and Countess of Conkleshill."

As Edith remarked afterwards, the name doesn't sound half bad put like that.

"£72,000 Plans of New Mental Buildings Being Prepared for Cabinet." Australian Paper Headline.

We had no idea they contemplated a move.

"A RUBBER SHOCK ABSORBER."

Motor Paper.

Such a help when your shares go down.

"POLICE RADIO CALL TO MAD MONKEY."

Daily Paper.



"YES-A BIT LONELY, PERHAPS, BUT NOT SO QUIET AS YOU'D THINK. THAT FELLOW AT THE NEXT OASIS SOMETIMES WEEPS HIS RADIO GOING TILL HALF-PAST ONE IN THE MORNING!"

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ralph Viney, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

Saturday, 24th August, 1935.

Dear Whelk,—Why did you forget to turn up at the Committee Meeting this afternoon? It is more than sufficiently obvious to me (knowing you as I do) that your excuse about having had a bicycle accident and allowing yourself to be run down by a motor-bus is all my eye.

My reason for writing to you, however, is to inform you that at the Committee Meeting I tendered my resignation as Captain of the Club. And candidly, Whelk, it is entirely due to your continued inefficiency and bad management, for ever since I took office there has been nothing but trouble, and I am heartily sick of it.

The Committee had no ideas about my successor, and as none of them has the stuffing to take the job on it was left that the news of my resignation was to be spread round the Club in the hope that some candidate would come forward during the next few days. His name could then go up for election

at the Annual General Meeting on the 7th September.

Yours faithfully, R. VINEY.

P.S.—Ezekiel Thudd acted as Sec. in your absence and he has full notes for the minutes, etc.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

26/8/35.

SIR,—I hear that that fool Viney has at last resigned the Captaincy of the Club—and high time too.

Kindly note that my name will go before the Annual General Meeting on Saturday, 7th September, as the future Captain of Roughover Golf Club. Herbert Pinhigh, J.P., will propose me and the Rev. Cyril Brassie will do the seconding.

I do not expect any opposition as the job is no sinecure with you as Secretary.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

27th August, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-Rumour has it that

Admiral Stymie is going up for election as Captain at the Annual Meeting. If this is correct I wish my name to go up too. Proposer, Ezekiel Higgs, Links Road, Roughover; seconder, Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Roughover.

Yours faithfully, L. NUTMEG.

From Reginald Truelove, D.Sc., F. Inst.P. Château Ichneumon, Roughover.

Wednesday, 28th August, 1935.
DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—It is terrible to think that the future Captain of the Club will be either Stymie or Nutmeg—a matter of Scylla or Charybdis.

Is there nothing that can be done about it? Frankly, I can think of no one else who is less qualified to fill the position, unless it is General Sir Armstrong Forcursue.

Yours faithfully, R. TRUELOVE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

28/8/35.

SIR,—I hear on the very best authority that Nutmeg and Stymie are going up as candidates for the Captainey. I have never heard such

cheek in my life! Two more cantankerous and incompetent fools it would be difficult to meet in a month's march.

This, then, is to acquaint you that my name will also go forward. Proposer, T. Bunkerly, M.P., and seconder, Anthony Olders, of Crimea House.

Yours faithfully, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Barnabas Hackett, Roughover.

30th August, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I wish to report a most disgraceful matter that is out of all keeping with the good name of the Club, i.e., that two members who are in the running for the Captaincy have actually had the audacity to circularise privately their fellow-members, touting for votes, etc.

It is bringing the Club down to the level of a Parliamentary constituency. and I am so ashamed of the way the whole matter is being conducted I wish to tender my resignation herewith.

Yours faithfully, B. HACKETT.

From Julian Square, Solicitor, Allphlatt and Square, Roughover,

2/9/35

DEAR PAT,—Yes, it is quite right about the circulars. I have had two one from the Admiral to the effect that if I vote for him he will see that the bunkers at the 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th are filled up; and the other from Nutmeg, intimating that if he is elected he will have the price of all drinks at the bar reduced to cost price.

No communication has been received from the General, but I hear he is doing some intensive lobbying on a very telling slogan, although what that slogan is I have not yet heard. I understand, however, he is likely to have a large following

> Yours ever, JULIAN.

From Mrs. Whelk, 103, Southward Street, London, S.W.

10th September, 1935.

My darling Boy,—I am terribly sorry to hear about your bête noire, General Forcursue, being elected to the Captaincy, as I can read between the lines of your letter just exactly

what this will mean to you.

I see, however, in this morning's paper there is an advertisement for a healthy and reliable man with a knowledge of human nature to sell baking-powder in the Home Counties on a commission basis, and in case it



STOP! STOP! THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE BACK THERE NOT CONCENTRATING."

might interest you I am enclosing the cutting herewith.

Your very loving MOTHER.

P.S.—I am glad you are to have the stitches out of your neck to-morrow. I do wish, though, darling, you would stop riding that horrid bicycle.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club. 10th September, 1935.

SIR,-I heard privately that you consider my electioneering slogan of "Sack the Secretary" in very poor taste, but allow me to tell you, my good man, that all is fair in love and war; and in any case the result, so far as I am concerned, has justified the means.

Kindly note that, although I may not have you sacked immediately, it will be as well for you in your future

dealings with me to keep this matter at the back of your mind so that you had better do as you are told from now on.

In the first place, then, I shall be glad if you will remove that ghastly moustache of yours. It has been annoying me for years.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTBONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Believe me, Roughover Golf Club is now entering on a new era.

G. C. N.

The Perfect Lover.

"Drawing her once again close, he gave her all the confirmation she needed from his lips. Then, wiping her face with his handkerchief, he told her . . . "-From a Novel.

Secrets of the Wine Trude.

"In the human vineyard tares will inevitably grow together with the wheat.' Local Paper.

At the Play.

"SWEENEY AGONISTES" AND "THE DANCE OF DEATH" (WESTMINSTER).

The Group Theatre Movement, who have opened their season at the Westminster with two well-known dramatic poems, must have been in doubt in which order to play them. They put Mr. T. S. ELIOT'S Sweeney Agonistes before Mr. W. H. AUDEN'S The Dance of Death, which is a Political Musical Comedy. That description is Mr. AUDEN'S own, and his view of the drama is set out in the programme. He is all against the stage being used for the stories it is used for, and does not hold with The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. The form of the drama is not suited, he says, for character-study or for exciting stories. What it is suited for he proceeds to reveal.

The Dance of Death shows us the middle-class dying, with everything turning to Dead Sea fruit in its unlovely mouth. Unfortunately perhaps all the young company of actors and actresses were full of the most exuberant high spirits. I am sure Communists, in lighthearted plays on the last night of their Summer Schools, are usually cleverer than this and depict the hated bourgeoisie as middle-aged, with the timid greed of advancing years.

What Mr. Auden shows is the Youth of the nation, with the characteristic fickleness of youth, trying anything, even Shirt Politics, once. The health

cults, the seaside and the daily dozen, like a passionate interest in the motor-racing kings, are very generalised tastes. If these interests mark young people as middle-class Mr. AUDEN must admit that middle-class imperialism is at the flood and that the artisan population has been annexed and assimilated.

He sets out to show the death of a class, a happening which, to use his own words, might be called rather exciting news; and this narrative quality is one of the differences between the two plays which makes Sweeney Agonistes so much the more impressive of the two. That poem too deals with Death, but with death in the individual soul. The producers, interpreting their poet, did not intend any of the

characters except Sweeney to be people. The other players are representatives of the loud and dirty and boring round of activities which are labelled as modern living, and they explain why Sweeney is Agonistes and why he ends doing murder. But Doris and Dusty,

the two light ladies who begin the piece and have so much to say, were people in their own right.

It was good broad character-acting that we saw, and the gulf was not between Sweeney and all the rest but



"CAN THIS BE DEATH?"

The Announcer . Mr. John Allen.

Death the Dancer . Mr. Rupert Doone.

between the three persons and the background of horrible disembodied caricatures. But Sweeney Agonistes produced like this is an arresting spectacle. I thought the producers were a little unsparing in their copious use



DORIS AGONISTES.

Doris MISS ISOBEL SCAIFE.
Sweeney MR, JOHN MOODY.

of effects, piling black caps on deathmasks lest the point should be missed that behind the masks of conventional heartiness and pleasure there is nullity.

Doing and talking is not living, say these poets. What matters is what you do and say. You can live an existence

which is purely phenomenal, a succession of events with no meaning for yourself or anyone else, but that is death, not life. Much that is called public life consists of routine activity, the solemn cliché and the conversation that can be predicted in advance, and that quality of lifelessness which many people can recognise in extreme instances, when they say an automaton could do the work as well, also extends much further.

For Mr. ELIOT the human being must do what God made him to do, and the wages of sin are death. Mr. AUDEN moves round and round a central conception of class and is almost painfully careful to keep in full touch with the mass of men. "You may have been encouraged to think that we modern poets are difficult to follow. Not at all. my dear Sir-or Comrades-and my political charade is something anybody can act in and enjoy. I am out to help the youth of to-morrow-the youth of the Left Wing-to have High Jinks." He is very successful in indicating the sort of brisk hour's entertainment which can be produced when you have a large number of people who would all like to act, but these performances, where the characters are classes or groups or ideas or passions, generally have one or two central and very exacting parts.

As Death the Dancer Mr. RUPERT DOONE, who, with Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE, has the credit for staging the poem, had to carry the piece into

the realms of poetry from time to time. He had to keep coming back till his final will-making and death, and he never flagged. He danced his part with that lucidity which was a keynote of the whole affair. D. W.

"THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE" (AMBASSADORS).

Poor OTWAY would have been bitterly amused could he have seen the effect of his comedy on a modern first-night audience—how it made the lorgnettes quiver and the boiled shirts crackle. Not that, from all accounts, it was anything but a success when first produced at Dorset Garden in 1679, but to a man who died of starvation when only thirty-four it might appear ironical to be remembered at all.

This comedy has not been played in London for nearly two hundred years, and Mr. Sydney Carroll is to be warmly congratulated on resuscitating it with a first-rate company, admirably cast. The boisterous honesty of Orway in his coarser moments is something

which very few writers understand at a time when beneath the banner of candour it is the mode to suggest immoderately in the pale sneaking fashion of the moon. Between OTWAY and a good many modern dramatists, when they sail near the wind, there seems to me to be all the difference between a tankard of rich, mature old English ale and the iced synthesis of poisons which we call a cocktail.

The soldier's fortune, as the author had himself discovered after a more than usually uncomfortable campaign in Flanders, was to return to London and pick up a living by his wits.

return Beaugard's letters unopened, and in these she put her own. Sir Davy (Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT), being a dithering little cock-sparrow of a man and his rival a hardened warrior. his protests made such small impression upon the Captain that he at length engaged two fearful desperadoes to do murder. One of these, however, was Beaugard's faithful servant Fourbin (Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB), and so the murder was conveniently mock: but it served so to frighten Sir Dany and to involve him in scandal injurious to a J.P. that he was obliged to agree to a triangle arrangement. If this

were ingenious and his dresses were delightful.

Miss SEYLER gave a most accomplished performance, arch and lively and so funny that she was clearly enjoying herself immensely; Miss Wareing tackled her drunken soldier firmly and prettily, she and Mr. QUAYLE bringing out the full humour of their wooing; Mr. HOLLOWAY made splendid rake-hell adventurer and matched Miss SEYLER perfectly; to a difficult part Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT brought originality and skilful treatment; Mr. Byrond's elderly pander was superb: Mr. BASKCOMB's Dickens-



THEATRICAL FEAT.

Sir Jolly Jumble.					Mr. Roy Bypord.
Sir Davy Dunce .					MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.
Captain Beaugard					MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.
Lady Dunce					MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

Captain Beaugard (Mr. BALIOL HOLLO-WAY) and Captain Courtine (Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE) were at the end of theirs when the Pimpmaster-General of the City, as he was well called, Sir Jolly Jumble (Mr. ROY BYFORD), got into touch with Beaugard and intimated that he was anxious to introduce him to a certain knight's wife who had taken a violent fancy to him. A welcome bag of gold accompanied the information; and, though at the first meeting misunderstanding nearly turned love to hate, Lady Dunce (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) hit on a brilliant method of communicating with her lover, which was simply to ask her husband with virtuous indignation to

sounds hard, let me comfort you with the knowledge that the old man was an irrevocable garlic-eater who habitnally chewed tobacco.

As an incidental plot, Captain Courtine, after an adventurous wooing, won the hand of Sir Davy's niece, Sylvia (Miss LESLEY WAREING), in marriage, an achievement by which he necessarily sacrificed Sir Jolly's esteem.

Mr. Holloway's production was most intelligent. He compressed the piece into eleven scenes and three Acts. kept it running at a sound pace, and let it be funny of itself, played straight with much good business; while the interchangeable sets of Mr. John GOWER PARKS, with grey backgrounds,

ian creation was highly diverting and not noticeably anachronistic; while Mr. FRANKLYN KELSEY was a real pantomime Murderer, and Mr. VALENTINE ROOKE'S Servant smacked more and more entertainingly of the aquarium as the evening wore on.

In short, for those who can digest strong meat this is a dish it would be a thousand pities to miss.

Book of the Week.

"The present work is occupied with investigations of those intrinsic properties and differential measures of geometrical amplitudes which are connected with the corporate characteristics and the organic constituents of the amplitudes."

From a Publisher's Announcement.

Obsessions.

"How do you judge people, George? By their great failings, or their little ones, or how?'

Well, Claude, I usually judge them by their small obsessions. Almost everybody has them, but some small obsessions are bearable and some are not. I naturally observe more keenly those that are not."

"Doubtless you will explain all

"Yes, certainly. Some people, for instance, have only one bathroom in their house, and they develop the practice of keeping medicines and things in there. Now in those houses everyone seems to cut their fingers regularly, with a consequent clamouring for iodine, which is in the bathroom, and I quite likely am in the bath. I spend a lot of time in the bath. I find, amongst other things, that it is in the bath that I can really read PATER satisfactorily. Incidentally it took me about forty baths to get through Marius the Epicurean.

"But let us get back to the housemaid who has cut her finger (grating nutmeg, probably); iodine is wanted at once; I am in the bath reading PATER. What happens? I will tell you. Someone will come and rattle the bathroomdoor handle, and they will rattle it at intervals, and even shout at me too until I come out. The obsession I wish to bring to your attention is handlerattling. Handle-rattlers are deplorable. People like that are to be avoided not so much because they have only one bathroom but because they rattle the hathroom-door handle.'

"That is only one small obsession, George. You can't judge people by their handle-rattling propensities alone: everyone doesn't do it.

"No, thank Heaven! But there are endless other small obsessions; their number is as the grains of sand in the sandwiches at a beach-pienic. I will tell you some more.

Please don't, if you find all this

talking tires you.

"Not at all. I like talking. To proceed: There are persons who must overlook or undersquint one's newspaper. They are irreclaimable once it becomes habitual. They must be shunned. It produces all sorts of nervous disorders to know that someone else is enjoying the same newspaper as oneself-if one can call their obsessive reading enjoy-

"Then there are women who fiddle with their ear-rings and men who tap their eigarettes on their cases too long. Both these are very bad for me. I find

I wear out the toes of my socks wriggling my toes about in nervous agony watching them. They thus become not only annoying but expensive.

"Excessive moustache-pulling is also condemnable. A little is of course natural, otherwise why have a moustache? To pull the moustache a little can be a great help in moments of stress or great thought, but it should not be overdone.

"This is all very interesting,

George.'

"Since you find it interesting I will continue. Now-yes-there are those who long ago persuaded themselves that to bawl into the telephone makes them more easily heard. People like that always ring me up to tell me intricate things, like how to find their new flat, or something equally uninteresting. I struggle nobly, but it is dangerous game. I mean, that it is dangerous attempting to cope with them at all. Some of the worst things said about me and vouched for as absolute truth started through my misinterpreting the note of the bawl at the other end of the line. Sometimes the note seems to demand the answer 'Yes,' and at other times the answer 'No,' and I give the answer I consider required; but I have made serious

"For instance, two days ago one of them rang me up and finished a highpitched peroration with almost visible question-marks. I took the plunge and said, 'Yes, of course; most assuredly and I should have apparently said, 'No, absolutely no; certainly not. She cut me in Piccadilly vesterday. I have decided for the future to stick to the formula, 'I wouldn't say exactly that,' lingering rather on the word exactly'; or, better still perhaps: 'I wouldn't say exactly that, would you?' which somehow throws the onus of the

thing back again.

'Please go on, George. I have struck on a subject for you to talk about which doesn't bore me too much.'

"Well, I will just mention before I go to keep an appointment with my chiropodist the obsession of hiding

"This obsession is chiefly noticeable in the home. It is a most irritating one and results from a conservative spirit. Mothers, having conceived a room to possess a certain arrangement and form. conclude that it cannot be otherwise. It is therefore hopeless to leave a pipe on the mantelpiece, or a paintbox on the table which has been sacred for years to a Chelsea shepherdess and a Swiss cow-bell alone, or to hang a scarf or a boot-lace hopefully on a

bronze Venus, because before you want

them again they will have been removed and carefully hidden by a relentless mother-or possibly aunt.

"Whenever I lose something par-ticularly precious in this way my mother is always spending a day in Town, which prolongs the agony unduly. I have recently had to go so far as to put little notices near the toys I leave about, saying, 'Please do not remove.' One cannot change one's mother, but the moral is: Never marry a woman whom you suspect to have this obsession.'

'Go on.'

"Well, Claude, I have chatted long enough; I must be going."

"To your chiropodist?

"No. I remember that I must go and see a man about marrying me to someone sometime.'

"My dear man, you never mentioned it! Surely you aren't going to be married?

"Yes, I am. You see, my mother had a girl to stay, and you see

'She had no obsessions?'

"Well, only one, and one I had never remarked before and doubt if I shall see again. She-er-had an obsession for me.'

A Ballade of Insomnia.

How fortunate are those

Who hog it all night through, Supine and comatose,

A plump sleek-headed crew! I morn by morn anew

My sorry fate deplore: Me miserum! Eheu! I was awake till four.

And there are some who pose As martyrs-not a few Dilating on their woes And making vast to-do

Because (figurez-vous!) From time to time (Good lor!) They hear the clock strike two.

I was awake till four.

I did not-even doze; I heard the owls' "Tu-whoo"; hurled about the clothes

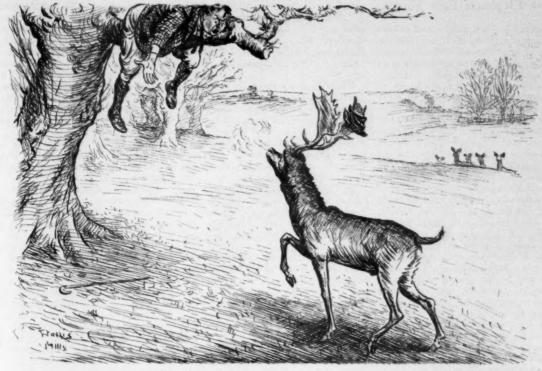
(The curious rhyme is due To Wordsworth, W.*);

Ten thousand sheep or more counted in a queue: I was awake till four.

L'Envoi.

My dear, to say that you Distinctly heard me snore Is patently untrue: I was awake till four.

^{* &}quot;A household tub, like one of those That women use to wash their clothes.



"WHY, DASH IT ALL, YOU BEAST! I'VE sought THIS PLACE."

"All Wrong" Stories.

VI.-The Masterpiece.

Pedro Velasquez stepped back from the great twenty-foot square canvas, his Italian eyes alight with triumph, palette and mahl-stick poised on high.

"So," he said, "it is finished, my water-colour symphony. Regardez, mon patron."

Sir Isaac moved to the easel, examining every inch of the painting with the eye of a connoisseur. To Pedro his face seemed quite expressionless. It was a moment fraught with fate. Then the great impresario began to speak.

"As an example of post-impressionist technique," he said, "there is a fine broulard, but I am disappointed with

the perspective.'

"It is the signature that matters," cried the artist. "See, I place a unique value upon it at once." He dashed past the ponderous Isaacs and with his palette-knife scratched his initials on the north-west corner of the giant picture.

"True you have hall-marked it," said the patron. "But have you considered how you are going to get the picture out of this attic? It is hopelessly too large, and I am sure that

your landlord would not allow you to remove the roof."

He laughed sarcastically and went

Pedro glared about him, taking in every inch of the miserable little room with eyes that had grown suddenly desperate. As the full force of the revelation dawned upon him he buried his hands in his face and groaned aloud.

One Has Pinched His New Umbrella.

VILE is the thug, the robber vile;
To read of one who strikes
His frosty helpmeet stirs my bile.
And treason one dislikes;
But these, and worse than these, I
hold

Mere acts of childish folly Compared with his, the base and bold, Who pinched my new golf brolly.

It was no common fabric, that;
No slender, silken gamp
Designed to keep one's bags and hat
From the disfiguring damp;
A thing of substance, made to flout
The wildest gale that blew, it
Could never be turned inside out
Or let the water through it.

O red and yellow, blue and green— Such was its pride of hue— How well you had adorned the scene When fairly out on view;

What though the skies were black as night,

We would have proudly flaunted That striking dome, and been all right And visibly undaunted.

Alas, you were but one hour mine,
One transient hour of bliss,
And there'll be trouble, I opine,
When Molly hears of this;
I swore, when I received the gift,
That it should aye be cherished
Long after, if you eatch my drift,
Such fleeting goods have perished.

Yet you are pinched. Ill fare the day
And he, who came to call
And calmly sneaked you as you lay,
All virgin, in the hall;
And I, forsworn, bemoan your loss
With doubled melancholy
While pondering what to put across
The fond but searching Molly.

DUM-DUM.

"He appeared in a couple of shorts without making much impression, and in due course vanished from Hollywood."—Daily Paper.

An appearance in one trouser would have been far more effective.

Pink Elephants Soon Forget.

For my nephew Hildebrand to visit Paris, most civilised of cities, in the first flush of acquiring an umbrella whose handle took the shape not merely of an elephant but of a lopsided and irresponsible elephant fashioned out of expensive pink stone, seemed flying in the very teeth of Providence. The fates whose job it is to keep an eye on human waywardness allow a certain latitude and longitude, but if ever a man asked plainly for a supercharged thunderbolt to be dropped neatly on his hat, you will agree it was my nephew Hildebrand on this occasion.

His first day in Paris went off fairly well. His great-aunt Thérèse, elderly, rich and maiden, with whom he was staying in her sumptuous flat at Auteuil, set a check to his spirits at lunch, it was true, by her unwonted enthusiasm for the welfare of migratory birds and by her gloomy allusions to the havoc caused by taxation among her investments, but he had faced similar alarms before with a sinking heart but outward courage; and in spite of his swelling pride in his frightful umbrella, he had fortunately just enough animal cunning to keep it safely out of the old lady's way.

In the evening, armed with his umbrella and a latch-key, he dined exhaustively with friends at a restaurant in Montmartre, and about midnight, after a series of indeterminate farewells, he found himself on a damp and gusty pavement engaging a taxicab. It was one of the new streamlined kind, and he noted with satisfaction that the driver had a fine black spade-like beard and that the cab's radio was pouring out "The Blue Danube" in a silver flood.

He gave the address, and, the door slamming a few moments later, the Beard let in his clutch and set his face resolutely towards Auteuil. Like Hildebrand, he too had, had a few in the course of the evening, and, being at any time a man responsive to melody and now doubly so, his hands, as they gripped the steering-wheel, reacted so irresistibly to the waltz emerging from the loud-speaker behind him that his tyres, swerving joyously over the damp deserted face of the Quai de Passy, marked out a graph of STRAUSS'S rhythms so accurate and on so generous a scale that it would have driven into an ecstasy any true lover of music had any observed it. None did.

Arrived outside great-aunt Thérèse's flat, the Beard recollected that Englishmen were notoriously impervious to the emotional in Art, and as he

opened the door he apologised handsomely for the irregularity of his course.

"Music has galvanised me in the same way," he said with a disarming simplicity which would have touched Hildebrand's heart had he been there to hear it, "from the bassinette!"

Hildebrand was not there because it had suddenly occurred to him, as he had been about to step into the taxi, that his umbrella was still in the restaurant. He had cried to the Beard over his shoulder to wait, but the same gust which had drowned his words had slammed the door and persuaded the Beard that he was inside.

By the time he had run his umbrella to peg and listened gratefully to the head-waiter's fulsome appreciation of the elephant, the street was empty; so, cursing the impatience of all Jehus and walking round the corner, he engaged another cab, this time equipped neither with beard nor radio but with a large auburn moustache in which the dew was already beginning to collect.

The Moustache drove slowly but in straight lines and pulled up outside the flat at Auteuil in good time for Hildebrand to see the hall-door slammed fiercely in the Beard's beard by a lace-clad arm. For a time Hildebrand and the Beard just stared at one another; then the Beard asked, a trifle brusquely, for thirty france.

trifle brusquely, for thirty francs.
"Thirty francs?" Hildebrand echoed.
"For what? For deserting me and then knocking up my great-aunt, from whom alone I have expectations, in the middle of the night?"

At this reference the Beard's brow grew still darker. "She called me a name I hesitate to repeat," he growled. "Ma foi! what an old vixen!"

Hildebrand, whose own summing-up of his great-aunt's character would at a more temperate moment have been not widely dissimilar from the Beard's, considered that this, from one outside the family, was going too far, and he said so, adding as an afterthought that in his view the Beard was not only an imbecile but a robber. In reply the Beard was intimating his conviction that Hildebrand's birth-certificate was a palpable forgery when the Moustache intervened with a yawn to ask if he might have the twenty-five francs on his clock as it was past his bedtime.

"Twenty-five francs?" cried Hildebrand, "and you, miserable bandit, how do you make the same distance thirty?"

It was useless for the Beard to explain how "The Blue Danube" had lengthened his course; wisely he made no such attempt, but called his clock as witness. Nor was it any good for

Hildebrand to appeal to the Moustache, who was now yawning continuously, and murmuring, "Twenty-five francs." Knowing how infectious yawns were and how fatal to victorious argument, Hildebrand quickly paid the man off, taking great care not to look at him. Then he and the Beard returned with enthusiasm to the dominant theme.

Ten minutes later, hoarse, winded and dialectically exactly where he had started, he decided to risk all on a sudden strategie retreat. Holding his latchkey ready he loosed off a final incivility at his opponent, whipped round and dashed up the steps to the hall-door, where for a second he fumbled, keeping the Beard at bay with his umbrella. As he got the door open, however, he was appalled to see the Beard reverse his tactics and pull heavily at the pink elephant.

It was that moment which his greataunt Thérèse, who was waiting in the hall, chose to tap him smartly on the shoulder, and quite naturally he relinquished his grip on the umbrella, which accompanied the Beard in record time to the bottom of the steps. As the old lady drew Hildebrand firmly into the hall and slammed the door for the second time that night, he caught his last glimpse both of the Beard and of his beloved elephant.

Each was regarding each with something very near affection. Eric.

Song in the Jugular Vein.

[A writer in The Daily Telegraph describes the remarkable rise to fame of a brilliant young artist as a painter of purely abstract subjects through various experimental stages, including a "jug period," in which he painted hundreds of jugs, but all of them quite flat.]

As I mused on the merciless scrapping
That forces old scribes on the shelf
Unless they're successful in tapping
New sources of profit and pelf,
I was cheered by a newspaper story
Describing, not gunmen or thugs,
But the path of an artist to glory
O'er hundreds of jugs.

I know that I can't beat the band at The game of our BEECHAMS and BOULTS—

That I'd make an uncommon bad hand at

The training of fillies or colts; I cherish no burning ambition

To rival the fame that is Doug's, But I feel in my bones that my mission Is bound up with jugs.

Van Gogh, he who cared for convention Not even a couple of hoots, Attracted a world-wide attention

By painting a pair of old boots; And I feel, if his footsteps I follow,



"TAIN'T NO GOOD YER KNOCKIN'. GROUND-FLOOR'S WORKIN', AND FIRST-FLOOR'S GORN TO THE PICTURES, AND THE TOP-FLOOR'S IN ABYSSINIA.

Despising all critical shrugs, I shall beat the Impressionists hollow By sticking to jugs.

I know that in point of perspective My drawing is palpably weak, That my knowledge of "planes" is defective,

My colour is sadly to seek, That my manners and dress and deportBut I have a prodigious assortment Of bottles and jugs.

I was never a scratch- or a par-man At golf; never shone in the pink; But I've studied the ways of the barman,

The shapes of all vessels for drink, And, as the result of long trials Of sundry medicinal drugs,

May rank me with slovens and scugs, I own many hundreds of phials-Diminutive jugs.

> I'm neither a JEANS nor a HUGGINS; With stars I am sadly astray; But as a new Jubilee Juggins A notable part I might play

By the lucrative multiplication, Commissioned by opulent mugs-In Erstein's express connotation— Of "flatulent" jugs. C. L. G.



"AND I'LL 'AVE MY CAFÉ-AU-LAIT WITH MILK."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Gracious Martyr.

SLIGHT in bulk, with salience of the essential rather than exhaustiveness in detail for its aim, Edmund Campion LONGMANS, 6/-) may well be counted the best book which Mr. EVELYN WAUGH has so far written. Accurate in matter of fact, it is both vivid in narrative and trenchant in criticism, but the calculated brilliance which won for Decline and Fall and Vile Bodies a slightly shocked popularity has, though here and there effectively recalled, been subdued to the sincerity of the historian's purpose, which is to portray in authentic colour and proportion a man who has captured his imagination by the charm of his personality, the self-denying fervour of his faith, and the gallantry with which he faced a dreadful fate. Mr. WAUGH writes of the Jesuit martyr with the enthusiasm of a co-religionist, but one need not be of his Church to share his admiration for a singularly gracious and heroic figure. Campion, an artist in prose whom one would like to connect with that lovely poet who was his namesake and younger contemporary, was a perfect representative not only of the devotion of the counter-Reformation but of the humanism of the Renaissance; and Mr. WAUGH's study of him, which, frankly partisan, is without trace of the arrogance or acrimony too often discoverable in partisan history, is worthy to be named, as a piece of literature, with PATER'S famous essay on Pico DELLA MIRANDOLA.

One's Company.

It has been said of MONTAIGNE that his egotism was compounded of frankness and affectation and that the sincerity was less attractive than the garrulity lavished on its display. This, I feel, might be applied to Mr. OSBERT SITWELL, though there the comparison ends, the essayist of Penny Foolish (MACMILLAN, 12/6) seldom exhibiting the enchanting zest for his medium displayed by the seigneur of Périgord. Mr. SITWELL's temper, however, is indubitably seignorial, as of an aristocrat cherishing privacy yet allowing his "Tirades and Panegyrics" to become ungraciously or graciously audible to the herd beyond the pale. These, if they will, may gather on what grounds he disapproves of schools, private and public; why he prefers to see the playing-fields of Eton aesthetically flooded than occupied with rehearsals for the next Waterloo; and why he maintains that an English dog has a merrier time of it than an English child. The few constructive musings he permits himself on houses, gardens, the ballet and the joys of solitude are soundly appreciative of genuinely pleasant things and display a golden touch for trivialities.

Joking Apart.

It is difficult, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON submits, to write controversial essays without disgusting your opponents or boring the indifferent. A critic who falls into neither category may be forgiven for regretting that so inimitable a skirmisher has allowed his gifts to be assembled in so uncongenial a formation. The first six essays of *The Well and the Shallows* (SHEED AND WARD, 7/6) are on all counts save their obvious

sincerity inferior to the lighter articles that follow. Their hasty blobs of high colour run perpetually over the outline. and they admirably prove one of the most poignant of the book's contentions: that if the world is reverting to the Faith, it is no thanks to the Faithful. In less formidable approaches G. K. C.'s genuine enthusiasm for his creed and for the social conditions it should promote is as winning, as eloquent and as right-minded as ever. For charming examples of a characteristic vein I particularly commend "St. Thomas More," "Mary and the Convert" and "Babies and Distributism" -the last a delightful plea for the family as more amusing and more "cultural" than the amusements and "culture" for which it has been forgone.

Kleptomaniacal.

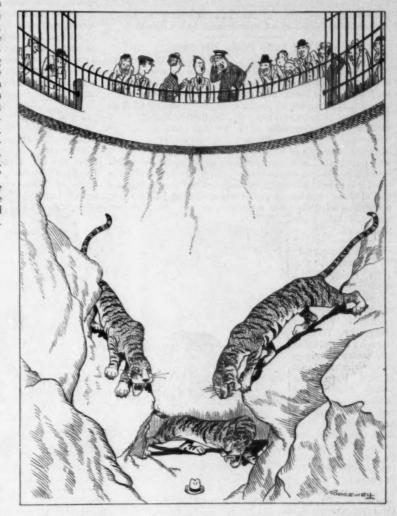
For the rarer birds' protecting (Sadly they need a shield)

Ethics of Egg-Collecting
Is published by The Field;
It's written by Eric Parker,
It shows the egg-fiend grown
More devious and darker
Than ever before was known;

Here are, most fairly quoted—Blast and counterblast—Letters that readers noted
In this year's Fields and last;
Yet I find that their residual
(As you will find who read)
Is the greed of the individual—Oological ugly greed.

Then that bitterns, choughs and

harriers
And such kind shall endure
Safe in their borders and barriers,
Mountains and moss and moor,
Give us the Law we lack to
Baffle his breed, one begs,
The insatiate, maniac too,
Wholesale reiver of eggs.



"What makes it doubly unfortunate is—it's his birthday, and that's his present from me."

Knight of the Church.

The first Bishop of Birmingham is presented by Dr. G. L. PRESTIGE, in The Life of Charles Gore (HEINEMANN, 18/-), as one who conveyed an overwhelming impression of intellectual power and moral grandeur. Scholar, organiser, missioner, controversialist, he was by turns the pride and the despair of his adherents and the terror or the beloved friend of his opponents, for he would admit no compromise, take no easy short cuts, and more readily found sympathetic understanding for outright opposition than patience for blind or incomplete agreement. From the charge that he refused to others in the name of discipline the same liberty of judgment that he demanded for himself as the right of conscience he is here absolved; while that something formidable about him which was not overcome even by his curiously impish sense of humour is ascribed to the moving of an inner saintliness, hardly won and hardly maintained, that set him apart from ordinary men. If there is perhaps just a trace of superciliousness here and there in these pages it cannot come from CHARLES GORE. He sold his medals to

support the fight against sweating in industry, and his lifelong championship of the poor was founded on the simplest and sincerest Christian humanity.

A Ballon d'Essai.

For the poetry of Mr. W. J. Turner I have a deep respect not always based upon understanding. His musical criticism provokes me by its vehement denunciation of Wagner and all his works, while at the same time arousing my admiration by just and eloquent appreciations of Brethoven and Berloz. Now Mr. Turner makes his appearance in the unfamiliar guise of a novelist—if indeed his brilliant and witty extravaganza, Blow for Balloons (Dent, 7/6), can bear so formal a description. For this airy creation of Mr. Turner's nimble faney does not conform to the accepted standards of the novel. There is no plot; the several members of the Airbubble family who float across its amusing pages remain fittingly nebulous. Only the author's trenchant opinions upon everything and sundry have substance. Mr. Turner did not indeed spring a surprise upon

me in revealing his hero's true identity. I look forward to the further adventures of Mr. Turner—sorry!—"Henry Airbubble in Search of a Circumference to his Breath."

An Old Lady Pokes Her Nose.

Mr. R. C. Woodthorf has a delightfully easy narrative style and a refreshing way of letting crime crop up in what is already a humorous and readable novel. The Shadow on the Downs (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7/6), for instance, is worth reading for its creation of the character of Miss Perks, that intransigent old lady, for its description of her visit to her mollycoddle of a nephew, and for its sly comments on village politics, apart altogether from the alarming sequence of events with which Miss Perks' stay was punctuated and the entertaining methods by which eventually she got to the bottom of the mystery. What a relief it is to read a crime-novel innocent of funny policemen and of those tiresome scientists whose endless and entirely problematical deductions represent, at any rate for this

reader, a fate worse than death.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

Mr. GEORGE BIR-MINGHAM'S ironical humour has not forsaken him in Millicent's Corner (METHUEN, 7/6), although I do not think that the surroundings in which he has placed himself have been wisely chosen. For Millicent's corner was not a cosy one, but an attempt to frustrate the base intentions of a financier. So, with an elastic conscience, this determined young woman purloined temporarily several thousand pounds from the funds of the Refugee

Rescue Society, and thereby brought suspicion upon the head of a most amiable and incompetent old gentleman. Opportunities of poking fun at various people connected with the Society come readily to hand and are never missed; but however incapable I am of reading one of Canon Hannay's novels without frequent chuckles, I did feel on this occasion that he had strayed into a world with which he was at times a little out of tune.

Epistles of St. Charles.

In three stout volumes, pleasant to handle and most entrancing to read, come The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, edited by Mr. E. V. Lucas, priced at 60/-, and published under the combined imprints of Messrs. Dent and Methuen. There are over a thousand letters in this collection, and even now there are probably more to be discovered. Still, this is a fine harvest, admirably and completely annotated, containing all that the most ardent enthusiasts can desire to learn of the letter-writers' friends and acquaintances and their favourite food for mind and body. I cannot think of any more grateful gift to a lover of Charles Lamb than these three handsome volumes. Personally I would

almost rather browse among the letters than the essays. It is true that Hazlitt says, in *The Plain Speaker*, that his serious writing is his best, but we must differ from him on this point. I suspect that most of his modern readers would cheerfully give his more serious essays in exchange for another dozen letters to Manning or to Bernard Barton. Even the most inconsiderable fragments have generally some turn of phrase or of fancy that arrides us.

Dreamland.

The Happy Mariners (DENT, 5/-) first came to life some eight years ago under the title of The Spanish Caravel, but it has now been revised and its new edition has been supplied with several most attractive illustrations by Mr. C. WALTER HODGES. For children of adventurous minds Mr. GERALD BULLETT'S story of the English family Robinson hits the centre of the target. A voyage to an island, where not only pirates but also cannibals are busy, provides full measure of excitement and curious happenings, and the youngest

Robinson, aged seven, is an especially delightful member of the expedition. At times Mr. BULLET may be a little too bloodthirsty, but in the main his tale his so soundly planned that those of us who will shortly be faced with the problem of Christmas presents for nephews (especially) and niecesshould make a note of it.



Mr. VALENTINE WILLIAMS, in The Clue of the Rising Moon (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), may waste a little time in setting the stage for his American camping party, but no

sooner has the camp been terrified by a murder than the atmosphere becomes as tense as a master-hand in the creation of thrills can make it. This is a well-conducted mystery and, although it is obvious even to inexpert detectives that some of the people on whom suspicion falls are supremely innocent, I found it by no means easy to mark down the guilty. Characterisation is not, to my mind, Mr. WILLIAMS' strong point, but he is so full of zest and vigour that his readers will find it difficult to find fault with him.



"One thing I don't quite like is the school-tie."

"Well, I don't like it myself; but all the stripes were took up, so we had to have dots."

Bad News for the Bathing World.

"'It is only the unruly element of ages between 18 and 20 we have to consider,' he said. 'We cannot allow them to take control of public institutions. With them trunks are a thrilling novelty which will soon wear out.'"—From a discussion on Bathing Apparet.

Opportunity Market.

"I, F. Smith, gamekeeper, Wadworth, nr. Doncaster, accept with pleasure the challenge thrown out to fight by Jess Oliver, Lindholme Grange. The loser to give £5 to some charity in the district. I await his pleasure; any place, any time.

Private Ambulance for Hire, day and night service; prompt attention."—Consecutive Newspaper Items.

Charivaria.

THERE is one thing to be said for the Italy-Abyssinian war. Neither side claims that it is to make the world safe for democracy.

"The day the Abyssinians go shod," says a military authority, "the Italians will be certain to conquer them." Northampton operatives, who have already refused to make boots for the Italian troops, can therefore do nothing more to help the Abyssinians.

On behalf of the Italians it is urged that they really need more elbowroom. More room, in fact, for the Fascist salute.

Anyhow, the apes that were said to have been seen imitating Abyssinian soldiers at drill should readily adapt themselves to gorilla warfare.

Exemptions from the new duties on leathers imported into the Irish Free State include reptile-skin. ST. PATRICK didn't foresee that it would have a commercial value.

Members of the Laughter Club, which has been formed in Prague

pledge themselves to tell or play one placed in the ears. joke a day. They will have our sympathy.

Now that Summer-Time is over many shopkeepers are opening their doors at 7 A.M. instead of 8 A.M. This lonely old farmhouse. One theory is But far fewer stops, of course.

should prove a boon to those who are anxious to do their Christmas shopping earlier this year. * *

Wheat, it has been discovered, is

that it was just a few of the local farmers having a quiet chat.

Doctors have found a man with four adversely affected by noise. We can hearts. He should be careful not to overcall his strength.

> The British Museum has some Egyptian honey four thousand years old which is in good condition. Visitors who ask for it in the tearoom, however, will be disappointed.

"Aman who can take another's view is a rare philosopher," says a writer. Or a suburban builder.

A country postman recently dropped a package labelled "Glass" on a door-step. This is known as the crash-on-delivery system.

"Women are usually happy before a glass," says a psychologist. Men, on the other hand, are usually happy after one.

"Nothing," remarks an anato-mist, "is more complicated than the human form.' Not even an income-tax one?

An apparatus which will sign three thousand

with the object of promoting gaiety, only suggest that cotton-wool be

A somewhat psychic correspondent mentions having heard prolonged whining and groaning issuing from a range of a grand organ," says a scientist.

cheques an hour has been exhibited. It should be a boon to sufferers from millionaire's cramp.



Strayed Reveller. "WHICH IS THE CHEAPER-SUPPER OR BREAKFAST?"

"The average woman's voice has the

Business for Pleasure.

X.-On Friction.

"Faulty lubrication may result in danger to the bore."—Instruction book of my car.

If I might be permitted a blinding flash of vivid simile, the modern business might be likened to a vast machine. Each cog—— Oh, very well. Let us agree that business is in fact a machine. Now what, reader, do you know about machines? Have not Messrs. Bakewell, the Gudgeon Oil Company, Splice's, and Hatt's spent vast sums telling you that the one thing to avoid with a machine is friction? Exactly. Where you have working parts in constant contact there will be friction, and without proper lubrica-

tion there will be heat, swelling of parts, wear and tear, sparks and eventually seizure. How true this is of business! There is Jones, who is head of one department, and Smith, who is head of another. They are both working parts, each going round in a constant flat spin, constantly rubbing together. What is the result? First heat. Then sparks. Then swelling of nasal organs and wear and tear. And finally, unless steps are taken, a danger of apoplectic seizure.

Now this is disastrous to the working of the machine as a whole. Jones is no longer working with a loved and respected colleague. He is having to put up with that red-haired perisher next-door. Smith is no longer a unit in a machine, working to a common end. He is a man who isn't easily roused, but when some blighter comes barging in . . . What is the result? Jones, let us say, requires a supply of hair-slides for his female staff from Smith. Does he send a courteous request for what he requires, asking for delivery at Smith's convenience? No; he sends down and demands thirty gross of hair-slides by yesterday afternoon. Does

Smith exert every effort to oblige? No; he merely mutters, "Let the gentleman and his young ladies wait," and holds up the production of hair-slides for all he is worth. There is delay; there is ill-feeling; there is, in short, friction.

How to Avoid Friction.

It is the business of the Managing Director to avoid friction. He it is who must pour oil on troubled waters, who must find means to lubricate both the forbearing and the overbearing. And it is so easy, given tact and goodwill.

(1) Resist the temptation to bang people's heads together. It only makes the situation even more strained.

(2) Study the psychology of your staff. There is nearly always a scientific explanation of these petty quarrels and likes and dislikes. It helps you a lot to know that Smith's dislike of Jones is nothing to do with Jones at all. Smith has a complex about moving-staircases and he once saw

Jones fall off one. Hence his dislike of Jones. The whole thing is symbolical.

(3) Get people together and let them talk frankly to each other instead of cherishing smouldering resentments. They will probably go away laughing and slapping each other on the back. Probably.

(4) When friction arises be absolutely just. Hear both sides separately. Then hear both sides together. Then go right back and get at the roots of the trouble. If it started before your time, look up contemporary records.

(5) Try to see both parties' points of view. You don't only need vision in dealing with these matters; you want double vision, a sense of perspective and the ability to see round corners.

(6) Appeal to people's sense of humour. Have both Jones and Smith in and point out to them that they are acting like children. When you have been having a running riot with a man for twenty-six years it always helps to be told that you are acting very childishly.

(7) Cultivate esprit de corps. If Smith and Jones have been at public schools they will see at once that petty quarrels are Letting the House Down. If they haven't been at public schools of course you can't expect them to understand. But even the Lower Classes know what you mean if you tell them to Play the Game.

(8) If all else fails, fire the pair of them.

Interdepartmental Jealousy.

Quite often friction arises not so much through personal dislike as through Departmental Jealousy. Every department in the place is sure that it is the most important department of all and that the fate of the business is in its hands. And of course they are all right. After all, as the sales people point out, it's no use making

things unless you can sell them; and equally truly, as the production people say, it's no use being able to sell things unless you can make them. Everyone, therefore, gets snifty about everyone else. Remedy.—There is no remedy for this. Sack the lot and get a new set with more brains.

One final note on preventing jealousy and friction. Whenever opportunity offers point out to your employees that the whole staff is just one happy family and that there is a complete absence of personal rivalries in the place. Go on doing this for years. Such is the power of suggestion that in the course of time the mere repetition of the formula will actually result in your staff behaving towards one another just like members of a family. And you know what families are.

Lubrication Chart for Staff.

The following table shows the correct grade of lubricant

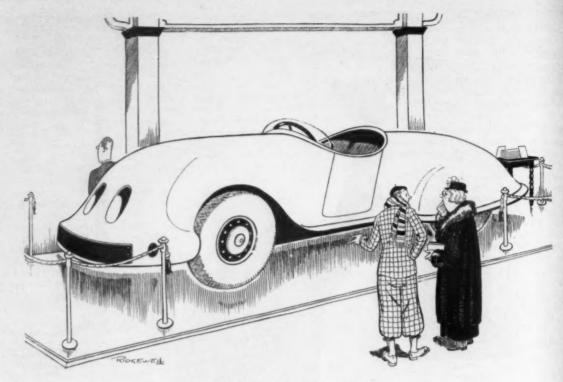


VAIN ATTEMPT BY A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER TO PASS THE DRIVING-TEST.



JOURNEY'S END.

GENTLE GEORGE. "GOOD LUCK TO YOU! THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF."



"You see, Auntie, then I could drive it for you."

for avoiding friction with various types of staff. Ask for the Sealed Can.

RECOMMENDED LUBRICANT.

Operative		Foreman	Departmental Head	Major Executive	Director	
SUMMER	Palm Oil	XXX	Heavy Humour	Heavy Tact	Heavy Lunch	
WINTER	Elbow . Grease	XXX	Ethyl Alcohol	Commercial Spirit	Light Badinage	

Sping Spong.

["When especially planted a spong is a squeech."

From a letter in the Press.]

In moments of leisure (if any) I turn
For mental relief to our popular Press,
For there one may profit, if anxious to learn,
Much more than the casual reader might guess;
But rarely one gleans in those items of news
So perfect a poem, so flawless a peach,
As this which I earnestly beg you'll peruse:
When especially planted a spong is a squeech.

How noble is man, how momentous his dreams,
How grandly inventive the turn of his mind;
You never know what he'll be up to; he teems
With gadgets of every conceivable kind;
New dogs, fresh potatoes, he fashions at will;
He soars to the ether; the moon's in his reach;

And, calmly combining his genius and skill, He develops the spong to the specialised squeech.

But man in his wisdom too oft is a bore;
I know of an erudite person who'll spout
Fifteen to the dozen and frequently more,
And many must suffer before he's run out;
But here is the plug that we've hitherto lacked;
Henceforth, when I find him beginning to
preach,

I mean to break in with the shattering fact That, especially planted, a spong is a squeech.

And yet, to the poet, what trifles are these?
His cry is for beauty; that psyche of his
Swells out to strong music as large as you please,
And tell me, if this isn't music, what is?
Once tasted, it lingers like exquisite sweets;
Once heard, it remains on the mind like a leech;
O FLECKER, O TENNYSON, also O KEATS,
When especially planted a spong is a squeech.
Dum-Dum.



Ruined.

I BROKE the news after dinner.

"Pamela," I said, "I have roughed out a sketch for our Literary and Dramatic Circle—'In the Nursing Home.'"

"I wondered where you were all the afternoon," she said. "And I must say it was frightfully kind of Matron to let you; though why, when you have a perfectly good study——"

"'In the Nursing Home,' "I said patiently, "is the title of the sketch."

"There's a bag of caramels in the bureau drawer," said Pamela. "Caramels always help me to concentrate."

"There are four characters," I said as soon as concentration had begun—
"the husband, the wife, the nurse and the doctor. The wife is ill in the nursing home."

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know. The husband, on going to see her, is informed by the nurse that he can't. And then there is a good deal of rather clever dialogue between the husband and the nurse. I haven't written it yet, but the upshot

is that the husband says, 'Hasn't she asked for me?' and the nurse replies 'She did mention your name when delirious.'"

"Obviously a bit of the clever dialogue," said Pamela. "Go on. It's frightfully interesting."

"The nurse describes how the wife kept crying 'Henry! Darling Henry!' Then—and this is the climax—the doctor comes in and says, 'Hullo, John!' and the husband says brokenly, 'Henry!'"

Pamela thoughtfully unwrapped a

"You mean Henry was the doctor and the wife was passionately in love with him?"

"Exactly."

"Then it won't do. It's much too strong for the Literary and Dramatic."

"But, my dear Pamela——"
"They have to be extremely careful.
Old Lady Hawkins always comes and brings her daughters."

"But---"

"Hush! Let me think." She took another caramel.

"I know!" said Pamela.

"What?"

"The doctor comes in and says, 'Cheerho, Stinker!'"

I gasped.

"They'd been at school together, you see," she explained. "In the Lower Fifth, or something; and then Stinker—that's the husband—says 'Henry!' That's the same as you had."

"Thank you," I said.

"And then the husband says, 'A boy!"

"Why does he say that?"

"Because it is. That's why the wife was in the nursing home. They had settled if it was a boy to call it Henry. And what the nurse heard was the wife talking to the baby. Now do you see?" "I do," I said. "A married couple

"I do," I said. "A married couple have a baby and call it Henry. A subtle

plot."

"Old Lady Hawkins will simply love it. What shall we call it?"

I said I should call it ruined and helped myself to a caramel.

The Week's Best New Verb.

"The Recorder: I should like this to be thoroughly bottomed."

West-Country Paper.



"I AGREE THE CAR IS A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED, BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER I 'VE BEEN WORKING ABROAD THIS PAST TWO YEARS."

As One Motorist to Another.

I am delighted to note that the Automobile Association is approaching the Minister of Transport with a view to inventing some signal by which, in a situation of emergency, one motorist may stop another; for I have myself been advocating the need of such a

convention for years.

I have gone so far indeed as to recommend that the compulsory equipment of all cars should include a kind of small cannon which would fire very soft rubber balls and over-ripe fruit with sufficient force to register a direct hit up to about fifty yards without doing damage. To ensure that the use of such a tempting engine would be confined to moments of genuine crisis, it would have to be clearly understood that any promiseuous pooping-off for the sheer fun of the thing would inevitably result in a fine of five pounds. This should be an adequate check on high spirits. The railway companies have found it so, for in practice only very rich people habitually pull the alarm-cord. attractive proposition though it be.

What the A.A. has chiefly in mind, of course, is the present difficulty of intimating to the fellow in front that one of his back wheels has just rolled into the ditch, that most of his doors are open, that he has at last fallen asleep over the helm, and that in general he is the victim of circumstances which may at any moment involve him in a serious accident. The element of time being all-important in such cases, the A.A. rightly deprecates leaning on the horn-button as being ineffective and vulgar, and looks for some more direct method. With all modesty I believe that in my cannon they have it, for any driver, however absent-minded or comatose, who ignores the impact of a squashy tomato on the back of his neck (rubber balls, for courtesy's sake, having been shot over his head), is surely impervious to sweet reason.

But there are other, though less urgent, justifications for my cannon. Some weeks ago a friend of mine, driving up a lonely stretch of the Great North Road, was interested to see a suit-case, strapped to the carrier of a big car in front, open and disgorge a flowered silk dressing-gown, which hovered in the breeze a little before settling gently over a gate-post. In the car was a girl, alone. My friend, all chivalrous, stepped hard on his battered accelerator, but found he could make little impression on the forty super-charged horses in

Should he, he wondered, go back

and pick the thing up in the hope of overtaking the girl somewhere at lunch? But the thought of being flung out of one hotel after another up the Great North Road for hawking dressing-gowns, even silk ones, in the restaurant, deterred him, and he decided that pursuit was his only course.

His car had gained a yard or two on the girl's when a silver hand-mirror leaned out of her suit-case and dashed itself to pieces on the road. Another vard nearer and a travelling-clock, a large bottle of scent and one shoe committed hara-kiri. My friend, a frugal fellow, was appalled at such waste. Yet another yard gained and other, more intimate, objects began to emerge in rapid succession and frolic merrily in the vacuum behind the girl's car. My friend, a modest fellow, was horrified. But what, lacking my cannon, could he do except indulge in a series of eccentric sequences on his horn, followed by a series of eccentric gestures with his arms, which he realised were open to grave misinterpretation if the occupant of the other car had been at all well brought up? And apparently she had, for, after one anxious appraisal in her mirror of these antics, she trod heavily on the gas and sailed out of my friend's life, scorning such crude attempts at introduction and sartorially, poor girl, very ill-equipped for Scotland. Had my friend been able to project an official rubber ball (such as I recommend for use in cases not so absolutely urgent as to call for ripe fruit, and bearing Mr. HORE-BELISHA'S portrait on one side and Sir STENSON COOKE's on the other) into her car the moment the suit-case opened, her tears might have been spared.

My cannon, when they adopt it, will make the motor-car an infinitely safer vehicle; but I wish that while they are about improving the means of communication between drivers they would make actual conversations possible and so do away with the melancholy sense of social isolation which afflicts many of us on the King's Highway. Before now I have known the slow approach of two cars on the long straight lonely roads of Suffolk to becomeso acutely embarrassing that both drivers, while still at a considerable distance, have broken into voluble deafand-dumb tic-tac, greatly to the detri-

ment of their steering.

I myself would gladly go to the expense of erecting a small mast above my windscreen on which code-flags could be run up (wireless being presumably too tricky) or a simple semaphore system on the roof, if others would promise to follow suit. In the big cities these days it takes all one's

time to keep out of danger, but out in the country what a pleasure it would often be to break the monotony of driving by flapping out a cheerful "I looks towards you!" on the semaphore to an oncoming stranger, and how warming to receive his friendly "I catches your eye!" Not all the greetings launched by

Not all the greetings launched by our semaphores, however, would be of such a jovial nature. At present on a long drive the voice soon goes, shouting the plain facts of their origin at the cutters-in and the hullabaloo merchants; but one could joyfully operate a blistering semaphore for hours on end.

A Comment on Pope.

"HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground."

But happier he beside whose plot
The broad and costly bypass goes,
Who manages to sell the lot
For bungalows.

He fears not lest a bacon slump Should drain his balance to the dregs, Nor trembles at a threatened dump Of foreign eggs.

The pros and cons of milk-control No tumult in his heart can rouse Who fills the mere consumer's rôle And keeps no cows.

He listens, when the farmers groan,
With countenance serene and bland,
Now he has safely turned his own
Back to the land. H. C. B.

Antonio.

A TRUE son of Sicily—swart, dark-eyed, heavily moustached, unshaven of cheek, many-chinned and necessarily generous in the matter of trouser accommodation—he joined me as I emerged from the little street leading up from the harbour.

"You wanta da carriage, Sare?" he greeted me. And his smile was all-

embracing.

The carriage, a light victoria, stood at the kerb nearby. And as he indicated it with one hand the other swept up to his panama in graceful salute.

"No, thank you," I said briskly, at the same time shaking my head; "I'm

walking."

Antonio—I think his name must have been Antonio—beamed his entire approval. It was as though I had given him the precise answer for which he had been waiting. He beckened gaily



PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE.

and skipped ahead, his trousers twinkling as only Latin trousers can.

When I arrived abreast of the carriage Antonio was ready for me. He had shaken up the cushions, adjusted the mat, taken his whip and was preparing to bow me in.

Speaking more distinctly this time and shaking my head in a manner that left no room for misunderstanding, I circumnavigated the more curvical of Antonio's obstructions and passed on, making for the Cathedral—wherever it was.

I was deep in a mental calculation involving lire and sterling when next Antonio came into my life.

"You wanta da carriage, Sare?" I heard him say, and glanced over to find him drawn up by my side. He was adjusting his cushions and arranging the mat.

"I do not want a carriage," I answered stiffly, "and if I did I should not have yours. Now go!"

Then I walked steadily on, rather regretting the necessity for so harsh a rebuff. The heat was too great for argument or fluster or hurry.

Antonio climbed gently back to his box and moved beside me at the kerb. When I slowed down he pulled his steed. When I accelerated he flicked his reins. Until, stopping to light a cigarette and seeing Antonio lower himself to the pavement, I seized my opportunity and crossed the road.

It must be said for Antonio that he was a man of infinite patience and good-temper. He might have shouted after me or folded his arms and shrugged mercilessly. But he did neither. He merely climbed back to his seat, gathered his reins, touched up his horse and crossed the road at such an angle as to arrive on my line of advance. And his smile, as he climbed down to arrange for my reception, was as winning as before.

"You like de carriage, Sare?" he remarked, more in the manner of one communicating an ascertained fact than posing a question.

Without a word I wiped the perspiration from my brow and turned abruptly to recross the road. And for the first time an expression of mild surprise flickered about Antonio's moustache. I saw him raise his hat and scratch his head. Then, with a sigh of resignation, he climbed back and came after me.

This time, however, I was ready for him. A plan of campaign had already matured in my heated brain.

Again the carriage grated to rest at the kerb ahead of me. Again I moved

towards it. And yet again Antonio was lowering himself to the pavement. But he had reckoned without the narrow alley on my right. And even as he bent over to potter with the cushions I swerved into the alley and was gone.

When I emerged at the far end hot and perspiring and more than a little irritable, Antonio was waiting for me.

"You lika da carriage, Sare?" he announced with surprising confidence.

For the fraction of a second I hesitated. Then, looking him full in the eye, I advanced purposefully. My mind was made up.

"If the jolly old Abyssinians," I said, "have to deal with many of your kind, then God help them!"

Antonio smiled wonderingly.

"You lika da carriage?" he crooned, at the same time reaching for his cushions.

But he was too late.

"Never mind those damned cushions," I snapped, pushing in front of him, "drive me to the Cathedral."

And I had barely collapsed into the seat before Antonio was bearing me smoothly on my way.

"This morning the Dionne 'Quints' (English: 'Quins') had oats."—News Item,
Now what is Anglo-Saxon for "Quins'?

African Sickness.

"It looks to me," said Huddlebody, putting one of his great feet squarely on the weed I was just proposing to pull up, "as if the Abyss——"

"Now, look here, Huddlebody," I said severely, "you keep out of it. Don't you dare mention that subject to me. I've had enough of it. All day long they've been at me about the Abyssinians until I don't know whether I'm on my head or in Addis Ababa. And now you start in on me. First there was a man in the train this morning who'd been out there. Said it was important to bear in mind the fundamental divergencies between the European and Ethiopian way of life, and told me a long story by way of illustration of how he was once entertained to dinner by a chieftain at Hudi Waffa or some such place. Apparently they started with boolka, a kind of porridge made of the insides of a goat mixed up with bran, and went on to a dish called peckil which I've forgotten about but at any rate you washed it down with the native drink of sour milk and gin, or pooch. The point was that at the end this chieftain poured his mug of poosh over my informant's head, at the same time beating him about the neck with a piece of dried antelope-steak. My informant said that if he hadn't happened to be familiar enough with the customs of the country to know that this was an exceptional mark of friendship and respect he might easily have misunderstood the gesture and resented it-perhaps with fatal results. As if I should have cared!"

'Yes, but-"

"Then at lunch," I went on, "I met one of these Mustn'tunderestimate-the-danger-of-the-Black-races-rising-againstthe-White-man fellows. He said the Whole Thing was a Ramp. He said Japan was at the Bottom of it All. He told me he knew a man with a cousin at the Foreign Office who'd told him that we had No Idea of the number of Japanese agitators who had smuggled themselves into Africa disguised as Chinese missionaries during the last five years. He said it had opened his eyes. 'Why,' he said, 'do you suppose we've got half the Navy in the Mediterranean because we've any doubts about what Italy might be going to do? Don't you believe it! It's the Japanese Navy we're worried about.' I said I thought the Japanese Fleet was away in the Pacific admiring the American manœuvres, but he said, 'Ah! they might be there now, but You Wait!'

"I hardly believe," began Huddlebody, irritably scraping up gravel with his left toe but keeping his other foot obstinately on my weed—"I hardly believe—"

"Neither do I. As a man I met on my way back from lunch said, there wouldn't be any cause for alarm if it wasn't for Germany. Bunter, this fellow's name was, and he was very much concerned, he said, between him and me, about Germany. 'That chap HITLER,' he said; 'mark my words, he'll be up to something before long.' 'Fishing in Troubled Waters,' he called it, and he asked me whether I'd any notion how many pairs of boots HITLER had bought since we refused to sell any to Italy. I said, 'Surely, not more than two or three for the winter?' but he got quite angry and told me to watch Memel."

"Ah! now Memel!" said Huddlebody, coming to life

again.

"There was a military expert in the train coming home," I said, "who told me it would be a great mistake to try to apply the lessons of ordinary soldiering to a campaign in a mountainous country. He said the conditions were so different. He said that for instance water boiled much more quickly at high altitudes; and when I replied, reasonably

enough, that I supposed this must greatly facilitate the preparation of tea and cocoa for the troops, he flew off at a tangent and began to describe some of his experiences on the North-West Frontier. Apparently they used to sit on the guns all night at anything over ten thousand feet to prevent ice forming in the barrels. He said you'd never get the Italian troops to do a thing like that."

Huddlebody muttered something about Mussolini.

"For some time now, Huddlebody," I said sternly,
"I've been trying to point out to you that I do not want
to talk about this confounded war. I've had enough of it.
In addition to the conversations which I have related to
you and to which you have so courteously listened, I have
at different times to-day discussed the Future of the Lira,
the American Attitude, the lack of water in the Ogaden
region and, if I remember rightly, the constitution of the
Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez. Of all
these matters I have had my fill. And in particular I have
had my fill of Mussolini. He may be a great man, but for
the moment, Huddlebody, I'm tired of him."

"The trouble with that man," said Huddlebody, as though I had never opened my mouth, "is that he puts his foot down at the wrong time and in the wrong place."
"You should know," I said, and, kicking him sharply

"You should know," I said, and, kicking him sharply on the right ankle, yanked the last weed triumphantly out of the path.



"All Wrong" Stories.

VII.-Cause Célèbre.

TENSELY hushed was the crowded Assize Court as the Lord Chief Advocate rose to his feet, bowed to the Magistrate and addressed the Jury.

"My learned friend, the Master of the Rolls, has just stated in his speech for the defence that the prisoner's wife is a tortfeasor."

Surely never before in the history of the Chancery Division can there have been so great a sensation as when these painful words, uttered with all the power of forensic eloquence, rang to the rafters.

"M'lud, I protest!" The Junior Leader sprang to his feet, but the stern countenance of the Attorney-General motioned him to his seat.

"The matter of a wife's torts," came the dispassionate judicial voice, "is sine die and, in my considered opinion, is most certainly post hoc, propter hoc."

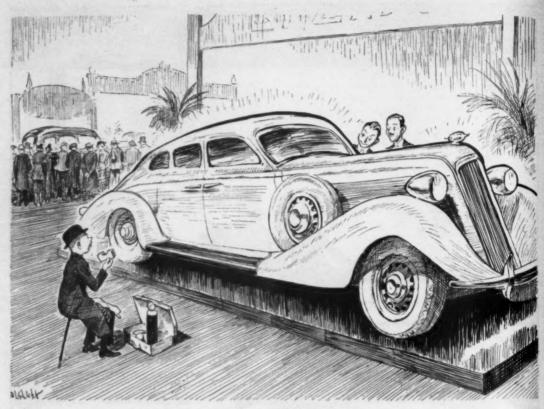
Was there to be no appeal against this verdict? Counsel glanced at the Law Courts clock. It wanted a minute to noon. There came a flash of inspiration. Passionately, urgently, he rearranged his pleas. Fighting against time, with his client's reputation at stake, his voice droned on until, exhausted and trembling, he heard the first stroke of twelve reverberating on the laden air, and the abrupt rusting of silks and bobbing of wigged heads filing out told him that he had won through.

The Long Vacation had begun!



"AND WHAT MADE YOU COME ON THIS CRUISE "

"TO GET RID OF MY OLD RAZOR-BLADES."



CAPTIVATION.

Sheep Fair on the Marches.

When gorse-pods are popping
And heather's in bloom
And nuts begin dropping
In coppice and cwm,

Then down through the valleys
That echoed of yore
The clashes and rallies
Of borderland war,

Where saplings, wind-shaken, Are blowing like flags From castles forsaken That cling to their crags,

With many-hued fleeces Come wethers and ewes Of Jenkins and Rhyses And Griffiths and Pughs,

And young lambs a-larking
And leaping for fun,
And wall-eyed dogs barking
Behind as they run.

Then tap-room and stable
And steep winding street
Are busy as Babel
When farmer folk meet,

And loud with the noises
Of auction and pen
And high-pitched Welsh voices
Of women and men:

Till night brings the stars out On valley and hill, With turning of bars out (Each man with his fill),

And after the riot
The darkness comes down
On sheep-pens grown quiet,
On castle and town,

On a man like a log
By the roadside asleep,
And a wise wall-eyed dog
Going home with the sheep.

C. F. S.

How to Become a Successful Lyricist.

It is a fallacy shared by most of us that those who write the words of our popular "numbers" (ask "A. P. H." about this word) are born with some special knack. True, the cold examination of a few song-lyrics leaves the impression that the things were written in a rather repulsive type of nursery; yet since they can and do make money for their authors, the lay reader in most cases concludes that "there must be something" and that he has not got it.

In this he is quite wrong. It is, like everything else nowadays, a mere matter of technique. Let us demonstrate.

The main and practically the only point to bear in mind is that your song must have some definite notion or identification-mark of its own. The nature of this notion does not matter in the very least. But it is no earthly use in these enlightened days to begin, for instance—

I'm feeling blue 'Cos I love you

-unless, that is to say, you continue-

And you love the station-master over at the junction,

The reason is that quite a number of songs contain one or both of the first two lines, whereas lyrics about station-masters are comparatively rare. All you have to do, then, is to take someor rather any—concrete thought that enters the brain. Suppose the first thing you think of is money—it is much more likely to be money than moons—well, a lot of songs have been written about that, but if you think a bit more you can narrow the subject down to, shall we say, a Limited Company's Balance-Sheet.

Now you can start. Perhaps you own some dud Pref. shares. What a word for a song! Preference. There are rhymes too—

I'll always keep you by me for reference

My Balance-Sheet! You're not Ordin'ry, 'cos you're my Preference.

It is obvious those three lines would come automatically to nearly anybody. The fourth is a bit stickier; to avoid complicated forms you need a rhyme for "Sheet." How about Wall Street? Or Throgmorton Street? Or any Street? Well, then—

In any Street-my sweet.



Hostess. "Aren't they sweet? They quite understand—no romping until after tea."

You will have noticed that most songs switch over at this point to a different bit of the tune, but there is no need to change the subject. You are thinking about Investments? All right—

You're my only Investment.

Once the word is written down it is not hard to concoct some sort of rhyme—

You know that the rest meant Nothing to me.

Perhaps we have strayed a bit from the Balance-Sheet idea; but we can return. Logic has no place in the lyric. Debit and credit, eh?—

You say you'll always do me Credit? That's Capital—you've said it. And now for that intriguing "muchlonger" line that so often comes just before the repetition of the theme—

While you're my Asset I'll have but one Liability—

joined to the first bit by an extra twiddle for the saxophone—

I'll be liable to Always keep you by me for reference, etc.

You will find incidentally that a split infinitive always enhances the effect. The whole thing is absurdly simple, is it not? We need a second verse, of course. Why not write it yourself by way of practice?

One last hint: your public will be delighted, maybe even eestatic, if you can manage to rhyme "afford it" with "audit."

The Changing of the Guard.

So accustomed did the Bawnoge people become to the presence of a Civic Guard upon the narrow structure called with so much truth "the congested brudge" that they could scarcely picture the place without that watchful dark-blue figure. Not that the name of the bridge at the end of the village really has anything whatever to do with its evident inadequacy to deal with all unusual surges of traffic, such as the coming and going of beasts

and buyers on a Fair Day or the ill-timed arrival of some motor-lorry just when the bread-van is leaving for home in the opposite direction; but the building of the bridge was once a part of some badlyneeded relief work during an unfortunate shortage of food, and relief work being inextricably mixed up in the minds of most Irish folk with the Congested Districts Board, the name was inevitable.

Having escaped unscathed through the bad times when so many similar structures were being hurled sky-high, the Bawnoge bridge was suddenly judged by the vigilant Sergeant to be in considerable and totally unexpected danger.

"They took some spite agen it," people said philosophically of the world at large. "Sure, only for the nosey Sergeant fishin' the preserved pool below an' chancin' upon the tin of gunpowdher in the wall it was farewell to the congested brudge in its wholity. But he gev one look an' he pelted the canisther into the wather. throut or no throut; an' the powdher wasn't worth a mal-

lamadee afther, for it melted. for him we'd all be pelted wid bits of parapet, for annything that goes up seldom or never loses a chanct to come down just as smart an' twict as heavy.'

And, fearing the probability of a dry charge being substituted for a wet one, the efficient Sergeant posted Guard Hanrahan with his back to a parapet. There for many of the daylight hours of a week the watcher stood or sat, and was relieved when dusk came by two other members of the Force, who somehow or other passed the hours until morning brought Guard Hanrahan again, having, as he expressed it himself, "slept for money to buy a cow."

sociable temperament or the fact that the bridge is so much in use as a restingplace-or a mixture of both these circumstances—the Guard was before long the recipient of confidences of every kind, and his interested advice was sought on the most important

After separate and long-drawn-out conversations with the two principals themselves, a flourishing local feud was found by him to be entirely groundless and quite unnecessary. Whereupon a rather doubtful peace was established between the two in the

EXTREMES MEET. [In their denunciation of Sanctions, Comrades Maxton and

presence of a large number of the supporters of both parties, who, instructed by their chiefs, kept as far away from each other as possible but were ready and willing to leap into any fray that might occur should the peace negotiations break down-all except Johnny the Song, who withdrew with caution into the background at an early stage, and who said, reasonably enough, in reply to the indignant accusations of his forsaken friends: "Isn't it a gradle betther to be a coward for five minutes than to be a

AMERY are in complete accord.]

corpse for the rest of me life? One of the most persistent of Guard Hanrahan's visitors was the "poocher' Whether it was the solitary watcher's of the district, whose uncanny ways

with strictly preserved fish were more or less familiar to the watcher-and were secretly admired. The sight of the Sergeant fishing by permission of the landowner, who also was a Peace Commissioner, in waters that were forbidden to his own vastly superior talent was almost unbearable to Cast Mahony, the choice of whose nickname, first inspired by part of his equipment, had been made ridiculously simple by the fact that his eyes looked in different directions and so missed nothing. Cast Mahony leaned on the parapet and spoke out of the bitterness of his heart.

"He's thryin' the third degree upon them now," he would say bitterly of the Sergeant's hopeful if somewhat awkward whipping of the water. "All he wants is the cat-an'-nine-tails."

With a literal translation of the orders received, Guard Hanrahan devoted all his watchfulness to the wall at which he had been stationed. As far as anyone could see, the opposite parapet did not interest him at all.

It was a sudden gust of wind that snatched the peaked cap from his head, dropping it neatly on to the bank at that other side and making it necessary for him to explore that unfamiliar country. Glancing up just as he had retrieved his headgear, his horrified eyes saw a second canister in its crevice, and, plucking it out, his yell exactly coincided with that of Cast Mahony, newly arrived upon the scene, though the yells were inspired by such different feelings.

For the Guard's vocal demonstration was one of triumph as, following the worthy example set by his superior officer,

he flung the unopened can into the river and breathed again; but the poacher's shriek was one of sheer unbridled

What on the livin' earth changed you over to this side of the brudge!" he stormed. "Wasn't it bad enough for me to have me worms thrun away before, widout losin' me flies now Yourselves an' your gunpowdher! An' I couldn't utther a word about it or you'd say I was on for fishin', no less nor.

Silently the Guard changed back to his original position; then, having pondered for a while and failed to find a suitable comment, he went in search D. M. L. of the Sergeant.



" I SAY, JOLLY MARINER, WHAT A POSITIVELY BOISTEROUS SUNSET! "

"YESSIR, IT WOULD BE IF IT WASN'T A SUNBISE."

In a Good Cause.

FOR over three-quarters of a century the Royal Eye Hospital, first in inadequate adapted premises and then (from 1892) in the present building at St. George's Circus, has carried on, increasingly beset by difficulties, without a public appeal.

Particularly during the last twentyfive years its troubles have multiplied, and now not only is the Out-Patients' Department unable to deal properly with the two hundred who attend daily, but also the treatment of In-Patients is severely handicapped by the absence of necessary accommodation

A new hospital, with much more room for teaching and research departments as well as for patients, is to be built, and for this worthy cause the Hospital is about to make its first public appeal.

Mr. Punch has an idea that many of his readers may like to contribute to the building fund before that appeal is made, and so diminish the amount for which the Council of the Hospital must ask. Subscriptions should be sent to L. Vernon Cargill, Esq., Chairman, The Royal Eye Hospital, St. George's Circus, London, S.E.1.

"Cubist art is attractive, taking it all round," states a critic. But it isn't.

"What is the disadvantage of making money at home?" asks a writer. Passing the stuff afterwards.

A new explosive firework has been invented by a London magistrate. Naturally it will be let off with a caution.

"Electricity is within the reach of all," claims a writer. Has he never tried to find the switch on a dark night?

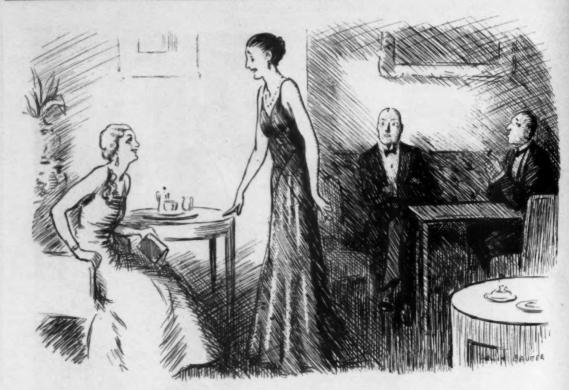
Canned.

["Tinned beer, claimed to have the qualities of beer from the wood, is the latest drinking fad in America."

Provincial Paper.]

In isinglass my eggs repose,
In cartons come my dates,
In bottles are my herring-roes,
Bananas come in crates;
But into all my household
This maxim have I dinned:
"Good ale it should
Come from the wood;
My beer shall not be tinned."

My sweets are packed in cellophane
Untouched by human hand;
And, like the rest, I'll not disdain
To buy my peaches canned;
But in the butler's pantry
This notice have I pinned:
"Good ale it should
Come from the wood;
My beer shall not be tinned."



ECHOES OF A SUMMER HOTEL.

- "I WONDER IF YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US-THAT IS, IF YOU CARE FOR BRIDGE?"
- "THANKS, SO MUCH-I'VE ONLY PLAYED ONCE, BUT I LOVED IT."

Variations on a Theme of Hats.

Belinda saw
A NEW hat,
A grey-and-blue hat,
A jaunty sort of hat for
An autumn day.
She tried it this way—
Tried it that—
Gave here a pull and there a pat;
It was a most
Disarming hat,
A challenging and charming hat,
An "I-am-meant-for-you" hat
She seemed to hear it
Say.

She tried a hat for tea and talk
(A chic and cheeky town one);
She tried a hat
For a country walk—

A red-and-goldy-brown one; And (out of curiosity) A this-will-never-do hat, And smiled and put them all aside And tried The grey-and-blue hat.

And now with fingers
Light and deft
She tilted it towards the left,
And tried it that way,
Tried it this...
A flying touch—the merest
kiss,
And, "Captivating, isn't it?"
Belinda sighed,
And wondered if the brim
was not
A hint too wide.

She hesitated. After all At sight she had adored it! But—was the brim
A scrap too small?
And could she, now, afford
it?
The other hats beseeched in
vain:
This was the one, the true
hat!
She counted twelve and
darted—quick—
To pick
The grey-and-blue hat.

Belinda smiled,
Belinda frowned
And turned the little hat
around;
Was fluttered by
Temptation—
Fought it.
The price was HOPELESS.

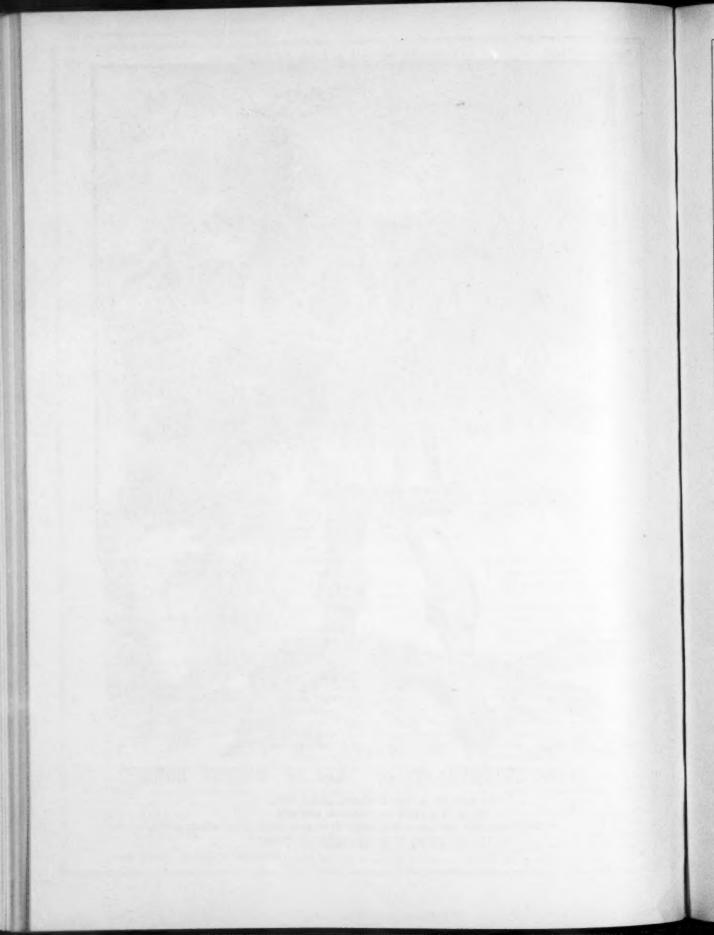
So she bought it.



MARS TRIUMPHANT; OR, LAYS OF MODERN ROME.

"HE SMILES A SMILE MORE DREADFUL THAN HIS OWN DREADFUL FROWN WHEN HE SEES THE THICK BLACK CLOUD OF SMOKE GO UP FROM THE CONQUERED TOWN."

MACAULAY: Lays of Ancient Rome.





"YES, HE'S UP TO MY WEIGHT, BUT I HAD POSITIVELY TO LIFF HIM NOW AND THEN. HE'S A BIT DROOPY IN HIS RIGHT-HAND FRONT LEG."

Well Ahead.

"Don't think we don't appreciate your exertions as Secretary of the Little Wobbley Literary and Debating Society," said the Vicar, making a dive for the last chocolate éclair and sitting back with a benignant smile. "But if you could manage to get the notices out a little earlier this year it would probably result in a larger attendance at the meetings. Last year the circular announcing the Opening Social was received only on the morning of the event, and the circular announcing your own lecture on 'Inefficiency: the Curse of Modern Life' was not received until the morning after the lecture was delivered.

"I will do my utmost to get the notices off in good time," I said, "but you must realise that some weeks I am busier than others. In theory I type the notices each Monday for the meeting on the following Friday; but if by Monday morning's post I get a request from an editor for a slab of poetry or a few thousand words of Mystery and Adventure or Heart-

throb and Passion, the Literary Society notices have to be delayed until Tuesday. And if on Tuesday I have to go up to Town to see my agent about American rights or film rights or any other rights that have gone wrong, the Literary Society notices have to be delayed until Wednesday; and if on Wednesday—"

'Quite," said the Vicar hastily. "We all know that you are a very busy man, but would it not be possible to spend, say, one whole day in typing the notices for all the meetings for the first couple of months? You could put them in the envelopes ready to be posted, and then each Monday morning it would simply be a matter of dropping them in the box. The dates and subjects of all the meetings are already fixed, so there will be no difficulty about it. Say you do eight weeks' notices straight off-that will give you eight weeks' start. And any time you get to spare during those eight weeks you can be preparing the notices for the following weeks. With any luck you should be able to keep well ahead right up to the end of the season."

It certainly seemed a good idea, and

as I happened not to have any very urgent work on the following day I buckled down to it. Edith assisted me by addressing the envelopes and sticking on the stamps and putting the notices in the envelopes and tying them up in neat bundles. It is true that she several times got the bundles mixed, so that we had to open them again to make sure that we not announcing the Lecture on Urns to some people and the Debate on Burns to other people at the same time; but by five o'clock the job was done and eight neat bundles of envelopes lay on the study table.

After tea we went to the pictures, and I didn't happen to go into the study until next morning. I was just wondering where Edith had put the bundles of notices when the Vicar rang up.

"If you are trying to be funny," he

"If you are trying to be funny," he said, "I don't see the joke. Just a waste of the Literary Society's by no means ample resources. I have received eight separate notices announcing the meetings for the next eight Fridays."

But as Edith said, there was no sense in telling the maid that we hadn't really wanted the letters posted. Shé had meant well.



"WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT ABOUT THE CUTLETS, MUM? ONLY TWO HAVE COME, MUM."

This Age of Science.

Only last week I heard a friend say that doctors were no use—never cured you, did no good at all. Well, I have much pleasure in writing to tell the world that that's all wrong and my friend was talking out of the back of his hat. For I was ill, and lo! I am well, and I attribute my recovery entirely to doctors—four of them at five guineas a time, it's true, but what is twenty guineas as the price of health?

Of course I am bound to admit that my intelligent interpretation of their treatment had something to do with it—but I must start at the beginning of the story.

A little time ago, when I came back from my holiday to be exact, I felt ill, depressed, no enthusiasm for the matutinal sausage, a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach when I thought of work, etc. My friends were worried about me and pressed me to go to a "really good man and be thoroughly overhauled." So I consulted a physician who called himself a consulting physician; that seemed the right idea

to start off with. He overhauled me with a thoroughness that would have done credit to any garage and then declared that there was something the matter with my gastric juices. I couldn't make out exactly what it was, but I know they weren't considered to be quite the juices of yesteryear. So I must give up sauces and rich food and never touch anything fried and eat a good deal of glucose instead. Thanking him sadly, I left the presence with a reverent tread.

I grew no better. I continued to feel low, and indeed it seemed that my depression even increased at the sight of the glucose, which I should have hailed as the happy harbinger of health. So after three weeks I went to another of the great ones of the earth.

To my surprise I learnt that it was not entirely a gastric affliction; my gastric juices were not of course first-rate chaps, but the root of the trouble lay more likely with my corpuscles. There was not a doubt about it that they were unsatisfactory, not to say sinister. No meat was the programme, light diet, especially at night; just something like a fried sole for dinner.

or there'd be serious trouble. Oh, and bananas were an excellent thing. After that there was a sound as of paper crackling, and I withdrew.

But it was all very unfortunate. I suppose the truth is that I am not really banana-minded. Whatever I did it appeared impossible to please my corpuscles, and at last in desperation I went to the famous Dr. Serum-Smith, of whom of course I had heard. Who has not?

"Corpuscles . . . gastric juices—bah!" said the great man. "Of course there's no doubt about it," he added hastily, "that both those diagnoses were perfectly correct and there is distinct cause for anxiety in those directions. But I've only got to look at you to tell what's at the bottom of this trouble. Why, you've got thyroid written all over you!"

I thought that a little harsh, but said nothing, and in stunned silence I listened to his prescription! Raw vegetables and lots of them; just a couple of carrots for breakfast and a mangel-wurzel soaked in iodine for lunch. For dinner, anything I liked, except of course meat or fish and—not

one egg if I valued my life. The usual rite then took place and I went out into the great vegetable infested world.

But to no purpose. Scarlet-runners ran for me in vain, and every mangel made me wurzeller than before. Then I happened to meet an old friend and I poured out my troubles to him. The thought of approaching dinner (cabbages and leeks) was shaking my nerve and I must have seemed far from well. Anyway my friend took drastic action. "My dear chap," he said, "I'm going to take you straight in a taxi to my man. If anyone will cure you he will." So that was how I reached the fourth doctor.

It was a melancholy diagnosis. While agreeing that my gastric juices, corpuscles and glands were anything but what they should be, there was also evidence that my arteries were in a very bad state indeed. In fact there was apparently grave danger of their closing down altogether unless I was careful. Luckily it wasn't too late. The best treatment of course would be to eat nothing at all, but as that wasn't possible (we had a good laugh at the little pleasantry) I must just eat as

little as I could of anything, and above all no shell-fish and no alcohol of any kind whatever.

Well, that did the trick. Thanking him warmly and wringing my friend gratefully by the hand I went straight home and took a piece of notepaper. On it I wrote:—

No shell-fish.

No eggs.

No meat.

No rich food.

No fried ditto.

No cooked vegetables.

No alcohol.

Then I drove to a very good restaurant and sat there thinking deeply till dinner-time. As the clock struck eight I hailed a waiter.

"Bring me," I said, "a dozen oysters, followed by an omelette Mornay aux champignons. I will then have a bécassine flambée—and make the sauce very rich, please—and a grilled steak with plenty of vegetables. I like my vegetables done in oil and well-cooked. After that I'll have a savory—I don't mind what so long as it's fried. I will drink a half-bottle of Bollinger with the oysters, followed by a half—no, a

whole bottle of Château Lafitte, 1917, and a double Courvoisier '75 at the end."

I repeated that dose three times in one week, the second and third time accompanied by a companion of standard equal to the fare, and I am glad to say I am now feeling splendid.

Really it's wonderful what the medical profession can do these days.

Petticoat Lane Market.

THERE is a monkey for sale in the Market Place.

It looked out from the bars of its

Its close-set bewildered eyes

Were always moving.

It put out an arm, one black indiarubber hand

Held on to mine very urgently. Sad shifting eves that cannot

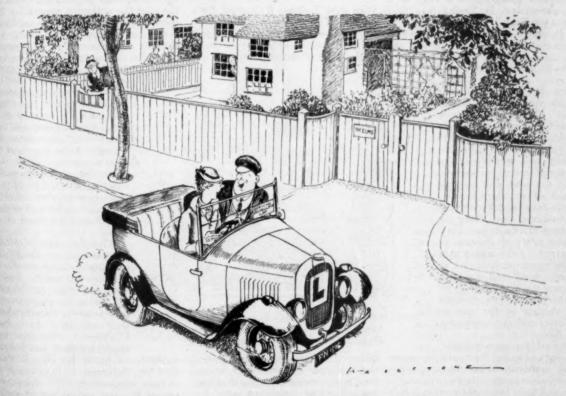
Express what's behind them

Met mine—a rather strange feeling; I wish they had not looked so

human . . . What I mean to say is:

Why should a monkey's eyes make one feel

So awfully uncomfortable?



Driving Pupil. "I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND AWFULLY JUST BOBBING DOWN"OUT OF SIGHT A MINUTE OR TWO WHILE WE ARE PASSING THE VIOLAGE?"

At the Play.

"Two Share a Dwelling" (St. James's).

Two Share a Dwelling, at the St. James's Theatre, in a play about "disassociated personality," or two souls in one body, but the trouble is that the disassociation is much too complete. The body of Lilia Verrick is also inhabited by "Bess," a street wanton; but, alas! we do not see Bess till the second half of the Second Act, which is the first moment of the evening at which anything happens.

The authoress, like a Victorian aunt with small ideas of what constitutes a huge treat, spreads her butter—there is no jam—very thin. The whole of the First Act is spent in letting us know that there is undoubtedly something peculiar about Lilia. In herself she is insipid enough, a pretty child and anxious to please, about to marry a rich young baronet, Sir Randal Paige Only the outbursts of her other self can make her interesting, and for them we are made to wait, because the dramatist has no other surprises for us. Once we have seen Lilia as a wanton we are led slowly, through meandering talk and plans about a visit to a psycho-analyst in Vienna, to "God Save the King.

It seemed to me that from the first backchat between the butler and the footman, nobody—on the stage or

off-had their heart in the mystery except Sir Randal, whom Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE made very real and attractive. Miss Grete Mosheim acted the pale uneasy little wife, and showed later that she could also talk aggressive slang and impersonate a cheerful young prostitute, but the play did not ask much of her; there were no swift Jekyll and Hyde transformations, and many an actress in a single part has a wider range of emotion to portray. Lilia moves in a very small compass, and so does "Bess," and the play shows no development in either, unless a few moments of despair at the end be allowed rank as development in Lilia

A mild little nerve specialist, young and singularly unable to inspire any confidence in his capacity, is the mouthpiece for morsels of psycho-analysis, and from him we learn that Lilia's parents are very much to blame. We can believe that readily enough, for we

have seen Major Verrick. Mr. Peter Gawthorne played him with a good deal of heavy underlining to make it quite plain that he was rather a bad hat, and that it was lucky his main



Major Verrick (Mr. Peter Gawthorne). "This Act needs speeding up."

Sir Randal Paige (MR. WYNDHAM GOLDIE). "Yes. Have a quick one?"

vices were fondness for money, for a life of golf and other pleasures. With his grimaces aside and mutterings Major Verrick might well be the tyrant in the home of his colourless wife and ignorance of the Facts of Life, giving her instead JANE AUSTEN, so that she discovered for herself and vastly relished the Heptameron of MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

The head and front of the Major's offending is that, finding his young daughter given to nocturnal outings and fits of animal destructiveness, he made light of it, hoped she would grow out of it, thought marriage would put everything right, and persuaded a faithful nurse to live with Lilia and cover her tracks. It was not, in the event, a success, for the Major failed to keep on good terms with his wealthy son-in-law, but it was plainly a reasonable course, as reasonable as any other open to him.

The dramatist was in this difficulty -that she wanted the audience to view the facts of this pathological case from two mutually exclusive points of view. The furtive shufflings of Ellen, one of the successful pieces of characterisation for which Miss MARGARET WITHERS has the credit, and the attempted early suspense were meant to suggest something rather horrible; and so the case would have seemed if it had been written about from a simple, direct, unsophisticated angle. But in the light of the new psychology, which is the way the authoress approaches it, there are no grounds for speechless horror and dismay. There is only an extreme and freakish case of sexual repression and incompatibility between

heredity and upbringing; perhaps all will come quickly right in the consulting-room in Vienna under that first-rate man for cases of this sort. The only dramatic interest would begin there, in a study of the cure, and it was a capital mistake to think that an audience could combine the outlook of the new psychology with an old-fashioned excitement at the cruder manifestations of a

case.

What the authoress of this piece has written is really an excessively-drawn-out First Act; she has posed a problem, and there she breaks off, giving the players very little scope for showing what they can do. Even the blackmailer, who plays an incidental part, acted with

considerable gusto by Mr. Henry Hewitt, blackmails in the same way at each appearance. The characters are, as it were, all cut out in cardboard, not rounded or complete, but limited to a smaller number of pos-



"It's as easy as easy to fell a man with one of these paper-knives."

Lilia Verrick . . . Miss Grete Mosheim.

Sir Randal Paige . . Mr. Wyndham Goldie.

daughter. But even he deserves justice, and had quite a good answer, not indeed to the charge of hiding things his son-in-law had a right to know, but to the professional criticism that he had tried to bring up his daughter in

sible feelings or activities than men and women are. That Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE managed to make the faithful, direct and simple husband a complete individual to whom we might be introduced in a club any day was an achievement of acting which was a great help to the evening.

"PLEASE, TEACHER" (HIPPODROME).

I always wonder about the organisation of the girls' schools we meet in musical-comedy and wish that I could see one of their printed lists of essential equipment which new girls' mothers are sent. But ruinous as these establishments must be, when the inmates habitually go to bed in wedding-dresses and think nothing of changing from vachting-suits into Martini-rompers between Arithmetic and Latin, it must be a great comfort to those parents who have denied themselves everything for the sake of such really thorough education to know that their daughter will be exceedingly unlucky if she fails to collect a handsome husband and about a hundred thousand pounds long before her pretty head is bothered with logarithms or De Bello Gallico.

Of this sort was Miss Trundle's and Miss Pink's Academy, which had the

further distinction of an excellent village inn at its gates, where the male staff could solace themselves, and of having been previously owned by a lady so chuckle-headed as to leave behind her four busts of NAPOLEON. in one of which was a letter to her nephew explaining by what devious means he could win her fortune.

This nephew, Tommy, was no other than Mr. BOBBY HOWES (happily recovered from his illness and apparently as fully charged with electricity as ever), who made his way into the school in polo-kit by pretending to be the head-girl's brother just back from India, and anchored himself by throwing a creditable fit of malaria-not knowing of course that the head-girl's brother had recently stolen a sacred goblet from an Oriental sect before presenting it to the school, and that the jealous emissaries of the sect had already arrived in the village to do vengeance.

If to this gambit you add the facts that Tommy instantly conceived a passion for the head-girl, and was not quick to spot the right piece of Napoleonic crockery; that the musicmaster was such an incompetent backer of horses that, honest fellow as he was,

he was obliged to pawn the goblet; and that, whereas Miss Trundle had a fine broad mind, Miss Pink regarded young people as through an empty glass, darkly, you can imagine the rest of



SPURIOUS SOMNAMBULISTS. Clutterbuck . . . MR. WYLIE WATSON. Tommy Deacon . Mr. Bobby Howes.

this typically fatuous and perfectly adequate musical-comedy plot. A comparison with the last Hippo-



HORSEPLAY-WITH A DASH OF WORK FOR THE HORSE.

Miss Trundle . . . MISS VERA PEARCE. Tommy Deacon . . . Mr. Bobby Howes.

drome show, Yes, Madam, is inevitable since it had the same authors and almost the same cast. It was undoubtedly a sounder entertainment. In the book there was sharper wit and there were fewer chestnuts, while the Poor little Mrs. Humpty-Dumpty!

tunes had greater character; but, even more important, the piece was so devised that Mr. Howes' mercurial brilliance was given solid support. In his new part he was just as clever, as unexpected and often as funny, but he had to work terribly hard, lacking an opposite number of Miss BINNIE HALE'S calibre and suffering, it seemed to me, from a misuse of Mr. WYLIE WATson's gifts.

Nobody can get more fun out of a North-country character than Mr. Warson, and his is the kind of humour that wears well. In Yes, Madam he took a great deal of strain from Mr. Howes' shoulders, but here the authors, tempted by his ability to play the 'cello, have used him for long stretches as a serious instrumentalist. And this, I venture to think, was a mistake, for there are hundreds of men who can operate a 'cello with discretion but only one droll Mr. WATSON, and we missed him.

Sometimes, of course, he was very funny and perhaps funniest at the beginning when, with the assistance of some of the village team, he reenacted his prowess in a recent cricketmatch in exaggerated dumb-show, without ball or bat. For me this scene

was only equalled by that in which Mr. Howes, clad as a Tudor monarch, interpolated his own lines at the singing-rehearsal for the school pageant, and, for a little, by that in which the two sleep-walked through the dormitory.

So far as production went, this show was every bit as pleasing as the other, Mr. RALPH READER having tuned it up to a very polished degree of efficiency; the chorus-work was notably stylish and the dresses charming.

Miss VERA PEARCE as dashing popular Miss Trundle kept us all in good spirits, and Miss BERTHA Belmore's hypocritical Miss Pink scored high marks. These two were invaluable for the unobtrusive way in which they helped to hold the piece together. Miss SEPHA TREBLE'S performance as the Head-girl seemed to me to lack distinction, but I doubt if it was quite her part.
The theme of Mr. WATSON'S

final contribution on the 'cello, I make bold to point out, has been lifted from a psalm-tune. And if any doubt me, I am prepared to

sing it to them. ERIC.

"Lost.-Small oval lady's wrist watch." Newspaper Notice.

Theatrical Posters.

I SHOULD like, before it is too late, to draw attention to the little exhibition of theatrical posters which is now being held at that abode of wonders, the Victoria and Albert Museum. As it is not advertised I should never have heard of this array but for the habit, which I commend to everyone who can afford the time, of regularly looking to see what the "Treasure of the Week" is, enshrined in the glass case at the entrance of the Museum, and passing on to the great hall where "Recent Acquisitions" are displayed—those exciting "Recent Acquisitions," which at the moment include some of the finest and gravest examples of Chinese porcelain and bronze from the Eumorfopoulos Collection; old English watercolours left by Lady Powell, among them proofs of the excellence of SHOTTER BOYS (whose work is also sold for BONINGTON'S), and of that fine delicate draughtsman, SCARLETT DAVIES; recent English water-colours from the Alfred W. Rich bequest, and such other trifles as the Armada To see this famous locket isolated in triumph before it is sorted into its place among the amazing riches of this museum is worth the longest journey to South Kensington; and when all these remarkable articles are also so accessible, including a surprisingly distinguished piece of American glass, made yesterday, that journey becomes imperative.

Well, it was just as I was leaving the "Recent Acquisitions" that heard about the exhibition upstairs and climbed to Rooms 70 and 71 to see it: chiefly an assemblage of posters belonging to the eighties and nineties presented by Mr. M. J. LANDA, to which the Curator has added some of the Victoria and Albert's own examples, beginning with early woodcuts illustrating the marvels of ASTLEY'S and the perilous comforts of a musichall where the daring young men on the flying trapeze perform in the air (without a net) over the heads of the diners at the tables, and including the "Don Quixote" by the Beggarstaff Brothers and "Aristide Bruant" by Toulouse-Lautrec, each magnificent

The exhibition is specially interesting by reason of the fact that the old theatrical poster has practically ceased to be. The hoardings where pictures of plays and players were pasted are now dedicated chiefly to beer and spirits, to the cinema and petrol, and, although we may esteem the sea-lion and the toucan, we are conscious of our loss. Plays still are performed, but they are advertised elsewhere and without pictorial blandishment.

This does not mean that melodrama, an important theme in the seventies and eighties, as you may learn from the posters of Uncle Tom's Cabin and East Lynne and The Lights o' London, is no longer with us, or that artists starve; for you find melodrama now in sensational novels, each of which requires coloured wrapper indicating the thrills to be found within. But pictures for plays-they are no longer the mode. Even the little posters, such as Mr. LANDA has been collecting, have vanished; but if you go to South Kensington you will be reminded pleasantly yet sadly of the past.

The designers' names usually are given, and they touch buttons too. Thus the Puck who advertises A Midsummer Night's Dream is by W. GRA-HAM ROBERTSON; one Twelfth Night figure is by Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks, and another by C. A. BUCHEL; The Crooked Billet, very effective, is by E. P. KINSELLA; Great Catherine, with its head of G. B. S., the author, in a red beard, is by ALLENSON; Turandot is by Ernst Stern; Mr. Wu is by BERT THOMAS; The Only Way is by John Hassall: The Yeoman of the Guard is by DUDLEY HARDY, and The Sorrows of Satan is by Albert Morrow. There is also that tall lady behind the green spots, by AUBREY BEARDSLEY, who used to tell us what was on at the Avenue Theatre (now the Playhouse), and next it is an Oxford travesty of the same artist's work, signed WEIRDSLEY DAUBERY. you observe, obsolete, but all interesting and good and full of memories, and all, as managers should bear in mind. invitations to the show difficult to resist.

I wish there had been more examples of the poster that portrays the high spots in the play, such as in the melodrama A Day Will Come, where we see the heroine with golden locks drowning in the mill-stream, and the villain is dressed, as he should be, in a frock-coat and top-hat; and in When London Sleeps, where the mother of the little girl is ordered from the room with the words, "Go and sin no more." Great nights, now for ever gone-or are they? Did I not see last Saturday strings of villagers at Newick, in Sussex, on their way to a performance of Maria Martin? E. V. L.

"The number of horses about the streets has decreased of course, but the horse still cannot be beaten."—Traffic Note.

It would be interesting to hear the horse's comment upon this.

Monsieur Paul Narrates:

V .- The Heel of Achilles.

"Or all the characteristics of the Englishman," said Monsieur Paul, "the quality which most astonishes foreigners is the celebrated British phlegm. In the time before I have come to Soho and am keeping a small restaurant in Paris I have heard much of this noted calm. And indeed in my profession the knowledge of it is a great consolation. For when I observe the apathy of my English patrons at dinner I say to myself: 'Take heart! This indifference which you see is a part of the British nature, and it is inevitable that men who remain unmoved in the face of fire or shipwreck will appear equally insensible to the art of your chef.' So great a hold does this idea take of my mind that I become convinced that this imperturbability will extend to every situation in which an Englishman may find himself. But there is no rule which admits of no exception, and one evening the emergency arises which proves me wrong.

"On this particular evening there are no Englishmen in my restaurant and I am disappointed, for I have already formed the project of going to England, and I like to study the people. But at last, when I have nearly abandoned hope, one comes in. And this one is an Englishman par excellence-fair-haired and red-cheeked and wearing a small yellow moustache. As he sits down in his tail-coat and his resplendent white waistcoat I regard him with the greatest satisfaction. And indeed he proves to be a type particularly worthy of study. My ordinary customers, when they dine, talk and laugh and wave their arms, and from their expressions it is easy to tell whether they are pleased or dissatisfied. But this man sits quite still, and on his face there is no expression at all. He displays no interest and no emotion, and in truth his demeanour is so much that of a wax-work that when his arm moves to raise his fork and his mouth opens to receive it I look in surprise to see who is pulling the strings. 'Here,' I say to myself, 'we shall see the British nature exhibit its greatest aplomb. Here is the perfect Englishman whom nothing can move-the Achilles without a heel.'

"And no sooner has this idea formulated itself in my mind than the proof is amply provided. For a tumult suddenly breaks out in the street outside. There is a noise of rushing feet and shouts of 'Murder!' 'Fire!' and 'The madman!' Then the door is flung open and a man enters the restaurant. This



"AND WHATEVER WILL YOU BASCALS BE UP TO NEXT, EH?"

man is bareheaded and dishevelled. and he waves a revolver. The customers are terrified. They stare horror-struck. They utter cries of dismay and cower behind their tables. I myself-I admit it freely-am seriously alarmed. I retire discreetly behind a screen. The Englishman alone is quite unmoved. He continues to eat as if the intrusion of a madman were a matter too commonplace to merit his attention. The lunatic stares triumphantly around. He fires a shot at the ceiling and laughs to see the terror of the guests. The Englishman does not even raise his eyebrows. With an air of great repose he drinks a glass of his claret. This sangfroid enrages the madman. He regards it as an insult. 'Aha!' he shouts, 'down with the boiled shirts!' and a bullet shatters the mirror behind the Englishman's head. This, évidemment, in going a little too far. The Englishman looks up with a certain indignation. He wipes his mouth carefully

with his napkin and advances upon the madman. The lunatic fires a second shot, and then a third, but the Englishman continues to advance. Coldly he takes from the lunatic his revolver. With a mild irritation he seizes him by the collar and conducts him to the door. With a courteous dignity he hands him over to the gendarme who has just arrived, and returns to his table to resume his dinner.

"I am amazed. 'How admirable,' I say, 'is the calm of these English!' But when peace has been restored and the customers have emerged from behind their tables it is suddenly apparent that the Englishman is no longer calm. He turns red and pale by turns and stares wildly about him. I look at him, wondering to see this change, and then I too turn pale. Alas! it is only too clear what has happened. On the immaculate white shirt-front of the Englishman, a little below the right breast, there is a red stain. 'Heavens!' I cry,

'the poor fellow is wounded! The second shot has taken effect!' Full of solicitude I rush to him, bearing a glass of brandy.

"'Courage!' I say, 'drink this! It will give you strength while you await the ambulance.'

But the Englishman looks at me with anger.

"'What do I want with an ambulance?' he says coldly. 'I am not ill.'

"'But, Monsieur,' I stammer, 'you are wounded! See! you are pale, and there is blood on your shirt-front!'

"'Wounded!' says the Englishman with contempt. 'Imbecile! A far worse thing has happened. I have spilled my wine and in ten minutes I am due at the Opera.'"

"She was on the point of hitting a brassie shot on the green when two women standing near began to talk loudly."—Golf Report.

But even that couldn't drown what the Club Secretary said about it.

The Deserving Butcher.

(Meat traders, in conference at Cheltenham, declared that there ought to be a national "Eat More Meat" advertising campaign.)

His dedicated life apart

The butcher leads; in youth, they

He promised, hand on bullock's heart, To love, to honour and purvey.

Behold where in his shop he stands, Well armed with steel at every point To furnish forth with skilful hands The proper areas of joint!

Sheeps' heads peer coyly from the wings

At Cash expectant in her cage,
And sausages in buxom strings
Festoon the sloping marble stage

Whereon the dappled slabs of meat, A symphony in sullen reds,

Flank in rough rows the upturned feet Of chickens on their parsley beds.

Though many times I've passed his store,

Noting all this with curious eyes, I cannot say I thought before He had much need to advertise.

It seems, however, I was wrong;
He is in want of help—none more so.
Come, fellow-carnivores, along
And buy his bits of bovine torso!

Frequent your butcher in his shop— His mien how true! his scales how steady!—

Nor murmur as you buy your chop,
"He seems to do dashed well
already."
R. M.

Travel by Night.

"Why don't they light the stations and label them properly?" asked Doris a little petulantly.

"I expect they're ashamed of them," I said. "Trying to push them down into their sub-conscious, or something. You know. Like seeing something nasty in the woodshed."

Doris pressed her nose to the window as the train whizzed through another murky structure, in which the faint phosphorescence emitted by a few crepuscular carriage-lamps failed to do more than intensify the gloom.

"Did you see what that was?" asked Doris.

"Looked rather like Suczawa, or Slivnitza, or something," I said. "Or perhaps it was Samakova. Anyway, it began with an 'S."

"But whereabouts is Snitchova?" asked Doris.

"Not very near where we ought to be," I said. "It's in Lower Moldavia or Upper Wallachia, or somewhere if anywhere."

"I thought it looked like Samar-

kand," said Doris.

"Oh no, it couldn't be that," I said.
"That's in Turkestan."

"I told you we were in the wrong train," said Doris.

"Not as wrong as all that," I said.
"You'd better ask the next time we

stop."

"But I've already asked everybody in sight," I protested. "These porters will think I'm an awful fool, always asking if I'm on the right train."

"These won't be the same porters,"

said Doris equably.

I sulked for a moment, but then remembered something.

"This train doesn't stop until we're practically there," I said, trying to conceal a note of triumph.

"You mean the train we ought to be on doesn't stop until we're practically

there," said Doris.

"But then, if this train does stop before we're practically there, we shall know it's the wrong train, and I shan't have to ask a porter," I said, quite failing, or rather making no attempt to conceal a note of triumph.

"Of course you'll have to ask a

porter," said Doris.

Sometimes I think I just can't cope with her. She simply doesn't see the point.

"We're coming to quite a big town now," said Doris. "You look out at the other side, if we don't stop, and be sure you get to know what this place is. Shout out and ask somebody, if you can't see the name anywhere."

But evidently there was a conspiracy on foot to prevent our reading the name of any station that night. The locomotive opened her throttle and roared through that station in so reckless a burst of speed that I failed to distinguish a single letter of its name. I shouted "Oi!" at a figure dimly discerned through the inspissated gloom, but I was whisked away before I could establish contact with it.

Doris was quicker.

"I saw some name," she cried triumphantly. "But I'm not sure whether it was the station or an advertisement. It looked like Senna."

"There's a Senna," I said, "in Persia. And a Sennar in the Soudan. It's quite a step from Lower Moldavia or Upper Wallachia to the Soudan. On the other hand, Persia is next-door to Turkestan, and it would be the work of a moment to get from Senna to Samarkand. Or, for that

matter," I added, to clear up all the details, "from Samarkand to Senna."

"Yes, it must have been Senna," I added a few minutes later. For in passing through an even more tenebrous station with an even wilder burst of speed, I gleaned enough evidence from various sources to convince me that the name of the place was Wady Halfa, which, as everybody knows, is practically no distance at all from Persia, if you go straight across Arabia's Nefud Desert and the Red Sea.

Practice was now giving me an unwonted optical agility. My eyes darted from point to point in a sort of stereoscopic frenzy, a panoramic ecstasy that enabled me to make a composite picture of a working-man's tenement (modern-style) out of a signal-box, a luggage-lift, and a couple of cast-iron urinals. By picking up letters here and there I concluded that from Wady Halfa we went, viâ Formosa and Hamadan, to Tiffis and Trebizond, clattered across a bridge over the Black Sea, took a short cut over the Steppes, and, leaving Minsk, Pinsk, and Rybinsk on our left, and Akmolinsk and (presumably) Semipalatinsk on our right, roared through Archangel and into a tunnel under the White Sea within twenty minutes of leaving the Crimea.

Emerging with scarcely-reduced speed from the less than limpid waters of the White Sea, we found that we had taken the wrong turning somewhere and arrived in Aleppo, where, by the way, the style of architecture, as far as could be judged in circumstances of such obscurity, has some affinity with that of Akmolinsk, and indeed of Semipalatinsk.

After leaving Aleppo we were always on the edge of civilization. We rattled smartly down to Yarra Yarra (Victoria), from Yarra Yarra up to Baden Baden, from Baden Baden to Wurzen Wurzen (Saxony), from there to Merthyr-Tydfil,from there to Jabesh-Gilead, from Jabesh up to Ponder's End, and from there, through increasingly remote and primitive settlements, to a station of some size whose name completely baffled me.

The train slowed down reluctantly and came to rest half in and half out of the station. Dim creatures peered at us out of the gloom. There was a low rumbling as of tom-toms. The train edged cautiously further up the platform and dark figures advanced and tore open the door of our carriage.

I stared at them apprehensively.
"What st-tation is this?" I stammered.

"Sheffield," they said. "Can't you

read?"
We were on the right train after all.



"This is a built-up area, Madam, and you've been goin' more than thirty miles an hour."

"Don't be silly. I haven't been out an hour yet."

A Plea for Plantigrades.

Down from the prehistoric age of Crete,
As Arthur Evans with his spade reveals,
Women, no matter where they plant their feet,
Have always loved to elevate their heels.

Undaunted, when they take their walks abroad,
By perilous contact with banana-peels,
They choose, by great Achilles' doom unawed,
To be most vulnerable in their heels—

Or chose, for, lending ear to reason's call—
As one of Fleet Street's bright note-taking chiels
Announces—women, whether short or tall,
Will very soon be wearing lower heels.

So, though Dictators fume and fulminate
And the New World is moidered with New Deals,
The world may grow more stable in its gait
When once our better halves grow down at heels.
C. L. G.

Geneva Feels the Need for Expansion.

"Wanted, 12 good Strong Youths, from 15 to 18 years old, good wages and peace work."—Newspaper Advs.

The Church Corpulent.

"Our own Bishop has promised to take the chair. There will be a very strong platform supporting him."—Diocesan Magazine.



"A PERFECTLY MARVELLOUS WEDDING, DARLING. I'D LIKE TO COME AGAIN SOME TIME."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Open Secrets.

While it would not be correct to say that the first volume of Mr. DUFF COOPER's biography, based on the long-awaited diaries-Haig (FABER AND FABER, 25/-)-falls a little flat, yet there is certainly less that is exciting about it than all the pother had given one to expect. Haid had more faith in Asquirm as Prime Minister than in Asquirm's successor, his opinion of the professional abilities of Lord FRENCH, as of JOFFRE or FOCH, was not particularly high, and his attitude to politicians as a class was pretty much that of most soldiers. In strict secrecy he confides to his diary opinions which as a matter of fact he was never at any particular pains to conceal. All this does not amount to much, and for the rest this volume is a straightforward account, rather simple and uncritical in style, of a selfreliant soldier and honest gentleman who, passing through Oxford before entering Sandhurst, seemed marked from the first for high command. The story of the War to the end of the Battle of the Somme adds little to earlier histories and is indeed too unbrokenly eulogistic to be attractive. The real revelations, if any, are still to come.

The Crescent and the Cross.

A competent history of all *The Crusades* (DUCKWORTH, 15/-) would not only be a contribution to the understanding of the Middle Ages but a sidelight on the whole history of human pugnacity. Most wars profess something of the

crusading spirit in their origins, though few succeed in preserving it during their conduct; and the Crusades proper, reiterated with variations over the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, are no exception to the rule. In so far as Mr. G. A. CAMPBELL has succeeded in assembling their records together, in defining their leaders and in indicating their extremely complex economic and political background he has performed a notable service. But I cannot feel that he has risen to the heroic, ironic or even the humorous aspects of one of the most dramatic stories in the world. He has made comparatively little use of direct quotation from the picturesque and vivid chronicles which French historians, with more limited space at their disposal, have exploited with such admirable effect. And the English reader who has lent a youthful ear to Scott and Hewlett, and a mature one to DE JOINVILLE and VILLEHARDOUIN, will find him, I am afraid, a little lacking in distinction.

In Sober Raiment.

From Mr. Harold Nicolson we have come to expect wit, irony and even frivolity, accompanied by a pleasantly disillusioned outlook. It is therefore something of a surprise to find that in *Dwight Morrow* (Constable, 18/-) he has produced what may be called an official biography of that American diplomat. The author does great service in calling English attention to the charming personality of his subject and to his solid if not spectacular achievements in Mexico and Paris. I found the narrative just a little tedious in the early stages, but when Presidents Coolidge and Hoover came on the scene some extremely good comedy developed and Mr. Nicolson, the shrewd and urbane commentator,

slipped into his familiar niche. Evidently his intention this time was to be sound rather than diverting. In the latter part of the book he has contrived to be both.

Sport in Strawberry-Leaves.

These Memories of Racing
And Hunting come from FABER;
The Duke of PORTLAND, tracing
Things back (a lordly labour),
Has made of life's adventure (he
Has lived for silk and scarlet)
This book—a long half-century
By star and equine star lit.

"St. Simon" and "Isonomy,"
Tom Firr, Fred Archer—such ones
(That I must use economy
In names is very much one's
Misfortune) are but some of them
Who ducally are dwelt on,
Who made the world to hum of them
At Newmarket and Melton.

Fine portraits, men's and horses',
Here gladden the beholder,
And narrative of course is
Here too, both new and older.
Now, ask me to suggest a ne
Plus ultra of Luck's mintage;
"A Duke's," say I, "for destiny,
Of mid-Victorian vintage."

Ripe Retrospect.

Within recent years we have been inflicted with a plethora of stories of scholastic and collegiate life written by young men who, having barely ceased (if even that) to be schoolboys or undergraduates, have of necessity displayed the crudity of their years. Would that these precipitate if occasionally promising authors had been possessed of the patience of Mr. E. H. LACON WATSON, who has waited half-a-century or thereabouts before crystallising his experiences of Winchester and Cambridge into the form and economy of the novel. For after reading In the Days of His Youth (MELROSE, 7/6) and contrasting it with those other books so similar in theme and so different in temper

one is inclined to the assertion (no doubt as a generalisation too sweeping) that in literature "ripeness is all." Here, at any rate, is an arrangement of memories in clear perspective and under a mellow light, free alike from factitious bitterness and sentimental illusion. To Wykehamists of Mr. WATSON'S own generation it will, one supposes, recall many a familiar figure—and surely even by the unelect one of the most distinguished poets of the nineties will be recognisable -but the appeal of an honest and vivid, if never sensational, story will not be limited to the members of a school. Monty Mills, with whose fortunes we are mainly concerned, is, in his physical limitations, which do not preclude him from gaining a football cap and captaining his college boat, and in his intellectual aptitudes, which bring him scholarships, not too refulgent prizes and a prospect of success in literature, a youth appealingly human.



Postman. "I SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS?"

Philatelist. "MY W-W-WIFE PUT AN 1812 BARBADOS STAMP ON A POSTCARD!"

Bright Blades Drawn.

Maintaining that for one grievance an Irishman has twenty jests, Lord Dunsany has chosen jests rather than grievances for the material of his latest fantasy. John Bull's withdrawal having regrettably despoiled his other island of the finest of his excuses for a shindy, the youth of Cranogue exercise their wits not unfruitfully on the invention of others. Fortune favours them. A delegation of African scientists desecrate the bones of the (prehistoric) dead in a neighbouring marsh; Cranogue resounds with curses and counter-curses; and before you know where you are, two armies of gallant lads are Up in the Hills (Heinemann, 7/6) with bivouacs, forays for the requisitioning of provisions, and "poor parleys" whose ingenious procrastinations would give points to Baron Aloisi. With an exquisite impartiality towards all shades of opinion and every possible

régime, the storyteller conducts his hero, General Mickey Connor, through a series of hair-raising adventures to a peaceful haven in the English army. His narrative has delicious moments—the attempted assassination of the Old Lord; Mickey's discovery of the sleeping sentry; Mickey's own escape disguised as Farmer O'Dwyer's bolster—and the affectionate irony of its manner is a delight from first to last.

A Dangerous Example.

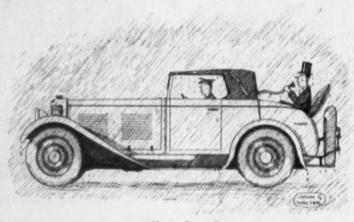
M. Sacha Guttry, of whom one so naturally thinks as fortune's favourite, barely touches on his triumphs as playwright and player in If I Remember Right (METHUEN, 12/6); indeed, he seems more concerned, perhaps as a prudent sacrifice to jealous gods, to underline the period of protracted failure that followed his precocious first successes. These had been preceded by a series of academic misadventures at no fewer than twelve schools, of which a most entertaining and mischievous if scarce credible account is given. Le Clef, commissioned by Réjane in 1905, when he was twenty, on the strength of his Nono, met with the hisses and concerted stampings of a pitiless Parisian audience—a punishment he still thinks too severe to fit the crime of writing

a poor play. Twelve pieces followed rapidly, all produced and all failures. The tide then turned and is still at the flood. M. GUITRY is interested in much besides the stage and it is rare to find a theatrical autobiography so little taken up with trivial professional chatter. The playwright's skill gives life to the reported conversations of such men as MONEY, MIRBEAU, CLEMENCKAU, REN-ARD—and the trained eye readily detects a situation. He has attractively entitled War Paint (FABER AND FABER, 7/6). It tells how two young Americans, captain and "supercargo" of the Active, came to England at the beginning of last century, met Mr. Courrs the banker, and helped to rescue Lord Lavenham from the after-effects of a duel, then took him on board and sailed, via Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands, for the north-west coast of North America to trade for furs. Misfortune dogs them, but checkered with so much good luck by the way that we follow them from adventure to adventure with breathless and never despairing interest; and if Mr. MORLEY does go all RIDER HAGGARD for a few pages towards the end of the book the circumstance is scarcely to be deplored, since it enables him to save his hero from a singularly sticky deathat the end of a very singular stick-and his Indian maiden from her very unpleasant tribe. War Paint is a topping book-that is the only word for it-and it is embellished with "notes" and a "map.'

Days of Fear.

The publishers (Constable) give notice that Who Goes Home? (7/6) contains "a drama of ceric suspense and

> mystery," and they are in no danger of being contradicted; for if Mr. RICHARD CURLE'S story is not actually terrifying it is certainly creepy and very queer. We have, I think, to take Gore Mounsel's captivating charm too much for granted, Mr. CURLE being economical in explaining it, but of the evil side of his character no shadow of doubt exists. With remarkable cleverness this remorseless villain is put under observation and ex-



"HOME, JAMES."

found in M. GALANTIÈRE a witty and competent translator.

Small and Good.

Mr. David Garnett's short and simple story, Beany-Eye (Chatto and Windus, 5/-), interested, excited, moved and amused one reader at least far more than its length seemed to promise or a subsequent analysis of its contents could explain. It is the tale of a labourer, driven by stupid treatment to the edge of madness, who is patiently and kindly taken in hand by the narrator's father until he is able, after several disconcerting setbacks, to make something of his life. The story is told with humour and simplicity; the writing throughout has an indefinable richness that will hold the attention of the most hardened novel-reader, however dulled his critical sense. For the benefit of those who believe that size has much to do with merit I emphasise the fact that, short though it is, this is an admirable and satisfying book.

For "The Schoolboy."

For that vast reading public composed of men, women and children and generally referred to by publishers and reviewers as "the schoolboy," there is a very good time coming if they can seize upon a copy of Mr. F. V. MORLEY's new book intended for them and rather loosely though

posed. Mr. Curle set out to study a man who is essentially evil, and he has accomplished the task with complete success; and moralists will be glad to know that Mounsel's efforts to wreck the happiness of others ends in the utter wreck of himself.

His Lordship's Manœuvres.

Until I had read The Chronicles of Slyme Court (Geoffrey Bles, 7/6) I thought Mr. H. M. Raleigh too determined a humorist. But in these thirteen episodes from the life of Lord Grebe (as delightfully irresponsible a nobleman as has ever been imagined) he has shown a lightness of touch that compels a change of opinion. Some people may conceivably be bored by the antics and eccentricities of the peer, but those of us who have not forgotten how to laugh at absurdities will find a lot of entertainment in his adventures. Perhaps he is to be found at his funniest in "The Grebe Scarecrow Trophy," "The Air-Mindedness of Lord Grebe" and "Bears Don't Bite," though "The Man-Eating Orchid" and "A Conservative Victory" are, for those in the mood, almost equally amusing. Batt's illustrations are entirely in tune with the text.

"The Navy's 34-IN. Chese!"—News Headline. Not much room for fifteen men on that.

Charivaria.

MESSAGES from England do not reach Signor MUSSOLINI, it seems. We are therefore not sending him our love.

The application of several London

restaurateurs for British nationality is believed to have prepared Italy for the secession of Soho from the Italian Raj.

"Where, nowadays, is the superior being who regards his fellow-men as somewhat beneath his dignity?" asks a writer. Selling cars at the Motor Show.

Riots have broken out during the municipal elections in the town of Tlacochahuahua. It is believed the trouble originated with a local patriot shouting "Tlacochahuahua for the Tlacochahuahuakians!"

A South American millionaire is bringing his wife to look round the London shops. Apparently he has grown tired of being a millionaire.

One of the objects of the Poet Laureate League, which has been formed in America, is to secure justice for poets. We can only hope that it will be tempered with mercy.

"While passing through Threadneedle Street the other day I heard a strange clicking noise that I could not

account for," says a gossip-writer. Perhaps it was the Old Lady knitting.

The B.B.C. are thinking of adopting a coat-of-arms, we read. How about Dieu et mon Droitwich?

Because he cannot afford to pay his rent a Devonshire man is living at the bottom of an old quarry which is in the

grounds of his house. But he hopes that his landlord will drop in to see him one day.

"Tar Poured into Pillar-Box," reads a headline. Another case of blackmail.

Veteran Rugby footballers have been



"AND HOW ABOUT ONE FOR LITTLE MRS. WHAT'S HER-NAME?"

recalling the days when hacking was body else's umbrella he has sloped with. allowed. The only game in which it is now practised seems to be bridge.

"How is one to account for the continued boom in new houses?" asks a writer. We always put it down to the wireless-set.

Prizes have been awarded for identifying film-stars from photographs of

their eyes. Even more difficulty, we suggest, is presented by photographs of their teeth.

One of the new belts for women has a poem in silver letters running all round it. A rondeau, of course.

Somebody has discovered that it is possible to travel by Tube with practically no human contacts. But not

in the rush-hours.

The trouble with many of the world's heavyweights appears to be that they have only got featherweight minds.

A gossip-writer mentions a music-hall artist who has the worst voice on the stage. We understand he has been engaged as lead in the pantomime entitled Singbad the Sailor.

"The English magistrate tempers a rigid spirit with a flash of wit," says a writer. Often, however, though the spirit is willing, the flash is weak.

The manufacture of wool from milk in Italy as a means of circumventing sanctions will no doubt be assisted by a "Wear More Milk" campaign.

A gossip-writer protests against the man who carries his umbrella at the slope. Particularly if it happens to be some-

Much has been made of the feat of climbing every peak in Lakeland in a single day. This exercise should now be well within the powers of postmen who deliver letters in London's latest flats.

The EX-KAISER is an early riser. Up, in fact, at Doorn.

Trial by Water.

THE superiority of the householder over the flat-dweller (which every householder admits) seems to me to become more and more marked with every new block of Commodious Modern Flats. Of the stern realities of life the flat-dweller knows nothing and cares less. To such matters as External Repairs, Choked Gutters and Bursting Boilers—all those problems and difficulties which ennoble and purify your true householder-he is a total stranger. Probably he has never even seen a boiler. It is an odd and rather terrible thought that a generation of flat-dwellers is growing up in our midst for whom the very word "cistern" will soon have no meaning or association.

I am inspired to these reflections by the great Battle of the Pipes which during the course of the last few weeks has called forth from everyone in this house those qualities of courage, resource and patience in the face of adversity that are the birthright (as I have been trying to indicate) of every householder. It began rather less than a month ago with a curious noise from the upper regions of the house -a kind of low drone or buzz which occurred whenever water was drawn off for household purposes. It is difficult to describe the sound exactly, but if you imagine a continuous prolonged "oom" with a sort of "brr" in it you will have got (roughly) the idea.

At first we took little notice of this phenomenon. "It's something they're doing up at the Works," we told each other, and continued to draw water with a fine abandon. We even made jokes about the thing. "Dinna ye hear the pipes?" we would say whimsically at breakfast. But in the end it got irksome. The people murmured against it,

and I decided to ring up some plumbers. "Hallo," I said. "Is that the plumbers?"

"This is Willis and Arkwright, Sanitary Engineers, speaking," said a voice. "Can we do anything for you?" "Oh, I beg your pardon," I said; "I'm afraid I've got the

wrong number. I wanted to speak to some plumbers.' "We do do plumbing, of course," replied the voice, rather

"Then I wonder if you'd mind doing some for me?" I pleaded. "Only a small job and quite sanitary;" and I described as accurately as I could the drone or buzz in our

The Voice said that it would Send Someone Round.

Next day a man called while I was out and asked if this was the house where the boiler was leaking. Emily, who had been left in charge, very properly denied the implication and the man left. Nothing further happened during the next two days, and I therefore rang up Messrs. Willis and Arkwright, telling them, in order to avoid further confusion, that our trouble was not a leakage in the boiler but a wearisome sort of noise in the water-pipes. It was, I explained, a kind of buzz or drone.

When two men arrived with a rather thin story about washer on the kitchen-tap I was ready for them.

"I'd just like to have your opinion on my cistern," I said, leading the way upstairs. "It's considered a rather good example of late Georgian work. The ballcock is particularly fine." And in this way, though they grumbled a good deal at the climb, I got them both up into the loft. Then I leant down through the trap-door and gave a few crisp orders: "Agatha and John, to the bathroom! Emily, at the aink! Herbert, into the downstairs cubby-hole! Doris, to the wash-house!"
"Ay, ay, Sir!" they cried.

"All hands to the taps. TURN!"

It was a thrilling moment. At first no sound save the commodious flat.

rush of mighty waters was to be heard in our eyrie. Then, as the taps were turned off and the flow into the cistern began to lessen, a kind of shudder as of an awakening giant seemed to pass through the complicated mechanism before us-a shudder that, starting from the quivering ballcock. spread outwards from the cistern into every vein and artery of that squid-like structure, until as far as the eye could reach the pipes were shaking and dancing with preposterous life. And all about us the air was thick with the low sweet humming of a myriad bees.

The two men from Willis and Arkwright were not impressed.

Bit of vibration," observed Willis.

"Soon put that right," said Arkwright.

"Oom-brr-oom-brr-ooom-brr," went the pipes.

I left them to it.

It was not until I had seen them off the premises, with mutual expressions of regard, some half-an-hour later, that I thought of removing some of the loft-dust from my hands and thus discovered the new and altogether more impressive noise which they had succeeded in substituting for the old familiar hum. Beginning with the full deep note of Whipsnade at feeding-time and attaining in its concluding stages to something of the grandeur of BEETHOVEN, it yet contrived to suggest more than anything else the start of the Senior T.T. The performance lasted for eleven minutes by my watch, and when it was over I went straight to my study and wrote out two communications.

The first was to Messrs. Willis and Arkwright and cannot, owing to the squeamishness of the general public, be reproduced here. The second, which I pinned up in the hall,

read as follows:-

WATER PIPE NUISANCE. Special Emergency Regulations.

TAKE NOTICE that in view of the intolerable noises at present associated with the drawing of water in the premises situate and being No. 19 Belmont Avenue (hereinafter referred to as The House) it has been decided to effect strict control of all water supplies in and pertaining to The House for the duration of the said Nuisance. THEREFORE these following regulations are hereby enforced viz. and to wit:

(1) No water to be drawn off at any time of the day or night save between the hours 7.30-8.30 A.M. and 6.15-

(2) All washing, gargling, tooth-cleaning, etc., to be completed during the first of these periods, and a supply of water sufficient for culinary, domestic, thirst-slaking and other purposes throughout the day to be drawn off into buckets, pails, saucepans, jars, hip-baths and other

N.B.—Emily to keep back a kettle for the personal use of the Undersigned [Shaving].

(3) All baths to be taken during the second (evening) period and to look slippy about it.

(4) Agatha and John to be excused until further notice from brushing their teeth at bedtime.

(5) Anyone drawing water during the night to be summarily thrown into the cistern.

These regulations are still in force. Willis has been three times to listen to the noise and Arkwright twice, while on one great day they came together to instal a new (and very inferior) ballcock. But so far, apart from slightly tuning-up the motor-cycle engines, they have met with no success. They hope, they tell me, to call again on Friday.

In the meantime we are on the look-out for a nice H. F. E.



THE WORCESTERSHIRE CAT.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS (to dissolving PRIME MINISTER). "I WISH YOU WOULDN'T KEEP APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING LIKE THAT. IT MAKES ME SO GIDDY."



"I MEBELY DEMONSTRATE THE MODELS, MADAM. MY PARTNER IS IN CHARGE OF THE SALES DEPARTMENT."

The War with Abyssinia.

Nor much more than a week after it began, the news penetrated to Lesser Bumbleby-on-the-Wold that "what ver might call a war, like" was in progress between Italy and Abyssinia. A meeting was arranged to discuss it, and the schoolmaster from Barstowe gave the opening address

His thesis seemed to be that Italy could not possibly hold on, or out, after next July, for economic reasons, so that the war must be over by then, with Abyssinia either (a) conquered or (b) unconquered. In either case, he considered, the "problem" solved itself, and Signor MUSSOLINI was left holding the bag.

This speech was not of course regarded as a coherent argument, but as a series of unconnected statements which might or might not be refutable to the glory of the refuter ("I told 'im off proper, I did") and the shame and undoing of the speaker. So each member of the audience listened with an expression of cunning intensity until he came across a sentence he felt he could safely contradict, and then waited patiently for the end of the address, mumbling this sentence over and over again for fear he should forget it.

Before these criticisms could be unleashed, however, the speaker asked the Vicar to say "a few words." The Vicar woke up with a start and patiently summarised the references to Abyssinia in the Bible, from the time when Moses married a Cushite woman to the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch by PHILIP. Long before he had finished the carefully-rehearsed criticisms were forgotten and a complete deadlock was reached.

"We were discussing the war with Abyssinia," remarked the speaker apologetically.

"Oh, yes," said the Vicar, getting up again. "I remember it very well. It was in 1869."

"I don't remember it," grunted old

'Well, I do."

"Well, I said I don't."

"What happened," continued the Vicar, "was that a party of Englishmen went to look round Abyssinia and were received by the Emperor THEODORE-

But I remember a chap as fought in it," went on old Raven.

"—and then he sent a party of Abyssinians to look round England."

Abyssinia Tom, we allus called him." "They expected to be received by QUEEN VICTORIA-

"Welsh was 'is real name, though-Tom Welsh.'

-but she wouldn't see them."

"I remember Abyssinia Tom," remarked old Plumtree, "but I nivver knawed 'is real name.'

"Welsh, it was," said old Raven-"Tom Welsh. But we allus called 'im Abyssinia Tom.

"It soon transpired," continued the Vicar, transpiring a good deal himself, 'that they had instructions to deliver a proposal of marriage from Theodore, who was a widower-

'E 'as a niece lives up Barstowe Road to this day," put in old Hildreth. Annie Welsh that was.

Missis Winship she is now," agreed old Raven. "Niece o' Tom Welsh. But we allus called 'im Abyssinia Tom."

-to QUEEN VICTORIA, who was a widow. The QUEEN was highly offended at THEODORE's offer of marriage, and an expedition was sent under Lord NAPIER to avenge the insult.'

Old Raven suddenly became in-"Oo wanted to marry terested. QUEEN VICTORIA?" he asked.

The Emperor THEODORE. "'E wanted to?" repeated old Raven incredulously.

"Apparently."
"E must 'a' bin barmy."

"Be that as it may," continued the

Vicar stiffly, "the expedition took the then capital, Magdala, and Lord NAPIER was then known as Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA. That's all anyone ever got out of it."

Old Jarge the sexton rose ponderously to his feet. "'E can't do it," he

wheezed solemnly.

"Oo can't?" asked old Hildreth.
"Mussolini can't."

"Can't what?"
"E can't marry QUEEN VICTORIA.
She's dead."

"So is QUEEN ANNE," snapped the speaker viciously, and the Chairman hastily declared the meeting closed.

Who's Who.

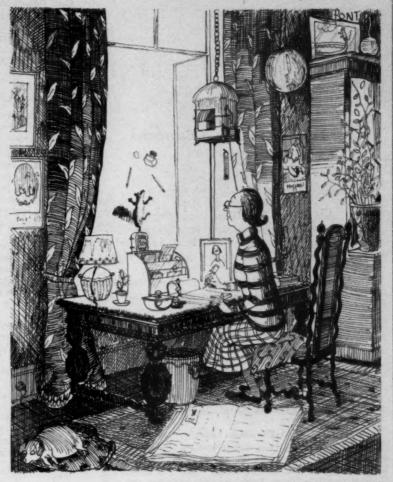
EVERYONE will sympathise with me when I tell them that it is my yearly task to collect a team of Old Boys to play rugger against my old school. To do this is more than a Herculean labour; indeed it resembles rather one of those little jobs which mythology tells us are allotted to the wicked in Hades. I remember there were three young ladies condemned everlastingly to collect water in a sieve. That is mere child's-play compared with collecting people to play a rough game against young men going all out to get their colours.

This year for some reason it was particularly hard to find players. Finally, to complete the side I persuaded a man named Penn to play who was not an Old Boy at all. Little did I realise that his presence in the side was to cause a very serious rift among the school staff.

For there are two masters between whom a bitter rivalry has existed ever since they joined the staff in 1889 and 1890 respectively. Their names are Hatch and Latham; and naturally from their personal rivalry have sprung two factions—Hatchites and Lathamites. The supporters of Hatch, who came in 1889, are the upholders of tradition and conservatism and look down upon the more Left-wing Lathamites, whose leader was unknown as late as the spring of 1890.

Both masters are immensely proud of their long records of service, and both claim never to forget any boy who has been at the school in their time. Naturally the annual match against the Old Boys provides a splendid opportunity for them to recall the names and deeds of the various members of the visiting side.

As the teams took the field this year I noticed each old master in his usual seat; but for some reason each looked very puzzled. And then I realised



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

LOVE OF WRITING LETTERS TO The Times.

what was worrying them: they could not establish Penn's identity because, though it did not occur to either of them, he was not an Old Boy. Presently Latham decided to bluff, and moved over to where Hatch was sitting.

"I see that fellow they used to call Tubby is playing in the Old Boys' second row," he said airily, indicating Penn.

"I think you are mistaken, my dear Latham," replied Hatch with a note of rather doubtful triumph in his voice. "The man in question was not known as Tubby at all but as Skinny."

"Oh, but I couldn't make a mistake of that kind. Why, I coached Tubby in all his seven attempts to obtain his school certificate."

"And I gave Skinny private tuition for his Balliol scholarship exam., in which you may remember he was successful." Thus did the rift begin and thus did it continue for days in the masters' common-room, while the supporters of each came to his aid. Hatchites who had not even seen the game swore that it was Skinny, adding that it was just like that ass Latham to think it was Tubby; while young Lathamites who had never before heard of Skinny or Tubby assured each other that it was unmistakably the latter and that it was high time Hatch retired.

Daily the strife waxed more bitter, until the headmaster decided he must put an end to it as it was endangering the corporate life of the school. Accordingly he wrote to me, explaining the situation and asking whether the dark man who had played in the second row had been known when at school as Skinny or Tubby.

Because I prefer Hatch to Latham I replied that it was Skinny.



The Lament of a Dieted Gourmand.

(After George Wither.)

FAREWELL,
Roast Duck, to you!
Your most attractive smell,
And all your fresh Green Peas, adieu!
You seasoned Soups and like stomachic cheer.
My favourite dishes all; and you, my lunch-time Beer!
Farewell, my pipe, and those two-bob cigars whose curling smoke

Was irretrievably forbidden when the doctor spoke.
You Currant Tarts (whose softly-melting husks
Will soon, no doubt, succeeded be by rusks),
Grouse, Hare and succulent Roast Pork
Which once, I know too well,
Clung to my fork,
Farewell!

How to Do and Say in England.

Apt Behaviourism for Nordic Students.

V .- The Chase. Joiks.

Now it may be that you will go in for hiring a nag and galloping about after foxen and other vermin in the company of folk with a like intention. But this should not be indulged in without being familiar with the rules of behaviourism, which are strict among such.

Dress. Breeches (a trowser which dwindles below the knees) and a hunting-jacket of red stoff. You must be booted.

Noise. It is unnecessary to take a trumpet of your own, but it is essential that you should imitate the cries of your fellow aggressors. But do not startle the horse-flesch, lest you get run away with and made aschamed.

Conduct. You are certain to be looked at askance if you attempt to outstrip the hunting-dogs, however great your zeal. Allow them to lead the way, for they must go first in order to sniff out the route of the quarry. At the same time do not lag behind, for you will be thought too timid to progress with the others, and if you disparage the agility of your nag it may not be believed you. Also, do not relinquisch your steed for the purpose of opening gates and walking through, but allow him to lift you over the top.

If you should come tumble-down, do not be grumpi, but resume and join in the fun with as much zest as beforehand. You will then be thought up to as ever such a good fellow, which is the whole scheme, you see.

Useful remarques.

What a jolly run for our money!

How I don't like foxen!
Over we go, boys!
Joiks!
(Huött ä dscholli rön forr aur mönni!
Hau ei dohnt leik föchsen!
Ohwerr ui go, beuss!
Jeuks!)

Nordic.

[The swastika has been affixed in the Berlin Zoo to the cages of all animals which are native to Germany.

An account recently appeared of an immense gorilla that has been nurtured there.]

THERE are feathered things and furred, Some impressive, some absurd,
Which the Berliners have gathered in their Zoo;
One may say that every clime
Has contributed, and I'm
A gorilla, and a whacking big one, too.

I have sojourned here and grown
Till I'm nearly forty stone,
A development that isn't often met;
In captivity at least
There was never such a beast,
And I gather that I haven't finished yet.

So, although it's I that speak,
I may claim to be unique,
And my neighbours, if you asked them, would
admit,
Though the mob might give a shrug
When they contemplate my mug.

Thus it was until to-day
When, to my intense dismay,
Came the keepers with a decorative sign
Of some high especial grace
Which they stuck about the place
On the cages, but they didn't stick on mine.

I, dispassionately looked upon, am It.

The omission, the rebuff,
In itself was bad enough,
But it teaches those attracted to the spot
That the candidate within
Is of German origin
And alone to be regarded, lieber Gott.

And the humblest kind of den
Has been gazed upon since then
With a reverential open-mouthed respect,
While for me—alas, the knock—
Who am not of Nordic stock
There is nothing but contumely and neglect.

But when HITLER comes and smiles
At the yellings and the Heils
I shall turn a fleasome back, morose and mute;
I shall not stretch forth an arm
(In itself my greatest charm),
Though he'd like it, in a seven-foot salute.

DUM-DUM.

The Snag.

"Mr. Edgar Hodges said he had observed no signs of oppression or distress in Germany as he passed through. In every hotel and shop, however, there was a picture of Hitler."—West-Country Paper.



MR. PUNCH AGREES WITH ALL MR. HORE-BELISHA SAYS ABOUT DANGEROUS DRIVING—AND MORE.

At the Pictures.

CAGNEY-GARBO-MCLAGLEN.

WHEN I first heard that in the REIN-HABDT production of A Midsummer Night's Dream the very English and stolid part of Bottom the Weaver was to be given to that volatile and ex-



A POOR ATHENIAN WORKMAN.
Flute (as Thisbe) . . . Joe E. Brown.

plosive little American modern, James CAGNEY, I was bewildered. But I now see how short-sighted I was, for he is irresistible and has for ever killed the convention that this poor workman of Athens (of which, by the way, Max REINHARDT knows nothing or cares nothing) should be big and lymphatic. The new Hollywood Bottom is small and lively and quick; but it is when he wears the ass's head and when he has lost the ass's head that he is at his best; and the magic of the film here comes to his aid-and to strengthen, for us, the delusion-by imposing upon his own merry features an ass's head of convincing reality. Merely to see CAGNEY a visit to the Adelphi Theatre is necessary, but, as it was not built for the pictures, you must sit in the middle

The fairy play that SHAKESPEARE invented has never before had such emphasis laid upon its elvishness. The scenes in the earlier part, where REIN-HARDT seems to have been looking at enchanted people come to life, are exquisite; and where (out of Athens) it could all have been done, is our wonder: not only these glimpses of gossamer folk gliding and flying and dancing, but the deer and other wild animals. A true land of faery. And then when Oberon's black robe flows and merges into the shades of dusk

and the world of mortals reasserts itself, we marvel again. A superb achievement.

"Mortals," did I say? It is they, I fear, who are the blot, for-at any rate of Lysander and Demetrius, of Helena and Hermia-there is at least a quarterof-an-hour too long, especially as we are accustomed to shorter films and the News and the Mouse and would dearly like to see Bottom again as Pyramus. But those fates, the WARNER BROTHERS, are inexorable, and Demetrius and Lysander, Hermia and Helena will not spare us one insult, one misunderstanding. Theseus and Hippolyta magnanimously cut it short, and Oberon and Titania (a very pretty queen) are brief too; but those others are merciless

I have mentioned the most satisfactory performance as that of James Cagney, whose Thisbe (Joe E. Brown) did his, or her, clownish best on the other side of a grossly overacting Wall. But I must not omit the excellence of a small child named Billy Barry as Mustardseed, with whom we all want to become better acquainted. The Puck of Master Micky Rooney I thought out of the picture; but he worked like a hero.

It is late in the day to complain again of the film producer's habit of taking a story of three hundred thousand words and, neglecting almost everything but the plot, serving it up



THRILLS IN FRILLS.

Anna Karenina . . . Greta Garbo.

in an hour-and-a-half. This pemmicanising is peculiarly unfair to a psychological novelist such as Tolstoi, whose Anna Karenina, a work the unfolding of which is worth the closest study, has been rapidly canned for Greta Garbo. As Anna, the mysterious Swede proves that she can act and tear our

heart-strings; but there was no need to drag in Tolstol. Annas to love and suffer and Vronskys to love and abandon are sufficiently numerous all about us to make it unnecessary to mutilate masterpieces. Greta Garbo, however, is called after Tolstor's heroine, and there it is. A fine sensitive performance, but of course in so short



A DUBLIN "KING."

Gypo Nolan . . . VICTOR McLAGLEN.

a space of time lacking the stages by which Vronsky (Fredric March, who acts better every day) passed from passion to disregard. As Karenin I thought Basil Rathbone both sinister and right, and Freddie Bartholomew, who not so long ago was the child David Copperfield, made the little Sergei possible.

The best film, however, that I have lately seen is neither A Midsummer Night's Dream nor Anna Karenina, but The Informer, in which VICTOR McLagien, with a soft compelling brogue, gives a memorable representa-tion of Gypo Nolan, an empty-headed Irishman of enormous strength who, in Dublin in the civil war of 1920, sacrificed a friend for the sake of the twenty pounds reward. You may have read the story, by LIAM O'FLAHERTY. If not you may read it here: in HAZ-LITT'S phrase, "by lightning." It is a terrible story and probably true; at any rate McLaglen by his skill makes it seem true, aided as he is by WALLACE FORD as Frankie McPhillip and PRESTON FOSTER as Gallagher and MARGOT GRAHAME as Katie, and others whom I cannot name. But I doubt if it was wise to make Nolan reach the church. Apart from the fact that those last pistol-shots would have killed him, the sentimental end is excessive.

E. V. L.

"Sanctions."

ALL the girls are saying sadly, "But what are sanctions?" It is one of the innumerable oddities of this squalid and boring affair that England—indeed, the world—should be united by a word which nobody understands. It is one of the sad things that it should be a word without inspiration or charm. And another sad thing is that there is no rhyme to it. What are the pantomime writers to do with it? If, for example, it had been "sunctions" all would be easy, as in the fragment below:—

When the League, with moral unction, Said, "It's up to us to function,"
And without the least compunction Stopped a train at Clapham Junction,
All the world cried, "That's a sunction,
A sunction,
A sunction,
That's undoubtedly a sunction /"

Indeed, I think that for stage purposes the word will have to be "sunction."

To those of us, Little Girl, who had to study jurisprudence in our youth 'sanction'' (what a word!) did not come as a surprise or novelty. Someone has remarked that the word is not found anywhere in the Covenant of the League. But there is nothing remarkable in that. It is not found anywhere, so far as I know, on the Statute Book of Britain. Yet every statute bristles with sanctions. So, indeed, does everyday life. When Nanny says, "If you pull that cat's tail I'll tell your mother," Nanny is imposing one of the sanctions of-or, in plain English, enforcing—the domestic law against the rearward agitation of cats' tails.

JEREMY BENTHAM says: "The pain or pleasure which is attached to a law form [sic] what is called its sanctions. The laws of one state are not laws in another because they have no sanction there, no obligatory force. . . The pleasures or pains which may be expected from the magistrate, in virtue of the laws, compose the political (or legal) sanction."

BENTHAM and the man Austin, according to Sir Henry Maine (whom no doubt you have read, Little Girl), "resolve every law into a command of the lawgiver, an obligation imposed thereby on the citizen, and a sanction threatened in the event of disobedience..."

But the best exposition that I have found is in Mr. Salmond's Jurisprudence, which is, I presume, by your bedside, Little Girl. He says (the italics, as they say, are mine):—

"The instrument of coercion employed



"ARE YOU INTERESTED AT ALL IN REMAINDERS, SIR?"
"RATHER. I WRITE 'EM."

by any regulative system is called a sanction, and any rule of right supported by such means is said to be sanctioned. Thus, physical force, in the various methods of its application, is the sanction applied by the State in the administration of justice. Censure, ridicule, contempt are the sanctions by which society (as opposed to the state) enforces the rules of morality. War is the last and most formidable of the sanctions which in the society of nations maintain the law of nations.*

Threatenings of evils to flow here or hereafter from divine anger are the

.* This book was published in 1907.

sanctions of religion, so far as religion assumes the form of a regulative or coercive system."

So now, Little Girl, you know.

And there is an interesting footnote showing that the bird, when it reaches Rome, will have come home to roost.

"The term 'sanction' is derived from Roman law. The sanctio was originally that part of a statute which established a penalty or made other provision in respect of the disregard of its injunctions. By an easy transition it has come to mean the penalty itself."

The word, then, is correct, though





"I'M SORRY, MA'AM, THIS IS ONE OF THEM OCCASIONS WHEN WE 'AVE TO USE OUR OWN DISCRETION."

lacking in charm. I have heard many wise citizens trying to think of a better (for your sake, Little Girl), but this is not easily done.

"Penalties" will not do, as you will have gathered from JEREMY's talk about "pleasures"; and Mr. Salmond says: "A sanction is not necessarily a punishment or penalty. . . . We enforce the rule of right, not only by imprisoning the thief but by depriving him of his plunder and restoring it to its rightful owner; and each of these applications of the physical force of the state is equally a sanction."

An action for debt, I suppose, or an injunction is a sanction—an instrument of coercion—though, if the Court is obeyed, no penalty is imposed. It is a sanction (I think) to bind a man over to keep the peace or send a boy to a nice reformatory school. It would be a sanction in this black business to send large quantities of money or medical stores to Abyssinia, though we did nothing else.

"Reprisals," I see, was suggested by a distinguished author. But reprisals are not an exercise of *legal* coercion; indeed they belong to the lawless conditions which the League is endeavouring to expel.

The man LOCKE speaks of "the Rewards and Punishments . . . established as the *Enforcements* of his law."

"Enforcement" tells the whole story, and, for the great lay world, I believe that would have been the best choice. My dictionary, under sense 3, says "concretely, a means of enforcing, a sanction, 1597."

A good case could be made for "remedy," which should be close enough for the lawyer and clear enough for the layman. The aforesaid Bentham says:—

"Having considered offences as diseases of the body politic, we are led by analogy to regard as remedies the means of prevention or redress."

And he divides Remedies into "Preventive," "Suppressive," "Satisfactory (reparations or indemnities)" and "Penal (punishments)."

The legal term "remedy" to-day refers, as a rule, to the recovery of a private right or the redress of a private wrong. (The Little Girl's action for breach of promise of marriage is her "remedy.") But whether we regard the League as protecting the private right of Abyssinia or correcting a public wrong, "remedy," I think, would be technically correct; and by most laymen, in this affair, the words "disease" and "remedy" would be considered delightfully apt.

The statesmen could say, "We have agreed to use the legal remedies for an

international wrong," and the posters could say—

REMEDIES
FOR
MUSSOLINI.

But the discussion, I fear, is vain, for "sanctions" had a flying start and will never be caught. I shall watch its development with a morbid interest. What, for example, will be the adjective? One of the jurists I have named uses "sanctional." The S.O.E.D. has:—

"Sanctionary, relating to sanctions, sense I (sense I being 'A law or decree, especially an ecclesiastical decree'), and Sanctionative (Law), pertaining to sanctions."

I do not like "sanctionative"—do you, Little Girl? Correct or not, I vote for "sanctionary," for in the coming years we may have to speak of the sanctionary ships (or troops), and then the "sanctionaries" will be in line with the "legionaries" and "mercenaries." "Dawn was breaking as the sanctionaries resumed their march." "On the horizon was seen the low black hull of a sanctionary destroyer." A sanctionative destroyer would be impossibly dull; and no one could write a Marching Song of the Sanctionals. (Has Geneva, by the way,

considered the question of a Song for the Sanctionaries?)

As the march of Peace gathers speed it may be that certain nations who have been "operating sanctions" will decide to desist from operating sanctions. While there is still time I want to put in a strong plea against "desanctioning"; and I shall cease to buy any paper that announces—

ECUADOR
DESANCTIONS
COAL.

In humble places, too, odd things will probably be done with "sanction." I expect to hear the mother cry, "Jackie, leave that cat alone or I'll catch you such a sanction." Defeated puglists, I dare say, will soon be murmuring, "I got no alibi. That guy sure has a powerful sanction." And I offer a special prize for the first paper to produce the following—in headline or bill—

TORY BID
TO
SABOTAGE
SANCTIONS.

It is a pity, I repeat, that when Authority seeks to unite the People with a word they should choose such a pedagogie, puling, mystifying word; but there it is—Authority is like that.

A. P. H.

The Lover and the Poet.

I have discovered a romance hidden in my second-hand copy of Tennyson's poems. I noticed that certain passages were marked, but assumed they were the usual "quotations-to-be-learned" of some student. One of them seemed such a foolish choice that I looked at the others and discovered the record of a love-affair.

Here is the lover's impression of his beloved:—

"Kate hath a spirit ever strung Like a new bow, and bright and sharp As edges of the scymitar."

The poems about dark women are marked; he knew her

". . . by her angry air, Her bright black eyes, Her bright black hair,"

and apparently he experienced her sharpness, for in despair he marks:—

"For, oh—the slight coquette, she cannot

And if you kissed her feet a thousand times

She still would take the praise and care no more."



"YES, HE IS HEAVY, BUT I SAY LET 'IM REST WHILE HE CAN, 'COS HE 'S GOING TO BE A POSTMAN, LIKE 'IS DADDY."

A rival appears, the lover is jealous, and the vindictive passages in *Locksley Hall* and the *Princess* are heavily underlined:—

"Is it well to wish thee happy?— Having known me—to decline On a range of lower feelings and a Narrower heart than mine?"

and with pathetic self-pity he notes-

"She can be sweet to those she loves."

However, all came right in the end. He proposed, perhaps by lending her his book, who knows?

"Then, in that time and place I spoke to her, Requiring, though I knew it was mine own, Yet, for the pleasure that I took to hear, Requiring at her hand the g eatest gift, A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved."

Her acceptance filled him with high ideals; henceforth—

"The woman's cause is man's."

Finally—proof that our surmises are correct—we find not only a mark but a date and three exclamation-marks against this extract, thus: "October, 1901!!!"—

"My bride,
My wife, my life, O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows."

On the Possible Marriage of our Cook to a Pastry-Cook.

IF Archie marries Eva (The which I greatly doubt) He won't get up and leave her Before the year is out, For she will boil him dumplings And beef for his delight, With fried eggs at morning And poached eggs at night. Her politics may pain him, Her temper fail to please, Yet still she will retain him With plates of toasted cheese-A hundred times regain him With soufflé en surprise. Since eyes need not be bright ones And skin may lose its bloom But omelettes must be light ones Until the Day of Doom, If Archie marries Eva (The which I greatly doubt) He won't get up and leave her Before the year is out.

If Eva marries Archie (Which is not yet arranged) The marriage may be starchy But not, I think, estranged, For he will bake her shortbreads Fit for any queen, With sugar on the outside And jam in between. He may be prone to scold her And clatter down the stairs, Yet he will always hold her With titbits from his wares Be able to enfold her Among the cream éclairs. Though he abuse his free time And waste his afternoons, She will return at tea-time To taste his macaroons. Wherefore, if they get married (Which fixture is not near) The motion will be carried By everybody here.

Autumn Manœuvres.

How astronomical in number! How infinite in kind! In form and moving how various and elusive! In capacity to adhere how like jam-pot labels! In colour how like the banners of an army!

I refer to the leaves Mr. Mohican had to sweep up from the crazy pavement of his front-garden, using a worn birch-broom with a loose handle inserted slightly on one side.

On the previous evening, while the wind howled without, Mr. and Mrs. Mohican had had a conversation about these leaves. Mrs. Mohican had said it would be best to get a man to sweep them up.

"There are always men coming and asking to do something in the garden," she said, "and I can never think of anything to tell them to do. That will be something."

"To the man who did it last year—the first man," objected Mr. Mohican with many pauses, for he happened to be gargling at the time, "you gave two of my shirts because he asked so nicely. I will do it myself this year. I have no shirts to spare."

In the garden there were three sizeable trees: a sycamore, a pollard sycamore and a truncated poplar. Mr. Mohican, however, found himself sweeping up not only poplar and sycamore leaves but also the narrow pinnate leaves of the ash, the dentate leaves of the beech, and a number of small round leaves he took it into his head to father on the catalpa-a tree he would have been quite unable to identify. filled him with discontent to be sweeping up the multitudinous foliage of this alien vegetable. From time to time he paused, leaning on his broom, to glower at the neighbouring gardens, while the sweat rolled down his nose and the sportive wind undid his work. But in none of the neighbouring gardens

could he see a catalpa.

"Possibly," he reflected, "these leaves have blown all the way from the one in Lincoln's Inn," but he did not really think this likely, except that it would have been typical of the way he was made the sport of fate.

The fact, which he had many hundred opportunities to verify, that the leaves of his poplar were nearly round and glabrous (or shiny) on both sides made them peculiarly hard to dislodge when stuck to a stone of the crazy pavement. Mr. Mohican began to think it probable that under the action of rain-there had been rain as well as wind-they secreted a kind of glue: it was perhaps their method of survival, their gardener-resistance reflex; or possibly it was that after a quivering unsteady life they wearied of casting a variable shade and clung grimly to some steadfast object, mum and motionless as a haddock smoked in a Caledonian barn.

As Mr. Mohican pondered this hypothesis a man with a small blue feather in his hat stopped outside the gate to light his pipe.

"Sweeping 'em up?" he inquired intelligently.

Mr. Mohican said Yes.

"That's a dreadful and distressin' job, that is," opined the man with the blue feather in his hat.

"What I particularly resent," Mr. Mohican said, straightening up suddenly (he felt it might alleviate his

woes to enlarge on them to a fellowcreature), "is the fact that I have got to grub and poke about not merely for the leaves of my two sycamores and my poplar but also for unnumbered windfalls I took no part in growing. ranging from the multifarious needles of the Bhotan pine, through the broad lancets of the rowan and the aucuba, to the lobed or cordate and/or dentate refuse of the mulberry, the Turkey oak, the Norway maple and the fig. Sir,' he added suddenly, guiltily aware that he had somewhat exaggerated, do you know of anywhere round here where there's a catalpa?

By this query the man with the blue feather in his hat was given pause.

"I prefer dogs meself," he said at length uneasily, and withdrew sideways in a hunted manner.

Mr. Mohican bent again to his task: but now the broom began to give him trouble, the bundle of twigs of which it was composed slipping continually round the handle like the operative part of a rattle in the grip of a footballspectator. It seemed a long, long time since he had sat in his own chair looking at the fire and being waited on. For hours and hours he seemed to have been out here in the miasmic wind, scrubbing with his broom at flat plastered leaves to the desolatesounding accompaniment of a workman mixing cement on the floor of his neighbour's garage. From time to time a twig of Mr. Mohican's broom, catching in some fissure, would snap off; and there would be so much more to sweep

up with so much less.

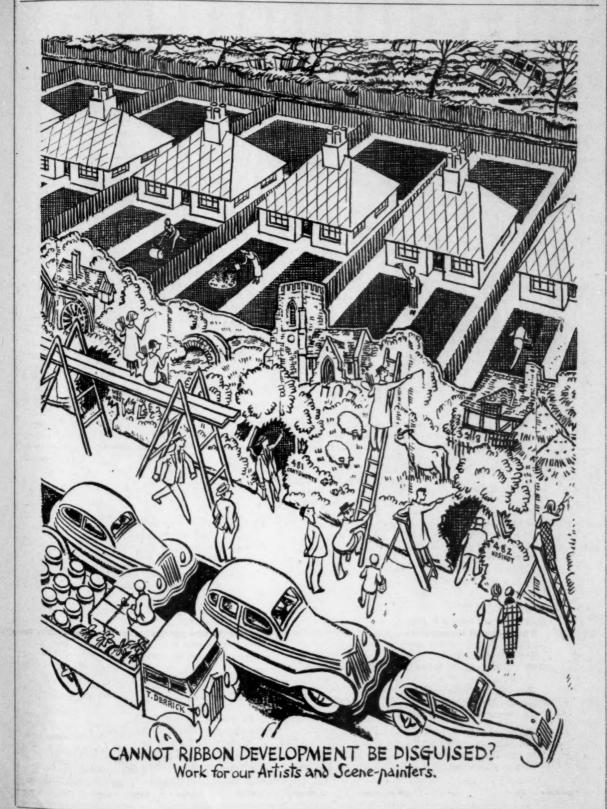
"Methought I heard a voice cry
'Sweep no more!' "he explained when
he went in to tea. He added: "I am
ready to drop."

So, unfortunately, were many more leaves. During the night there blew a powerful gale which assisted them and also scattered round about all those on the heap Mr. Mohican had so painfully compiled. Lobed, glabrous, cordate, dentate, pinnate and insensate, they swirled about the crazy pavement and carpeted the flower-beds. From his window as he shaved Mr. Mohican surveyed them gloomily; and when during breakfast a man came to the door and asked to be allowed to do something in the garden, Mr. Mohican avoided his wife's eye and said he might sweep them up.

The man was later rewarded, because he asked so nicely, with a lobed and somewhat dentate but adequately glabrous pair of old boots. R. M.

Le Nom Juste.

"Le ministre anglais des Transports, M. Belisha Beacons."—Belgian Paper.





"BUT I SHOULD HATE TO HAVE THE GHASTLY THING IF I DID WIN IT."

Songs of Ignorance.

IX.-Post Office Shthnd.

To-day I thought I'd like to look
Once more at Cousin Jane;
I sought her st. in the Telephone bk.
They said 'twas Ptrs. la.
But was it Potter's, Peter's, what?
How was a man to know?
I had to wander to the spot
And ask the G.P.O.

Had there not been a G.P.O.

That knew of Cousin Jane
(If I may slangily put it so)
I'd have been dn. the drn.
Well, "drn." should be written "dra."

maybe,
For a pretty little lump like "stn."
Officially works out, you see,
To rhyme with "destination."

"Works" do I write? No, "wks." I mean.
For wks. are everywhere—
Mtr. and lthr. and mrgrn.,
In av., pl. and sq.;

The engrs. have wks. galore,
And he who has no wks.
Keeps a gnl. shp. or a gnl. sto.,
Or perhaps in a grg. lurks.

Oh, what a swarming life persists
In the English countryside!—
The dntsts., the tbensts.,
The frmrs., England's pride;
The mdel. pretnrs.,
The dlrs. and the drprs.,
And those useful men, the bkslrs.,
Who are agts. for nwsprs.

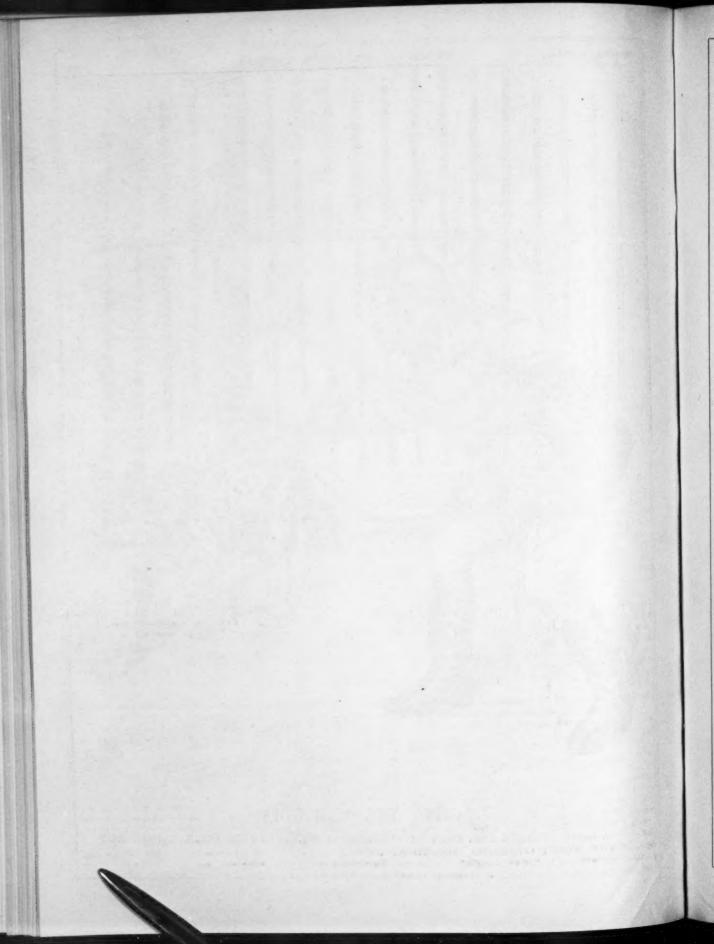
My solr. in chmbs. lives,
My landlord in a gage,
Which rhymes (though you would not think
it would)
In this wk. to Crn. Exch.;
My plmbr. he dwells in Bggns ct.,
My srgn. in Knlwth ho.,
And I fear that, if pressed, in the last resort,
They'd venture "Mcky mo"! J. C. S.

[&]quot;PRETTY PUTRID, ISN'T IT? BUT TAKE THE RISK-IT'S A HUNDRED TO ONE AGAINST."



TAMING THE WAR-WOLF.

M. LAVAL. "I HATE THE IDEA OF COERCING A MORE OR LESS DUMB ANIMAL, BUT IF THE WORST COMES TO THE WORST . . . "



Population 2035.

The Census of 2035 revealed a state of affairs in Great Britain that caused a good deal of alarm among those who had the welfare of the nation at heart. The birth-rate, after declining rapidly from the early years of the twentieth century until 1985, had disappeared altogether in that year, and, though the death-rate from natural causes had

also been reduced to 0.00 per cent. (some statisticians even put it as low as 0.000 per cent.), the toll of the roads and the toll of the air were reducing the population steadily year by year and the employment figures were rushing down at a tremendous pace.

It was this latter phase of the problem that caused the greatest amount of disquiet. Since the raising of the school-leaving age to 65 owing to the impossibility of otherwise finding any pupils at all for the teachers to teach (and it seemed a pity to waste all the nice new schools that had been built) there was a terrible shortage of even quite elderly errandboys. The problem was further complicated by the fact that the Compulsory Retirement at Sixty Act was still in force in certain industries. which had therefore been obliged to close down altogether. Unfortunately this Act applied to Members of Parliament, so that Parliament could not possibly meet to pass the necessary Legislation amending either the School-Leaving Age (Amendment) Act or the

Compulsory Retirement at Sixty Act.

One peculiarly irritating feature of the impasse was the hold-up of the great L.C.C. plan for rebuilding London. It had early occurred to the L.C.C. that if they wanted to rebuild London with more and more open spaces the only possible way to start was to build houses on existing open spaces so that the people from the other houses they intended to pull down would have somewhere to live while their own houses were being put up again. As early as 1935 plans had been prepared for building houses on Hack-

ney Marshes, and the splendid success of this scheme had emboldened the L.C.C. to commence operations on a grander scale in Hyde Park and Regent's Park. It was argued by reactionary elder statesmen and others that the L.C.C. had no right to build on Crown Land, but the Law Lords (who, since the Equalisation of Incomes Act had been able to afford only a meagre training and were perhaps a shade less efficient than of yore)

Continuous variables of the co

"WELL, I CAN ONLY REPEAT, MISS, I'M SORRY."

decided that 1851 had provided a precedent for the erection of temporary buildings in Royal Parks. Argument then turned on the meaning of the word "temporary," and Counsel for the L.C.C. won the day by pointing out that the Income Tax, reimposed as a "temporary" measure by Peel in 1842, had so far lasted well over a century—far longer than any houses erected by modern builders were likely to last.

By 2010 there was hardly a square inch of green grass left in London, except the Bank of England garden, which the reactionary Conservatism

of the Governors of the Bank of England had preserved.

All sorts of people wrote to The Times about the "filching" of London's parks, but it was pointed out by the L.C.C. that they had given a definite promise that sooner or later open spaces at least as large would be made available in the replanned London. Meanwhile the L.C.C., in an attempt to still the popular clamour, had purchased Canvey Island as a temporary playground for

London's children and a convenient place for Londoners to take their dogs for a walk and for Londoners' wives and nursemaids to push their prams. Arguments that Canvey Island was rather inaccessible were met by the unanswerable rejoinder that sooner or later the L.M.S. line to Benfleet would probably be electrified and that when that happened it was quite possible that the service would be improved and the fares reduced.

The L.C.C. had intended to start clearing away enough old houses to replace the Parks in 2012, but unfortunately in 2011 the last batch of demolishers reached the Compulsory Retiring Age and the work was held up indefinitely. From then until 2035 angry letters continued to reach The Times almost daily; *but in that year the Chairman was able to reply that as there were no children left there could no longer be need of playing-fields or places to push prams, and to provide parks would be a mere waste of public money.

One-Minute Mystery: What Became of the Sapphire's Egg?

"But what the police and the assistants who crowded round the body of the jewellery salesman could not understand, was why, when they prised from the dead fingers the red lacquer box in which the sapphire had laid, it was empty."—From a Short Story.

Retired Colonel's Escapade.

"A Red-throated Diver appeared on the Serpentine in March, apparently slightly oiled."—Ornithological Paper.

We understand that a charge of "diving while under the influence" is being preferred.



"C'M' ON! NEVER 'EARD O' THE 'IGRWAY CODE, I S'POSE, 'AVE YER!"

As Others Hear Us.

Handing Over.

Lorna dear, I can't tell you how grateful I am. It's going to make the whole difference to my trip. Remember, I give you absolute authority and leave you in sole charge. You're to be responsible for everything and your decisions are final.

I've spoken to the servants, and I daresay they'll be all right really, only you'll have to be careful. Better let Cook go her own way, whatever happens, or she'll give notice. So don't interfere unless you think she's absolutely poisoning the food on purpose. Don't let her send up baked custard more than twice a week, and keep an eye on the clock; she's inclined to be unpunctual, and they all seem to me to get later and later every morning. Better not say too much, though, or they'll leave. The one thing I don't want is to have to dash round looking for servants the moment I get home. Be frightfully careful about not letting them forget to polish the brass on the windows. I leave it all to you.

Now about the children. You are to be the sole authority. If any of them get ill wire to me at once, wherever am. If it's dangerous, just say "Dangerous" and I shall understand. If one of them dies—of course I hope they won't, but you know what I mean -just put "So-and-so died," simply. I shall understand. Of course, I daresay nothing will happen at all. If you were in some frightful difficulty-the house on fire, or any emergencybetter ring up Uncle William. I've put his address and his telephonenumber on the last leaf of the little red calendar in the top left-hand drawer of the little walnut bookease on the landing outside the door of the night-nursery. Failing Uncle William, you'd better get hold of Phyllida Fairchild; she knows what I want-more or less. You can either get her at her own flat in London, or, if she isn't there, get hold of her brother on the Stock Exchange, and he'll be able to tell you exactly where she can be found. Failing both of them, go straight to the telephone and get in touch with the Woolleys. They can't do anything or go anywhere-he's terribly deaf and

she's paralysed, poor thing-but you could talk things over with them. Anyway, I leave it all to you.

I've written down all instructions about the children, and you must use your own discretion about letting them pay any visits. I don't want either of the boys to go anywhere without me really, and I don't think Jane would be at all happy paying any visit at all. Anyhow, you must do as you think best, and we don't want to offend any of their relations. Only be quite firm about Aunt May-they loathe staying there and she's certain to ask them.

If any of them get ill, put them to bed. You'd better ask their grandmother's advice, because otherwise she'll be hurt; but don't go by what she says,

whatever it is.

Now there's only one other thing. daresay it sounds absurd, but I don't feel we ought to leave anything to chance. If anything happens to me-I don't for a moment think it will, but, after all, one never knows, especially nowadays-all the instructions about the funeral and so on are at my bank. My will is with Messrs. Hoggins and Boggins, Bedford Row. Write to them at once if anything happens, and they'll know what to do.

Of course I hope I shan't die. This is just in case I do. I know I can trust it all to you absolutely, and I've left full instructions in the top pigeon-hole on the right-hand side of my desk, in a blue envelope, sealed, and marked: "To Be Opened in the Event of My Death." But of course, actually, I hope I shall be home again quite safely at the end of next week without fail. If I wire to say, "Can't get home till Saturday," you'll know I've had to put it off for a day.

Remember, I trust everything to you.

E. M. D.

To Mary, Forty Minutes Late.

Mary's Forty minutes Ran Out of Time's Too-jealous keeping. Let him eatch them If he can! They 've gone skipping, Jumping. Leaping-Forty carefree Ariela, Impish, Wilful And contrary Madeap, shaking Cap-and-bells. Turning handsprings-Cartwheels airy. Impudent As leprechauns At the cream-pana In a dairy! Feather-pated. Nimble-heeled. Riding bat's-back (Like the fairy). Their quicksilver Laughter pealed In the lilting Voice of Mary:

"Am I late?"
Each rising note
Clear, oh, joyous
As a linnet's!
Who to hear it
Would not wait
Forty minutes?

An Impending Apology.

"ROYAL MARINES' NEW BRIGADIER: DANGEROUS BOTTLE-NECK TO GO." Portsmouth Paper.

"Every settler whose wife and family have joined him has his piggery and his store shed, and a further shed is to be added for his wife's use."—Sunday Paper.

Some women are never satisfied.



Airman. "W-WHAT'S THIS PLACE?"
Convict. "GLORIOUS DEVON."

Post (Office) Impressionists.

With the exception of a rather beautiful little drawing entitled "Backview of the Lady in Front," executed on the blotting-paper of our local post-office while waiting in a queue for a wireless-licence last January—and this omission is greatly to be regretted—all the best Post Office art of the year is gathered, under the auspices of the Post Office Art Club, in King George V. Hall, Central Telegraph Office, where it will be exhibited until Saturday, October 26th.

And a very remarkable collection it is, embracing every medium and showing a diversity of talent and a degree of skill which would do credit to any body of amateurs in the country. One's eye was particularly caught by a wonderfully intricate scale-model of the "Victory," by an excellent head in bronze of the Ex-P.M.G., Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, and by a delightfully fresh water-colour of a street in Bruges; but these are only a few of the many attractive exhibits, most of which are for sale.

For Mr. Punch the occasion has a special interest, for, referring to last year's exhibition in his Charivaria, he asked why line-drawings in those exacting media, Post-Office pens and ink, were not included; and this year the Chairman of the Club, Mrs. Wrston-Jones, has met the suggestion with a charming sketch whose origins it would be quite impossible to guess.

At the Play.

"THE BLACK EYE" (SHAFTESBURY). "A Novelette in Dialogue," Mr. BRIDIE labels this, which is his way, I take it, of saying that he has let his fancy wander into the magic realms of irrelevance and improbability, and is entirely unrepentant. Why should he be anything else when his fancy is so delightful and his humour so fresh?

For what he is so adept at demonstrating are the mass of small irregularities which go to make up the fairly normal character, the eccentricities which hide coyly up the sleeve of the man in the street until a little extra pressure brings them peeping out. What, I think I can imagine Mr. BRIDIE saying, can seem so irrelevant as human experience, and what can possibly appear improbable after you have once read through the news-pages of the Sunday papers?

His novelette shows a selection of the adventures which can befall a young man who has got sick of trying to live according to other people's plans, and therefore invites things to happen to him. In synopsis it goes like this:-

George Windlestraw, the younger son of a comfortably-off Glasgow business family, has again failed in his charteredaccountant's examination, and informs his irritated father that, far from

accepting a clerk's job in the family factory, he now proposes to look after himself His father pertinently inquires, How? The boy has no idea. Coming in that night not too sober and his shy. ness dissolved, he makes sudden love to his brother's best girl. The next day, having infuriated this priggish young woman by forgetting to apply for a job with her father, he is about to set out to seek adventure in London when his own father is run over, his brother discovers that the factory is on the verge of bankruptev, and he is hauled back by the scruff of his neck to employ, curiously enough, the knowledge which has failed him in countless examinations to save the firm. In the midst of this process he fights with his brother over the girl.

and at this point his adventures really begin. Taking a slum-lodging in Glasgow, he is lucky enough to fall in with a philosopher in loud tweeds just out of clink for a confidence job, but already two-hundred-and-fifty pounds up again.

The two of them match their luck at tions on this fact and a new peace in roulette on their bedroom-table, and, George winning, they go out and put everything on an outsider in the 3.30, which presents George with eight



WINNING WAYS.

George Windlestraw . Mr. Stephen Haggard. Samuel Samuels . . MR. RALPH ROBERTS.

thousand pounds. Much the worse for wear, they later encounter George's brother and his girl in an hotel, and, after a series of preposterous family scenes, the gradually-sobering George flings his eight thousand magnificently



RESOLUTION TABLED.

Connie Windlestraw Miss Joan White. George Windlestraw MR. STEPHEN HAGGARD.

> into the family kitty and has his eye blacked by his brother in a final quarrel over the girl, who has at last shown some wisdom by withdrawing for good from what Mr. Wodehouse would call the "imbrolligo." Mutual congratula

the bosom of the Windlestraws end the

The richness of the entertainment lies not so much in these experiences themselves as in the splendid way Mr. BRIDIE recounts them. He has a marvellous knack of making the simplest occurrences appear as startling revelations of profundity, and of spotlighting, as it were, the operative facets of character with one brief sen-

The two weakest points in the play were George's elder sister, whose individuality never emerged in spite of Miss CATHERINE LACEY'S valiant efforts; and his brother's lady, whose priggishness and silliness that good actress, Miss JILL ESMOND, was unable quite to resolve.

In the exacting part of George (who, in addition to an almost non-stop appearance, came out and unbared his soul to us between the scenes) Mr. STEPHEN HAGGARD gave a clever and consistent performance, for which Mr. Cochran had cast him perfectly. There is something in his manner-I think a shyness rather than a stiffness which was just right. He shares the honours with Mr. RALPH ROBERTS, whose portrait of a loquacious elderly trickster, to whom a bet alone was sacred, was so funny that I swear it hurt. The roulette-scene between these

> two and their Bacchanalian invasion of a Glasgow hotellounge were glorious comedy.

> Miss JEAN CADELL'S inconsequent Mrs. Windlestraw, whose chief reaction to her husband's accident was regret that the sweep should be in the drawingroom at such a moment, was a joy; Mr. MORLAND GRAHAM's gruff, soft-hearted business-man admirably observed; Miss Joan White's Connie, the younger sister who believed in the ruthless dissection of the ego, a vivid little sketch; and Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK'S Johnnie, the brother, a sound contrast, though rather monotonous in tone. Miss Molly Mac-arthur's sets were witty and suggestive, although I quarrelled with her choice of pictures for the Windlestraw dining-room.

The Prologue, in which Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL as a repentant inebriate explained that he has been sleeping in a cemetery out of sheer respect for his aunt, was nobly spoken and had delightfully little to do with the play. Enc.



"And what bight have fou, Doctor Smith, to go round telling people I'm better? I'm the best judge of how ill I am."

At the Revue.

"The Gang-Show, 1935" (Scala). This is the fourth of these annual revues which are given by the Scouts of London in aid of Scout Funds, and it is now an open secret that "A Holborn Rover," who writes the book, music and lyries, in addition to undertaking the whole production, is the well-known producer, Mr. Ralph Reader.

If any still imagine that these shows are amateurish propaganda in favour of bell-tents, good deeds and the British Empire, it is high time that they were disillusioned, for in the first place the production is polished till it shines like a new billy-can, and in the second the Organising Committee are well aware that the best advertisement for Scouts is to demonstrate their astonishing versatility.

And this the boys do in a manner which has to be seen to be believed. Mr. READER clearly has a great gift for inspiring enthusiasm and for discerning and developing talent, of which in his cast of over a hundred he has more than he can use. The chorus-work is magnificent. Speed, catchy tunes, lack of padding and a dominant note of bur-

lesque are the essence of the revue, which is lavish in its dresses and settings, spreads a wide satirical net and reduces female impersonation to a fine art.

Above all, it is funny—painfully funny, whether an infant Cockney is putting over his native stuff with an iron nerve or a troupe of large-limbed ballet-girls are pirouetting with balloons.

The tragedy is that seats for the few performances are booked almost from year to year. But I understand there are still a handful left for 1936. Eric.

The (Almost) Compleat Dancer.

You can't call me outwardly striking (I'm minus Clark Gable's S.A.), But I've got 'em all beat

When it comes to my feet, Which rapidly tire when they're hiking But shine in the following way:—

The girls say my Fox-Trot's amazing And full of Casani's finesse,

And there aren't any faults
They can find with my Waltz,
While everyone's constantly praising
My "Dancing for All" in the Press.

The débutante, duchess and heiress Compete for my manly embrace, And their sorrows are drowned When I hurtle them round. As if they were featherweight fairies, At an almost incredible pace.

You should see me perform the Valeta,
Observe my precision and snap,
For I haven't a peer
As I glide in top gear,

And nothing could surely be neater Than the way I manœuvre a gap.

My Polka is gay and entrancing, A thing of Victorian verve; My Mazurka's a joy, And my Tango—oh, boy!

I'm a wizard at dipping and prancing, Unrivalled at *chassé* and swerve.

And now in conclusion I'm driven A horrible thing to confess, For times without number I've practised the Rumba—

Ye gods! how I've laboured and atriven,

But never with any success.

So to satisfy veteran grousers
Who say that my Rumba is hell,
And abolish the chance
Of upsetting the dance,

I attach to the back of my trousers A placard inscribed with an "L."

Symphony in One Flat.

HEARING the bell in the telephonebox ringing, Roger Beaumont the poet stopped. He hesitated. Should he answer it or ought he to tell a policeman?

He looked round. Not a policeman in sight. Good. There never was one to be seen in Princes Road, anyway.

He lifted the receiver.

"One moment, please," said the

operator.

Something dealt him a terrific blow over the left ear. He reeled. It was a man's voice from the other end of the wire. Very foreign.

"Ees that you?" the Voice was

Roger would have explained that it wasn't, but the voice continued.

"'Ow d' ya do?" it said. "Can you come as soon as you can?

Roger thought he could

"I haf a great beeg little surprise for you. She is 'ere. Now!"

Roger was intrigued. "Great Scott!" he said.

'Please do come at once," continued the Voice. "Eef you do not, oo knows? It may be too late. She may be-shnap up! Done for!"

"Sinister blighter!" thought Roger.

"A tough egg."
"No fear," he said. "Then come queek!"

"Where?"

"Number fourteen, Parkside Avenue Mansions. You know heem? Goot. Queek, if you will save her. Eef notwell, I just will not answer for the consequences.

"But who shall I ask for?"

"Me. Otto Kringelbaum, of course."

"Of course."

Roger banged down the receiver. His mind groped instinctively for the right word. His agile brain rapidly rejected "Sapristi!" "Tiens!" and "Caramba!" "Golly!" he said.

He hailed a taxi. A maiden in

distress. What luck!

The red-and-white façade of Parkside Avenue Mansions beckoned him on with a sinister air. The lift carried him up to number fourteen. A footman showed him into a shadowed room.

A human elephant disentangled itself from the depths of a suffering armchair. It was Otto Kringelbaum. He encased

Roger's right hand in fat.

Thank you so much-so gracious of

you to come," said Otto.

There were two elderly ladies-one thin and grey, the other thick and dark. One was Mrs. Kringelbaum and the other Auntie Leah. Roger could not make out which was which. At the far

end Mrs. Hibberd was seated at the baby grand. The flat-faced boy in the Eton suit was Mark

No sign of the maiden.

The introductions over, they all sat facing the far end of the room where, by the piano, was the standard-lamp whose dull pink light so cleverly deepened the gloom.

They sat in silent expectation.

Was it a prayer-meeting or a séance ? Nothing happened.

"Ach! she ees coming." Otto suddenly whispered.

It was a séance then.

Roger trembled with excitement. He'd keep his eyes skinned for strings. No fooling him.

The apparition which materialised through the door at the far end of the room was too plainly Otto's daughter to be of the Spirit World. She could not have got her figure from anywhere else.

She stood under the standard-lamp and smiled coyly. She turned to the

door and beckoned.

At first Roger thought that the footman was wheeling in a working model of a blast-furnace. As it was removed from its case he saw that it was a sousaphone—the instrument that plays the "oom" in Viennese waltzes while the rest of the orchestra follows with the "wump wump.

With surprising agility and flexibility the apparition coiled the sousaphone round approximately where her waist ought to have been. She stamped petulantly like a bull preparing to charge. The piano sprang to life.

Roger had no ear for music. Even so he had to admit that there was majesty in the terrific blasts of tone which shook the place. It was like feeding-time in the Lion House.

"Poom Boom Wump, Poom Boom Wump, Poom Boom, Wump Poomerdy-Crump!" sang the trumpet.

Suddenly something ethereal, calm, subtly familiar, soothed his harassed ear. He tried to analyse it.

It was silence.

All faces turned to him expectantly. He did not know what they expected him to say. He groped for a subject. He smiled at the performer.

"JOHN IRELAND, of course," he said. "I thought at first it was STRAVINSKY.

"It was Hal Bunting's 'Tricky Trombone," " she said simply.

Everyone laughed.

"Well, what do you think of 'eryes?" asked Otto.

Roger thought hard. He looked at the woman critically. There was only one thing he could say. He said it.

"She's immense," he said. "I mean her playing," he added.

You think so, ch! Yes, she is very

goot. So she shall join your little band.

Roger felt a pang of apprehension. "What do you mean-my little band?" he said.

The young ladies who usually surrounded him were renowned for their grace and charm. The idea of this woman joining them was repulsive.

"But I have your letter here. You say that you hear her play. If you like her, she join your band," said Otto, beginning to get excited.

Roger hotly denied it.

So," said Otto, "I will show you the letter.

He took it from an inner pocket and handed it to Roger.

Roger read it and then rose.

"There has been a slight mistake," he said quietly.

There was a dead silence.

"I am not PAUL WHITEMAN." For a moment nobody spoke or moved.

The giantess looked as if she might weep at any moment.

Suddenly Otto's face lighted up. Then you are one of his assistants he has sent to make a report?" he asked anxiously.

"I am Roger Beaumont. I wrote The Heart Sewer and Other Poems, no doubt well known to you all.

This announcement was not very favourably received.

Otto snarled. "Then you are an impostor!"

Well, not exactly-" began Roger. The storm had broken. horizon the daughter was in hysterics; in running to her assistance the pianist had barked her shins on the sousaphone and was complaining of a broken leg. On the left, Otto, vividly purple, poured forth a torrent of abuse. The two elderly ladies were shaking their respectively fat and thin fists in his face The objectionable boy was laughing at the top of his voice.

Roger made a dash for the door. Snatching his hat from the stand he fled down the stairs. He kept on running until he found himself in Princes Road again. He looked behind. There was no hue-and-cry

As he passed the telephone-box the bell started ringing. His first impulse was to ignore it, but, changing his mind, he walked into the box and lifted the receiver to his ear.

Hullo," he said.

Oh, help me, please; I'm in dreadful trouble. Please save me!" screamed the beautiful voice of a woman evidently in great anguish.

Roger set his teeth grimly.

"Oh, go to-" he said fiercely, and slammed the receiver down.



"How do you do, dear Lady Dillwater? Couldn'r you spare me just one more finger?"

Romantic Hull.

(Fame and fortune are predicted by a correspondent of "The Observer" for Hull as the result of the new cod-liver oil combine. The projected refinery, which it is hoped will soon produce 8,000 tons a year, is described as one of the most romantic developments of the fishing industry.)

The charming undergraduettes of Vassar,
The well-groomed undergraduates of Clare
Or Caius or Christ's may still apply Macassar
(Immortalised by BYRON) to their hair;
And there are other oils, more coarse and crasser,
For keeping rolling-stock in good repair,
Or lending their propulsive force to Diesels,
Or used by painters toiling at their easels.

But Cod is king of oils and lubrication,
Though, lying on the cold fishmonger's slab,
He cannot match in roseate coloration
The lobster, or in daintiness the dab.
His eye may lack the eagle's penetration,
His flesh the spicy savour of the crab;
But as a theme for therapeutic rhyme
He takes the cake—the oil-cake—every time.

Let millionaires erect enormous pineries
Or graft synthetic radiance on the rose,
Or rear exotic clusters in their vineries,
Sublimely reckless how the money goes;
To me the prospect of a vast refinery
Whence this rejuvenating liquid flows
Is far more fitted rapture to inspire
And wake to ecstasy the Georgian lyre.

And, oh! should Halifax—in a former day,
With Hull and Hades linked in grimy trio,
Challenge the noble cod's salubrious sway
And boom the rival halibut con brio,
Or, in the hope large dividends to pay,
Import huge stocks of stearine from Rio,
One faithful bard proclaims the effort null:
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C. L. G.

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The charming undergraduettes of Vassar,
The well-groomed undergraduates of Clare
Or Caius or Christ's may still apply Macassar
(Immortalised by Byron) to their hair;
And there are other oils, more coarse and crasser,
For keeping rolling-stock in good repair,
Or lending their propulsive force to Diesels,
Or used by painters toiling at their easels.

But Cod is king of oils and lubrication,
Though, lying on the cold fishmonger's slab,
He cannot match in roseate coloration
The lobster, or in daintiness the dab.
His eye may lack the eagle's penetration,
His flesh the spicy savour of the crab;
But as a theme for therapeutic rhyme
He takes the cake—the oil-cake—every time.

Let millionaires erect enormous pineries
Or graft synthetic radiance on the rose,
Or rear exotic clusters in their vineries,
Sublimely reckless how the money goes;
To me the prospect of a vast refinery
Whence this rejuvenating liquid flows
Is far more fitted rapture to inspire
And wake to ecstasy the Georgian lyre.

And, oh! should Halifax—in a former day,
With Hull and Hades linked in grimy trio,
Challenge the noble cod's salubrious sway
And boom the rival halibut con brio,
Or, in the hope large dividends to pay,
Import huge stocks of stearine from Rio,
One faithful bard proclaims the effort null:
Henceforth the home of true romance is Hull.

C. L. G.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

Friday, 13th September, 1935.

DEAB SIR,—Sorry to worry you by sending a note so late in the evening, but, Sir, it is to tell you that Mr. Lionel Nutmeg fell and broke his leg in the Entrance Hall not thirty minutes agone; and, Sir, he didn't half carry on—him swearing and calling the Committee all them Malay and Chinese words he uses when he is overwrought.

Well, Sir, he is now in the Cottage Hospital, and right thankful I was to get him out of the Club.

Your obedient servt..

E. Wobblegoose.

From Dr. Edwin Sockett, Roughover. 14/9/35.

REF. YOURS 13/9/35.

DEAR WHELK,—Nutmeg is getting on all right; a simple fracture, but sufficient to keep him in bed for some time.

No. Candidly I wouldn't come up to see him if I were you, although what he is saying now is nothing compared with what he got off his chest while under the anæsthetic.

Yours, E. Sockett.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired). At the Cottage Hospital, Roughover.

16th September, 1935.

SIR,—I suppose you expect me to write and thank you for the Committee's letter of condolence, but allow me to tell you, Sir, that it has done nothing but put my back up.

Surely you must know that I have lived long enough in this world to realise the feelings which prompted them to send it—an emollient to try to stop me suing the Club for their gross carelessness in having that confounded floor in the Hall over-polished.

Kindly present them with my compliments and tell them that they can go to you know where.

> Yours faithfully, L. NUTMEG.

From Writ and Scrivener, Solicitors, Roughover.

18th September, 1935.

Dear Sir,—We have received a letter from our client, Mr. Lionel Nutmeg, of Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover (now in Hospital), regarding an accident which he sustained in the Entrance Hall of your Club.

Mr. Nutmeg has instructed us to take proceedings against the Club, and we shall be glad if you will nominate a solicitor who will accept service of such proceedings on your behalf.

Yours faithfully, RICHARD WRIT.

From the Occidental, Accidental and Incidental Insurance Company, Ltd., London, W.1.

20/9/35.

Роцеу В.139431.

Dear Sir,—We very much regret to hear of the unfortunate accident which occurred to one of your members recently, but regret that we can accept no liability in this matter as the above policy only covers the Club against Fire, Burglary and Ptomaine Poisoning.

We are taking the liberty, however, of enclosing herewith a proposal form regarding third-party risks, etc., and if you will complete same and return to us at your early convenience we shall be glad to quote our premium relative thereto.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times.

Yours faithfully,

DANIEL BONUS, Manager.

From The Roughover Linoleum Co., Ltd., Roughover.

20/9/35.

Dear Sir,—We were most distressed to hear about the accident in the Club, and in case you might be interested we are enclosing herewith samples of

a non-skid floor-surface which is well suited to the hard wear and tear experienced in golf clubs.

If you thought any more of the matter, our representative would be very glad to call and would measure up the area you decided to cover, entirely free of charge.

Yours faithfully, ALGERNON PASSAGE, Manager.

From the House Committee, Roughover Golf Club.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—This is to acquaint you in writing with the decision already come to at the meeting this afternoon, i.e., that your attention has been repeatedly drawn (see Minutes 1/2/33, 7/8/34 and 6/12/34) to the fact that the floor of the Entrance Hall was not to be polished, and further that in view of the fact that a Court case is pending, the Committee wish to make it quite clear that they can take no blame for your gross carelessness and

disobedience in ignoring their instructions. They hereby therefore inform you that full responsibility for any claim which may arise from this matter must be borne by yourself.

must be borne by yourself.
Yours faithfully,
IGNATIUS THUDD,
ANGUS MCWHIGG,
BARNABAS HACKETT.

From Julian Square, Allphlatt and Square, Solicitors, Roughover.

1/9/35.

DEAR PAT,—Yes, of course I will take on the case, but I feel that before anything further is done you should explore every avenue in the hope of obtaining a settlement outside the Courts.

After all, we are all members of the Club, and it is unpleasant to have to wash our dirty linen in public.

Yours ever,

JULIAN.

From Ralph Viney, Late Captain Roughover Golf Club.

23rd September, 1935.

DEAR WHELK,—I have been expecting you to fall back on me as a last resort in patching up this unfortunate business of Nutmeg's leg, but, my dear Whelk, you have only yourself to blame, and, although I dislike seeing anyone stewing in his own juice, I feel that on this occasion it will teach you a lesson.

It gives me great pleasure to think that I resigned from the captainey when I did.

Yours sincerely,

R. VINEY.

P.S.—Kindly note that I wish to have nothing more to do with the running of the Club. Forcursue is now your newly-elected Captain, and you should appeal to him.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., at the Bombay Duck Club, London.

25/0/35

MY DEAR WHELK,—Thank you for your letter with full details of the accident to that fool Nutmeg. Of course I shall be delighted to help you, but you should have let me know about it sooner. It will be no trouble, though, I assure you, as I have been bored to tears here and it will give me something to do.

Ring Matron up and get her to tell Nutmeg I shall be coming to see him to-morrow afternoon. I expect to leave Town on the 10.22.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE, Captain.

P.S.—I have ridden over worse fences than this.



Sandy. "MICHTY ME! ANGUS, THIS IS NO YOU BUYING GOLF-BALLS, IS IT?" Angus. "NUT AT ALL. A'M NO DAFT. I WIS JUST GETTIN' A WHEEN WEE TEE HEIDS RE-SHAFTED."

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue. K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

26/9/35.

DEAR WHELK, -I have now seen Nutmeg, and I told him that should the case go to the Courts I would feel obliged to enter the witness-box (as Captain of the Club) and testify to certain incidents in his past life which I know perfectly well he would rather have hushed up. Notably a similar fall in which he broke his shin-bone in a club in Penang when under the influence of liquor—that, and a little personal matter in which he stated he had taken three instead of four to the

The case, therefore, has been settled, and Nutmeg has agreed to withdraw all claims against the Club and write you a letter to that effect in due course.

Yours sincerely.

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE, Captain.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

DEAR WHELK,-While in the fruitshop in the High Street this afternoon I was amazed to see the Club page

10th hole in the April Bogey of come in and deliver your order for two pounds of grapes to be sent to Nutmeg at the Hospital; and really, Whelk, of all the tactless and foolish things I have ever heard of, this takes the walnut. For if Nutmeg had received them it would have been more than enough to make him immediately reverse his promise to me.

As a lesson to you, therefore, I took the grapes home with me and intend eating them myself. You have been let off lightly.

Yours faithfully, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE. Captain. G. C. N.



"I want a baby-carriage to hold one of the sweetest little things you ever saw. Just a week ago he came to us with his chubby fat face and dear little pink toe-toes."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Great Layman.

It has been a matter of surprised comment among foreigners that the leader of the great "clerical" movement in latter-day England should have been a layman. Mr. J. G. LOCKHART'S Life of Charles Lindley, Viscount Halifax (Geoffrey Bles, 12/6), at present in its first volume, which carries us as far as his accession to the title in 1885, is a delightful picture of a Whig nobleman imbued with a deeply religious spirit of a colour alien to most of his family and circle of friends. The boy at Eton, the undergraduate at Oxford, the young man in the world and his happy marriage are sympathetically described; and best of all perhaps his resignation from an official position in the PRINCE OF WALES'S household, when his leadership of the then unpopular "High Church" party made difficult his close association with the Heir to the Throne. It is satisfactory to know that his friendship with the future KING EDWARD was never impaired and remained a valuable element in both their lives. Much of the book is taken up with the unhappy "ritual prosecutions" of mid-Victorian days. But those bad days are now long past, and Lord Halifax's friends have their place in Church and State. It is allowable to look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the second volume of this biography—the story of a happy

middle and old age, culminating in that great venture of faith and hope whose end is not yet—the "conversations" with Cardinal Mercier at Malines.

Liberation.

Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK finds the ABRAHAM LINCOLN of legend less than the human reality. When America declared her independence one in six of her people remained enslaved. Well into the nineteenth century the continuance of slavery and the trade in slaves in all the free States of the South aroused only about as much disquiet as does the persistence of armed forces in our midst to-day. Against the background of a nation gradually growing sensitive to the slavery issue there is painted, in Lincoln Frees the Slaves (DAVIES, 5/-), the figure of an uncouth, rather idle rustic, an all-round failure who has yet some touch of genius about him and who is growing to be a man of destiny. Even after he has become, more than half by chance, his country's President he is still bewildered, ignorant, embarrassed, and it is only under the torture of unendurable responsibility that the inner greatness wrestles free. Mr. LEACOCK takes the change to be a thing of the spirit, as the village atheist, alone on his bleak mountain-top, learns to walk alone with his Maker. Intertwined with the question of slavery is the threat to disunite the States, and the unravelling of the tangle is as complete as the compass of the book Without the Civil War, North America must permits. have split in fragments. Without LINCOLN the war must have ended in untellable disaster.

Fin. Feather and Fur.

Game Birds, Beasts and Fishes
(Plus others) I'll engage
Will meet the sportsman-wishes
Of Youth and also Age;
From Seeley Service here is
The newest comer, then,
To join the Lonsdale Series
Per Eric Parker's pen.

And I, in graceful metre,
Will sing his book's design—
No villainous saltpetre
Is here, nor hook nor line;
But here each well-laid trail is
To wisps of circling teals,
To kites and capercaillies
And old grey Haskeir seals.

For Tom, for Dick, for Harry
Who'd be the countryman
And know his estuary,
His gorse, his Grampian,
Here is of publications
The one most truly meant,
One, in its illustrations,
Still further excellent.

Personality and Tradition.

It is significant of his purpose that Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD should have chosen to illustrate his brief but very interesting studies of Six Architects (MACMILLAN, 6/-) with pictures of the men themselves rather than of their works. For his main thesis is that architecture is, or should be, as much a personal expression as any of the other arts; and while we all know an anecdote or two about WREN (not to mention the most famous of CLERIHEWS), it is quite true that the lives of the master-builders are, generally speaking, much less familiar to us than those of the great painters and poets. The informative chapters which Sir REGINALD has devoted to PALLADIO and the rest are therefore welcome; nor does biographical detail, which indeed is for some of his subjects very sparsely recorded, leave him insufficient room for much sound criticism. Sir REGINALD, as is well known, is a devotee of the simpler graces of the classical tradition. The extravagant baroque of

Bernini is as repugant to his taste as the manifestations of the cubist-classical renaissance discovered by Mr. Wilenski, against which he once more tilts a lively lance. That he finds one of the cardinal faults of modern building to be its impersonality is rather curious, for a stricture often levelled against it is its excessive individualism. On this point we would gladly have heard Sir Reginald at greater length; but obviously it was not to his purpose, nor had he space, to develop it in this present attractive and useful little book.

The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady.

On a somewhat fortuitous pivot Miss Sylvia Thompson has hinged a clever series of sketches of women in relation to their menfolk and babies. With light superficial touches

"Halloo, Captin, last year I not talk you, but now I speke large Englishes as I am passed so far from bottom of clas in schole of English in Axim, my home of town."

appreciative of so luxurious a piece of still life, she shows Francesca, a wealthy young divorcée, presenting her first daughter to her second husband, with a small son, credited to a former account, in delighted attendance. The boy's divorced father is depicted consoling himself in Paris; while a glance at the unofficial career of Nurse Forbes produces a frustrated romance of pre-War days and a compensatory husband in the offing. Linked up with the hospital activities of Francesca's doctor, there is the enjoyable episode of a proletarian's fifth and the squalid one of a "little typist's" first. There is another case of Nurse Forbes'—pure comedy; the tragedy of a middle-aged charwoman with no nurse at all, and the sentimental past of the great-aunt who bestows A Silver Rattle (Heinemann, 7/6) on Francesca's baby. Obstetrics, however gracefully

handled, are not everyone's fancy; but the novelist has made effective play with the physical similarities and social discriminations of her heroines and their world.

Remembered Felicities.

A bedside book with the fantastic pensiveness of Jacobean commonplace jottings applied to contemporary or eternal themes, Personal Pleasures (Gollancz, 7/6) deserves purchasing at once and laying up—if you can resist bestowing it on yourself—for a meditative reader at Christmas. Miss Rose Macaulay, having successfully compiled a record of other people's enjoyments, has now made an anthology of her own, with just enough of their concomitant drawbacks to keep so happy a sequence from cloying. Arranged alphabetically, from "Abroad" to "Writing," they comprise supremely the sight of old photograph albums, the scent of a bakery at midnight and the ticking of second-hand booksellers' catalogues; for, though Miss Macaulay emulates the range of the mediæval theologian who grouped the cures for sorrow between divine contemplation and a hot bath, I cannot feel that she is quite so happy among spiritual joys as material ones. Even the gorgeous Latin-

isms of her style are principally devoted to sensible objects: "cantiferous" birds and armchairs for "reposeful sedilians"; but this is perhaps because the element of incongruity enters so largely into her notion of humour. And it is humour, deliberate, graceful and a trifle unprincipled, which is the salt of a delightful book.

Romance in the Saddle.

Miss MOYRA CHARLTON goes on from strength to strength. She is now seventeen, and her fifth book, My Lord Goes

Wayfaring (METHUEN, 5/-), is easily her most ambitious, for she has chosen as her scene the English countryside in Charles the Second's day. This background she has been at great pains to study, and the result is a vivid and interesting picture of bygone manners and conditions. The story is about a young courtier who, on being assured by a Frenchman that English country life is full of charm, decides to investigate it for himself. He therefore sets out on horseback, with a faithful Sancho Panza, for a prolonged tour, and before they have gone very far their adventures begin, as indeed they were bound to, on roads which teemed with highwaymen, were often bogs, and ran through the wildest country. Miss Charlton has drawn her hero's character very clearly, and as usual her horses prance across the page. The best thing in the book is the meeting with the fellmonger, whose description of the Great Plague is a beautiful piece of writing. Mr. Frank Grey's illustrations are in just the right spirit.

Enigmas.

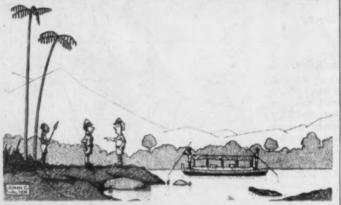
Seven of the eight "episodes" in The Curious Mr. Tarrant (COLLINS, 7/6) prove that Mr. C. DALY KING is skilful in setting difficult problems and equally proficient in solving them. Trevis Tarrant of New York was, we are told, "neither a detective nor a private investigator," which limits my scope in trying to describe him. But, although

he was not paid for his services, he did spend considerable time in detecting and investigating; and during, for example, "The Episode of the Headless Horrors" and "The Episode of the Vanishing Harp" he proved his worth in no uncertain manner. Tarrant, in fact, has a quality of his own, and Mr. King deserves credit for his creation. The last tale, I admit, is beyond my understanding, but, as Tarrant during the course of it seems to have gone "nuts, cuckoo, hoppy, crazy," excuses for being puzzled exist. I hope, however, that Mr. King will presently allow him to recover from his various complaints, for in the main he brings originality into a form of fiction that tends to become more and more stereotyped.

Cruising.

If Carmen Allen had not yielded to sudden temptation she would not have qualified to become the heroine of Sunshine Stealer (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6). When down-and-out she picked up a note-case which contained fifty pounds, and after a brief battle with her conscience decided to use the money in going for a cruise. Here, then, is a situation with which Miss Berta Ruck can be relied

upon to deal faithfully and well; and, though some of us may think that Carmen was more fortunate than she deserved to be, no nice reader could wish such a attractive girl to be severely punished. A pleasant story, in which, I rejoice to say, Miss Ruck has abstained from an excessive use of italics.



"Shame on you, Turnham, for wearing a Chumpfordian Tie. I know for a fact that you haven't faid your subscription to the Old Boys' Association for the fart there years."

The Call of the Children.

Few if any publications inspired by philanthropic effort have exceeded in attractiveness the *Hospital Centenary*

Gift Book (HARRAP, 5/-), issued in aid of the centenary appeal of the Royal Manchester Children's Hospital—the oldest institution of this kind in the British Isles. It is worthy of note that among the "several benevolent men" who aided in its formation was Daniel Grant, identified as one of Dickens' Cheeryble brothers. The volume contains upwards of forty stories, verses and drawings, amongst which will be found several contributions by writers and artists familiar to readers of Punch, who extends his cordial welcome to an enterprise the future profits of which are to be devoted to necessary improvements and alterations in the Hospital.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Exhibition of the original work of Living Punch Artists recently held at the Punch Office will be on view at the Municipal Art Gallery, Newark-on-Trent, from November 11th to December 7th.

The Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Municipal Art Gallery, Oldham, until November 4th, after which it will be shown at Harrogate and Huddersfield.

Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of these places will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, Punch Office, 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.s.

Charivaria.

ITALIAN soldiers in East Africa who are unable to go home on leave are allowed to be married by proxy. One or two, no doubt, would have preferred the option of going to East Africa by

proxy. * *

A parrot, we are told, is kept at the official residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons. It would be interesting to know whether this bird has ever had to be asked to withdraw an unParliamentary expression. # #

During last week's gastronomie fête in the town of Lyons, noted for its restaurants, a question much asked in France was "Où France was est Georges?"

The prevalence of burglaries in country districts is attributed to the effectiveness of the system of patrolling police-cars in the Metropolitan area. Country residents will be delighted with this explanation.

"SHAKESPEARE is viewed with great disfavour in Italian literary circles," says a newspaper. The DUCE, no doubt, particularly disapproves

of the well-known lines beginning, "This other Eden . . . " * *

Rhubarb, according to an oculist, is good for the eyes. They might try crossing it with grape-fruit.

A well-known composer is writing songs about famous film-stars. We await with apprehension his "ARLISS, Where Art Thou?'

The nudists, we read, have their own He's a Jolly Nude Fellow!'

The old fallacy that youth must be served has been finally exploded. It just helps itself.

"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOUR SAYING THAT I COULD INTEREST YOU IN THE JIFFY-CLEANER HAS RATHER PUT THE REST OF IT OUT OF MY HEAD."

"Gloomy individuals should be barred from weddings," declares a gossip-writer. An exception should of course be made in the case of the bridegroom.

The anglicised fox-trot, which it has taken twenty years to evolve, is now, it is pointed out, adopted as a pattern by dancers all over the world. What has Sir Stafford Cripps, who is ashamed of his country, to say to this?

In order to test his nerves a carrallying song. It ought to be, "For toonist recently drew some funny pictures of politicians while in a cage with eight lions. The animals simply roared.

> A Frenchwoman whose husband threw her over a cliff one hundred feet

high has refused to prosecute him. Perhaps she thought he was only joking.

"What is the correct headgear for the wide open spaces of Africa?" asks a traveller about to visit that country. Might we suggest a veldt hat? * *

"A young crocodile can be tamed and will become a close companion." says a writer. Try this in your bath.

Consideration is to be given to the merits of Palestine as a health-resort. But not, of course, for Nazis.

An innkeeper in Essex is said to have the finest collection of old barometers in the country. In the taproom, you know.

Bath has just honoured the memory of Dr. OLIVER, inventor of the famous biscuit. There is some doubt as to

the identity of the inventor of the famous bun.

Many tennis stars keep fit during the winter by sending the ball over the net for an hour at a time, we are told. So do a lot of footballers.

"Moneylending is one of the dying trades," states a news-item. Declining, anyway.

Universal Suffrage.

I always get quite excited at the prospect of voting in a General Election. So much depends on me. The stability of our Economic Structure, the Future of Shipping, the Prosperity of Agriculture, the Preservation of the Empire, nay, the very fabric of the Constitution depend upon the wisdom or unwisdom of my choice. Steel and Iron wait in agony for my decision. The Bacon Market trembles at my nod. Let me but vote aright, so my newspaper and the folder-arrangement that arrived in my letter-box this morning assure me, and all will be well; but an error, a vote cast in a moment of inconceivable madness for the other fellow (about whose political identity my newspaper and the folder-arrangement do not, unhappily, agree) and in less time than it takes to tell the country will be in ruins. The Empire will crumble, Steel will sag, Bacon will melt away, and amid a welter of War and Crime the spectre of Revolution will point its grim finger at me and say, "Thou art the man!" You see how vital the whole thing is?

But the feeling of almost unbearable responsibility which comes upon me at such a time does not, I am sorry to say, survive the actual business of voting. There is a sense of disappointment about what I may call the approach to the ballotbox. With such grave issues at stake one might suppose that a cheering, or at least a threatening mob would line the entire route to the polling-station, striving by means of taunts, hand-claps, pamphlets and possibly over-ripe tomatoes to influence up to the very last moment that so fateful decision. But it is not so. Through deserted streets, unwept, unhonoured and unharmed by so much as a single tomato I drive sedately to the appointed place. And the place in itself is

a disappointment. The village schoolroom is not quite the place in which I should have chosen to make my bid for the safety of King and Country. I should have plumped, if my opinion had been asked, for somewhere a little more august, a little more in keeping with the magnitude of the issues involved. Why not the Church Hall, for example?

However, I decide to make the best of it. After all, I remind myself as I step into my loose-box (so reminiscent in every way of a post-office telegram-booth), it is what I am going to do that matters, not where I am going to do it. I think of the Future of Shipping. I remind myself of the condition of the Egg Trade. "You are voting," I say solemnly to myself, "for the preservation of the Empire." But all the time I know perfectly well that I am really only voting for Higgs. And I know so little about Higgs. I have seen his picture and thought little of it—much less in fact than of Penworthy's, the man with the kindly smile who wants to plunge us all into civil war. Higgs or Penworthy—what do I care for either of them? Almost I am inclined to vote for Tallbottle (Independent), whose name at least is pleasing. But in the end of course Duty triumphs; I make my mark for Higgs and Steel breathes again.

And I get no thanks for it. Not one of all those people who have come to my house during the previous fortnight and besought me with tears in their eyes to vote for Higgs and Happiness so much as thinks of coming round again to thank me for my loyal assistance. You may say, if you like, that the ballot in this country is secret and that therefore they cannot know whether I have voted for him or not. But to that I say "Tchah!" They knew from the very start that I was going to vote for the miserable man. Otherwise they wouldn't have bothered to call.

I don't believe any other country in the world would stand for the namby-pamby kind of elections we have here. Look at America, now. Nothing anticlimactic about their elections, from all one hears. One simply shoots (or bludgeons, in the more effeminate States) anyone who shows any signs of voting for the opposite side, and there one is. Or take South America. They have a slightly different system there of shooting the outgoing Cabinet instead of the voters, but the fundamental idea is the same. They like a bit of excitement. Whereas we—— Well, I don't suppose

more than a dozen people all told die from gun-shot wounds at Election-time in this country. I have never even been fired at.

In Europe the general level of exuberance at the poll has, one fears, fallen a little with the vogue for dictatorships. With only one man to vote for it is difficult to start anything-apart from assaulting anybody who does not record his vote in a sufficiently marked manner. But in Spain and some of the more southerly countries one can still rely on the University students to man the barricades and lay siege to their professors in the lecture - rooms. Greece too can still teach us a thing or too, though I suppose the merry custom of Ostracism has gone out now. And in the Balkans-ah! I

fancy he must be a stout man who volunteers to work as a canvasser in the Albanian hills.

THE RED CROSS IN ETHIOPIA.

The British Ambulance Service in Ethiopia is greatly in need of money to help the wounded and dying. The Duchess of Wellington is appealing in particular to the women of England (whose privilege it has always been to alleviate pain and suffering) to support this essential work as generously as they can. Donations small and great should be sent to The British Ambulance Service in Ethiopia, 33, Alfred Place, South Kensington, S.W.7.

I am rather vague about methods of voting in the East. I know of course that in Japan it is the custom to fall on one's sword outside the polling-booth as a mark of respect for the Emperor, and that in China only secret torturing of the electorate is now permitted, as a check to possible abuses; but about the procedure in other countries I am exceedingly hazy. The Grand Vizier of Turkey, for instance, and his henchmen—what steps do they take to secure for themselves a seat on the Ottoman? I tremble to think.

And the Wahabis? Is all quiet on the spicy shores of Araby when a new batch of Wazirs present themselves for election? How do the people of Baluchistan go about the business? Have the women of Turkestan got the vote? And if not, why not? These are deep questions to which at some later date, when I have more time, I must seek the answers. The Syrians, the Kurds, the Afghans—after what fashion do these surprising peoples decide the all-important question of representation?

I don't know. But, whatever their method, I am willing to guess it is more vivacious than queuing up outside a village schoolroom to vote for a man called Higgs. H. F. E.



PUCK OF GENEVA; OR, ANTHONY GOODFELLOW.

"I'VE PUT A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH OF FIFTY NATIONS."



"SAY, CAN'T WE AGREE ON ONE SINGLE THING, BABY?"
"SURE, WE BOTH GOT A HUNCH THE WORLD AIN'T FLAT."

Blue Moon.

"PATIENCE," Pamela explained, putting the Queen of Hearts on the King.

"But not on a monument, I perceive."

Pamela said there was more room on the hearth-rug and it was nearer the fire. "The Vicar's wife taught it to me this afternoon," she went on, "and it's called Blue Moon, because it comes out once in a blue moon. I'll show you how to play and then you can get a pack of cards—they're in the bureau drawer—and try it yourself, and—"

I said I proposed to give my golfclubs a rub up.

"But you might have luck and get it to come out."

"I think on the whole I should prefer it to stay in."

"I put all the cards like this," said Pamela. (She put all the cards like that.) "And I try to build up on the Aces as I always do." (She failed to build up on the Aces, as she always did.) "And, keeping to the same suit, I make sequences." (She made sequences.) "If you watch, you'll see."

While I was watching and seeing, Emily ushered in Maud Soames and the Major.

"Blue Moon!" cried Maud. "Bridget Fraser showed me. Bridget—"

"Don't tell me Bridget got it out or I shall scream," interrupted Pamela.

"There's no need to scream," said the Major. "She didn't get it out; but young Rawlings says it came out at the Merediths last night."

"And," said Maud, "Joan Somers swears she would have got it out at the golf-club this morning if old Worple hadn't accidentally upset the table. She swears it—absolutely."

"By all that's blue?" I asked.
"I don't like to be beaten," said the
Major. "Have you any cards?"

There were three packs in the bureau drawer. I got them all.

"Two can play on the card-table," Pamela said, "and Maud can come on the hearth-rug with me, and we'll have a kitty and put a penny in every time it doesn't come out. The first one who gets it out takes the kitty."

"Supposing it doesn't come out at all?" I objected.

The Major said it was this damned spirit of pessimism which was sapping the vitals of the nation.

"Two bob in the kitty," announced

"And a solid hour," said the Major. I suggested a liquid ten minutes and fetched the whisky. Pamela rang for tea.

"Six-and-eightpence in the kitty," said Pamela in an awed tone.

"Half-past eleven," said the Major, looking at his watch.

"What's twelve times six?" Pamela inquired.

"Seventy-two," I said.

"And eight's eighty. Eighty games! Fancy that!"

"And it's never so much as looked like coming out once," said Maud.

"And I'm simply ravenous," said Pamela. "Let's go into the kitchen and fry some bacon. Emily will have gone on up, but——"

Emily had not gone on up.

"I was just going to give over, Mum," she explained, "and then I saw the nine of Clubs would go on the ten and clear the pack. And then—"

She glanced modestly at the kitchentable, where her cards were arranged in perfect sequence.

"She's got it out," said Maud

reverently.
"By Gad!" said the Major, "she's
won the kitty."

"Emily," said Pamela, "you've won

the kitty—six-and-eightpence."
Emily said, thanking all kindly, that she didn't play cards for money.

"The Privateer was Fitted Out and Sailed from Bideford."

(The Winter Cruise season is now beginning.)

My dear Belinda's
Mother is
A-leaving us to-day
(And away, Rio!):
Her baggage crowds the corridor,
Her trunks are on the way
(And she's bound for the Rio Grande!).

She's hauling up the anchor now,
(Belay there, once again!
And away, Rio!).
Oh, dance a jig! The captain's gig
Will bear her to the train.
(And she's bound for the Rio Grande!)
Hurray! Hurray! The cook will stay:
O worthy Mrs. Prout!
The butler and the parlourmaid
Can be replaced, no doubt.
Yet, although it would be natural
I cannot sing and shout
Though she's bound for the Rio Grande.

She's criticised
My taste in ties,
My manners and my friends
(And away, Rio!),
My income, dog, and brother's wife,
With other odds and ends
(But she's bound for the Rio Grande!).

My Contract once I viewed with pride (Belay, there, d'ye hear?
And away, Rio!);
I thought I played a pretty Spade—
The error cost me dear!
(Though she's bound for the Rio Grande).
She pounded me, confounded me—
My "system" sprang a leak;
She's captured all my petty cash
For many a weary week.
(Belinda, hang the bunting out!
She's sailing down the Creek!)
And it's bound for the Rio Grande!



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Night Thoughts.

At the sight of the new poster by the bus-stop Mrs. Mohican began to laugh; and her husband, withdrawing his gaze from the distance—in common with many other people he believed that the sooner you notice an approaching bus the less you have to wait for it—looked at the poster and began to laugh too.

"It seems a shame to laugh," said Mrs. Mohican at length, quelling her merriment.

The poster, advertising a local firm of tailors, represented a Well-Dressed Man, his outline very thick and black in the early CÉZANNE manner, his colour somewhat muddily suggestive of the later Picasso.

Mr. Mohican did not admit that it was a shame to laugh. "He looks," he declared, "as if he's trying to scrape one of his spats off against that milk-bottle."

"That's not a milk-bottle. It's decorative."

"Decorative or not, it's a milk-bottle," Mr. Mohican said. "You see there's another one beside his other foot. In another minute he'd begin scraping his other spat off against that."

"But look at all the squiggles."

"Virginia - creeper," explained her husband, "trained to soften the lines of the milk-bottles, which he keeps to rub his spats against."

To these flights of fancy a hatchet-faced man in a raincoat, waiting for the same bus, listened with a serious expression, his gaze switching gravely from the poster to the Mohicans and back. Mr. Mohican found something vaguely familiar in the appearance of this man, but he did not stop to puzzle out why. He felt like talking. He was quite sorry when the bus arrived, and through its windows he looked back with regret at the poster, thinking of further brilliant things he might have said.

In the small hours of the following morning, however, when Mr. Mohican lay in bed gloomily pondering on the troubles that were to beset him that week and remembering all the mortifying blunders he had made in the last twenty years, it suddenly flashed into his mind that he did know something about the hatchet-faced man. The name of the hatchet-faced man was Gupp. He was the local poster-artist and sign-writer, and for the poster in question he was almost certainly responsible. Mr. Mohican's heart turned over in his chest, and the mattress tinkled beneath the sudden quiver of his diaphragm.

There was no knowing (he stared wildly with one eye at a billowing curtain) to what lengths a sensitive artist might be driven by inconsiderate criticism. A crowd of terrifying phantoms began to mill about in Mr. Mohican's head, every one of them the discouraged Gupp in the act of self-destruction.

Mr. Mohican had once been in the Tate Gallery when a guide, pointing to a picture, had addressed a party of tourists: "Voici le poète Chatterton, qui s'est suicidé." Passing rapidly over the necessary intervening steps, Mr. Mohican now saw some future guide pointing to another picture: "Voici le malheureux Gupp, qui s'est suicidé à cause de la critique de Mohican;" and to the next: "Voici l'impitoyable Mohican," for he was omitting his wife from the whole affair. She would make a very much pleasanter picture, but he ignored the fact that if he was to blame in this matter she was too. Long experience had convinced him that if he and another were involved in any course of action, the other alone was praised if it went well and he alone was blamed if it went badly.

From a feverish consideration of the aspect it would be best to assume before the artist who was (God knew why) to paint this portrait, Mr. Mohican woke up to the timid and uneasy hope that all was not lost. It might be possible to get at this Gupp before he did himself in. It was likely that this Gupp would do quite a bit of brooding before coming to the point, and he, Mohican, might be able to break open Gupp's door and knock out of his hand the poison, or the gun, or (for that matter) the bare bodkin.

"That, though," Mr. Mohican reflected, filled with desperation, "will make me late at the office;" and he went over in his mind a number of excuses he might telephone thither beforehand. He also made a mental note to walk to the station the long way round so as to pass a telephonebox, for he found he could never lie convincingly in the presence of his wife.

At this point the bed gave several sharp twangs as he suddenly realised with a convulsion of dismay that Gupp's address, which he had counted on getting from the directory, was inaccessible to him. His next-door neighbour, who had borrowed the directory, was away. Gupp might of course be on the telephone; it would be as well to find that out instantly and make sure he was worrying in the right direction. Groaning faintly, Mr. Mohican got out of bed.

It was only natural that the noise he

made downstairs in search of the telephone-book should wake his wife and lead her to suppose he was after a burglar. He prevented her in time, however, from calling the police, and after a good deal of animated talk she grasped the situation.

She then reminded him that Mr. Gupp had retired to the island of Jersey two years ago, and pointed out that the hatchet-faced man was a person who had called five months before to try to sell Mr. Mohican a six-quart ice-cream freezer.

Mr. Mohican went back to bed and slept as calmly as a child for about an hour, until the alarm-clock rang. After breakfast he was glumly beginning to take the long way to the station when he turned and with a relieved expression took the short.

Other Stars.

HAVING faith in the French roadbook called in full Guide de Pneu Michelin, but called familiarly Michelin, or even Mich, and knowing something of its editorial habits, I am wondering what effect this month of October is going to have on its stellar system. For in its awards of stars for merit in food. Michelin is careful, and it is in October that its scouts go out, north, south, east and west, anonymously, to test the tables and the cellars and to see (a) whether the old wagons have still the right to be (so to speak) hitched that way; and (b) if any new wagons worthy of the distinction have come along.

The possession of a Michelin star is a great honour; the possession of two is greater; while the possession of three, the supreme recommendation to the motoring gourmet, is greatest; so that you can imagine the anxiety now being felt, and the wailings and gnashings of (frustrated) teeth when a star is removed—only to be equalled by the delight experienced by the chef when an unexpected twinkler is conferred.

The star, I may say, applies only to food and has no reference to the excellence of the hotel. The best hotels in the land-those characterised by a tiny picture of a façade with as many as three turrets-may have none, while a small eating-house with only a Michelin picture of a spoon and fork beside it, may have three. This does not mean any lack of general thought on the part of the hotel: merely that its restaurant department makes no special effort or appeal. But let us take a specific case as an example. At Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, which too many arthritic people know only too well, Michelin gives eleven



LITERARY PLURALIST IN FULL BLAST

hotels and one auberge, "Des Charmettes," and only the auberge gets a star. At the suburb of Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, however, called Tessé-la-Madeleine, seven hotels are given, of which one, the Parc, gets a star; and at the other suburb, Vallée de la Cœur, only one hotel is given, and that also has its star.

At Lyon, to take another city, and a city famous for food, I find that among the twenty-four hotels which are described, not one has a star, but among the nineteen restaurants one, Mère Brazier, has three stars, and ten have two stars. These, of course, are the astronomical awards in the annual for 1935. I am longing to know what the investigators now setting forth against the edition of 1936 will discover.

Michelin tells also where every town is, how far most of them are from Paris, how many people live there, what are the principal places to see, what are the specialities (such as, at Périgueux, truffles, pâtés de foie-gras and eau-de-vie de prunes), what are the market-days, what is the altitude and where the principal garages and repairers of cars are to be found.

On any journey in France it is always worth while to look at the stars along the route. It was thus, a little while ago, that I found the Relai Gastronomique at Saint-Pierre-le-Moutier, a village between Nevers and Gien, which hitherto I had rushed through. As Michelin gives it two stars, I stopped there to see and I found that it was right. A plain room behind a bar, with an automatic machine and billiard-table in it, but in that plain room everything unexpected and carefully arranged, and the wine, an excellent white burgundy, was "be," by which Michelin means "boisson com-

pris." The specialities are écrevisses amoureuses, poulet gratiné and tarte flambée, and that is all, with the trifling exception of hors d'œuvre chauds de la maison, that is served. All. But had I not examined Michelin in advance, I should have eaten at Nevers, which has eight hotels and one auberge and only one star among them.

Although all Michelin's symbolic drawings give me pleasure, I look always to see the number against the little basin which means bathroom; but none of the pictures is so ingratiating as that of the man in the deck-chair (which the French used to call Trans-Atlantique and now call transat), because this means that the hotel has a "situation tranquille." Could any picture or information be more comforting? In fact, when you go to France, Michelin is your father and your mother.

E. V. L.

Golden Rain Reversed.

NEXT fifth of November I am going to give a firework-party for children. It will be the first I have given for a very long time. It will be, in fact, the first I have been allowed to give for a very long time. For there has been, unfortunately, for some years past a veto put upon my firework activities among the younger generation.

I should like it to be clearly understood here that there is no suggestion of inefficiency. It is not that I am Simply Hopeless at Fireworks or anything like that. I am, I consider, pretty good; whether Bengal Lights or Catherine Wheels, I am thoroughly to be relied upon to put up a good show. It is not that they don't trust me to get the right kind of fireworks and of this year's vintage; to let them off from the right end (this is important-Golden Rain up the sleeve, for instance, is very startling); to let them off in the right direction (this is also important: a rocket, for instance, should never travel horizontally); to let them off at the right time (this is extremely important: a cigarette-end dropped by accident in the box half-an-hour before the show is billed to start and while the kids are still at tea ranks little short of a world catastrophe). It is not that they don't trust me with children: I can handle the frightened kids tactfully before they burst into tears, and the inquisitive kids firmly before they burst into flames. It is not that I am considered incompetent in any direction or that I am anything but a real pyrotechnical expert. It is simply that they don't trust me not to swear out loud.

You see, there had been during the last party one regrettable lapse from my usual high standard of performance -vide reference to Golden Rain above -as a result of which I publicly made an involuntary statement about fireworks generally which I now realise was ill-advised. The particular opera-tion in the efficient performing of which upon the fireworks I requested outside help was not incongruous. though had my wish come true I should have no doubt been even far worse burnt than by the Golden Rain. Indeed, if hurriedly explained with reference to quarries, boreholes and so on, it could laughingly have been passed off as quite in keeping with the evening's entertainment had I not at the same time further mistakenly described the fireworks themselves by means of an adjective which even a a child could see and most of them unfortunately did see-was definitely inapplicable.

The Remark, needless to say, was the hit of the evening amongst the assembled kiddage. The next firework was promptly greeted by a large portion of the audience in the manner that I had originated; and when I hastily tried a second Golden Rain the thing had caught on so effectively that it was like the first entrance of a popular musical comedy star.

popular musical-comedy star. Despite, or probably because of the attempted suppression of subsequent ringside comments by nurses, mothers, etc., working under difficulty and with malevolent glances in my direction, the Remark survived in most cases the obliterating effect of a good night's rest, and, I am given to understand, reappeared with devastating results at several breakfast-tables next morning. What with childish admiration and an attempt to give credit where credit was due, my name was unfortunately coupled to all reports of the matter made under the hasty cross-examinations that ensued. Notes passed, representations were made, and as a result it was decided to cancel the annual fixture till further notice. In spite of my protests, it was held that, apart from a very shaken trust in my powers of self-control (though, dash it all, Golden Rain up the sleeve!), there was a grave risk that mere memory alone might revive the Remark each year through the connecting link of watching me handle Golden Rain every Fifth, and that a new and as yet unsullied generation of three- and fouryear-olds, coming for the first time, might thus have the Remark handed on to them by old stagers of seven, and they in turn. . . . Anyway, what I mean is, the darn thing looked like going down to posterity in some halfdozen nurseries as a cradle catchword. and the only step that would avert this rot seemed to be the calling of a halt in my firework-parties till all those who had heard the Remark had grown into the sere and yellow of school-days, and could probably do as well-or better-themselves.

This year, however, the ban has at last been lifted, and next week I hope to be able to report to you in detail a smashing success, with no blood spilt, no damage to life, limb or property—except my glasses, which always get dragged down and man-handled before the end of the evening—and above all no word spoken that one's own children wouldn't use—oh, well, let's say that one's local curate wouldn't use; you don't know my kids!

Still, I do ask you, if you had had Golden Rain up your sleeve, how would you have passed it off?

A. A.

Improving His English.

"This is Karl," said Mrs. Robertson to me when I went to have tea with them. "He only arrived from Germany this afternoon. He's staying with us to improve his English. Though you speak it very well already, Karl," she added slowly and loudly.

Karl beamed as he stirred his tea. "Yes," he said; "but sometimes I make mistakes. I hope very much that you will correct me when I do."

A gleam came into John Robertson's eyes. I saw that Karl's English was going to improve a lot.

going to improve a lot.

"Oke," said John. "To begin with, you know, you shouldn't really say you hope a thing very much, like that. It's English, but it's not what people say. It isn't colloquial."

"Please?" said Karl.

"But they do say it sometimes," put in Mary. "What about 'I hope very much to have the pleasure of meeting you'? It's a bit polite, of course, but some people might say it."

"That's different, you idiot. You can put 'very much' before 'ta' but not before 'that.' That's what it is, Karl. You can put an adverb after a verb before 'to' but not before 'that.'"

"Please?" said Karl again.
"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Peter. "You made that rule up, John. Why, if

"Well, don't go into it now," said John, "we'll only muddle him. Lock, Karl, what you say is, 'I very much hope—' No, you don't. That's worse. You'd better just say, 'I hope.'"

"I hope," repeated Karl.

vou sav-

"But of course you'd say 'I hope so' if you said it like that," Mary remarked.
"I hope so that you will correct me?"

"Oh, argue it out afterwards," said Mr. Robertson as John opened his mouth. "Where's the muffin-dish?"

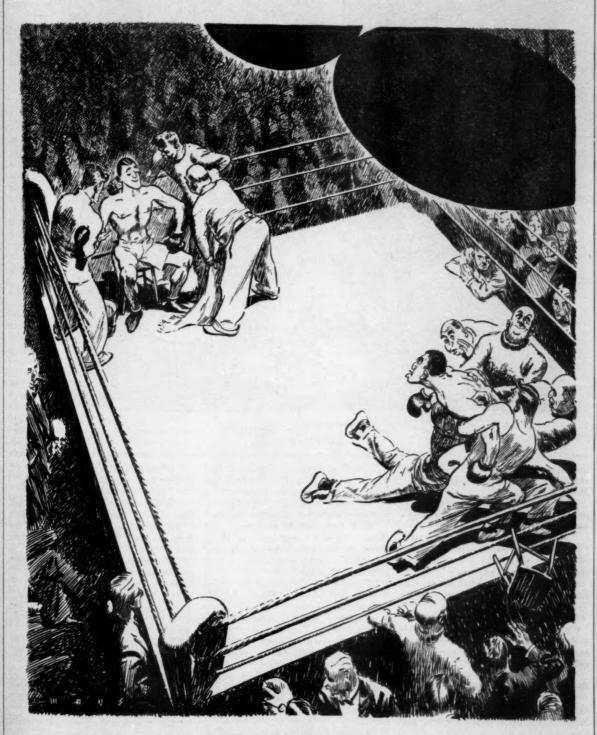
John fetched it from the fireplace.
"Have a scone?" he said to Karl.
Karl helped himself. "You call

these scones—yes?" he asked.
"Oh, no," said Mrs. Robertson.
"They're toasted tea-cake."

"Please?" said Karl. "But you call that a muffin-dish?"

"Oh, they call it a muffin-dish. It was a wedding-present from an uncle of Mr. Robertson's. He lived in Yorkshire, but of course he's been dead for some time now. We've had it for twenty-five years, I suppose, but I don't remember ever having had muffins in it. Do you, Henry?"

"Don't think people ever eat muffins



"GO EASY THIS ROUND, BASHER; THE HAIR CREAM CO. IS TAKIN' 'IS PITCHER."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER. IMPORTANCE OF TEA.

nowadays," said Mr. Robertson meditatively. "It's always crumpets. Messy things."

"But a crumpet is something different?" asked Karl. "Not a scone—yes?" He held it up.

"A tea-cake," said Mrs. Robertson. "No, a crumpet is quite different. Flat and round, with holes in it. You can see that that has sultanas in it."

"I should have called them currants," said Peter.

"Please?" asked Karl.

"But it is a scone," protested John.
"Why on earth isn't it a scone? The sultana sort. What's the difference between a sultana scone and a teacake, anyway?"

"Well, they call it a tea-cake in

shops," said Mrs. Robertson.
"It's the big sort you cut up,"
explained Mary to Karl. "That's why, Mother. Tea-cake is always the big sort.

"No, that's a bap," said Peter. "You get it in crosswords," he told Karl

"You'll soon get used to it," I said to the unhappy Karl. "I believe the best way is to go to the pictures.'

"Oh, yes?" said Karl. "I intend to go to-morrow to the National Gallery."

"Not that sort of pictures," said Peter. "You'd never learn anything there. No, she means the moving sort. Not that anyone calls them moving pictures nowadays."

"The cinema," explained Mrs. Rob-

Karl's face cleared.

Kinema," said Mr. Robertson.

"Oh, Father!" said John. "That's absolute hooey. 'Cinema' is just as right. If you want to be consistent you ought to say 'kyneema.' "

"Well, you wouldn't say either really," said Peter, turning to Karl. You'd say you were going to a flick." "Please?" said Karl. "A flick is a

"Well, it's actually the picture. A cinema is a flick-house. You could say, 'I am going to a flick-house.' But 'I'm going to the flicks' is what people say."

"It is not," said Mr. Robertson-"not if they want to talk decent English."

"I go to the flick-yes?"

"Well, you shouldn't spend too much time there," began Mrs. Robertson. "The American language is not the same as the English language, you know.

Oh, Mother!" sighed John. "Don't get off the point. It's not 'the flick, Karl. It's either-

"Oh, let him have his tea in peace," interrupted Mary. "He hasn't got anything to eat. Have some more teacake.

"Thank you," said Karl, "I do not want any," he explained as Mr. Robertson handed him the dish.

"Oh, of course," said John, "we don't say it like that in England. You have to say, 'No, thank you.' Try it."

No. Thank you.'

"No, that's not right. No comma thank you. All in one sentence. Try

Karl tried again. We decided that the fourth attempt was very good.

"Now, we'll ask you again," said Peter, "and you say it. Will you have some bap?"

"Please?" said Karl.

"The fellow doesn't seem to know what he does want," muttered Mr. Robertson as he went back to the fire-place for the muffin-dish.

Dates.

"Fancy Uncle George dragging the family name in the gutter like that!" said Edith, looking up from The Daily Wire. "Fined two-pounds-ten for leaving his car parked in a country lane without lights, and the best story he could make up was to say that he had met a friend and gone for a stroll and lost his way. That's the first time that the family name has been dragged in the gutter since '24, when Richard's son Nicholas ran into a telegraph-pole and the magistrate wouldn't believe his story that the telegraph-pole jumped out at him—"

"That wasn't in '24," I said. "It was the year Nicholas stayed with us—'23."

"I'm sure it was '24," said Edith. "I never forget a date. Nicholas stayed here because his father was moving from Surbiton to Golders Green. And I know it was in '24 he moved to Golders Green because they couldn't get the grand piano into the new house so they gave it to Aunt Agatha, and Aunt Agatha only came back from Canada in '24."

"I can prove it was '23," I said, "because while young Nicholas was staying here he took the Vicar's place in the Little Wobbley cricket eleven, and he and Colonel Hogg put on 102 for the first wicket. If you don't believe me we'll go round and ask Colonel Hogg which year that happened."

So we got out the car and drove round to Bombay Cottage.

"We haven't come to tea," we said; "we just popped round to ask you to settle a little argument. Was it in '23 or '24 that you and my nephew Nicholas put on 102 for the first wicket against Nether Drooping? Think carefully before you answer, because a lot depends on it. If it was '23, then it was in '23 that Nicholas stayed with us, and in '23 that Richard moved from Surbiton to Golders Green, and in '23 that Aunt Agatha came back from Canada. And if that was so, then it was in '23 that Nicholas dragged the family name in the gutter by running into a telegraph-pole.

Colonel Hogg looked a bit puzzled, so Edith said helpfully, "We know it was the same year because of the grand piano."



Conscientious Referee. "Well, Ferhaps you're right, and I really ought to have new glasses."

"It was in '23 Nicholas and I scored 102 for the first wicket," said Colonel Hogg.

Mrs. Hogg shook her head. "24, dear," she said, "because young Nicholas took the Vicar's place when the Vicar had measles, and the Vicar had measles the year the new curate came. I remember what a mess they got into owing to the curate not knowing which baby was which at the christening, the Vicar not being there."

"If we ring up the Vicar we can nail it down," I said. "He will remember when he had measles."

So the Colonel rang up the Vicar and said in his rude way that "that fool Conkleshill was jabbering about firstwicket stands and grand pianos and aunts in Canada, and the upshot of it all seemed to be, when did the Vicar have measles?"

"He says it was '22," said the Colonel.

"I told you it wasn't '24," said Edith.

We walked towards the car and found a policeman sitting in it. While we had been arguing darkness had fallen and we had forgotten to switch on the lights.

So now there is another date when the family name was dragged in the gutter.

Turf Accounts.

I WISH no man any harm, so I shall not send the letter which is before me to the Director of Public Prosecutions. Nor shall I reveal the name of the flourishing firm from which it comes. Besides, I receive many similar letters from other firms.

"Sir,—If you are interested in betting, you must have an account with ——. I am therefore sending you details of the —— Service, which is the most generous and extensive bookmaking service in the country.

My terms, particularly the Bonus on Winnings, are certainly more advantageous than can be secured elsewhere.

Whether you bet regularly or not, please sign the blue form

please sign the blue form with your name and address, giving some idea of the amount of credit you require, and post to me in the prepaid envelope..."

Now, by the Betting Act, 1874 (37 and 38 Vict. c. 15), which has not, so far as I know, been repealed, it is genially provided that—

"If any letter, circular, telegram, placard, hand bill, card, or advertisement, be sent, exhibited or published, whereby it is made to appear that any person will give information or advice

as to any bet or wager, event or contingency relating to a horse-race or any other race, or any fight, game, sport or exercise, or will make on behalf of any other person any such bet or wager, with intent to induce any person to engage in any such bet or wager, every person sending or causing such letter, etc., to be sent, exhibited or published, will be liable to a penalty not exceeding £30 and costs, or two months' imprisonment with or without hard labour."

In considering the English laws about betting one must always be ready to hear that no ordinary word has its ordinary meaning; and it may be that there is some mystical decision on this point of which I do not know. But I should have thought that this letter was clearly sent to me with intent to induce me to engage in a bet or wager; and our wise Parliament has said that no man must send such a letter to the

feeble-minded citizens of Britain. At all events, being an ordinary feeble-minded citizen of Britain, I so interpreted the letter and the attractive pamphlet which accompanied it, and grew more and more excited as I perceived the generosity of the service and the prospect of wealth which they offered. So I opened an account through His Majesty's Post and, later in the week, over His Majesty's telephone lines, placed bets upon Blue Bell and Frolic Eye, which were last and last but one respectively.

I feel therefore more feeble-minded than usual, and I might resent (I fear I do not) having been lured into this unprofitable transaction by an invitation which I believe to be illegal.

As Mr. — remarks in his pamphlet, "No one is allowed by law to

RED GALON HERALD GAZETTE Na orner

"SAY, IS THE ART EDITOR IN?"

frequent my office for the purpose of betting." For the State disapproves of betting, especially betting in cash, especially betting that is open and above-board (what the eye don't see the State don't grieve about).

But Mr. — may, apparently, use His Majesty's postal service in order to induce me to bet, and I may use His Majesty's postal service in order to open a credit account (which does not, by the way, mean putting money down but simply requesting to be allowed a certain amount of credit); and I may use His Majesty's telephonic and telegraphic services in order to place bets with Mr. ——.

And Mr. — is in His Majesty's Telephone Book. On his notepaper is printed the information that he has no fewer than thirty lines, and in his pamphlet he tells me that he uses seventy-five telephones. In His Majesty's Telephone Book he has special black letters, and he is delightfully described

as a "Turf Accountant." The old-fashioned term "Commission Agent" seems to have been discarded; indeed in the pamphlet even the fine Turf Accountant is discarded: Mr. — describes himself frankly as a bookmaker and is not afraid to use the vulgar word "bet." ("Bets are accepted from 2/6 upwards.")

But His Majesty's innocent Postmaster-General, I presume, supposes that by "Turf Accountant" is meant a man who deals in turf. We must presume that, for we know that His Majesty's Government disapprove of betting and wish to put it down. They have taken much trouble to suppress unlawful lotteries, foreign and native; and if they see a man taking a bet of half-a-crown in a back-alley they send a policeman after him. If they

truly wish to put down "off - course" betting they have only to deny the use of His Majesty's postal services, especially the telephone and the telegram, for without these Mr. could not conduct his business. Without those aids his clients would have to visit his fine offices in person, and that would make his fine offices an illegal betting-house. All those trades or occupations which His Majesty's Government and other good people regard as "undesirable" use His Majesty's telephones, no doubt; but the Turf

Accountant is the only one for whom the telephone is the principal tool of his trade.

- no harm. I repeat, I wish Mr. -I do not, like the Good People, regard him as "undesirable." I think that in this imperfect world he supplies a want, and he supplies it, I am sure, quite honestly and (subject to the doubts concerning that letter) legitimately. I hope that His Majesty's Government will continue to make it possible for - to conduct his business (and increase the revenue) by supplying him with thirty lines and seventy-five telephones. But I think that he should increase the revenue more than he does. I think that he should be licensed and pay a tax for his licence, as those who distil whisky or sell beer have to do. I think that I should pay a tax every time I place a bet-I mean a turf account—with him, and another tax if I win it. It seems absurd—it is absurd—that if I spend ten shillings on seeing a play by SHAKESPEARE I have to pay a tax of two shillings. and if I spend four-and-sixpence on whisky I pay a tax of eight shillings. But if I put ten pounds on Frolic Eye I pay no tax, not even if I win fifty pounds-not even income-tax on the fifty pounds. (I may add that in fact I never win five bob.) It seems absurd that, though Music and Drama are heavily taxed, not on profits but on receipts, and though the Betting Bill (or turnover) is said to be £200,000,000 per annum, the State from this vast and "undesirable" expenditure extracts not a penny for the Exchequer.

Mr. —— is, I am sure, a patriotic and sensible citizen, and would agree with every word that I have said. But he would be entitled to add this: "It would not be fair (or practical) to tax me unless at the same time you tax the other off-course bookmakers, that is, the cash and 'street' bookmakers. For otherwise you only drive the trade from me to them and give me a good moral ground for evading the tax."

is right. You cannot control what is not legal, and you cannot tax what you cannot control. This was the mistake that Mr. CHURCHILL made in 1926, when, with less than his usual perspicacity, he imposed a Duty on Bets (the lawful ones) without getting his Government to do the thing thoroughly, that is, legalize, license, control and tax the poor man's cash bet as well as the rich man's credit bet. The Government would not do that because Good People said that this would be to "recognize, and so increase, betting." So the bookmakers successfully clamoured and evaded; and the miserable little tax was reduced from 5 per cent. to 2 per cent., and after three years repealed (with, at last, the very proper tax on bookmakers' telephones).

Betting, I believe, has not diminished since then; and there is still an annual expenditure of about £200,000,000 ("uneconomic," "unproductive," "socially undesirable," etc.) which contributes nothing to the Exchequer, while we industrious and worthy slaves must yield a quarter or more of our earnings. For this the queer minds of the Good People and the queer pusillanimity of Ministers are responsible. There is still no reason why a Betting Duty should not be successfully and remuneratively imposed, provided the thing is done thoroughly and fairly, and so from time to time it is well to remind the nation of these bizarre facts. Ten per cent. (or half the Entertainments Duty) on £200,000,000 comes to £20,000,000.

My special message to the Good Folk is that if they really want to reduce



"Man, a body canna concentrate on onything wi' a' this Yurhupean business goin' on."

betting they must do to it as they have done to drinking—license, control and tax it; and if they are against State "recognition" of betting and Turf Accounting they had better speak to His Majesty's Postmaster-General.

Meanwhile, in a friendly way, I advise Mr. — (though I do not think he is in very grave danger) to alter the terms of his charming letter. Let him take out such crude blunt words as "bookmaker" and "bet" and revert to the nebulous and inoffensive terms—Turf Accountant, Commission Service, etc.—which British humbugs prefer. And will he establish for me a Turf Account of ten shillings each way on Black Eye for the 3.30 to-morrow?

P.S.—By the way, looking back at that quotation from the statute, I

recall many newsbills of certain progressive newspapers which, though they despise the motive of private profit, continually announce that their Mr. "—— GIVES SEVEN WINNERS." And I wonder whether this is not "a placard or advertisement . . which makes it appear that a person will give information or advice as to a bet or wager, event or contingency . . etc." And if not, why not? A. P. H.

The Big Noise.

"Downing Street was quiet to-day, with Mr. Baldwin absent at the Unionist Conference."—Scots Paper.

"THE WOLVES ARE AFTER BALDWIN."

Periodical Poster:

We hear a record transfer fee has been offered.



"MY DEAR LADY, WHAT DOES IT MATTER SO LONG AS HE'S HEALTHY?"

The Electorate on Elections.

(On overhearing a man in a hostelry making precisely this complaint about the choice of a date for the General Election.)

WE all admire Mr. BALDWIN,

We know he's an honest man,

And, as for Mr. EDEN,

We're all for the Sanctions plan;

But in view of the fact that we'd booked the Hall More than six months ago,

They might really have chosen another date Than the day of our Rabbit Show.

Sir Charles had said he'd open the Show (And he was a splendid catch),

Miss Brown was to give the prizes away,

But they're both of them bound to scratch. They'll be running around in their motor-cars Taking folk to the poll,

While we stand there with a few of the Fancy And hardly another soul.

It's bitter to think what might have been, The entries were so grand—

Twice as many as Stoke-by-Colne's

(Though they did have a Silver Band); Rabbits from all the villages round,

Hens of all sorts and sizes,

Homers and pouters and fantails and mice, And a good ten pound in prizes. We'd arranged with all the tradespeople

For bills all over the place; The Press had promised a full report,

But will they have the space?

And won't the reporters be both elsewhere?
The Election's spoilt it all!

I know you may say we could change our date, But how could we get the Hall?

For there's only two sizeable Halls in the place, And they're both of them thick with dates,

What with Legion Socials and Jumble Sales,

Bazaars and Balls and Fêtes; And, anyhow, a Show like ours

Takes a very great deal of arranging, And I hope the people will understand

It's much too late for changing.

So the cocks will crow with none to hear, The rabbits no hand will stroke,

The pigeons will preen and pout in vain, While they laugh up their sleeves at Stoke;

And all we can do is to hope next time

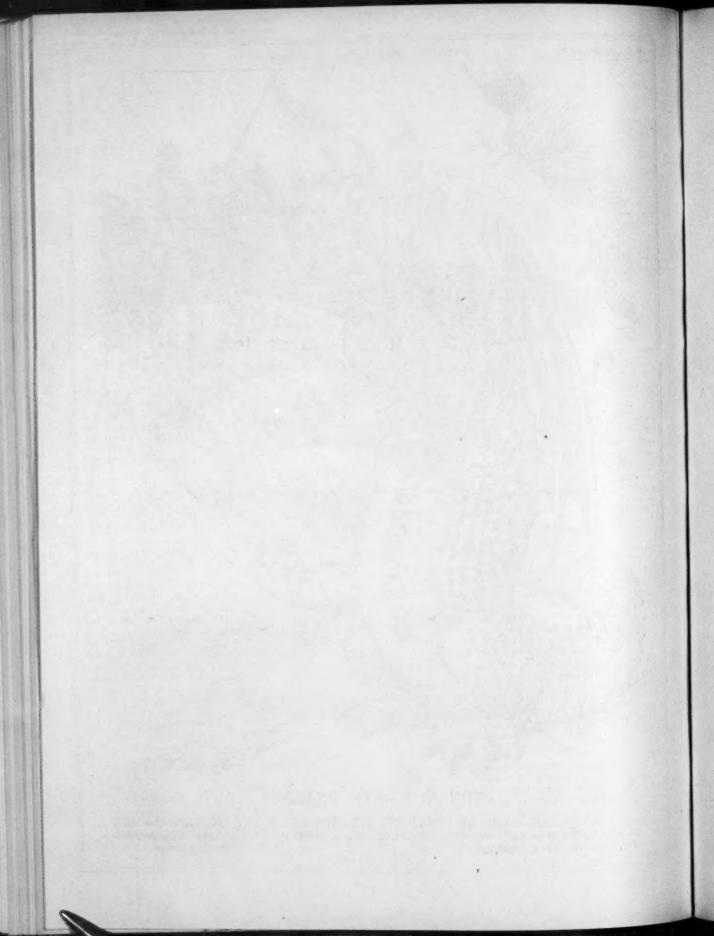
An Election comes in November, Mr. Baldwin, before he fixes his date, Will consult Sir Charles, our Member.

J. C. S.



THE NON-SNAP DRAGON.

"I KNOW I OUGHT TO BE BREATHING OUT FIRE AND FURY; BUT THE TROUBLE IS THAT—WITH A FEW SLIGHT RESERVATIONS—I SEEM TO BE IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT WITH ST. GEORGE."



Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, October 22nd.—Recalled a week early at the request of the Opposition, both Houses met to-day to begin a full debate on foreign policy, the last

debate before Dissolution and a General Election. Particularly in the Lower House there was a very large attendance, and throughout the day Opposition Members were torn between a desire to stigmatise the Election as a political trick and anxiety to declare themselves perfectly ready to do battle. It would be idle to deny that the present Socialist leaders are exceedingly embarrassed by the audacious action of some of their party in damning the National Government for now doing what, at the time of the Sino-Japanese dispute, they blamed it for not doing; but it is equally difficult to see in this embarrassment an adequate reason for not hold-

ing an Election at a moment when fresh proof that the country is behind it will give increased significance to the Government's action at Geneva.

In a long speech emphasising the falseness of the suggestion that the Government had not, from the beginning of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, made clear its intention of adhering to the Covenant, and the intensity with which it wished for peace, Lord LONDONDERRY opened the debate in the Upper House. This was chiefly remarkable for an appeal from Lord CAVAN that arms should not be withheld from Italy while they were being supplied to Abyssinia (coupled with what seemed an irrelevant appreciation of Italy's fighting qualities), and for a surprising speech from Lord MOTTISTONE, who, in a letter to The Times a few days before, had promised to bring their Lordships fresh and vital tidings. These, it turned out, were simply that Lord MOTTISTONE, later than most, had been informed that slavery still current in Abyssinia, and was therefore extremely perturbed at the thought that bullets manufactured in civilised neutral countries might be fired against the splendid young warriors of Italy; so perturbed indeed that he had taken the liberty—and it was surely a liberty—of cabling to General DE BONO, (who could only in loyalty supply one



HOW SIR HARRY GOT HIS HUMP.

 Mr , Pench . "Bless me, Sir Harry, you're looking more like me than ever!"

Sir HARRY FILDES (after four days in Parliament as Member for Dumfries). "SIR, I AM NOT AMUSED!"



had been informed that slavery
and other barbaric practices were and the Walls that don't look like Falling Flat.
still current in Abyssinia, and
MR. Attlee and Lord Snell,

Leaders of the Opposition in the House of Commons and the House of Lords respectively.

answer) to ask whether the Abyssinians were as bad as they were painted.

The General's reply not being flattering to Abyssinia, Lord MOTTISTONE urged the Government to send out a fast aeroplane, loaded with an impartial international commission, to verify the

facts before proceeding further with sanctions. As this was presumably the first step which the League would have taken had Signor Mussolini cared to abide by the Covenant and appeal to Geneva, it was not easy to see exactly where Lord Morri-STONE'S case rested. Certainly his emphasis on native atrocities and his lack of emphasis on the use of all the devilries of chemistry and engineering against primitive warriors did little to assist his case. Nobody of course pretends that slavery is not rife in the territories of the Negus, but the point is that Italy was foremost in sponsoring Abyssinia as a worthy member of the League and has herself since broken

her word as a member of the League.

The Lower House listened with approval to a very firm and lucid survey of the situation by the Foreign Secretary, whose first aim was to assure Italy of the Government's whole-hearted adherence to the League and of the truth of its claim that its policy found no inspiration either in selfish imperialism or anti-Fascism. Mr. EDEN, he said, had acted responsibly throughout; from the first Italy had been informed of our views; the suggestion that Sir John Simon had been at fault was a lie; collective economic action could do much to shorten the war, but in the meantime he again appealed to the good sense and essential friendliness of Italy.

The rest of the debate was disappointing. The new Leader of the Opposition, Mr. ATTLEE, harked back to the Sino-Japanese dispute, alleged that Geneva was inspired by Imperialist motives, and accused the Government of staging a trick Election on the question of rearmament. And for the Liberals Sir Herbert Samuel expressed himself unconvinced that the Government



SCENE AT THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

WRITERS OF THRILLERS TESTING THE HAIR-RAISING QUALITIES OF THEIR WORKS.

had in the first place been firm enough with Signor Mussolini, but pledged the support of his party however far the Government might have to go in defence of the principles of the League. After that, only a few back-benchers gave tongue.

Wednesday, October 23rd.—The debate on Foreign Affairs, continued in both Houses, was on a higher level than that of yesterday. Very few doubts were expressed that the Government's policy was the only honourable course; the strongest opposition to it came from Lord Ponsonby, who was able to offer no practical alternative to sanctions for limiting the range of Italian aggression.

In the Upper House Lord Stanhope re-stated the Government's case, regretted Lord Mottistone's alarmist views, and pointed out that so far the Italians had occupied less than two per cent. of Abyssinian territory; and, after Lord Ponsoney had defended a policy of negation, Lord Lothian, although unhappy about the effect of sanctions, pledged his support for strong League action; Lord Howard made what seemed a common-sense plea for a ready-made procedure of collective restraint; Lord Rennell, on

the strength of personal experience, refuted the charge that Abyssinians were necessarily barbarians, and Lord Noel-Buxton agreed that Italy was being treated in the only possible way, even though Abyssinia had not done her best to eradicate slavery.

In the Lower House Mr. BALDWIN, who now stated that Polling-Day would be on November 14th, spoke briefly and to the point. An assurance of complete unanimity in the Cabinet, a tribute to the Dominions' spontaneous loyalty to the League, a solemn warning that without adequate defence services the risks of a determined peace policy were such that he could not stand responsible for them, and an analysis of the national calendar which left only Nevember and January as suitable months for a General Election, were the main points of his speech. As for the proposed Labour Vote of Censure, he regretted that time was not available for it, but invited the Opposition to move it in the country as much as they pleased during the next few

Mr. Hicks, while remaining true to his Party's views on the Election and armaments, followed with the most moderate contribution which the

Labour Opposition has yet made to this debate, sincerely complimenting Sir SAMUEL HOARE and Mr. EDEN; and for the Liberals Mr. ISAAC FOOT echoed his words, though unable to repress an ungracious sneer at the late FOREIGN SECRETARY. The isolationist policy of the Die-Hards, in so far as it is capable of logical expression, was then put forward by Mr. AMERY, who confessed himself comforted by the Government's assurance that military sanctions were very far from its intentions; and for the rest of the evening interest was divided between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S attempts to make good his case that the Government had not bothered about Abyssinia until too late, and that France had been improperly exporting explosives to Italy, and the easy destruction of it by Mr. EDEN, who was given a tremendous ovation by the House. In an admirable speech detailing the successive steps in British action at Geneva, he made it clear that as long ago as last February the Government had left Signor MUSSOLINI in no doubt as to their views, and had received in reply undertakings to continue to act through the League for a peaceful solution to the problem.

Humour Misplaced.

(From a Press Report.)

I sing a Jew who made a joke;
In Germany the deed was done;
And now he's sorry that he spoke,
Nor am I shocked, for one.

It was no tried and sterling jest About the mother of his wife, Which ever soothes the stormy breast And brightens up one's life.

On alcohol and lively fleas,
Both classic themes, he did not touch;
He could have got away with these
Or not have suffered, much.

Nor did he with a casual air Mildly deride some brother Jew; They haven't much to laugh at there If all one hears be true. Nothing would please him save to choose
As butt for his unholy mirth
Two Aryan gents of HITLER'S views
And pure Germanic birth.

No one could stand a thing like that; Such conduct must be stoutly barred; And so they had him on the mat And gave him eight months hard.

A man may tread the paths of crime Nor earn much censure in our eyes, And if he gets his bit of time We rather sympathise.

But with the baser types of sin
One dare not, if one would, be mild;
And yet I think they rubbed it in
On Israel's erring child.

DUM-DUM.



THE GENEVA TOUCH.

Red. "Damnable coffee this—damnable! I'll complain to the Committee."

Blue. "This club, Sir, in my opinion, gives you the best coffee in London."

Neutral Tint. "Come, come, Gentlemen! There's surely a basis for agreement. You notice you both agree it is coffee?"

At the Play.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" (NEW).

Mr. John Gielgud has left Noah in his virtuous simplicity, and has wandered down the centuries to see what has become of Noah's descendants.

In the pleasant town of Verona his attention has been held by sad but exciting evidences that the worst forebodings of the Old Testament are justified. The feud between the Montagues and Capulets, a senseless brutal affair, catches up and drags off into tragedy the simple love-story of young Romeo and younger Juliet. Very eleverly does Mr. GIELGUD decorate the stage at the New Theatre with a multiple scene, showing just one part, then another, and using a central post in a variety of subtle ways, putting to inept shame those earlier producers of SHAKESPEARE who could not manage without a succession of alternating drop-scenes.

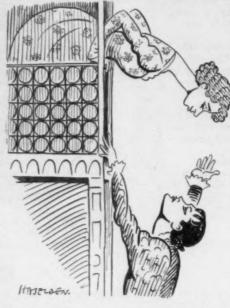
Mr. Gielgud's production is worthy of the distinguished company who play out the tragedy. There is Miss Edith Evans as the nurse, magnificently pleased with herself and her reminiscences and enjoying to the full such moments of power as come her way when she has news that Juliet simply must know. There was a Victorian note about Juliet (Miss Peggy Ashcroft) which I must

believe was quite deliberate. Here was somebody very much under her parents and keeping her romantic dreams to herself. Miss ASHCROFT rose to Juliet's great occasions and maintained her lesser ones.

She made an excellent companion to Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER as Romeo. Together they made their love-affair what Shakespeare no doubt meant it to be, something very youthful and simple and so to be more tragically destroyed. Romeo, from his first dejected appearance as a case of luckless calf-love to his final crude despair is a very young man. And so Mr. OLIVIER made him. Towards the climax the accident of his costume and appearance made him rather like the young hero of a French Revolutionary story, but nothing marred the fine subtlety of the acting: we saw just how really sorry, and how little deeply sorry,

he was when he killed Tybalt and Paris.

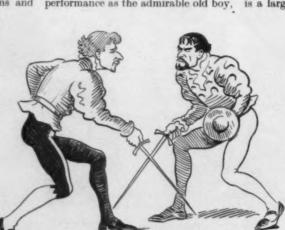
The verse in Romeo and Juliet is singularly difficult for actors to speak naturally; it is full of bold comparisons and figures of speech, with much thinking aloud. Some of the parts are ex-



A ROMEO WHO TOOK THE ORCHARD WALL IN FINE STYLE, BUT FAILED AT THE BALCONY-JUMP.

Juliet MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT Romeo Mr. Laurence Olivier.

empt from these problems. Juliet's father, for instance, is in all his speech a triumph of natural ease. Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD gave a most attractive performance as the admirable old boy,



Mr. John Girlaud as "Mercutio" to Mr. Geopper Toore as "Tybalt." "You wait till I take on the part of Romeo!"

with his festive good-nature, his content with himself, his childish rage when thwarted. His servant, *Peter*, was played by Mr. George Devine in a spirit of rich comedy.

When a play is as well produced as this, any forced contrivance in the plot stands out very clearly. Among people so vital and so human, the desperate folly of Friar Laur. ence's stratagem stands out. When he thinks it has miscarried he is a little perturbed, but he quickly resolves that he will hide Juliet in his cell till Romeo can fetch her. And that of course is what he ought to have done in the first place, instead of risking the drug and the trance and the burial in the vault. But these stratagems seem more surprising and hazardous to us, perhaps, than to the lively reckless company of wellto-do Veronese. Mr. GIELGUD himself, who is acting, at present, the part of Mercutio, impersonated that young blade with a full-blooded zest which radiated around him. So in his production he has caught the colour and swing of a life when feuds were allowed to become the menace they were because young men felt so well and were spoiling for a fight.

Romeo and Juliet is the most suitable of Shakespeare's plays to be acted on behalf of the League of Nations Union; it is an eloquent sermon on the tragedy

that waits on wanton war, but it is also a celebration, in the ancient manner, of the greatness of man and of the heights of human passions. There is a largeness about the characters as

they tread their few decisive steps under unpropitious stars. All this Mr. Grecurb's production of the play has seized and translated into action before our excited and grateful eyes.

D. W.

At the Music-Hall.

(PICCADILLY.)

This theatre is London's latest convert to variety, and if the standard of the first programme is maintained the venture should be a success. Wisely, for the stage is on the small side, a note of intimacy is struck, and Chorus manœuvres are not on an extended scale. Each turn is separate and "uncrazy."

On the first night the illuminated indicators contracted a distresing ailment which periodically blacked them out, and it so happened that the lefthand one, the easiest for me to see, suffered more than the other; but, although the management had all my sympathy, for the most inaccessible wires have a dirty trick of giving up the ghost at the last moment, I could not forgive them for arranging tall ferns so that in any case the indicators were partially obscured. A personal loathing of ferns is, I know, beside the point; but when you have gone to the trouble of imitating an inquisitive giraffe in order to consult the less convenient indicator, nothing can be more infuriating than to find a vague numeral glimmering at you through a mass of silly herbage. Any competent gardener or barber could put things right in a moment-and so, for that matter, could a real giraffe.

The bill was headed, naturally, by Miss IVY ST. HELIER, who gave us a brilliant and generous helping of parody. At a recent party, she pretended, she had embarked on a burlesque of Miss GLADYS COOPER, Miss YVONNE ARNAUD and Miss MARION LORNE before realising that these three ladies were actually in the room; and she proceeded to reconstruct for us the indignation-meeting on the telephone which she felt sure must have taken place the next morning. It certainly took place before our astonished eyes, for there, hand on hip, head thrown back a little, sleepy-voiced and now and then indulging in the most delicate of sniffs, stood Miss Cooper; there,

with all the fascination of accent and electric personality. was Miss ARNAUD herself and, twittering, dithering and squealing in a delicious haze of indecision, who could that possibly be but Miss LORNE? Such clever impersonations almost defied grading, but to me there was something specially good about Miss ARNAUD. Do you recall how, some years ago, in I cannot remember what play, she suddenly and unforgettably cried, "Aubr-r-rey, I have an ide-e-a!"? Well, Miss ST. HELIER somehow captured all the glory of that moment.

Finally, before singing her lovely Bitter-Sweet song, "If Love Were All," she treated us to an exquisite little parody of the BERGNER of Escape Me Never, the tired gamine in the mackintosh and béret laughing her infectious laugh

and making one long, in righteous indignation, to catch the whole Sanger bunch bending on the edge of a precipice. My only criticism of Miss St. Helier's turn is that the pink-and-blue silk curtains against which she did it were unworthily chocolate-boxy.



"ESCAPE ME NEVER." MISS IVY ST. HELIER.

After her I easily preferred the CALIGARI BROTHERS, two solemn-faced drolls of Marx-ist tendency. One of them specialises in cork-screw collapses to the floor; the other has a miraculous gift of doing tricks off his balance, such as sitting back in the air as if in a chair. Together they went through a number of lunatic actions with hats, pistols

and false shirts, and were at their best in a slow-motion wrestling-match. Even when they only roll their eyes they do it with originality.

Mr. Masu's unusual capacity for running about while balancing balls on his nose must have escaped the football managers, or he would have been transferred long ago from the boards to the swards at a colossal fee. He hails from Japan, so Clapton Orient should be the team. It remains one of my ambitions to see him winning a Cup Final literally on his head. Here he was in grand order, balancing ball upon ball and making a dramatic exit pogofashion on a long pole.

Then there were an eccentric musician named ZIBRAL, who drew melody, and quite palatable melody. from a single string attached to a step-ladder, imitated a telephone-conversation eleverly on the same instrument, and also played an eight-inch fiddle; Mr. RONALD FRANKAU, singing his songs and telling stories, on the broad side but sometimes funny; the SENSATIONAL MACKS, whizzing giddily about on roller-skates; the Two Forkers, very nimble acrobatic comedians; the KENTUCKY SING-ERS, a coloured and accomplished choir which sang "Dinah" better than I have ever heard it sung; a demonstration of a new American dance called "Truckin'," which seemed to me sheer hooey, and uglier even than the Charleston; HAYES, HAGUE and HOWE, reminiscent of the THREE SAILORS, and relying, as they do, too much on mutual slapping and kicking; and, by no means least, a sound Chorus of Mangan GIRLS. ERIC.

At the Play.

"THE HANGMAN" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

This surprising affair strikes one up to the end of the first (or Mediæval) Part simply as a (fairly successful) study in the macabre. The little party of peasant-craftsmen, who sit at a tavern table and swill their beer with such furious determination that, were it not for the fact that their tankards are bone-dry, they would inevitably be drenched from head to foot, confine their conversation exclusively to such matters as corpses, corruption and the gallows, with side-lights on the medical benefits to be derived from the blood off the executioner's axe. For excuse they have the presence of The Hangman



"WELL, I'LL EAT MY HAT!" THE CALIGARY BROTHERS.



"GO BACK AND PUT A COLLAR ON, 'ENERY, YER NECK'S DIRTY."

(Mr. FRANK VOSPER), who sits removed from them, a grim and silent figure in a bright-red shirt, ready, as it appears later, for some work on the morrow. There are effective periods in this ghoulish sympos-ium. Mr. HERBERT LOMAS as The Carpenter puts a deal of skill into the telling of a story of his childhood, and manages to work up quite a satisfactory atmosphere of indefinable horror (rather in the manner of an ALGERNON BLACKWOOD story), before the effect is spoilt for him by the introduction of "visions" of the incidents he is relating-seen through a kind of gauze curtain. When the story reached a point at which the child's mother is warned that he is doomed to die on the gallows, one felt, looking at Mr. FRANK VOSPER in the background, that grim deeds would shortly be afoot: but the expected thrill died almost at birth. By drinking (in the story) from a hangman's hands the child averted the doom. (It did not seem to occur to anyone in the tavern, when the tale was over, to drink from Mr. VOSPER's hands-a precaution which I should instantly have adopted.)

Another of the old men next told a

merry tale of an executioner who married one of his intended victims and was afterwards compelled to bury her alive, and the stage was then set for the entrance of Gallows Lasse, alias Mr. MARIUS GORING, a young man with an almost bewildering taste for corruption. Into his description of the cutting off of his fingers and then his hands, for theft or whatnot, and of how one night he dragged up the shrieking mandrake with his teeth from beneath the gallows, he put an energy and evil conviction which chilled the blood and must certainly have strained his larynx. Thus ended Part I., and we slunk out for a rapid Witch's Gore and soda.

The second half brings us to a modern restaurant (Dancing Permitted) and is such a boisterous whirl of shouting, shooting, drinking and dancing that one is hard put to it not to join in. It seems absurd to sit quiet and miss so much fun. The scene of these revels is obviously Ultra-Naziland, and their purpose to satirise, or rather burlesque—for there is no subtlety here—racial fanaticism and the insane creed that war and bloodshed are man's highest good. "We must exterminate them

for their own good!" shouts one of the "Officers," with an almost isolated flash of humour.

In the middle of all this ballet-nonsense sits Mr. VOSPER, still in his red shirt and black skull-cap, as silent and motionless as he has been throughout the whole of Part I. Not until the very end, when directly appealed to to champion the cause of violence, does The Hangman speak; and then he speaks with tremendous effect. It is enormously to Mr. Vosper's credit that this is so, for after so portentously long a silence one feared that anything he could possibly say would be bound to fall flat. All down the ages, he cries, he has helped mankind with the destruction of mankind. Whole peoples he has swept away, and, though at times the sea of blood has almost choked him, he has never flinched from his task. It still goes on. And in the end, when the ghastly work is finished, when the earth is cold and lifeless, his great sword will still be left as a monument to the futility of the human race. There is much more in the Hangman's outburst than this, but it must be enough to say that his speech very nearly, if not quite, redeems the play.

The audience took this fierce indictment of the beastliness of human nature with remarkable calm. Perhaps they felt, as I did, that it was all very well but it didn't happen to apply to them. Certainly I couldn't see the lady on my left pulling up mandrakes with her teeth, any more then I could imagine the man in front filled with blood-lust and shooting people in restaurants. But of course I may be doing both of them an injustice. H. F. E.

The Critic.

Edith long ago decided that the editors of the papers that take my work are insane, and she is only mildly critical of my articles and short stories, but about my one novel (not yet published) she is downright rude. Each time it returns home after a brief sojourn in Paternoster Row she tells me exactly why it has been rejected, and each time I find her criticism a little harder to bear. For, though when it first set out on its travels I regarded it with a loathing hardly less utter than her own, familiarity has attached me to the now tattered bundle, and I have reasoned that a novel refused by thirteen firms of publishers cannot be entirely without merit. Life's Lemons, it is called, and it is a novel with a Soul.

Luckily, when it came back yesterday (for the fourteenth time), Edith was out. I carried the body into the study and pushed it, unopened, up the chimney. I was in no mood for a fourteenth post-mortem. It had just disappeared from view when Edith

came in.

"Has the postman been?" she asked. "Tra-la-la," I said noncommittally, "are you expecting a letter?

"I only wondered if Life's Lemons had come back from Budge and Sling-

itout," she said.

"I do not think it will come back from Budge and Slingitout," I replied; "Budge, from all accounts, is a man of sense, and they say that Slingitout

has an eye for talent.

"When it does come back," said Edith, "we will read it over together and I will tell you exactly why Budge and Slingitout have refused it. By rewriting about two-thirds of it under my direction I think you could make something of it.

I went out shortly afterwards, and when I came back Edith told me that we would be having tea in the study.

"I told Hilda to light a fire," she said "the first fire of the season."

"But Life's Lemons is up the chimney," I mouned. "It came back this morning and I put it there out of the way.



"THE PLUMBER SENT THESE, GEORGE, AND SAID HE'D BE ROUND FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

"Nonsense!" she said. " Life's Lemons came back by the afternoon post and it is lying on the study table.'

I pondered.

"Then what," I said, "have I put up the study chimney? I didn't open it, but it had 'Budge and Slingitout' stamped on the back with a rubber stamp

Edith paled.

"It must have been Life's Oranges." she said.

"Life's Oranges? I haven't written a novel called Life's Oranges.'

"But I have," wailed Edith. "I have been working on it for more than a year in secret, whenever you have been out and I have been able to get at your typewriter. I suppose you were so sure that the parcel was Life's

Lemons that you didn't bother to look carefully whether it was addressed to 'Mr.' or 'Mrs.,' and now it is destroved.

But at that moment Hilda brought it in on a plate, saying that she had found the fire didn't draw, so she had put her hand up the chimney.

My eyes gleamed.

"After tea," I said, "I will glance through the pages of Life's Oranges and tell you exactly why the publishers wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole."

"FLIES ON GOLDEN WEDDING." News Heading. But none, we hope, on the "bride.

"Arresting famous personality needs a keen business associate."—News Advt. What's wrong with Dr. Watson?

Travels with Lear.

Worn out by war with plumbers and sick of mimes and mummers,

Of publicists who ventilate their views,

Of Belisha and boloney, with Lear as cicerone
I propose to take a non-stop nonsense cruise.

Not in a luxury liner, which attracts the dainty diner, I have chosen for the life I wish to live

To sail for the Equator in the S.S. Percolator, The Jumblies' latest largest super-sieve.

On the banks of the Meander I shall watch the grey goosander

Meloobiously though the welkin float

And dredge for oblong oysters in dim Crumbobblious cloisters

From the Owl and Pussy's peagreen pilot boat.

I shall clear my mind of fungus as with the roving Tungus I trek across the Great Gromboolian Plain,

And the old man of the Dargle, with barrelfuls of gargle, Will lubricate the cockles of my brain.

I shall certainly hobnobble with the Channel-swimming Pobble,

Condoling with him on his lack of toes,

And watch the phosphorescence which indicates the presence Of the pensive Dong's illuminated nose.

Then I'll visit the Phoenicians and consort with their musicians,

Especially the tuneful maid of Tyre,

Who enraptured earth and ocean with unparalleled emotion By her marvellous performance on the lyre.

Though the master minds of Savile Row may criticise and cavil

At my flagrantly unfashionable dress,

I am bent upon recruiting my wardrobe with the suiting Adopted by the aged man of Tess.

I shall meet the tragic victim and most faithfully depict him Whose worst anticipations were fulfilled

By the strange nidification of the feathered population Who elected in his flowing beard to build.

No home fires can be burning at the hour of my returning. For the reason that I'm locking up my flat,

Leaving no address behind me; but a trunk-call's sure to find me

If you just ring up the Quangle Wangle's Hat. C. L. G.

St. Dunstan's Complete.

"IF you want to know the time," said the old song—one of James Fawn's—"ask a policeman." Well, in Fleet Street for a long while there has not been any need to do anything as perilous as that, because Fleet Street probably has more clocks than any other thoroughfare in London—a little perhaps because it is Fleet Street's business to know what is happening and when.

It has had The Daily Telegraph clock, and, opposite, The Star and News Chronicle clock, and, just up the alley, St. Bride's clock, and, in Whitefriars Street, a News of the World clock, and, just down Bouverie Street, another Star and News Chronicle clock, and, nearer the Highway of Ink itself, a much finer News of the World clock, quite new,

which not only strikes but sounds the quarters, and at the corner of Chancery Lane a clock with three faces, east, south and west, and on the Law Courts a clock which chimes and strikes, and on St. Clement Danes a dingy dial. Not a bad collection and well qualified to keep editors and sub-editors and compositors and reporters and all other newspaper props either up to time or to tell them how late they are.

But this is not all. Fleet Street now has, as an act of pious restoration, still another clock which, after an absence of one-hundred-and-six years, has now come back, not exactly in the same position (for it is not on the façade of St. Dunstan's church tower but at the side, just over the bust of Lord Northcliffe) but near enough. There it stands, bright in its new paint, the identical clock, although the church has been rebuilt, with the identical figures of the two giants (possibly Abyssinians) who struck the hours and quarters for so long.

Taken down in 1829, they were removed to St. Dunstan's Lodge in Regent's Park by the third Marquess of Hertford, and Moxon tells us that Charles Lamb wept when they went. The Marquess bought not only the famous clock and figures but the stone statues of King Lud and his two sons which used to adorn Ludgate, and took them also to the house where, many years later, the blinded soldiers of the Great War sheltered and toiled. King Lud and his sons have also come back, but they are no longer in an elevated position, and must be sought for beside St. Dunstan's church vestry-door.

Well, thanks to the generosity of Lord ROTHERMERE, the giants are in Fleet Street again and, again a wonder to children, are going to strike the hours and quarters for ever, and for ever tell Fleet Street the time. Although Mr. Punch, who has long been known as the Sage of Fleet Street, is never of course at a loss for the correct hour and minute, he likes to know how well furnished his purlicus are.

E. V. L.

"It Might Be Worse" Or, The Philosopher.

YES, milord, I'd like to say a word, as you suggest; The jury find me guilty, and I'm sure that they know best. And now you'll give me seven years—but what I'd like to

Is, I hope you won't upset yourself on my account to-day.

It might be worse, your worship,
It always might be worse;
It never does no good, is what I say, to cry or curse.
It's not a bad old world
If it doesn't get you down;
I'm not so keen on Dartmoor,

But I'm never well in Town.

It's a little disappointing spending summer in a cell;
But it's Providence, my lord, they didn't cop my wife as well.

Things look black, I know, But they're never quite so low But they might be a darn sight worse.

Concentrate, my rule is, on the brighter side of things; You may have to sleep in hedges, but our snakes have got no stings.

There's many a man would whine in a predicament like

But I haven't got the tooth-ache and my appetite is fine.

It might be worse, your worship,
It always might be worse;
I don't like the Black Maria, but it might have been a hearse.



"I DO HATE BEING WASHED. IT'S SO EFFEMINATE."

Life, I say, is sweet,
Though now and then disgusting;
If you haven't got a home
You're not bothered with no dusting.

I'm inclined to drink too much, Sir, and, though prison makes me shiver,

It's a comfort to be safe, Sir, from cirrhosis of the liver.
Things look pretty lousy at the present time of speaking,
But they might be a darn sight worse.

You've troubles of your own, milord—the income-tax, no doubt;

But you might have got no income—and you might have got the gout.

P'r'aps you wish you'd gone into a business when a lad, But look at me and think what might have happened if you had. It might be worse, your worship,
It always might be worse;

She might have lost her honour, but I only took her purse.

However black things look

We should all he giving thanks:

We should all be giving thanks; It's true I robbed that safe,

But it might have been your bank's.

I can't break myself of burglary, but then I never bet;
Old England lost the cricket, but we've had no earthquake yet.

Blimey! only five, milord? And me expecting seven!
Well, it might be a darn sight worse. A. P. H.

For Students of the Macabre.

"Surgical Instruments: Complete assortment of lately deceased surgeons."— $Advt.\ in\ N.Z.\ Paper.$



"PLEASE SEND SOMEONE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG."

Our Booking Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Gentle Knight.

Mr. H. W. NEVINSON, in the course of a long life devoted to fighting for the unpopular cause, must have made enemies. but I have never met them. Perhaps I did not know him early enough; by the time we met no doubt he had, like the Spanish bandit, killed them all with his "graceful irony." On the other hand, few men can have made more friends; and his friends, to a man, are enthusiastic in their praise of him as a man and a writer. Here we have his autobiography, fashioned from the three stout volumes of the "Changes and Chances" series, which he gave us not so long ago. He calls this book Fire of Life, taking the title from the wellknown quatrain of LANDOR, and it is published at 8/6 by NISBET in association with GOLLANCZ. Mr. JOHN MASE-FIELD supplies a preface, in which he states boldly that "no better autobiography has been written in English for the last hundred years." A Laureate may perhaps be allowed so much licence, but a century is a long time. I content myself more modestly by saying that, though I had read the three volumes mentioned above, I read this also with undiminished interest. Your crusader is commonly also a fanatic, with something not altogether lovable about his personality, but NEVINSON is different. You could tell as much from a glance at the frontispiece—a pencil-sketch

of the author by Sir WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, which I think I remember the artist making at Cologne in 1919. It is lifelike—and so is the book.

Portrait of a Mother and Daughter.

Domestically at any rate, the reign of James I. is the seedy complement of Elizabethan aggrandisement. Where a career overlaps you see both sides of the story-as in the life of Lady ELIZABETH HATTON, who was born a decade before the Armada and died the year after Naseby. Her chequered course as The Lady of Bleeding Heart Yard (MURRAY, 10/6), BURLEIGH'S grand-daughter and Coke's wife, has been deftly interwoven by Mrs. LAURA NORS-WORTHY with the pathetic story of her daughter, Frances, Viscountess Purbeck. Frances was coerced by her detestable father and her fatuous sovereign into marriage with a younger brother of Buckingham. Thrashed into compliance, the girl of fifteen led a wretched life with her intermittently demented partner until he was shut up and she took a lover, whereupon the thunders of Church and State fell ruthlessly on her errant twenties. She fled to France, where so fastidious a critic as KENELM DIGBY praised her "prudence, sweetenesse, goodnesse, honor," and only returned to England to die during the siege of Oxford. Her biographer is to be warmly congratulated on a couple of vivid Jacobean portraits and on the research which has so intimately made out their extremely unenviable backgrounds.

A Farmer's Year.

There is a great deal that is enchanting and apt-mingled, as is the way of diaries, with matter less memorablein Country Calendar (EYRE AND SPOT-TISWOODE, 7/6). Mr. A. G. STREET has written the book, he says, for personal pleasure in the intervals of less congenial hack-work. Taking the months as they come, he draws a detailed portrait of himself and his countryside, the portrait being most attractive when it depicts the traditional farmer and least enjoyable when it features the staghunter, fisherman or golfer. Happily the farmer predominates, with his unexpected conversion to "temporary pasture," his customary dig at the Wheat Quota, his misgivings whether machines have really benefited the labourer and his constant solicitude for good husbandry wherever he finds it. This last attribute takes him on interesting expeditions to Norfolk, Gloucestershire, Kent, Wales, Scotland and Hampshire-"the rabbit's spiritual home"; and à propos of a poor parish that stands to lose badly by transference from Hants to Wilts, he has some gratefully caustic remarks to make about government on paper. He is delightfully illustrated by Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I. I have seldom seen happier sketches of horses out at plough or the twelve-o'clock immersion in the nosebag.

"A. E."

Authors are not always the best judges of their own work, but the Selected Poems by A. E. (G. W. Russell, (MACMILLAN, 5/-), chosen by himself, are representative of a genuine if nota great poet and a most engaging personality. A hard-working and successful administrator, in his verse he was detached from actuality. Here he compares himself to a "dusky coracle," and the image is happily chosen. Grandeur and profundity are absent. He was no innovator or follower of the modernists in technique, but he had both magic and melody. With his

pen, as with his pencil, he was at home in fairyland, but it was the fairyland not of black but "dark holy magic." Many of these pieces are dedicated to friends, but the personal element is lacking; it is hard to find any quotations or allusions or traces of influence, though Dante is mentioned, and the long poem on "The Dark Lady" reminds one in treatment of Browning's Dramatic Idylls and monologues. In the main, passion is lacking, except in the finest poem of all—the splendid protest on behalf of "some Irishmen not followers of tradition," in which, as against those who brood over the past, he upholds the hope of a nation yet unborn:—

"We would no Irish sign efface
But yet our lips would gladlier hail
The first-born of a coming race
Than all the splendour of the Gael."



"EVEN IF YOU COULD AFFORD ONE, BERT, I DON'T THINK YOU'D LOOK LIKE THAT."

The Finest View in Scotland .

Dr. Johnson, as usual, put his finger on the nub; and, in The Lion and the Unicorn (Routledge, 5/-), an interesting and entertaining attempt to examine Anglo-Scottish relations, Mr. Eric Linklater admits that the prime difficulty of the Scottish patriot is still to prevent the best brains in his country from migrating to more profitable centres. Looking back, Mr. Linklater traces what he calls Scotland's "patriotism-as-hatred" to the destructive policy of Edward I., and her "religion-as-hatred" to the gloomy and unnatural doctrines which sprang from that oddest of English exports, the Shorter Catechism; but, though he is convinced that Scotland has been misused and often forgotten by her senior partner, he is careful to point out the many benefits which have accrued to her from union with a strong power, and also the misery she has suffered

at the hands of her own aristocracy, whose commercial exploitation of the Highlands, first with sheep, then with grouse and deer, has done so much to weaken the finest stock. Holding the view—to my mind mistaken—that great size and efficiency cannot go together and that Britain is therefore too large to be properly controlled, he advocates for Scotland a responsible nationalism, divorced from Imperialist connections. I note with interest that he makes no single reference to Ireland, where at this moment a similar movement is busy digging such a moat against the culture of other countries that already the product is a backward provincialism.

A Book with a Delicate Air.

Miss Margaret Irwin's collection of seven stories and a play which provides the title, Madame Fears the Dark (Chatto and Windus, 7/6), is not easy to describe in detail without giving away the ingenious twists of plot, so I must only eulogise the quality of the writing, which is excellent. It is difficult to make choice among them, for (excepting

"The Book," a macabre story lacking the others' grace) they are all en-chanting. Where will you find a prettier description of eighteenthcentury maidens: "... they had surged up with a crackle and swish of satin, like a flight of pigeons from the ground, they had rustled and bustled together, joined hands and swept off down the box alley in scandalised flight. or a more telling modern one than this: "She had never been to school nor cut off her hair, she was unselfish, taught in the Sunday-school, and looked older than was necessary. She was conscious with the least tinge of bitterness of

all these things as she looked out at the heavy October rain"? Miss Irwin is at home in all ages, but a piece of rose-and-gold brocade, a tombstone, a church-door or a thought of Madame DE MONTESPAN are spells to send her harking back to the past, there to raise the ghosts for our delight.

He Who Gets Slapped.

Miss Enid Welsford traces the history and explores the significance of The Fool (Faber and Faber, 21/-) as parasite, as sport—dwarf, hunchback, half-wit or madman—scapegoat, mascot, philosopher, prophet, blasphemer, moralist, critic and clown with such a formidable apparatus of learning and massed authorities that the general reader may easily be discouraged. I cannot help thinking that the author has tried to cover too much ground, often turning under that handicap from some quest or personality or source just where she has aroused our interest. When, allowing herself more space and jettisoning her conscientious sense of scale, she picks out a subject for consideration in detail—Erasmus' The Praise of Folly, or the fools and foils in Twelfth Night (Feste and Malvolio) and As You Like It (Touchstone and Jacques), or Lear's wise fool—she shows herself so intelligent and sensitive a critic and social philoso-

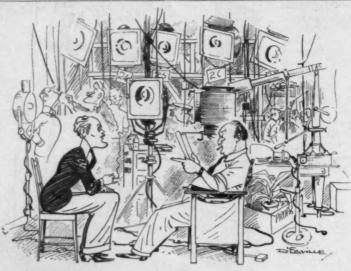
pher that we regret that she has not allowed herself more scope to do herself justice in those capacities. Every known clown, from Tamerlaine's Nasr-ed-Din to Grock and Chaplin, seems to figure in her crowded pages.

The Islanders.

The scene of Death Blew Out the Match (Heinemann, 7/6) is laid in a little island off Cape Cod, where Anne Waldron (who tells the story) assuredly invited a large part of the trouble which she found. Not only a murder but also various other crimes were disturbing the islanders, and Anne's persistent efforts to track down the criminals were mainly responsible for bringing suspicion upon herself. The tale, however, as a whole can be recommended both for its characterisation and the neat solution of a puzzling problem. Especially pleasing is Elisha Macomber, an important person in the island and a most engaging philosopher. If Miss KATHLEEN MOORE KNIGHT is a recruit to the ranks of detective novelists she has made an excellent start, and she only requires to be a little less discursive to win high honours among weavers of mystery.

Unwelcome Visitors.

Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON, having made what to me was an unhappy excursion in Holiday Express, returns to his best form with Little God Ben (COLLINS, 7/6). A cruising steamer was wrecked, and a boat containing a mixed assortment of refugees arrived at a cannibalisticisland; where Ben, who requires no introduction to Mr. FARJEON'S readers, proceeded to save an extremely unpleasant situation. For the time being he became a god, and, diverting as he always is, he was at his most entertaining on this occasion when he almost



"Never lose sight of the fact, Mr. Wilberforce, that you are an utter cad."

managed to persuade himself that he was divine.

Arthur Hugh Sidgwick.

Jones's Wedding, a tale in verse at once witty and wise, was published in 1918, a year after the death of the author, Arthur Hugh Sidgwick, who fell in the War. The reprint now issued by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson (3/6), with a portrait, a brief biography, the admirable lines "To William" (Shakespeare) and a hitherto unprinted "Examination Paper on Pride and Prejudice," both written while the author was on active service, forms a worthy memorial of one of the most gifted and best beloved of his generation at Winchester and Oxford.

Three books, most of the contents of which have already appeared in the pages of Punch, have been published this month: What a Word! ("Being an Account of the Principles and Progress of the Word War"), by A. P. HERBERT (METHUEN, 6/-); Business for Pleasure, by "MARK SPADE," with illustrations by W. M. HENDY (HAMISH HAMILTON, 3/6), and Weepings and Wailings, a book of verse by J. C. SQUIRE (COBDEN SANDERSON, 6/-). To each of them Mr. Punch extends his sincere good wishes.

Charivaria.

Roman women have decided to give up using cosmetics as a saving in time of war. Couldn't they merely trust in Mussolini and keep their powder dry ! * *

Meanwhile at Massawa, the Red Sea base of the Italian armies, tins of food explode with the heat. But no case of bullybeef-shock has been reported as yet. * *

And a Munich photographer has announced his intention of settling down in Italy. It seems that his great ambition is to get Signor MUSSOLINI to look pleasant.

Mothers are advised to be careful about allowing their babies to be kissed. This warning is especially timely just now when there are so many Parliamentary candidates going from house to house. * *

"What are world-financiers doing?" demands a headline. Anything no doubt from six months upwards.

A trade journal declares that Brit-

ish-made lamp-shades are used in every country in the world. They are made, of course, to go all round the globe.

"What is to be found on the menu of practically every inn in this country? asks a temperance advocate. Thumbprints, perhaps.

In consequence of the admission by & Jew at Birmingham County Court

that he used the name of "Campbell" for business reasons, it is expected that Scotsmen in Germany will be required to undergo the ordeal by bagpipes.

derful thing in the world is the difference in people's faces. After looking at one or two we should say it was the most merciful.

"Students of FREUD," a philosopher Scotland Yard announces its belief remarks, "learn to take life calmly."

This is known as sang freud.

A Shakespearean scholar and former Oxford don is said to resemble Mr. GEORGE AR-LISS. Has it been noticed that he also resembles the IRON DUKE, DIS-RAELI and Cardinal RICHELIEU?

The parrot with the Scottish accent which has been advertised for sale is now known to be a MacAw.

Youth's Alternative.

["You have your choice whether to grow up into a man or a crooner. cannot be both." From a report of Sir Richard Terry's ad-dress at Blackpool Music Festival.]

LITTLE fellow. make selection Ere, perchance, it be too late; Dilly-dally intro-

spection Will not write your Book of Fate.

On your bifurcated future

Make your mind up if you can;

Would you sooner Be a Crooner Or a Man?

Compromise, it seems, is neither Right nor possible to reach; Not for you a bit of either Or a spot or two of each. So, since monkeydom's denied you In the anthropoidal plan, Would you sooner Be a Crooner

Or a Man? D. C.

A lecturer says that the most won-

Two doctors are rival candidates for

the same constituency. They have al-

ready issued their Election diagnoses.



"MEET PHIL SNOWDEN AND STAFF CRIPPS, ANOTHER COUPLA GUYS THAT WANNA BUMP OFF THE GOVERNMENT. that the West End flat-robbers who

wear Old School ties are really entitled

to do so. It would therefore appear

that all that can be brought against

them is the charge of robbing flats.

Save Your Seats, Ltd.

(No connection with the Siteesi Settee Co.)

TRY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE COURSE FOR GENERAL ELECTION CANDIDATES.

THE following hints, taken from Lesson 1-Elementary Electioneering—are designed to give Candidates some idea of the comprehensive nature of the full course, which is GUARANTEED to ensure the return to Parliament with CRUSHING MAJORITIES of all Save-Your-Seats pupils, whatever their political beliefs.

We make No Charge in case of failure. All we ask is a nominal ten per cent. of your first year's salary as an M.P. (Cabinet Ministers extra.)

Whirlwind Campaign.

It is essential that your campaign should be a whirlwind one. Nothing less will do. Typhoons are hopeless. Hurricanes are out of date. You must spin round. Show your dash. It is far more effective to attend fourteen meetings, speak at three luncheons and pay a personal call on six hundred electors all on one day and then to rest for two days than to spread the same programme over the three days. Better still, jump into an open car and have yourself driven non-stop round the constituency from ten till six, shouting all the time about Prosperity and the Angel of Peace. That will fetch them. "Come," your constituents will say when they see you whizz round for the third time, "here is a man of energy. We shall soon see the windows open at Westminster once he gets into Parliament." And they will follow your ear in thousands, cheering themselves hoarse.

Important Note.-Arrange to drive round in the same direction as your opponent, or there may be a smash.

Hecklers.

Take a firm line with hecklers, but don't on any account try to ignore them. When somebody gets up in the fifth row and asks, "Is the speaker aware of the deadweight tonnage of barley-sugar imported into this country from Mexico in 1933?" it is useless to reply ironically that no doubt the amount of barley-sugar imported into this country in 1933 is a question of the utmost importance, but at the moment you happen to be discussing the status of laundryworkers in East Anglia. The audience will see through you. "Hullo!" they will say to themselves, "here's this fellow asking us to entrust him with a hand in the government of the country, and he can't even tell us a plain straightforward thing like the amount of our barley-sugar imports for 1933." No, no. You must face up to the thing. You must say, "I am very glad to have had that point raised. I am asked how much barley-sugar was imported into this country from Mexico in 1933, and I answer that the actual quantity of barley-sugar imported is not to my mind important." (General movement of dissatisfaction.) "What does matter is why any barley-sugar at all was imported into this country in 1933. I will tell you. I will tell you exactly why four million tons of barley-sugar"-(tremendous sensation)-"were imported into this country from Mexico in 1933. It was because your Party, Sir, when they were in power in 1906, refused the succour of a subsidy to the stricken barley-sugar producers of Great Britain. (Prolonged applause, during which the interrupter is thrown out with ignominy.)

You need have no fear of naming a definite figure in a reply of this sort. In all probability your questioner himself will not know that it is wrong, and even if he does he won't have any time to prove it. Be bold!

Local Needs.

Emphasis on these is a vital factor in any campaign Give a solemn undertaking to see that the special needs of the constituency are put before the Prime Minister with all the eloquence at your command every single day in the life of the new Parliament until something is done about it. This will come as a welcome surprise to the electors, whose three previous representatives have never been known to open their mouths in the House of Commons. So rub it in. Make it quite clear that with you Bumbleton Comes First.

Note. - If you have represented the constituency before. explain that, though in the previous Parliament the urgent problems arising out of the Depression and the extraordinarily unsettled state of affairs in Europe made it impossible for time to be found for Members' Private Bills, you are determined that even in the event of a European war the Bumbleton Public Health (Sewerage Improvement Scheme) Bill shall brook no further delay.

PHRASES TO REMEMBER (WITH THEIR PROPER CORRELATIVES).

Your side.	The other lot.	
A united front.	Party split by internal	-
	sensions.	

Solid basis of fact. Obligations to the League. Tissue of falsehoods. Mischievous meddling in affairs which do not concern us

Unscrupulous electioneering

manifesto.

Vulgar campaign of personal Trenchant criticisms. abuse. The language of the gutter. Unmannerly interruption.

Shrewd thrust.

Some Useful Exercises.

Try these in front of your dressing-table:-

1. (a) Stand with the right foot slightly advanced and the weight of the body on the left, grasp the left lapel firmly with the four fingers of the left hand, the thumb being extended upwards in the direction of the chin, and say very slowly, "Peace, Progress, Prosperity," emphasising each word with a slight but definite downward tug at the lapel. (b) Without letting go of the left lapel, grasp the right in your other hand and, slightly advancing the chest, ask in a challenging manner, "And—what—is—the alternative?" (c) Now lean forward, tap three times on the dressing-table with the knuckles of the right hand and shout very suddenly and fiercely, "Financial chaos!" stressing the italicised syllables with two further sharp raps on

the table. (d) Relax.
2. Say "Deliberate misrepresentation" twelve times, varying the pitch to avoid monotony

3. Take up the position described in 1 (a) but with the right hand raised, forefinger extended well above the head. The head must be thrown back and the eyes fixed on a point some two feet below the junction of wall and ceiling. In this position repeat at random passages from your own or BURKE's speeches. It does not matter what you say. The point is to say it with a rising inflection, finishing the last sentence in a perfect scream and remembering to bring the hand down with a crash among the hair-brushes exactly on the concluding word. If you can do that you are well on the way to being described as "an accomplished orator."



THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY.

Mr. Herbert Morrison. "CYRANO ON THE SABBATH, MY FERREND! BY ALL MEANS. BUT REMEMBER YOU MUST NOT WEAR THE "NOSE!"

[The L.C.C. last week rejected a proposal to allow certain small articles of make-up to Sunday musical entertainers.]



"ARR WE TO BE LEFT HERE TO STARVE?"
"I WILL GO AND INQUIRE, SIR."

Lady Fetches Cream.

Let it be quite certain that, though there is nothing here, this is the house of Twang Tung, the First Class Civil Servant. It is not much of a house, having only a dozen or so good rooms. Sometimes we are in one and sometimes in several. Twang Tung enters, preceded by two

Twang Tung enters, preceded by two Third Class Clerks. He is an elderly man wearing a plain black robe and a round gauze hat. His long black beard has some Government Bulls beautifully embroidered on it.

Twang. I am Twang Tung, the First Class Civil Servant. My wife's name is Fan. My house is not my own, nor is my beard. Still, as you can see, everything here is most agreeable. Though I have been excessively polite to my wife for thirty years it is not her fault that we are childless. As our great sage Confusus says, "The worth of the porridge does not always depend upon the number of pods." To be sure we had several sons, but they have gone over to the Green Dragon, and we all know what that means. However,

to-day, since everyone seems to be busy, I have a mind to hold some Very Civil Ceremony. Attendants, call my wife!

Voice (off). I heard you. Coming.

My Wife enters preceded by maids.

She also is middle-aged and very plainly dressed. It is clear that, owing to the high cost of her husband's beard, she has not been able to do justice to this opportunity of appearing before us.

My Wife. I am Fan, the wife of the First Class Civil Servant, Twang Tung. As I was folding my hands in the anteroom I heard my husband's voice. I immediately left what I was doing and hastened here. My best wishes to you, my husband.

Twang. Thanks. And a few to you. Pray sit down. I am about to hold some Very Civil Ceremony. We had better have it in the garden as there will shortly be a fog and we can all be in it. Attendants, ask my third daughter-once-removed, Lady Fetches Cream, to come to see me!

Voice (off). Thanks for asking me.

Lady Fetches Cream advances, preceded by maids. She is young and well-dressed, and from her charming smile we can tell that she intends to marry quite soon, but not before she has made some kind of set-out about it.

Fetches C. I am the third daughteronce-removed of the First Class Civil
Servant, Twang Tung. In consequence
of the high cost of my father's beard
I have decided to take up something
useful instead of being a burden on the
Twang family. I am therefore called
Fetches Cream, your very obedient
servant. Your daughter's hearty
respects to you, dear father and mother.

Twang. We accept them without doubt. Pray sit down. The fact is we are thinking of holding a ceremony in the garden to enjoy the fog, which makes it a suitable occasion for the selection of your future husband. But first let us order cream and wine. Attendants, serve a feast of wine in the garden at once!

[One Attendant brings a jar with a fern in it to show that we are now in the garden. A second unfolds a small grey veil to show that the fog is getting-thicker, and a third brings a jug of wine and some

Fetches C. Allow me, my dear father, to perform my duty and contrive the provision of cream for the feast. My maids, see if there is a cow anywhere about.

Voice (off). Half a moo. Coming.

[Fetches Cream goes to the side and returns leading a cow. This is shown by her making one or two slightly prancing steps backwards and forwards.

Twang. Is this a Government cow or

a privately owned cow?

Fetches C. Since it does not kowtow to you, Father, it must be privately owned.

Twang. Then it should be removed at once. Attendants, call a cowherd!

Voice (off). Your humble servant, Hoos'i Pang Ka'ik the cowherd is about to obey your Excellency's commands.

[The Cowherd enters. He is young and cheerful-looking, and we can see that, though he does not know about it, his approaching marriage to Lady Fetches Cream will soon make something of him.

Hoos'i. I am Hoos'i Pang Ka'ik, Deputy Chief Cowherd to the First Class Civil Service. I have always been extremely anxious to broaden my mind, and since the cows round here are very active I have been getting about a good deal lately. (He bows to Twang.) Your Excellency's orders, please.

Excellency's orders, please.

Twang. There is a cow here that

requires catching—

Fetches C. (slyly, with bowed head).

Dear Father, I see that a great many

young suitors are now gathered in the fog to enjoy our revels.

Twang (delighted). Ah, then I will immediately set to work to choose my son-in-law. Attendants, open the gate, admit all the suitors whose fathers have paid their taxes, and announce that he who catches this cow shall have my daughter, Lady Fetches Cream, for wife.

My Wife. Is that quite fair, dear? Some of them may not like cows.

Twang. All the better. As our great Confusus says, "A worm by itself remains a worm, but a worm leading a cow has got the better of things."

[Whilst he speaks a confused noise has been growing at the back. Stamping and cries of "Look out! A cow is being caught!" With a sidelong glance Fetches Cream summons Hoos'i to her. He approaches and she makes a gesture as of showing him a cow. He then appears to take it by the

left eyebrow and lead it away. The cries change to "Where is the cow now? It is caught! Someone has it! The cowherd caught it!"

Twang. The cowherd? Nonsense! Whoever heard of a Government cowherd really catching cows? What a nuisance this is!

My Wife. Now, dear, sit down and don't make such a mouth over it or you will spoil your beard. Let us all consider things quietly.

consider things quietly.

Twang (furiously). I refuse to consider anything. I am now very angry.

Indeed I wish to faint for rage. Let us retire.

[All get up and retire.

For Printers' Pensions.

The Graphic Arts Fancy Dress Ball will be held at the Dorchester on Wednesday, November 13th, from 9.30 p.m. to 3 a.m. The Ball is in aid of Printers' Pensions, and by taking tickets (Two Guineas each, including Champagne Dinner, Cabaret and Buffet—or Ten Guineas for a book of six) you will be helping old and distressed printers, their wives and dependents. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, Ball Appeal Office, 6A, Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, W.9, to which address donations should also be sent.



"I AM NOT ANGRY, HAROLD, ONLY VERY, VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU."

Wilfred and the Trash.

THE door of the entrance-hall in the block of flats swung thudding back from the hands of the man with the empty goldfish-bowl into the face of the man with the three gilded wooden spears and the stuffed cockatoo. After overcoming this energetic obstacle the latter said, "Hey!

The man with the goldfish-bowl paused halfway up the

stairs and turned.

You got any notions," the man with the spears inquired, "about what the feller wants with all this here junk?"

The other transferred the bowl from his right arm to his left so as to be able to shake his right forefinger safely in the

air as he came down the stairs again.

"I got lots of notions," he announced hoarsely. He paused while the door sprang open with a great clatter to admit a third man carrying a large cactus in a pot. Then he continued: "Sometimes I think one thing and sometimes

"You ain't the only one," said the newcomer, setting the pot on the floor while he scratched his head and then picking it up again. "You oughta hear some of the things I think.

Wider publicity, that's what they need.' The man with the goldfish-bowl said that what immediately sprang to his mind was the story of Wilfred and the

Trash. "You know old Wilfred?" "Know him?" cried the man with the spears. "Why, I'm wearing a pair of his socks this minute.

The man with the cactus commented, "That ain't no

"Well," the bearer of the goldfish-bowl persisted, "I lay old Wilfred never told you how he went to sea to be a sailorman. For a time. It was all on account of just to get a few mee-mentoes or souven-eers like these here.

Must ha' wanted a job all right," said the man with the

cactus. "As Dr. Johnson said-

"It was to impress the girl, see ?--- a girl name of Rose what was 'ard to impress. Old Wilfred had tried all sorts, but no. Even wrote songs sometimes in his dinner-hour.

"Wrote songs, did he? What, the sort where 'June'

rhymes with 'moon'?

'No, 'is was the other sort," said the narrator. "Used to rhyme it with 'bloom.' Real poetry. Used to bring tears to people's eyes.

people's eyes.

I bet," said the man with the cactus, nodding.

She was stuck on adventure and such. There used to be a seafarin' man name of Harpenden or Jorgensen or sunnick hangin' about the pubs in them days-feller with one green eye and one blue, and rings in 'is ears and wore a yachting 'at-and Rose used to say to Wilfred, 'You oughta model yourself on a gent of 'is stamp. A man, 'e is,' she used to say; ''e's got a lovely baritone voice.' So Wilfred says scornful, 'Yus so's a duck.

At this point the man with the cactus gave the man with the spears a resounding blow on the right side of the chest, having (as he afterwards explained) taken for a crawling insect what was in fact a reflection on the move in the metal part of the latter's braces. When this misapprehension had been put right and the stuffed cockatoo retrieved from the

floor and dusted the narrator resumed:-

"This feller Petersen or Rotterdam or whatever 'is name was was another one with a load of junk like this here, only smaller; used to cart it about in his pockets; and that used to fetch Rose too. 'The things he's got!' she used to say to Wilfred when this other cove pulled out a glass marble and told 'em it was the terrible green eye of little Oozi-Boozi. So in the end Wilfred says, 'If that's what you like

I'll go to sea myself, and, my word, I won't half bring back some trash!' And that was what 'e done.

"What," said the cactus-bearer, "'e really went to sea, straight?"

"'E went and got a job aboard ship."

"'Ow long for ?

"Goin' on 'alf a day. Then 'e was pinched for gettin' the job on false credentials or sunnick. There was the first mate; there was the second mate; there was the third mate

The man with the cactus said, "'Ow many ran?"

"There was these three mates, and then up comes Wilfred and tries to get took on as

"I know—long-stop," said the man with the cactus.
"No, fourth mate," the narrator corrected. "'E got on board of 'er some'ow, in dock, and 'e was amblin' round

collectin' souven-eers and mee-mentoes for very near 'alf a day before the coppers come after 'im. Even then 'e give 'em a powerful run for it-she was a biggish

I lay she was," said the man with the cactus. "Couldn't

take a step without trippin' over a mate."

The bearer of the spears said, "They caught 'im?"

"Eventuarily," said the man with the goldfish-bowl. "But only after 'e'd jumped overboard, at the same time observin', 'It is a far, far wetter thing I do now than I 'ave ever done bee-fore.'

"That's culture, that is," commented the man with the

spears admiringly.

"What became of the souvenirs?"

The narrator said they sank, "bein' mostly metal, what

can make out.

"Oy!" cried the man with the cactus, looking at him with a wild surmise, "was this the time Wilfred got three years for pinchin' off a boat?'

'I believe 'e got three years, but-

"E told you that was what 'e done it for!"

The man with the bowl nodded.

"Gaw!" said the other expressively, making for the stairs with his cactus. At the foot he turned and extended a warning finger. "Look out you don't drop that bit o' fish-ware and 'ave to set your imagination to work.

Lines to a Lost Summer.

[Sr. LUKE's Summer, a short period dating from the Saint's Day, October 18th, and generally marked by fine calm weather, was the ear notable for high temperature and a prevalence of that Public Enemy the common cold, by which the writer of these lines was grievously afflicted.]

> "The little summer of St. Luke" Has, from the earliest ages down, Immune from cavil and rebuke, Redounded to the Saint's renown. Calm and serene. Half-way between The summer heats, the winter chills, The "loved physician" healed our ills.

Alas! that in these feverish days, When all too often foul is fair, Nature, infected by the craze Of man for passion and hot air, Should now profane The Saint's domain, Disseminating wide and far An epidemic of catarrh.

C. L. G.



The "FLYING TORTOISE" maximum speed, 10 m.p.h; instituted for those of the older generation who might prefer it to the new Stream-lined Super-speed Expresses.

At the Pictures.

FACILE CONCOCTIONS.

THE day when on the films there were funny men and good jokes seems to be passing or even to have passed. JACK OAKIE, for example, was a true humorist in that excellent picture, Once in a Lifetime; but one would have to laugh far more easily than I can to extract any nutriment from his performance of Spud in The Big Broadcast of 1936, which is an ingenious blend, by means of so-called television, of some of the turns of the moment that are popular "over there." In other words, imposed, for the sake of much-needed variety, on the very foolish main story, is a radio machine which purports to exhibit other shows in action and speech. In this way, all among the inanities of Spud and his associates, the chief being Burns and ALLEN (who ought of course to be renamed ALLEN and Burns), you get the statutory four or five minutes of TAUBER lustily singing RUBINSTEIN'S "Melody in F" and BING CROSBY crooning about the moon or mooning about the croon; and CHARLIE RUGGLES as an invalid overnursed; and so forth. Best of all, to my way of thinking, were the brief glimpses of crazy house-builders at what they call work; but to these inspired muddlers no name was given.



THIRD FROM THE LEFT IN THE DANCING-TROUPE.

I have no doubt that there is a public, carefully considered by the authorities, for this flexible medley, and that it is continually in mind while the entertainment is being prepared; but I fear I am not a member of it. Real fun I am always eager for, but not the pale imitation of it that we now too often have. In fact, the only item in the Plaza programme that I

liked was the record of a brief musical tragedy, serious enough through its rich chords; but this was not even mentioned in a programme which concerned itself only with the triumph of the present week and the arrival of "the amazing HEPBURN" next.



HER MARK ON THE BEAST. Madge Hardwick . . HELEN BRODERICK. Horace Hardwick. . EDWARD EVERETT HORTON.

I spent not a little time at the FRED ASTAIRE picture at the Carlton Theatre in wondering why it had been called Top Hat. I guessed at first that it was because FRED ASTAIRE has evidently been looking at MAURICE CHEVALIER and MAURICE CHEVALIER has made the straw hat famous. But since there is no longer in the new film any insistence on the top-hat and its potentialities are not allowed to enter into the final grand ballet, I must suppose that the idea of rivalry was allowed to drop. But what's in a name, anyway, and peculiarly so when FRED ASTAIRE is dancing? Yet, although his feet consistently charm and bewilder. I thought his songs deplorable.

Once again I have to record a division of allegiance. A considerable section of the audience at the Carlton, and particularly the gentleman with a loud and too-long laugh just behind me, thought more of ED. EVERETT HORTON than of FRED ASTAIRE OF GINGER ROGERS. They waited for his each appearance, greeting it with such delight that the succeeding sentences were lost: a consequence which makes one realise that Hollywood's timers. or whatever the attendant laughmeasurers are called, had been unimaginative. I am not denying that ED. EVERETT HORTON is mildly funny, but his habit of always misunderstanding the first remark to him, and momentarily taking an insult for a compliment (his principal title to eminence), can become tiresome. Also it persuades one very quickly that such a stupid listener would never have reached his position as a theatrical entrepreneur.

If the evidence of Barbary Coast is trustworthy, San Francisco in the days

of the gold-rush must have been strange mixture of mud and unsophisti. cation. With complete knowledge that the roulette which in Louis Chamalis' gambling saloon was rigged according to the amount of money staked, the miners seem to have continued to lose their fortunes; whereas quite decent living could have been picked up by those who carefully chose black when the principal victim was playing red, or contrariwise. But as it is necessary that these early pioneers were so gullible, it does not really matter. What does matter is that EDWARD G. ROBINSON should be with us again. wearing the top-hat affected by those primitive Californians, shaggier and higher than FRED ASTAIRE'S, carrying a cane, smoking long cigars, and snapping "Get out!" whenever, as dictator, his will was being thwarted: and that, still wearing his top-hat, he should eventually be led by the Vigilantes to his doom. The picture begins and ends with him, as the tyrannical controlling crook. MIRIAM HOPKINS does her best to make Swan credible but never succeeds; nor does that goodlooking youth knocking at the GARY COOPER door-JOEL MCCREA, as her lover. Nor does an ancient scoundrel with a patch over his eye-WALTER BRENNEN as Old Atrocity-with lapses



PUTTING A CRY ON THE TOUGH. Louis Chamalis . EDWARD G. ROBINSON. Swan MIRIAM HOPKINS.

into virtue so astonishing that we gasp. Nor does BRIAN DUNLEVY as the subservient Knuckles, always prepared to kill at Louis Chamalis' word, until he is unfortunately lynched. They do their best, but Barbary Coast belongs really to EDWARD G. ROBINSON, whom for his bitter snarling ruthless ness it is always entertaining to see again.

Maintenance of Cats.

The Official Cat in a certain Government establishment recently had four kittens, and it was found that the Government allowance of 1s. 2d. per week was insufficient for the maintenance of the mother and her family. A letter was therefore sent to an official in the Ministry to which the Department belongs asking whether a maternity benefit was granted to a Cat Civil Servant. The following reply was received:—

"Dear —,—In reply to your letter of 31st July, I am afraid there is no precedent for Maternity Benefit for Cat Civil Servants.

The subsistence allowance of the Admiralty Cat (coming under Vote 11z—the Miscellaneous Vote—of the Navy Estimates) suggests that MALE cats are preferred, and as there is no authority for family allowances for MALE CATS (or Male Staff in other grades!) it would, one imagines, raise a still further objection to the employment of women if maternity benefit is sought.

The Royal Commission on Women in the Civil Service laid down, however, that if a Department is satisfied that the employment of a married woman in the Civil Service is advisable in the light of her special qualifications or special experience in relation to the duties required of her, then a case might be made out for her retention.

I imagine that the employment of female rather than male cats might be put forward, as it has been stated that male cats vacate their position without authority. But can it be urged with the same degree of evidence that a married cat is more fitted for the post than a single one?

I feel that it is hazarding the position of women throughout the Service to submit a case as precedent for maternity benefit (not yet conceded in principle) where the applicant can produce no proof of marriage.

Yours, etc."

To which the following answer was

"DEAR ——,—Many thanks for your letter of August 1st. I am sorry to hear that there is no precedent for Maternity Benefit for female cats in Government service.

I knew that subsistence allowance for cats was included in the Navy Estimate, but was not aware that the Lords of the Admiralty preferred male to female cats. I was rather afraid when I wrote to you that the whole



Heckler. "Why don't you try your stuff on Yerself?" Salesman. "Can't afford a noo suit, Mister."

question might have some repercussions on the employment of women in the Civil Service, as I was aware of the bar which exists with regard to the employment of married women.

With regard to the question of male versus female cats, I think it has been admitted that the female is the more active destroyer of mice, which, as you know, is the raison d'être of their employment in Government Departments, but the question of whether they may be married or single is one over which the Heads of the Departments unfortunately have no sort of control. In bringing up the matter I was not of course considering the question of pensionable Civil Servants, but rather of non-established or temporary officers; but obviously, from what you say, the raising of the matter of an allowance might necessitate a question being asked in Parliament, which would, I think, hardly be warranted in the present case. In view of what you say and the difficulty of producing a marriage certificate, I feel that it would be wiser not to proceed further.

With many thanks for all the trouble you have taken and for pointing out the far-reaching issues involved,

I am,

Yours, etc."

Since these letters passed the cat has had another litter of kittens. The number, however, has been reduced by order, which has slightly relieved the financial situation.

"TRIED TO GET HIS OWN BACK ON RAILWAY." Headline in Evening Paper.

It's quite simple if you lie down on the permanent way, face upwards.

"DINNER SUITS-75/Ready to Wear.
You may pay more but you wen't get better
-other prices 84/- and 95/-."
Tailor's Advt.

Thanks for the tip.



"What did you say when you repused the Bloggs?"

The Young Horse.

A Morning's Exercise.

"Here comes Jones with the horses. I thought you'd prefer to ride the young one; he's such a marvellous hack. My beautiful Starlight! Be careful how you mount. He's been a tiny bit nervous ever since he had a sore back. There, I was afraid he might do that. It's only his fun. Just to shake you into the saddle. We can tighten the girths later on when he's not thinking about it. A thoroughbred is so sensitive—all temperament, like a prima donna.

"Where would you like to go? Not on the moor, because Starlight gets rather excited when we cross the heather; nor through the woods. He isn't used to the narrow paths—apt to drop one or two feet over the edge, you know. Let's make a circuit of the valley. I must say you look awfully nice on him. Hasn't he got lovely paces? Of course he is not walking properly yet, but he'll calm down in a moment.

Have you seen the dog? Ranger, Ranger! All right, Starlight, don't be upset; I wasn't speaking to you. Isn't it sweet the way horses know one's voice? I say, what a glorious morning! Here we turn into the village. It's slightly slippery on this corner, so I should pull him well together if I were you. Where's Ranger? Oh, there he is! He's going to jump down from that bank above you. Look out! Goodness, that gave Starlight a shock! Quite enough to frighten any horse. Steady, my boy. He won't fall so long as you steer him off the tarmac.

"I hear the bus coming. Keep in, Ranger. Good dog! Shall I give you a lead—just in case Starlight feels nervous? Gently, old man. Nothing to hurt you. There—it's all over and you are still on board, so what could be better? That's only a perambulator, Starlight. He loves one to explain things. It sort of reassures him. I can't tell you how magnificent he looks when he's shying like that, with every vein showing under his satin coat and his tail streaming like a flag.

"Here's a nice lane. Shall we jog

on? Start quietly, so that he doesn't jump into a gallop. There's dear old Ranger enjoying himself in the field. That yapping means he is chasing a rabbit, I expect. Gosh! it's a sheep in front of him! RANGER! RANGER! Come here at once! I never saw such behaviour!

"Isn't Starlight going splendidly now? A child could manage him. You must feel as though you were sitting in an armchair, only much more thrilled. No, I'm not surprised he whipped round at the cross-roads. One day he met a donkey here, and he's never forgotten it. Nothing to see now, old man. I do wish you could have a canter and feel his glorious action, but I doubt if you'd hold him in that bridle.

"Must say this is a wonderful day. Look at those beeches turning red and the cloud-shadows sweeping over the hill. Don't you adore the smell of damp leaves? The farm has rather painful associations. Once Ranger, what are you doing? That cockerel had a narrow squeak, but I believe it's only

[&]quot;Well, I'd run out of excuses, and it's a long way off, so I said you'd be pretty certain to have a chill."

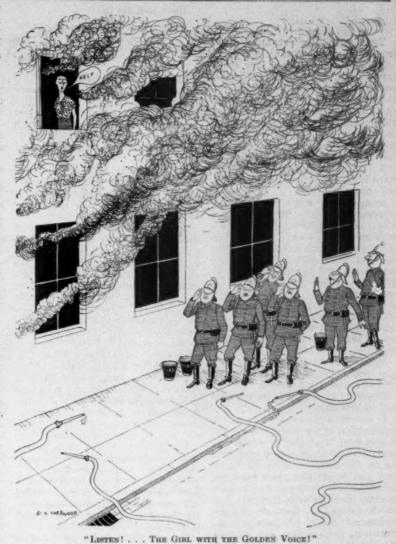
lost a couple of tail-feathers. Now mind Starlight doesn't get excited. I'm going to crack my whip. We must teach that dog a lesson. Ah, you bad boy! This is rather awkward. The thong has caught under my mare's tail. I'm afraid it's all very upsetting for Starlight. Hurrah! peace is restored. I've slipped it out and Starlight will soon realise that there's nothing to make a fuss about. Is there, old man? Steady, my lovely one! He didn't actually buck, did he? Only gave half-a-dozen kicks. He could hardly do less, seeing how temperamental he is.

"Shall we have a trot? Nothing is more soothing to a horse's nerves, people say. Isn't it heavenly to think of the whole hunting season stretching ahead? Starlight jumps like a stag. See that fence on the right? He once took it, without the slightest encouragement, when he met a motorcycle. A big drop, wasn't it? He never

touched a twig. "Gosh! here's the steam-engine! I'd better go first while you coax him after me. Keep him straight. Steady, old man! Don't run backwards, there's a ditch behind you. Cleverly out! Come along, Starlight darling; be brave. Thank you so much, but I shouldn't attempt to lead him past. He hates anybody touching his head. If you could just turn off that whistling noise. Thank you so much. He's a young horse and easily frightened, you know. Steady, Starlight! Hang on, and all will be well. I say, you've lost your stirrup. Stick to it; you're nearly back in the saddle now. Goodness! you're off!

"Come, Starlight, come to missus. Really you are an angel; trembling with terror too. Never mind. You passed it—that's the important result. We must go back and find your rider. Are you hurt? Sure? Lucky you landed in that nice soft mud. I hope you don't mind my suggesting it, but there's one thing: would you mind if we changed horses now? The fact is I'm quite jealous of anybody else riding Starlight. Could you just hang on to him while I mount? Thanks awfully. Now, up you get. Sorry I can't offer to hold your mare, but Starlight has taken a dislike to her. Our of the way, Ranger!

"I say, shan't we be hungry for lunch after all this exercise? Let's see if Starlight will open the gate. Isn't he adorable? As clever as a monkey and handy as a polo pony. Mind he doesn't kick out while he's backing. Good! he's missed you. Here we are, Jones. We've had such a lovely ride and the horses went beautifully—especially Starlight."



The Schoolboy and His Father.

One evening a Schoolboy found his Lessons beyond his Comprehension and, as was his wont in this Situation, Forthwith applied to his Father for Guidance. But his Father, having for Some time entertained a Suspicion that this Nightly procedure was developing into an Abuse, threw the Boy back on his own Resources and Admonished him to profit to the Utmost from his education. "If not," he said, "you will live to Regret it, as I have done, for if Only I had shown more Application at school to what Dizzy heights in Scholarship might I not have Attained?"

To which the Schoolboy replied

Temperately: "Is it not Fruitless, Father, to sit lamenting Idly a Past error when by Present action that error can be Rectified? Instead of giving Way now to the Selfsame want of Application that defeated you at school, you have but to Persevere, O Father, in Fitting yourself to Supervise my studies by keeping yourself Primed in One lesson ahead, as Heretofore, and it will be Almost impossible for you to avoid becoming Worthy of any Academic Laurels I may be able to win."

Moral: If Opportunity should call a Second Time we ought to Remember her Knock.

" Coil."

That is, oil (or petrol) extracted from coal—our own word.

We were privileged not long ago to travel north with a large cohort of political, industrial and chemical gentlemen and view the official opening of the Coal Hydrogenation Petrol Plant at Billingham, in Durham. And a grand day it was. You may have glanced at some small-type accounts of the affair, Little Girl, but I am sure that you have still not the faintest notion how motorspirit is extracted from coal. So I will tell you

Some surprise was expressed at our presence in a factory. We cannot think why. Every author, after all, is a walking factory, always making something new, always extracting beauty and fun from divorce, murder, the income-tax and the like. The only difference is that the other factories are relieved of rates and ours are not; they get allowances for wear and tear of machinery and we, though our machinery is much more delicate, do not. We are naturally interested, therefore, in the other factories.

Besides, we like a good meal in a nice special train.

That is the way to travel.

Petrol, Little Girl, is extracted from coal in this way—

I should mention first that the organization of the party was superb. Nearly three hundred of us sat down to lunch, and the eigars came in good time for the speeches. (So often the Mayor rises just before the eigars reach us, the waiter is shooed away, and we have to suffer speeches without eigars, than which, Little Girl, there are few experiences in public life more painful.) Moreover, the speeches (Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Sir HARRY MACGOWAN) were good.

Coal, then—bituminous coal—

Dinner, too, was excellently done. We made a mistake perhaps in taking the champagne instead of the hock (which is nearly always a mistake); but we felt that the occasion demanded the liquid of celebration, and, as champagne goes, it wasn't at all bad.

Coal, then, bituminous coal— We put in "bituminous" in order to muddle you; for this, it seems, means ordinary coal, and it would be scientific to say, "Maggie, put another lump of the bituminous on."

Now petrol, as you know, is chemically composed in this way:—

Carbon 85 parts Hydrogen 15 parts

100

But coal is like this:-

You may ask, What has become of the other ten parts? What are they made of? We don't know.

But it is perfectly obvious that you have only to add ten parts of hydrogen to coal and take away the ten anonymous or vague parts, and the answer will be petrol.

And that, in fact, is what the answer is. The thing is absurdly simple. So simple that we are sorry that we never gave our mind to it before

At the end of this great show we were proud to encounter the, as it were, author—Dr. BERGIUS, a charming German gentleman, who first worked out the way to make the simple amendment to coal already mentioned.

Smelling, as we thought, a "dramatic story," we said, "Was it not very exciting, Sir, that moment in your laboratory when the first drop of petrol appeared in the test-tube?"

He said, "I was in mud-bath at Aix. I think 'What is coal?' I think 'What is petrol?' I think I see a way. I come out of mud-bath and telephone to my assistant in laboratory at home. Again, I am in mud-bath. I come out of mud-bath and here arrives my assistant, who say experiment is good."

So that those of us who do all our thinking in the bath have now a respectable and encouraging precedent.

And those of you who think that it is a good thing to extract petrol from coal will now, we beg, take your hats off to Dr. Bergius. Hats off too to British enterprise.

We were glad not to hear the usual story that the inventor had got nothing for his pains. The Doctor, on the contrary, has no complaints, except that he has now invented a way of turning sawdust into sugar, and many people do not think that this is worth doing.

But let us return to "coil," Little

The coal is first larded——
I should mention that the whole Billingham works cover eight hundred acres, and the walk round them is about five hundred miles. We were therefore conveyed about the place by herds in buses and alternately decanted into a factory and corked up in the bus again with bewildering but highly efficient rapidity. Our herd had two nice guides, Guide A to explain hydrogenation and Guide B, with stop-watch, to see that the herd was on time (for

another meal was "in preparation" on the train). Guide B was the bigger of the two, and did not seem to think that hydrogenation was important. So there may be portions of our information which tend to be scrappy, Little Girl.

Well, the coal is first larded—no, pasted—that is, it is converted into a paste by being ground with oil in enormous—

But when we reached that point in our education we were hustled into the bus again and taken to the next place.

The coal, or lard, is then polished with emery-wheels-No, at this point, we remember, we met Ammonia. That was it, a vast building which had something to do with ammonia. A wonderful tall building, which somebody should draw, full of "things" (we forget the right word) in clean coats of green paint. From within the things came a busy but not offensive sound. Hydrogenation is done amazingly quietly, and here was almost the only noise in the whole place. And it is all very clean. We cannot remember now what ammonia has to do with coal (or petrol), but here the hydrogen is compressed into small blue lozenges at a pressure of two-hundred-and-fifty atmospheres. An "atmosphere" is-

But now you will never know what an atmosphere is, for we are two minutes behind time and Guide B is a big fellow. Between you and us, we don't believe that Guide B knows what an atmosphere is.

However, the coal is then-

But we are now in the "Drikold" plant, where they are making solid carbon dioxide, which is what they use in the ice-cream barrows.

There it is, you see—great solid white blocks of carbon dioxide, so cold that it burns, so cold that steam rises from the gloves of the men. We are impressed but bewildered. For what has this to do with coal? Is this the same coal as we saw in the lard-rollers? But why have they turned the coal into ice? Does it come here from the ammonia building? Do we understand—? And why—? Oh, very well.

We do not believe that Guide B cares anything about the spread of chemical science. But here we are among the hydraulic injectors. Here the coal, after being turned into paste, ammonia, and solid carbon dioxide, is injected into the coal stalls. The full pressure—

Each of the converters weighs onehundred-and-sixty tons—

Yes, but-

Come on !

Here the Gases are Scrubbed with

Yes, but where is the coal? Since



"Positively nothing exactly what I want. Most customers would be annoyed, but I can see the funny side of it."

the ice-cream plant we have seen no sign of it-

It is back there in the converters.

Back there? But we thought— What are the converters ;converting what into?

Coal. Into petrol.

Those big things we saw?

Yes

We thought they were the ammonia silos. Then we have now done the whole thing?

Yes. Smell some of this delicious petrol.

With a few more chemists, Little Girl, we sniffed at the petrol, and it was very pleasing to see the scientific men going on about it as if it were a new rose, rubbing it on their hands, taking a second sniff and pronouncing it good.

In the way we have explained, Little Girl, 410 tons (or 123,000 gallons) of petrol are produced every day; and 40,000 tons have been produced already. The plant employs about two thousand men, and the extra consumption of coal "corresponds to the

employment of two thousand miners." So, whatever the economists may say, it has our blessing; and, more important, it has H.M.Gov.'s. The only sad thing is that, being distributed by the ordinary oil companies, this native petrol is not on sale by a name of its own. One would like to stop at the pump and say, "British 'Coil,' please." A. P. H.

I'm Glad. A Selfish Song.

I'm glad I'm not in Parliament—
More glad than I can say;
It must be so bewildering
In Parliament to-day.
I'm glad I'm not in Italy,
I should resent it bitterly;
I do so hate expanding
When there isn't any room.
One cannot do it prettily,
Or, putting it more wittily
With better understanding,
It is hard to make a larger Race
Without a larger Tomb.

I'm glad I'm not at Adowa— More glad than I can say; It must be quite unbearable

Round Adowa to-day.
I'm glad it wasn't I who sat
On all those sub-committees that
Held endless consultation

On a far-off piece of land.
I'm glad it's I who own this flat
And I who take my bowler-hat
And sing with mild elation
This particularly selfish song
As I walk down the Strand.

"A round English tea bun, high in the centre and fitting close and low to the neck, gives an interesting head shape."

Note on Hairdressing Style.

A French roll over each ear completes the highly satisfying effect.

"The meeting of these old rivals on the Swansea ground attracted 4,000 spectators. After a hard game victory rested with Llanelly by a foul and a try to nil."

Sunday Paper.

The comments of the crowd are not recorded.



"MY DEAR JANE-IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF!"

Song for the Unsuccessful.

THE things I did not ask for were showered upon my head,

As Hating Mathematics and Working for my Bread.

The things I really wanted, they never came my

way; I cannot sing like Tauber nor golf like Cotton's play.

The fame that never found me, The loves who loved me not.

The wit that came next morning, The plans that went to pot,

The novels I neglected year after year to write,

The plays that set my fancy (but not the Thames) alight.

The roads I never travelled, The buses that I missed,

The ships that sailed without me.

The girls I never kissed-Sure, sure in some far country

Beneath a happier star

These things are as they should be And not as, here, they are?

Why, yes; and to that country A royal highway runs;

'Tis open to the daring,

The strong, the pushful ones, The brave, the up-and-coming,

Whose nostrils scent success,

Who take a Course in Plumbing Or Writing for the Press-

Smart lads, who learn Accounting Or Art (no matter which),

All obstacles surmounting, determined to be RICH.

Just suppose-I know it's ridiculous

And the sort of thing that has made my character

A byword in the family-

Suppose I took a course in, shall we say,

Marine Engineering

And got my diploma, And landed on the strength of that A Really First-Class Job,

Only to discover after all

I still wanted to sing like TAUBER

And to play golf like HENRY COTTON'S?

Just think of the waste of time involved-

Time I could have spent to such excellent purpose,

Wishing

(As I po wish)

That I could be a FIRST-CLASS MARINE ENGINEER!



COUNCIL OF FACTION.

"THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM
WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL.
IF THE BOWL HAD BEEN STRONGER
MY TALE HAD BEEN LONGER."—Old Nursery Rhyme.

[To commemorate the triple alliance—on the microphone—of Sir Herbert Samuel, Lord Snowden and Mr. David Lloyd George.]



Salute to Snooker.

ONE of the most remarkable and gratifying things in the world of sport to-day is the phenomenal advance in popularity of the game of Snooker's Pool. In fact, judging by the number of enthusiastic spectators who have been watching the professionals play at Thurston's and by all that is being written in the Press, it begins to look as though billiards might be ousted altogether. And a very good thing too.

Billiards is the most difficult and complicated game ever devised. It is difficult because of the fact that, apart from the ball you are aiming with, there are only two on all that gigantic expanse of cloth-and sometimes not even so many as two. It is complicated because, despite this lamentable paucity of targets, you are faced with such a vast number of things that you are expected to try to do, and with an equally large diversity of ways in which you may try to do them. The screw loser, the single matador, the boasted force, the figure of eight, the crossbuttock, the postman's knock, Appel-baum's gambit, the straight cutthrough-which shall it be? And with your brain reeling in an agony of indecision and your opponent making impatient clicking noises with his tongue, you end up by pooping off when you didn't really mean to, whereupon the other man steps in and goes on playing till it is time for you to pay for the table.

Now consider the delightful simplicity of snooker. You have only got one single thing to think about. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO KNOCK ONE OF THE OTHER BALLS INTO ONE OF THE POCKETS. And the great point is that there are just as many pockets as there are at billiards, but ever so many more balls to choose from. Another thing in favour of snooker is that, thanks to this generous profusion of balls lying about the place, it is only very rarely indeed that you suffer that humiliation which is the constant bugbear of the player at billiards. I refer of course to the Total Miss. It may perhaps happen that, owing to a lack of local knowledge or some unforeseen circumstance like a sudden change in the wind, leatherjackets or a shifting of one of the tablelegs, you make contact with some other object than that which you had intended. This is called "being snookered" and entails a small forfeit. But, after all, you have hit something, and that is always a matter for selfcongratulation at any game. Small wonder then that snooker's pool is becoming such a favourite with the

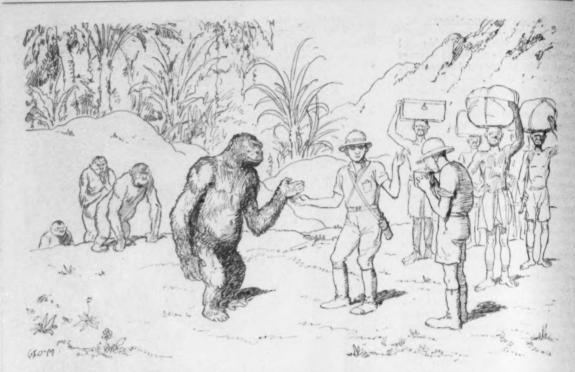


Disgusted Footpad. "BLIMY, 'ARF-A-DOLLAR-AND SPATS!"

man in the street, even though he does have to go somewhere else than there to play it.

Now for a few words about the general principles of this fascinating pastime. There is one white ball for you to shoot with and (if I remember right) twenty-one others. There's richness for you! These twenty-one are divided into two classes, "reds," which are common fry in the nature of pawns, and "colours," which are less numerous than the reds and are terribly important. It is in dealing with the colours that the novice will find most of his difficulties, especially if the ravages of time, usage and exposure have not been made good by the

application of a spot of paint here and there. Nothing is more exasperating than brilliantly to knock in the Black (which is big noise and counts seven) and then to be told that it wasn't the Black at all but the Brown (which only counts four). At the place where I myself play we allow a ball to be lifted for purposes of identification. If it rattles it is the Black; if it doesn't it isn't. But not everybody goes so far as we do, and since you will be similarly confused between the Pink and the Yellow and between the Blue and the Green you will be well advised to go warily till you are thoroughly conversant with local conditions. Plead colourblindness and ask for enlightenment.



"TRY AND GET A GOOD ONE OF BIMBO. HE REMEMBERS ME SINCE MY LAST VISIT."

I have said that the full complement of object-balls is twenty-one; but any smaller number can form a quorum. Damage may have been caused by fire, as often happens in the winter; the Green cannot be lifted from an unplayable lie beneath the book-case; the local sports-outfitters are demanding cash before delivery; the landlord is rehearsing his juggling act for the concert-deficiencies will always be occurring from a variety of reasons. But here again snooker scores. Even if several balls be missing you can still have a jolly game; whereas at billiards if you are only three short you can't play at all.

Before the game starts it is a useful thing to have somebody in the room who remembers the correct formula for setting up the reds and colours in their proper positions. Useful, I say, but not absolutely essential. For after you have had a couple of good hits the table will be so littered that any original arrangement as prescribed by tradition may well be considered not only arbitrary but also totally unnecessary

The keen beginner will lose no time in acquiring a good working knowledge of the more important technical terms of the game. You yourself, for example, will not be long in realising that "Smith received two Blacks" has nothing at all to do with a deputation

from Abyssinia. But there are several pitfalls to be avoided. There is a certain stroke where the selected ball is driven with such violence that it goes flying from one side of the table to the other till from sheer exhaustion it sinks into one of the pockets. This is called a "double," and you will, I am sure, be careful how you suggest that anyone should attempt this shot. For the same reason you will at the end of the game wait for someone else to say to the landlord, "Set 'em up again,

I will conclude with a few remarks about the game's origin. Nothing is known about its origin. Even the very newest of Oxford Dictionaries has to confess itself beaten. It is true that it gives as a definition of Snooker "a newly-joined cadet at Woolwich," but anyone who thinks that the Royal Military Academy has anything to do with it has very definitely gone to the wrong Shop.

Now I must stop. I hope you will enjoy your game.

"Starting with a clean sheet, possessing not a single article of gear, in its first year the club has been placed on a sound financial footing, and has now a pavilion."

Sports Gossip.

They must have somewhere to keep the sheet, of course.

In the Neighbourhood.

"What do they mean," asked Laura, "when they say the length of the story must be 'in the neighbourhood' of three thousand words?

"Try to guess," I suggested - not perhaps very kindly.

"Well," Laura said, "I suppose they mean 'approximately." But I call it a very loose and vague way of speaking."

I could have replied that it was equally loose and vague to talk of speaking" when one really meant writing.

But before I could actually utter the words Laura was again pursuing her theme.

"What I feel is that 'in the neighbourhood' might so easily mean slightly more than three thousand words or slightly less.

I shook my head with one of those smiles that are so much worse than tears. (See Monna Lisa.)

"Authors are well accustomed to the vagaries of editors," I said—and if it flashed through my mind that the converse is held, at least by editors, to be equally true, I did not say so.

Laura, however, did.

Then she went straight back to her original idea, like a homing pigeon. Look at it this way," she suggested.

"If you said that some new peoplecall them the Wagglebys-had come to live 'in the neighbourhood,' what would that mean?"

"That I certainly ought to have called on them eighteen months ago and haven't.

"What else?"

"That they either don't play tennis at all, or else she does and he doesn'twhich simply makes an extra woman, the last thing anybody wants."
"You talk very oddly for a so-called

feminist," muttered Laura in parenthesis. "But that isn't what I mean. We'll start again. If you knew that the-well, stick to the Wagglebyshad come to live 'in the neighbourhood,' what would you think?'

"That they were passing under a

false name."

"Nothing in the least like that. Concentrate on the words 'in the neighbourhood.' What do they convey? Where would the Wagglebys be living?

"Well, outside the village, if they had any sense and could find a house. By-the-by, would they be buying, or just taking something on a

"I don't know," said Laura coldly.
"What a pity! I was just getting
interested. They might have had this house furnished for a month or two and we could have gone abroad.

"Yes, but you don't understand. They aren't mere birds of passage. They're definitely living in the neighbourhood. On the far side of Mutterton

Common, if you like.

"Very well," I said pleasantly, "the electric-light doesn't go as far as that, and they must either make their own or put up with oil-lamps. But I daresay they're a quiet old-fashioned couple and won't mind that. If they're thinking of Mutterton Lodge, I've known for years that the well up there runs

dry practically every summer."
"Could you," said Laura very earnestly, "stop talking about the Wagglebys and answer a perfectly simple question with either Yes or No?

"Certainly I could. But I'm sorry. I was just beginning to like them so much. Simple, homely people, endearing themselves to the villagers of Mutterton by many a little unobtrugive act of kindness

"All I want to find out is exactly how near or how far off you think a place has to be before you can call it in the neighbourhood' or not."

There was rather a long silence.

I was unable to see how I could answer this question-if question it was-with either Yes or No.

After a time the same difficulty appeared to strike Laura.



DIDN'T I WARN YOU ABOUT USING A WHOLE BOTTLE OF WINE IN THE CLAHET-

"Put it another way," she saidwisely, one couldn't help feeling. "If the Wagglebys or anybody else lived at Mutterton Lodge-which is fifteen miles away-would you say they were in the neighbourhood'?'

"In the case of the dear old Wagglebys—Yes. In the case of mere strangers—No."

"I don't think you understand exactly what I'm getting at," Laura said rather helplessly.

To this I could readily return at least one of the right answers.

"No."

"I'll try to put it more simply. If when you say in the neighbourhood about people"—("Our old friends the Wagglebys," I murmured)-"living at least fifteen miles off, would you at the same time also say it about, for instance, the Rector, who's only a mile away?'

"We are," I said at once, "on the happiest of terms with the Rector, but I should never feel that he had anything like the old-world charm of the dear Wagglebys.

"Then why shouldn't an editor, when he talks about 'in the neighbourhood' of three thousand words mean either that, or more, or less?'

"The question," I said—and I ought really to have said it sooner—"is not worth pursuing."

Still, the whole conversation did teach one to know and value the Wagglebys.

Quite the most endearing couple in the neighbourhood.

Bishop's Seasonable Squib.

"' We are not the Roman Church,' said Dr. Hunkin. We must have no confusion about that: it is not for us to use Roman candles or Roman slogans.' "-Report of Address.

At the Play.

"Sowers of the Hills" (WESTMINSTER. GROUP THEATRE SEASON).

Scene-Kitchen of a lonely farmhouse among the high hills of Provence. A murky thunderstorm is coinciding with an even murkier supper.

Maidservant. Go on. We women must know all, for the knowledge of all is in our blood. When the old tree frowned on him, did he show no fear?

First Churl. None. He cursed and raged so that it was terrible to hear, and ordered us to bring up more dynamite and the steam-plough.

Second Churl. Old tree looked mighty savage.

Third Churl. Ay. And there was murder in the plough's eye.

Maidservant. But the storm-he saw it coming? Every little dandelion in the world was angry.

Fourth Churl. Ay, he saw it coming, but he didn't care-not until that first big clap, when all Nature rose up at him for ravaging her bosom as he did with his steam-plough and his dynamite.

First Churl. The steam-plough in that moment curvetted about like a mad thing before it burst its boiler.

Second Churl. Old tree roared out and swung its branches at him.

Third Churl. All the little buttercups reproached him bitterly.

Fourth Churl. It was the buttercups

who brought home to him what he'd done. Last we saw he was running away from them like a mad thing up the hill-side.

Another Maidservant (hysterically but unspecifically). I can't bear it!

Ancient Pedlar (consuming his soup with extraordinary gentility). You must, Missy. you must. As I came across the heath this morning the little spring told me it had got to be-the little spring he dammed up so cruel.

First Churl (sotto voce). I must say this is the first supper I've had in Provence without bread or wine.

Ancient Pedlar (more cheerfully). I was down a mine once when forty-nine men were blown

to little pieces

Hysterical Maidservant. There is someone crying in the forest! There is! There is !

Churls (very sadly). It is only the soul of the west wind mourning for the little spring and for the oaks he ravaged.

Maidservant (to others). Go to bed, little ones. What are we but tiny dormice, huddling for warmth?

[OFF, sounds as of a cavalry charge. Maids. What's that?



A LOVER AND ALAS.

Aubert . . . MR. MARIUS GORING. Catherine . . . MISS VERA POLIAKOFF.

Ancient Pedlar. It's only the sap surging through the buttercups.

Churls. The last tree we felled dropped on the stables. It must be the

Enter widow of previous farmer, mistress of present farmer, in a rare spasm of gloom.







A Pedlar (MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS), (helping himself). "HEAVEN HELP THE FARMERS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

> She (murmuring). Seed! Seed! The seed must be scattered-

And so on. For those Holy-loamers who swallowed gratefully D. H. LAW-RENCE's theories about the overpowering sanctity of the dark blood-surge and all that, and who choose to regard

every aspect of life through the spectacles of an embittered stud-farmer and agriculture as a kind of all-in wrestling-match with an implacable and unsporting Demeter, here is a treat not to be missed.

It may have suffered in translation. A programme-note by the producer tells us that the author, M. JEAN GIONO. has set out to mirror the individual life and culture of his own people of Provence. With some hesitation, for these gentlemen are both French, I am bound to say that I can scarcely believe that Provençal peasants, who always seem such well-sunned, unselfconscious folk, or, for that matter, that any peasants, anywhere, could carry on like this.

I have always found it difficult to understand the dual obsession from which many poetic dramatists suffer, that in the first place country-people have either the time or the inclination to stand about attitudinising symbolically about the inevitability of birth and its parallels on the human and the cereal planes; and that, in the second, agriculture becomes unbearably sad the moment when, through some small attention to modern methods, it begins to hold out a faint hope of profit.

The dreariness of the evening was mitigated for me by the acting of Miss VERA POLIAKOFF as the Headmaid, whose emotional depths she suggested with beautiful restraint, and by Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH'S strong portrait of a

rugged buccaneer of the soil. Mr. MARIUS GORING'S son-ofthe-farm was only sometimes satisfactory, for he was often too faun-like even for the high hills. Much as I admire Miss SARA ALLGOOD'S work, here as the Buccaneer's mistress she seemed adrift. The two sets and the dresses were good, though I could see no reason for getting up one of the labourers as a marionette (or for making him behave like one).

Without prejudice, I recommend those who have seen this play to read a book called Cold Comfort Farm, in which many last words were said about its theme, and JOHN GALSWORTHY'S story,

Timber, where a portion of its theme was brilliantly treated.

"THE RIVALS" (KINGSWAY).

Few plays have had such narrow squeaks as Sheridan's The Rivals, from its first doubtful night when people decided that on the whole they liked it. It was the play of a very young man, and its exuberance and gusto had to carry a thin and trivial plot. It was like Don Quizote in satirising the effect on the imagination of reading too much romantic fiction, but its satire is without depth. A musical version has just appeared

at the Kingsway Theatre, with thirty-six musical numbers, grouped into three Acts instead of five, with a succession of scenes in which colours are most skilfully used in light grey backgrounds. The chorus of this musical version is not very large and does not convey any impression that Bath is full of people, but otherwise skill has been freely and generously employed.

I should hazard the guess, seeing how many of the Company made great names for themselves in the late Sir Night. PLAYFAIR's brilliant revival of The Beggar's Opera, that somebody had said, "What other eighteenthecutury play is there which we can make into an opera?" It would have been in-

tolerable to break up A School for Scandal with musical numbers, but the plot of The Rivals is very much the kind of plot on which innumerable musical comedies have been lightly and successfully strung, for it is the old story of the Prince in disguise.

It must be frankly said that the eye fares much the best from this new attempt. As a succession of coloured pictures, of rich clothes, reds and greens well displayed and grouped, the entertainment takes a high place. As a musical show, here is an abundance of light and tuneful melody. The composer, Mr. Mon-SELL, who is also in great part the tyric writer, has made the most of the field available for a display of his talents. He gives good measure, but he is constricted by the closeness with which the words sung are imbedded in the plot. There are only a limited number of opportunities for all the wealth of musical numbers. Perhaps because they are so largely speaking parts put to music and sometimes to jingling rhyme, the lyrics, although of very competent workmanship, are little likely to pass into general circulation. The humour of Mrs. Malaprop and Bob Acres goes down at the moment, but it is jejune stuff; and it is simply impossible to take much interest in the love entanglement of Lydia Languish and Jack Absolute. In this version the other side of Sheridan's satire, the love-affair between Julia Melville and Faulkland, is relegated to insignificance.



NOT THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY.
Sir Anthony Absolute Mr. Norman Williams.
Mrs. Malaprop Miss Elsie French.

As Mrs. Malaprop Miss Elsie French brought vivacity and zest into the piece and carried away the honours. Her rage, on which so much depends, quickly evaporates; and Sir Anthony Absolute (Mr. Norman Williams) was in the same unhappy position that the



Bob Acres (Mr. Grahame Clifford) to Sir Lucius O'Trigger (Mr. Frederick Ranalow). "It makes me NERVOUS WHEN YOU LOOK SO LIKE MACHEATH!"

dramatist did not take him or his feelings seriously. All melts away in a moment as the strings swing the puppets across the stage. Mr. Frederick Ranalow as Sir Lucius O'Trigger showed us a somewhat more mature Irishman than is usual in this

comedy. Both he and Bob Acres, played with real comic feeling by Mr. Grahame Clifford, were skilful in their simplicities, but there is a lot to be said for making them both very young men. Certainly the complaisance with which O'Trigger let Sir Anthony atop his duelling came remarkably from so established an adventurer.

The duel scene was the best in the play; in it happenings came to a head, but it is all too short and too quickly merged in general reconciliations and a final lineup before the curtain.

Mr. BRUCE CARFAX as Jack Absolute looked very well and sang his way gaily through a rather ungrateful part. He could not make

Jack other than a commonplace young man, nor could Miss WINIFRED CAMPBELL do much for Lydia Languish; and on those two so much depended for the value of the evening's entertainment.

But the dramatist must bear most of the reproof, Men and women whose children were to laugh in their hearty maturity at the verbal humour of a hundred years ago found this piece wittier than we can to-day, and even so they were somewhat doubtful about it, and had great reason for their doubts.

D. W.

The Oyster.

THE oyster does not catch the

By beauty of appearance; It does not dart about; instead Stays snugly in its oyster bed

And works by perseverance.

Domestic virtue it may be,
But there's a moral too:
Remember, little boys and girls,
The oyster manufactures pearls,

Which shows what grit can do. Muzzling the Church Again.

"'Don't forget we are sitting on a canon's mouth," was the striking phrase used by the French delegate in the Economic Sub-Committee today."—Evening Paper.

My Firework Party.

I Told you last week that the recent Fifth of November would see a resumption of my annual firework parties for children, the fixture having been suspended for several years previously to let the memory of a regrettable remark I made under the stress of Golden Rain up the sleeve fade from the memories of those children who heard—and unfortunately widely repeated—the comment. Well, the Fifth has come and gone, and frankly the affair was not the success I had hoped after all this time—for a reason you shall hear.

The display took place in what we call the back garden—a tiny space looked onto by two large dining-room windows. Inside, behind the windows, sat the audience of kids with some self-appointed Censors, Programme-Girls and Chuckers-out at the back of the pit-stalls. The windows were closed as a precaution against flying sparks, whether physical or verbal.

Everything went splendidly at the start. An opening chorus of Sparklets danced against the background and finally advanced right down-stage and played terrifyingly against the actual window-panes. (Applause.) Incidentally this resulted in a dragon's breathlike stain, which has so far quite defeated the window-cleaner.

Then we had some Roman Candles. They were good ones, with eight Romans to each candle, for I counted them carefully myself. All except the last, where I must have miscounted, for a totally unexpected and apparently ninth Roman occurred after I'd thrown it away. If anyone had been pointing the thing at me they couldn't have aimed better; and if anyone had been aiming at me I couldn't have dodged more neatly. (Prolonged and terrific applause, cries of "Encore!" "Do it again!" etc.)

Red and green Flares were the next item—fairly sedentary stuff, my nerves being still a little broken. (Mild applause, changing to querulous cries of "When is it going off?" and "Is he going to do a funny jump again?" He devoutly hoped not.)

After this were the Catherine Wheels, all prices from a threepenny-bit to a half-crown, and all sizes from a half-crown to about the lid of a dust-bin. This last, in my opinion, scored the hit of the evening—luckily not in the same sense as had been so nearly achieved by the Ninth and Noblest Roman of them all. It changed from blue to red to yellow with the rapidity of a professional politician, and went

on so long it burnt a hole in the fence.

After this I felt we might be risking an anticlimax, so I sent on as next turn the Mystery Feu de Joie. I had had misgivings about buying the darn thing, anyhow, and I was justified. It was a sort of dark-brown business, shaped like one of the pyramids and had a wooden base with a handle attached. The girl in the shop said you were supposed to hold it, light it. and see what happened. Well, I may look a fool, and girls will be girls, but no one catches me like that. I had promptly decided that I would put it down on the ground, light it and see what happened.

I did. What happened was, it went out. I lit it again. It went out again. This evidently was the mystery: the thing was non-flammable, probably made of soft-soap. I bent to light it again and discovered, a fraction of a second too late, that it had never gone out at all. That evidently was the mystery-that something apparently unburnable could burn. As a matter of fact, "burn" is hardly the word, unless a bomb can be said to burn. It exploded like a depth-charge. Something whizzed between my legs, hit n wall with a kick like that from a mule's hind-leg, rebounded on to the fence with a shattering crash, thence hit the window-frame (thank Heaven it was the frame), back to the fence again, then the wall, and finally came to rest simmering like Vesuvius by my right foot. And I had at one point believed it to be soft-soap! I had forgotten that soft-soap and gelignite are supposed to be much alike. Perhaps some error in the factory.

I picked it up and again realised I had underestimated the mystery angle. I had talked of a kick from the hind-leg of a mule and I had forgotten that a mule has two hind-legs. This thing too had yet another dividend. It went off with a roar; and the base and handle, after hitting me in the stomach, ricochetted—off my stomach—over the fence into the next garden. There it rattled about a bit in a deathagony. Finally there came a long

silence. . . .

I may say en passant that next day our neighbour brought the corpse round and asked if my little boy had dropped it. Looking at the woodhandle, charred unrecognisably up to what would have been my wrist if I'd believed the girl in the shop, I said, No, he hadn't, but, thank God, I had.

After this I tremblingly turned to a Lighthouse Gleam to soothe my nerves, but I had to take three before

I felt better. Then I decided on my pièce de résistance.

Now I may as well tell you that Golden Rain had been forbidden in view of my earlier tendencies, but, determined to display my self-control, I had secreted one in my pocket. I now let it off and, believe me, it was a perfect display. Moral restored, I finished up all the other fireworks without a hitch and turned round for the applause which was my due—to find my audience had all vanished.

They had gone. There wasn't even anyone to open the window for me to climb in. The back-door was locked and the kitchen deserted. I got in at last through the scullery—and met the whole throng, chattering delightedly, coming downstairs from the front bed-

room.

"I can only assume," I said stiffly to those in charge, "that you were frightened by the bang. At the same time, to leave me to—"

"What bang?" they said. "We must have left long before that. We went while you were still doing Catherine Wheels. We've been watching the fire...."

"What?" I gasped.

They told me. Believe it or not, of all times and all places a small fire had chosen to break out in the attic of the house opposite about five minutes after I had started my performance. I had been working my heart out to empty seats, while they, having heard the fire-engine, had rushed away to a gorgeous show of fire-escapes, hoses, brass-helmeted firemen, ladders and so on. They said they'd called to me but I didn't hear, and as I seemed so happy playing by myself, they left me to it.

And I have never seen a real fire!

Pending Election.

"Maud Soames!" announced Pamela.
"She's standing!"

I rose hastily. "Where?" I said.
"Standing for Parliament. It was
to be Mrs. Bridgeman again, but her
nerves totally broke down and the
Committee were at their wits' ends.
Then John Carpenter said 'Maud,' and
old Mr. Marby said 'Yes,' and everybody agreed, because she's terrifically
public-spirited and popular for miles
round, and Maud said she was
sensible—"

"Not very modest of her."

"—sensible of the great honour, and tremendously touched, and generally anxious to do the right thing. So it's all settled, and I'm helping, and so are

you, and so are all of us.'



Candidate, "Is it all right if I address the meeting in my bathing-costume? I've just heard there is a scheme on foot to rush the platform and throw me in the duck-pond."

"What about Major Soames?" I inquired. "The Major lacks neither popularity for miles around nor public spirit. I should have thought the Major—"

"Maud is afraid the Major will be furious, but it's absurd, considering he's laid up with gout."

"The Major always is furious when

he is laid up with gout."

"And anyhow he hasn't Maud's following. Women's Leagues and things. Maud is wonderful. Girl Scouts and everything."

and everything."
"Girl Guides," I said. "And how exactly do we help? If it's a matter of addressing a public meeting—"

"I'm to do that," she said calmly.
"You, Pamela? But—"

"Thursday next in the School Hall."

"But-"

"I daresay they will ask you later."
"But—"

"If you mean I'm no good at speak-

"In public."

Pamela said I little knew, and she once took part in a debate at school and old Miss Smythe put in her report that she was a promising speaker.

"Speakers often are," I said, "and invariably so at Election times. I shall greatly look forward to hearing

"You can't," said Pamela. "It's the Women's League of Strength and Freedom, and men are absolutely not allowed at the meeting."

"Why not?"

"Because they aren't. The whole idea of the League is that the members practically swear to ignore utterly what their husbands say."

I suggested that this seemed an act of supererogation.

"In practice very few of them have husbands," she went on, "but the principle is the same. They must promise to vote independently as separate entities, and fortunately most of them have fathers or brothers who can be voted independently from.

Actually, of course, they must all vote for Maud."
"Including fathers and brothers?"

"Naturally."
"Have you written your speech?"
I inquired respectfully.

"I'm not going to write it. Just very rough notes," said Pamela.

"You don't think very smooth notes would be better?"

"I probably shan't need any. I shall be quite general—just strength and independence and separate entities and vote for Maud; but I do wish I could think of a funny story. It's always done."

"It's always attempted but rarely done," I said.

Pamela looked at me thoughtfully. "I know!" she said. "I shall tell them about your sticking to the garden-seat after I had painted it. I shall say it's an example of man sticking to an outworn theory."

"Our garden-seat is not an outworn theory," I objected.

"Your trousers were when you got up. I shall say that." "My dear Pamela, there are limits!"

"In a time of national crisis," said Pamela sententiously, "the wish of the individual must be subordinated to the good of the country." She carefully powdered her nose. "That's in Maud's Election Address," she said. "Jolly good too!"

"Thank you," I said gratefully. "I wrote it."

The Ghosts Walk.

THEY came with lorries, they came with vans, they came in the early May;

Room by room and stair by stair they carried the house away;

There was never a brick and never a stone to show where the old home stood,

And a couple of family ghosts were left who took to a nearby wood.

The Northern Spring was a genial Spring, and the summer nights were fair.

And the two ghosts walked in the gibbous moon and danced in the open air;

Autumn came and they weren't so pleased, for the wind waxed cold and keen,

And one of the two had a ghostly liver and one had a phantom spleen.

One ghost said to the other ghost, "Alas for the brave old

When the walls were strong in the old house and the fires had a cheerful blaze."

And the second ghost answered tartly, "That's a fat-headed way to talk

When there isn't as much as a cupboard left where an indoor ghost could walk."

The rain dripped down from the naked boughs, the wind swept in through the boles,

Their spinal columns were stiff and damp, and the first said, "Blast their souls;

A Tudor house in its early state might well have been left intact:"

And the other sat on his hands and said, "It wasn't, and that's a fact.

We might have got into the last sad van and gone when the old house went;

We knew they were sticking it up afresh in Surrey or Hants or Kent.

I'm not sure which; but stair by stair and room by room it stands

Where I'd be now if it wasn't for you." And again he sat on his hands.

But mildly the first ghost answered, "For centuries close on nine

Here we have been with our sons and sires, an honoured and ancient line:

Think of the sentiment, brother." The second in charnel tones

Said, "Sentiment's all very well in its place, but sentiment won't warm bones."

And the wind swept in through the naked bole and the rain dripped down from the bough,

And the two ghosts huddled together—it was far too cold for a row—

Till the strong ghost said, "Here, up you;" and, or ever that storm was spent,

They were off on a trek from the cheeriess North to Surrey
—or Hants—or Kent.

There's a fearsome story of two pale ghosts that the horrified rustic meets

Stalking along by the Great North Road through the villages' quiet streets;

Night by night one can mark their trail; we learn from the last report

They had crossed the Thames by Wallingford bridge, but were going a trifle short.

Dum.Dum.

Viennese Nightmare.

I first noticed them in the bread, which I had hoped would be as good as the coffee. At the very first bite a strange taste filled my mouth, conjuring up a very vivid and painful little scene several years ago when I had defied my dear old Nanny and refused to eat up my seed-cake. Swallowing with difficulty, I looked closer, and was horrified to see that my bread was positively studded with small black objects.

"Ach!" cried my charming Viennese hostess, observing my perturbed expression, "that is for you something new—no? Here we are very fond of Kümmel—how do you say in English?"

"Caraway," I replied sadly.

After that I had to adopt defence tactics. I soon he came expert in surreptitiously extracting them from bread and rolls. I also got quite good at flicking them out of the soup with the tip of my spoon. But it did not end there. Oh, dear, no. I had heard a lot about Vienna, city of my dreams, but if any one had told me of the popularity of the caraway in some Austrian households I doubt if I should have had the courage to go there. It seemed to me that this particular cook just flung a handful of caraway. seeds into whatever she was cooking, out of sheer habit. I was haunted by them. They leered up at me from amidst the Sauerkraut, they lay hidden between slices of meat, they nestled among the potatoes, and on one peculiarly revolting occasion they even appeared embedded in the cheese. My one refuge was a boiled egg, and even then, remembering a passage in an Irish novel where a revengeful kitchenmaid inserts paraffin into her master's egg with a hairpin, I had visions of the cook poking caraways into mine.

But one cannot live for ever on boiled eggs, and one day I had a splendid idea. I would invite myself to a meal with my old friend, Professor Hawkins, who had lived in Vienna for some years.

Luckily he appeared overjoyed to see me, and when I heard that his pleasant wife did the cooking herself my spirits soared high.

"Dorothy has made one of her special salads in your honour," said the Professor as we sat down to lunch. "She has learnt quite a number of Viennese dishes since we came here."

"They have such original ideas, don't they?" beamed Mrs. Hawkins. "For instance, now we always add a few caraway-seeds to the salad-dressing and we find it makes all the difference. Do take plenty," she said, pushing the salad-bowl towards me.

I did. But I also took the next train home.

"Doubly Redoubled Strokes."

Macbeth.

(A call of Eight of a suit is now a legal bid.)

What means these sears, you ask, my little Jill,
These lumps and dents that mar your uncle's visage,
Telling of violence that sorts but ill
With one of his age?

Of no mad revelry are these the signs
Or sordid brawl repugnant to the Muses;
A friendly game of Contract at "The Pines"
Produced these bruises.

I partnered, at malignant fate's behest, One Colonel Brown, an awe-inspiring figure, Who, when annoyed, his sentiments expressed With martial vigour.



"HAVE THEY SENT THE CHAMPAGNE, MARY?"
"OH, YES, M'M. I'VE DECANTERED IT."

Down, down we went; his temper higher rose; "Twas vain to bid, 'twas vain alike to say "No"; Abuse flowed from his lips as lava flows

From some volcano.

"Invertebrate" and "Spineless" I recall
As samples of his milder phraseology.
(He took, you will observe, no pains at all
To shun tautology.)

And then at last fate sent me such a hand
As might elate the dourest and most stolid—
No Hearts, in Clubs the three top honours, and
The Diamonds solid.

My partner said "No bid"; "One Heart" from Jones, "Three Diamonds" from me, and straight a babel

Of call and counter-call in divers tones Crashed round the table.

Higher and higher yet the bidding soared;
"Six Hearts," "Seven Diamonds"—my brow was clammy—
"Seven Hearts"— a pause, and then my partner roared,
"Eight Diamonds, damme!"

"Double," said Jones; my courage woke anew; I felt the spirit in my bosom function That nerved our ancestors at Waterloo And Clapham Junction.

"Spineless," forsooth! "Invertebrate" as well!
Wrath lit my heart as flame that runs through stubble.
Well, they should see; and clear as any bell
I said "Redouble!"



"HAD YOU AN APPOINTMENT? I'M BUSY."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Regal Portrait.

MAINTAINING with EMERSON that "the characteristic of heroism is its persistency," M. EMILE CAMMAERTS has depicted the very forging, tempering and exercise of heroic virtue in his biography of Albert of Belgium (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-). Certain details of Belgium's part in the Great War are still unavailable; but what is common property and much that is new and intimate are carefully incorporated into a distinguished, sympathetic and extremely interesting biography. Opening with Germany's assurance that "your neighbour's roof will perhaps burn, but your house will be saved," M. CAMMAERTS goes back to the beginning of the story and shows the modest education of a youth not destined for the throne. Then, wedded to his country-and to the faithful Queen who beheld "a curtain of iron" descend between her and hers-King Albert takes the lead and the epic of the defence of Belgium unrolls itself. M. CAMMAERTS has ample opportunity to correct misunderstanding, both of the attitude of the King and country "cornered into heroism," as the King ruefully put it, and of their post-War zeal for a peace of restored equilibrium to which they saw so sorry a prelude in the Treaty of Versailles.

A Good European.

Nobody who met Stresemann can have failed to carry away an unforgettable impression of the man. Outwardly his appearance was repellent in its coarseness and suggestion of brutality. Few men have been so belied by their looks.

Beneath this unpleasing exterior there was concealed a nature refined almost to the point of spirituality. It was not merely that STRESEMANN was a great patriot whose love for his country transcended all other emotions. He was that rarer type-a man whose patriotism sprang from a discerning appreciation of all that was best in German Even more strongly than any foreigner civilisation. STRESEMANN abhorred in his heart the cruder manifestations of German life that had brought his country's name into disrepute among the nations. In his Introduction to Gustav Stresemann (MACMILLAN, 25/-), whose "diaries, letters and papers" he has ably edited and translated, Mr. Eric Sutton justly observes that Mr. Asquith was greatly mistaken in telling Sir Austen Chamberlain that he would find in Stresemann a "typical Junker." His speeches and writings, and more especially the memoranda and letters hastily scribbled down without any thought of their eventual publication, reveal STRESEMANN to have been something more than a Prussian and a German. He was a good European.

"Daddy" of the Second Army.

General Sir Charles Harington, G.C.B., G.B.E., has written the life of his hero and C.O. in *Plumer of Messines* (John Murray, 12/6). He describes his subject as a reincarnation of the character of General Gordon. As a matter of fact, perusal of the book brings General (Stonewall) Jackson more clearly into my mind—"Fear God and do your duty and help subordinates in all things" was the Field-Marshal's rule, and he saw to it that his staff followed his example. Messines was, of course, his greatest and most spectacular victory; the author however writes frankly of Passchendaele—a battle for which every General

engaged was blamed afterwards. The author puts a new viewpoint into my mind. Having advanced up the slope so far it would have meant (being overlooked) a whole winter's casualty list to stop there. We had to get on at any cost in life in order to save the troops from a greater loss. HAIG and PLUMER had the courage to go on and take the Ridge. Most people would have flinched at the awful responsibility. A very lovable character, a good General and a Colonial Administrator of the best type. May we find more when we need them!

A Good Dog-Book.

Tail-waggers, the same (As you'll see at a look) Is the nursery name Of a practical book Which, by A. CROXTON SMITH, Country Life sends to mart, All beautiful with Mr. Nicholson's art.

It's a "dog-book," indeed You'll have guessed it just so, It benches each breed That they bench at a show, And if anyone be Wise in dogs there's no doubt

That our author is he-Dogs indoors and dogs out.

If you want a good reference Volume, my son, I suggest that the preference Goes to this one, Which the best way advises To care for and train Dogs of all sorts and sizes From Peke to Great Dane.

The Mantle of Trollope.

You need not be a TROLLOPE addict to enjoy the wholly delightful sequel which Father RONALD KNOX has composed for the five Barchester novels. Taking the quick and the dead—Grantleys, Hardings, Thornes, Greshams, Mrs. Proudie, The Signora, Mr. Slope and Mr. Quiverful-more

or less where their creator left them, he brings the undying chronicle up to the present day. John Bold the younger, whom TROLLOPE explicitly bequeathed to "some other pen," is given two love-affairs; Marmaduke Thorne coquets with a living—and other less unpalatable means to leisurely affluence; "Is She Not Fast?" relates the fortunes of Farmer Lookaloft's heiress; and "Septimus Arabin's Wardenship" describes the reaction of a Barchester educationalist to a Barchester Public School. KNOX, however, has a larger ambit than TROLLOPE, sees further round the pretentious little problems, social, political and ecclesiastical, which, thanks to their immortal set-ting and a cleverly sustained Victorian sententiousness, uphold his claim to the succession. Barchester Pilgrimage (SHEED AND WARD, 7/6), with its greater literary grace, prettier wit and more radiant horizon, should hit the taste of our times as TROLLOPE hit the taste of his.



A.B. "NEVER 'EARD OF ANTOFAGASTA! WELL, 'AVE YOU 'EARD OF ABYSSINIA?" Boy. "YES."

A.B. "AH, IT'S COMFORTIN' TO KNOW THERE'S SOME THINGS THEY CAN'T KEEP.

DARK-EVEN FROM YOU.

More Wheels Within Wheels.

I always feel that any review of a new book by Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE should have a little piece of red carpet stitched above it, so that the subject could be approached as its importance demands; and I found it impossible to go far with The Luck of the Bodkins (JENKINS, 7/6) without putting on my top-hat as a mark of supreme respect. For in our vain efforts to convey the brilliance of this novel to our readers we reviewers can for once ransack our dictionaries for superlatives and yet remain within the strict confines of the truth. The scene is an Atlantic liner, the theme is young love triumphant in the face of heavy odds, and the hub of the thing is that eminent column of bone, Monty Bodkin. Other leads are taken by Mr. Llewellyn, King of Dottyville-on-the-Pacific, Miss Lotus Blossom, the film-star with a wisecrack up her sleeve and an alligator in her state-room, that shrewd youth, Reggie Tennyson, and, by no means least, Albert Eustace Peasemarch, the feudally-minded steward, who lacks Jeeves' peculiar precision of speech but makes up for this by his wide range as a raconteur. It is a book which, though obviously a gilt-edged security, pays a hundred-per-cent dividend from the first page to the last. Order the landau round and go out with gladness in your heart to buy it.

The Diarist in Action.

The great Mr. Samuel Pepys, main driving-force at the Admiralty and doing mighty battle for his life and cause when accused of piracy, popery and peculation by statesmen who aimed at bringing down the whole House of Stuart along with him, is a very different person from the rather bibulous sycophantic creature so long familiar in the Diary.

That the new PEPYS is the real man is proved from surprisingly plentiful records drawn upon, largely for the first time, by Mr. ARTHUR BRYANT in Samuel Pepys: The Years of Peril (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 12/6). This book is really serious English history, lightened by sketches of half-forgotten characters, such as the clerk, ATKINS, whom neither bribes nor imprisonment could shake from his loyalty, but who was scared of being caught out late by his master; or squinteyed Colonel John Scott, the miller's son, the prize blackguard of his century. The net effect of this volume is to make it impossible to rate PEPYS of no importance. Whether one quite likes the fellow or thinks him so impeccably righteous as he stridently maintains is still a matter of opinion. The third and final instalment may settle the question.

Discovering America.

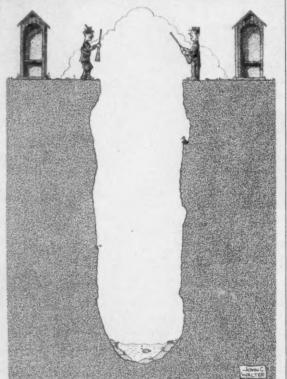
If anyone should ask, "What do they know of America who only Mr. A. G. MACDONELL know?" my answer would be "A great deal." After reading his book, A Visit to

America (MACMILLAN, 7/6) I really feel that I too have just spent three months in a land of hustle and, half killed by kindness, have been fascinated by the ghosts of Marysville, revolted by the ladies of Los Angeles ("all lovely, and most of them look as if they would steal the blankets off the death-bed of a blind great-aunt") and amazed by Texas, the slayer of Wild-West illusions. His greatest complaint of the people is their curious inconsistency in lamenting the newness of their land while neglecting the "layers of civilisation in Monterey" and other cities and the forgotten graveyards of New England. But he has not many complaints and counts the blessings with enthusiasm, especially in the last page, when he writes of "the gay and happy people" and of "the immensity of America and of the unquenchable spirit of the pioneers that still lives on and always will live on." If you can never hope to see Long Island on the horizon, I advise you to take a 7/6 ticket on Mr. MACDONELL'S flying earpet, for that must surely be the next best thing.

Opening Chorus.

Miss Marjorie Booth has a pleasant pen, both light and sincere, and her heroine in *Portrait in Pastel* (Murray, 7/6) is a charming creature. But heroine is perhaps too romantie a name for *Christina Yorkman*, though we view life through her eyes and are principally concerned with her career. Miss Booth first brings us together when *Christina's* feckless delightful father has been killed in an accident, touching in the shadows of bereavement with a faithful hand; but the scene soon changes to *Great-aunt Esther's* maisonette in a London suburb, the company of three cousins, very cleverly studied young people, and the oddities of a school of shorthand and typing. At the end of the book *Christina* has achieved the independence of a bed-sitting-room and is just losing the work by which she might have supported it. As

an opening chorus the book is worthy of the highest praise, but leaves one looking for the comedy which should have followed. Why is it that so few authors to-day are as clever as their predecessors were at cutting life up into those lengths that make a story?



"ADVANCE BUT ONE STEP OVER THE FRONTIER, AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!"

Invaders.

My appreciation of Smouldering Fire (JENKINS, 7/6) would have reached a whiter heat if Miss D. E. STEVENSON had not spread such a sturdily protective wing over her hero. Iain MacAslan, the impoverished head of a Highland clan, was really in no need of it, for, although he got quite as much as he gave, he did deserve the lovalty which was freely offered to him. That I could not follow him with unstinted admiration is probably due to the fact that I was born what Miss STEVENSON, with every justification, calls a Sasunnach. No qualification, however, is needed in my praise of the lady who with fear and trembling invaded the Highlands. Her husband went to shoot and she stayed to conquer. Here is a tale in which

those of us who love the Highlands will delight, for the minor characters are gloriously alive and the atmosphere is, to my mind, profoundly right.

Vengeance.

Amateur investigators who think themselves of greater importance than the mysteries they are trying to unravel become more and more prevalent in detective fiction. The Great Hotel Murder (Nicholson and Watson, 7/6), contains an alluring problem, but the flow of the story is too often delayed while Mr. Vincent Starrett's Riley Blackwood displays the workings of his wonderful mind. If this young man had not so consistently occupied the centre of the stage I should have followed the chase with more zest. Nevertheless those who want to go a-hunting after murderers will find that Mr. Starrett can provide them with plenty of excitement, for he has studied in the school of Conan Doyle and in many ways proves himself a worthy pupil.

Charivaria.

It is thought possible that if Lord Snowden joins the Liberal Party, as foreshadowed by one writer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE might decide to do the same.

A cat belonging to a Leicestershire licensee has been operated on for the removal of a two-shilling-piece which itswallowed some weeks ago. It isn't often that you find so much in the kitty.

Signor Mussol-INI was cool with PRIMO CARNERA last time they met. The pugilist's improved form in his recent victorious fight in New York is attributed to his determination to be justified in being cool with the DUCE. * *

They say that Longwood, NAPO-LEON'S residence at St. Helena, is being put into repair, and Italy is expected to demand assurances that this is not intended as a minatory gesture.

In the meantime Italian women are to be asked to give their wedding-rings to be melted down for the gold-reserve. Patriotic Italian

men are equally prepared to part with their golden ear-rings.

It is also suggested that valuable time might be saved in future if diplomatic agreements were jotted down on paper already torn up.

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN, the novelist, recalls that film-actors had no idea of larly pleasing effect by the ponies.

making love in front of the camera until she went to Hollywood and taught them. We do wish she hadn't.

In view of the decision of the British Museum authorities that a sarcophagus which has long been a prominent and popular exhibit is a fake, visitors com-

"The Bedouins," says a returned traveller, "are as arrant thieves as ever." Still silently stealing away.

Persia, we are told, is to reorganise its aerial forces. It is understood that all privately-owned magic carpets will now be taken over by the military authorities.

> A man who exploded a bomb in a Chicago store was arrested. On the charge, pre-sumably, of shoplifting. * * A full-grown cow in Ireland is only four feet high. But (curiously enough) it doesn't vield condensed milk. * *

Girls are said to be growing more and more inter-ested in chess. Apparently they like putting the men in their places.

The Bookmakers' Association wants a slogan. Why not "Glad to See You Back"?

"Are black cats really lucky?" asks a reader. Well, they're not so liable to get hit on a dark night. * *

An American baby who has said "Oh yeah?" at the age of one month is making people

wonder what it will say when it is a year old. Why not "Oh yeah" again?

"The average foreigner paints the British girl in glowing colours," remarks a writer. So does the average British

Pony-skin is much worn at racemeetings-at Northolt with particu-

plain that it becomes increasingly

difficult to be sure what they may

safely admire.

It may not be generally known that in firms specialising in the mass-production of Christmas-pudding it is customary for all the directors to stir it in turn and wish.

A reformed crook has become a spiritualist. From bad to medium.



"YES, SIR, THEY'RE SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES TO SEDENTARY WORKERS!"

For England and the League.

["I am impenitently English."-The Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin.]

We stand for England. Ours a charge to keep Impenitently English. Through our vast Dominions there is peace, a peace to last. We serve the world and would not overleap. Our charge of old hath been upon the deep, To watch and ward our heirloom of the past. Justice and Liberty that standeth fast, Bought with our blood, not to be bartered cheap.

Another charge we have. Our hand has sealed A Covenant not lightly with the world To work with all who will for the world's peace. Our word's our bond, nor can be tossed and twirled Like scraps of paper that the winds release. It seals the trust by which the world is healed.

That's for Remembrance.

The bottom right-hand drawer is now almost empty. The receipts, the old letters, the newspaper-cuttings are no more. These, in company with five cigarette-cards, a pingpong ball (much damaged), a car-park ticket issued in the Borough of Chelmsford and bearing date September 8th, 1931, a handbook of Instructions for Operating the Perfecto Portable Typewriter, two theatre-programmes and a paper in English Literature set by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board in the days when the world was young—all these, I say, have been ruthlessly cast into the burning fiery furnace. They have had their day.

It was, I admit, a wrench to part with that English Literature paper. I made a note of Question 10 before I

threw it away:-

"An appreciation of Milton is the last reward of consummated scholarship."—MARK PATTISON. Discuss.

I'll trouble you to take a look at that. Stiff, eh? But I discussed it all right You may think that I could hardly have been in a position in those days to say what is and what is not the final reward of consummated scholarship, but you're wrong. I could have shown you—if I hadn't been so ruthless—a little pencil-tick against the question to prove it.

I also (though I don't expect you to believe this) compared and contrasted the views of MILTON and HOBBES on toleration. A subject not without interest to the speculative

mind

However, we are getting nowhere. What I meant to say was that, though so much of the fragrant-past has been thrown away, there is still another deed of destruction to be done before a lifelong ambition is achieved and the drawer

is clear. And, this I cannot bring myself to do.

Before me lies a bundle of old menus. Not the common or garden pasteboard oblongs of the restaurant or the railway dining-saloon, but the be-ribboned, be-crested, four-page slap-up works of art without which no undergraduate's mantelpiece is complete. They are not very clean, maybe, and some of the ribbons are a trifle faded, but they have their charm. Let us examine this one, whose purple ribbon no less than its bold superscription show it to refer to one of the feasts of the Squanderers Club of brief but poignant memory.

The meal, I see, consisted, from Cantaloup to Caviar Russe, of some eight courses, not more than six of which were—to judge again from pencil-marks—attempted.

But the interest of the thing lies for me not in the richnes and variety of the food which I was at one time apparently in a position to eat, nor even in the list of wines (all of which were, I fancy, compulsory), but in the pencilled scribbling and scrawlings with which its four pages are-one might almost say festooned. From cover to cover a mass of signatures and sketches, jokes (if you like that kind of thing) and-yes! a rhymed couplet right across the Jamb de York greet the bewildered eye. Jack and Peter, Charles and Robert, Duncan and Harold-each has had his say, What a multitude of friends I had in those days; and lord! how they all loved me! "One of the best!" writes Harold in a hand quivering so much with emotion that "best" looks in the cold light of day laughably like "beasts," and George—good old George!—he thinks I'm a grand fellow. At least he thought so then. And so I was, by Jove! Didn't I get up and remind them, for the space of twenty minutes by the clock, of the debt we all owed to the dear old College and the care we ought to take to keep its scutcheon clean? Didn't I talk to them of the cool green lawns and old grey walls till they rose to their feet to a man and, with the tears running down their honest cheeks toasted St. Eustace's with three times three? Or didn't I! It may have been some other time. But anyway, George liked me.

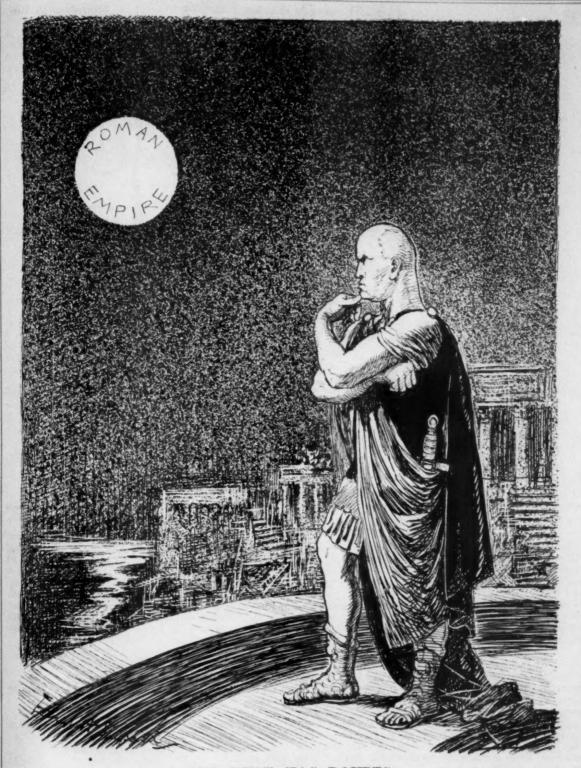
Somebody called Percival (such an exotic name, I always think) has drawn a picture of an elephant on page 2 which I am at a loss to understand. It isn't a very good elephant; in fact, apart from the trunk, you might have thought it was a St. Bernard. But that doesn't surprise me at all. LANDSEER himself might excusably have been a bit rocky on his elephants after a dinner with the Squanderers. What I cannot grasp is why this Percival should have drawn an elephant on my menu-card at all. A man might reasonably have a predilection for drawing these animals—a sort of elephant-complex-just as so many of us always begin to draw pigs or the back view of cats when left alone with a pencil and a clean piece of blotting-paper; but this is not the work of such a man. No one who had ever drawn an elephant before could possibly draw such a bad elephant as the elephant Percy has drawn; or, alternatively, having once drawn such an elephant, no man in his senses would ever try to draw one again. Clearly there is a significance in this animal which I once understood but cannot now To Percival and me, in those far-off days, an elephant stood for something. The mere mention of its name was probably enough to send us both off into fits of laughter. I seem to see myself rolling off my chair in insupportable mirth after a single glance at Percy's elephant while he at his place across the table shook the rafters with Gargantuan laughter. You see, for all I know, I may have drawn an elephant on his menu! That would have been rich.

And yet if I came suddenly upon him now, in his office or his chambers or perhaps his lonely pagoda in far Cathay and whispered "Elephants!" in his ear, I doubt if he would even smile. It seems to me rather pathetic when I come to think of it.

There are other items of almost equal interest on this particular menu—to say nothing of the rest. There is a signed statement by one of our prospective M.P.'s, for instance, which might come as a surprise to some of his constituents. It is so oddly phrased. One of these days, unless of course I was persuaded otherwise, I might feel it my duty to make the statement public.

This isn't a threat, naturally. An Old Squanderer would never stoop to blackmail. I merely mention it as one of the reasons why I am afraid the bottom right-hand drawer of my desk never will be clear.

H. F. E.



THE DUCE HAS DOUBTS.

"DO I REALLY NEED IT? PROFESSOR JEANS HAS STATED THAT IT WILL EVENTUALLY COME WITHIN THE DANGER ZONE AND DISINTEGRATE."



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.
Indispensability of Golf.

Sport.

It is rumoured that the proprietors of our newspapers are not satisfied that their pages contain enough propaganda. Something has been done by altering the shape of their political opponents' moustaches on the picture-pages to give them a sinister expression, and by judicious selection of news; but hitherto the Sports pages have been unbiassed. This is a pity. The report of a football-match, for instance, lends itself admirably to political propaganda. Something like this:—

ASTON VILLA, 2 GRIMSBY TOWN, 6.

Salt tears dripped down my face as I left Villa Park on Saturday, to think that Aston Villa had been beaten at home by the bottom club of the League, and by such a margin! My heart was bitter against those responsible for the defeat. . . The Villa players had done their best, but as soon as they trooped out of the pavilion I knew that they were doomed. They were obviously suffering from malnutrition. Their manager told me afterwards that, owing to the rise in the price of butter through the suicidal tariff policy of the so-called National Government, the Aston Villa players have been reduced to a mere scrape. A vote for the Liberals means more Vitamins for the Villa.

News-Chronicle.

ASTON VILLA, 2 GRIMSBY TOWN, 6.

What has Mr. Baldwin to say about Aston Villa's defeat on Saturday? I can imagine what he says. "The National Government's policy is a policy of non-interference!" he says. And that man is the man you are asked to confirm in office as Prime Minister of England! Not satisfied with neglecting the League of Nations for five years he refuses to stir himself even to the extent of interfering in the Football League. Not satisfied with throwing Abyssinia into the bloody maw of Italy, he allows the gory jaws of Grimsby to swallow unchallenged the erstwhile victorious Villa.

Swaffer in "The Daily Herald."

ASTON VILLA, 2 GRIMSBY TOWN, 6.

On Saturday the Villa were heavily defeated at home by Grimsby.

In 1815 Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo.

In 1935 Mr. "BILLY" HUGHES refused to acquiesce in Sanctions.

Australia is one of Britain's best customers. Facts.

All facts.

Britain demands non-interference in Europe.

Straight bananas are unknown in Cuba.

Ask your Candidate about it!

We are living in a false Garden of Eden.—Daily Express.

My Tasselled Rugger-Cap

Threatened with Being Thrown Away.

How oft for comfort have I come to thee,
Thou never-failing fountain of content!
How oft, when seasick on Life's stormy sea,
Friendless, alone and all my courage spent,
Have I, with heart of lead,
Yet cried, "Who cares a rap?"
And planted on my head
My tasselled rugger-cap!

Straight am I wafted to another world;
I step, a second Alice, through the glass;
And, like a leaf upon the tempest hurled,
I dash and dodge, I kick, I catch, I pass.
And always in my ear
The distant cheer and clap.
Are they not good to hear,
My tasselled rugger-cap?

They tell of times when crowds on either side
Fell back to see me come, when baths were filled
To my express command (or woe betide!),
When my majestic voice the tumult stilled.
Oh, can it be I lay
So full in Fortune's lap,
With fags to dust each day,
My tasselled rugger-cap?

Why, yes, these things and more all came to pass;
We were indeed all this—a king, a god!
You there, who stand reflected in the glass—
They worshipped you, came running to your nod!
And are you such a worm,
A good-for-nothing sap,
Who won that winter term
A tasselled rugger-cap?

Remembering how you tackled people low,
Led rushes down the field, shoved in the scrum,
Can you deny you're full of dash and go?
Like this I muse, and gradually become
Restored in self-respect,
A brighter braver chap—
So potent your effect,
My tasselled rugger-cap.

And, thus, though others may decry your charms,
Your silver thread, your velvet's brilliant hue,
And seek to lure you from my loving arms
And (accidentally) dispose of you,
We'll cheat them to the end.
Whatever else may hap,
We'll never part, old friend—
My tasselled rugger-cap!



Chairman at Election meeting. "I 'AVE GREAT PLEASURE IN HINTBODUCING MB. 'ORACE 'OWARD, OUR ASPIRATE FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS."

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

7th October, 1935.

Dear Whelk,—It was a great pity I could not get to the Committee Meeting on Saturday, because my scheme of raising the extra money to pay for the new Caddymasters' Hut by means of side-shows would have been a much better one than having that pooping concert on the 17th.

However, I suppose the hidebound Committee would not have listened to reason in any case, and as all arrangements have, I presume, been left in your hands, I insist on your booking one or two professional artists to give the show a little tone. Also get a brass band—one with plenty of drums.

Yours sincerely,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—You will of course be inviting several of the members to do their stuff, and I should be very glad to help matters on by reciting Kipling' Gunga Din" and as an encore I could sing "Dawn Wind," the words and music of which have been composed by my wife.

P.S. 2.—Thank goodness Nutmeg is still in the hospital and won't be able

to do his cornet-solos.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), at the Cottage Hospital, Roughover.

9th October, 1935.

Dear Sir,—I hear you are going to have a Club concert on the 17th October, and, although I regret my leg is not yet strong enough to enable me to play my cornet (I must stand up to get the top A's), I would be only too glad to do some animal noises if you could get Baggs (the caddymaster) to wheel me from here on to the stage in a bathchair.

Having always considered "Farm-Yard" stuff rather insipid and hackneyed, I would propose doing the following, for which I had quite a name when in the Far East:—

(a) White Dies basis D

(a) White Rino having Bath.(b) Turkish Jackal—Solo and Pack.

(c) Dying Shark. (Takes ten minutes, but very lifelike.)

(d) Adult Abyssinian Ground-Beetle
(Anthia ferox) on a lampshade. (This latter subject to
getting my new plate in time.)
Yours sincerely.

L. NUTMEG.

P.S.-It is no good good asking

Sneyring-Stymie to do his "Tethered Goat." I hear he has a "go" of earache, probably due to his listening at the keyhole of the Committee-Room on Saturday.

From William ("Big Bill") Snipple. 31, High Street, Trudgett Magna.

10/10/35.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter asking me to do some conjuring turns at your concert on the 17th October. My fee is four guineas, including travelling expenses; but if you could supply me with the following props—

(1) A cold roast duck;

(2) A salmon gaff;

(3) A signalman's hat;

(4) Two bottles of port (vintage).

I would come for four pounds.

Yours faithfully, W. SNIPPLE.

return the gaff an

P.S.—I would return the gaff and the hat.

From Vernon Fitzarthur, 12, Market Street, Roughover.

10th October, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 9th inst., I regret that I shall be unable to help you at your Club Concert on the 17th, as I do not accept engagements of this class.

Kindly note that I am not a Whistler, as described in your note,

but a Siffleur.

Yours faithfully, VERNON FITZARTHUR.

From John Baggs, Caddymaster, Roughover Golf Club.

over Golf Club.

10/10/35.

Mr. Whilk, Sir,—Excuse me writ-

MR. WHILK, SIR,—Excuse me writing but I am thankful to hear about the Concert for the New Hut and Sir the Caddies was asking me if they could do a sketch for the Concert. It was written by the local Bicycle Agent (Mr. Brake) who prefers not to say who he is. But the sketch is about the Club Members etc and Sir, Alf Humpitt can do the Hero (General Forcursuc) cursing his dog A.1.

If you was agreeable it would get a good laugh from all; but could you get a pair of plus fours for Alf Humpitt?

Maybe you could ask Lady Forcursue for an old pair of the General's, failing which I could get them off the General's

housemaid.

Yours obedient servt.,

JOHN BAGGS.

From Mrs. Gertrude Gamboge, The Palette, Roughover.

October 10th, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—I am very surprised to hear that you expect me to display a

poster for the Concert in my drawingroom window after the rude remarks you made about my water-colour sketches at the Roughover Amateur Artists' Show in June.

By the tone of your letter you might

think my house was a shop.

Yours truly,

GERTBUDE GAMBOGE.

From Joseph Boards, 29, The Oval, Troutbridge.

Thursday.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 9th to hand, and I shall be very happy to do some of my Charcoal and Coloured Chalk Drawings at your Concert on the 17th.

. I would suggest a surprise series with a golfing flavour:—

(a) New York sky-scraper which, when turned upside-down, resembles Ernest Whitcome, putting;

(b) Tropical Sunset—upside-down a golfer in trouble in bunker.

- (c) Spanish Onion-Seller—upsidedown, Yourself receiving presentation clock from your Committee.
- (d) Slice of Cod—upside-down, head and shoulders of your Captain.

My fee is £3 3s., plus expenses.

Please send photos of your Captain
and self if O.K.

Yours faithfully, Jos. Boards.

From Miss E. Pinn, Roughover.

Thursday, 10/10/35.

Dear Mr. Whelk,—I shall of course be very glad indeed to supply sandwiches and tea for the artists taking part in the Concert, but could you get someone to come and cut the former, as I sprained my thumb doing the ones for the Amateur Dramatic last month?

Perhaps you could also supply the butter, sugar, milk and 1 it tea! I will get the bread and sandwich-fillings from Lady Forcursue and the Gopherly-

Smytes.

Yours sincerely, ELIZABETH PINN.

P.S.—For goodness' sake have plenty of beer if you are having the Roughover Silver Band. They played so badly on the lemonade they got when the headmaster of the High School retired.

From Miss Joan Wrinklenib, The Grange, Roughover.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I enclose a

suggested layout for the front-page of the programme. I do hope you think it will do. Daddy says the umbrella should be strapped on outside the bag, but I had to put it inside owing to the Recitations, Animal Impersonations, etc.

Yours sincerely,
Joan Wrinklenib.

P.S.—The lettering is not very good, but this could be done in printer's type.

[ENCLOSURE]



From Miss Georgina Sands, Roughover. (By hand.)

18th October, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Well, I expect you are thankful the Concert is over, and, although I have not had time to draw up a proper balance-sheet, the income, so far as I can see, from the sale of tickets, programmes, etc., comes to £62 1s. 3d., while expenses amount to £17 10s. 6d., and this includes all that beer for the Band, which seems most reasonable.

Everyone is agreed that it was a most successful show, and I think you deserve tremendous credit for the wonderful organisation.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGINA SANDS, Hon. Treas., Grand Concert.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

18/10/35.

SIR,—I am not at all interested in your note of to-day's date stating that we had made more than enough at the Concert to build the new Caddymaster's Hut. But what I do want to know is—



"MUMMY, COME DOWN. SHE'S TALKING TO ME!"

(1) Who gave Nutmeg permission to come on the stage and make a fool of himself like that?

(2) Where did Alfred Humpitt get a pair of my trousers from, and what was the idiot trying to do with the stuffed dog?

(3) What did Mrs. Gamboge mean by saying you had been rude to her?

(4) Why did everyone applaud Nutmeg!

(5) Why did I not get an encore? Surely everyone knew about my wife's "Dawn Wind"?

(6) Why did the conjurer come up and slap me on the back at the end of the show? And why did he dangle that revolting roast duck on the end of the salmon-gaff in front of my face? Was the fellow tight?

(7) Why did everyone laugh at the picture of that stupid slice of cod when it was turned upside-down? Reply by return.

Yours faithfully,

Armstrong Forcursue.
G. C. N.

The Acid Test.

"For some weeks the method has been tried out at the Guildhall by members of the County Council staff. It is now considered foolproof."—Evening Paper.

The Figurehead.

In the days when every seaport had its figureheads to show-Queens, princesses, sea-nymphs, witches, girls of all sorts. row on row,

With their faintly smiling faces and their outstretched pointing hands

Reaching out across the water-lanes that lead to far-off lands-

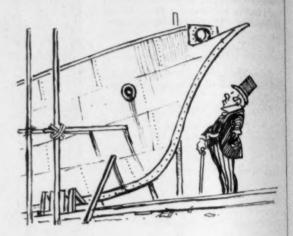
There was once a ship a-building on the slips down Blackwall way

(Yard and builder, ship and owner, long ago they had their

And it chanced one summer morning when the work was nearly done

The Owner came to look at her and see how things went on.

Now this Owner, I must tell you, was a pious sort of bloke That didn't know the way to smile and never cracked a joke;





He'd an "albert" on his waistcoat and a whisker on each cheek.

And his face was like a sea-boot or the wettest kind of week.

Well, he looked the ship all over and he'd got no fault to find, But, says he, "There is a point on which I've quite made up my mind;

I will not have this ship o' mine called after one of those Outrageous heathen goddesses with hardly any clo'es.

It's not a good example to the people where we trade To see upon our vessels' bows such things as those displayed; So let her name be Enterprise or Thrift or Industry, And I think we can't do better than a figurehead of ME."

So the carver carved his likeness, though he said it was a job To make a decent showing of that hammick-faced old swab; And they launched the ship and christened her with homemade rhubarb-wine.

For he said he'd have no dealings with the product of the vine.

They named her Perseverance, and they sent her out to

To show the folks in foreign parts a figurehead of HE, With a go-to-meeting topper of the real stove-pipe sort And the kind of stick-up collar Mr. GLADSTONE used to

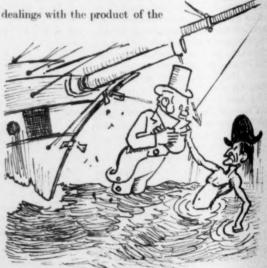
And when she got to forty South up comes old Davy Jones From his house below the water that's all built of sailors'

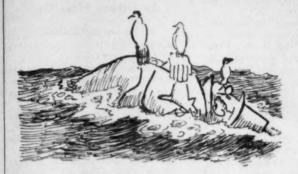
To see the latest vessel and her figurehead to scan, For he likes a nice young female, just like any sailorman.

But when he clapped his eyes on her it made him fair disgusted:

He cussed like any bucko mate until he nearly busted, And looked and looked again, and said, "Well, strike me pink!'

Then took and yanked the Owner off and slung him in the drink.





And he drifted and he lifted as the winds and currents chose, With the seabirds sitting on him from his waistcoat to his nose.

And he lifted and he drifted many a month and many a mile. Till he fetched up at the finish on a South Pacific isle.

And there the natives found him, high and dry upon the shore.

And they gathered round and stared at him till they could stare no more;

Then they set him on a heap of stones and hung him round with flowers

And said, "Now where's the island that can show a god like ours?"

And fuzzy-headed damsels wearing hardly any clo'es But wisps of grass and feathers—and uncommon few of those—

Used to come and dance for him o' nights beneath the golden moon

To the singing of the palm-trees and the tide in the lagoon.

And there he sat and scowled at them; and so the years went on

Till, what with time and weather, all the paint off him was gone.

And his whiskers and his collar had got worn so flat and small

That you couldn't recognise him for the Owner's self at all.

Well, at last there came a schooner cruising round the Southern Seas

With a learned bloke on board collecting curiosities, And when he saw the figurehead he cried, "Now here's

This here's a tribal totem of a most unusual kind."

And the island folks were thinking that he couldn't be much

Because he hadn't made it rain just when they thought it should,

so they swopped him for a gramophone as willing as you please,

And he travelled back to England wrapped up careful like a cheese.

He's in Blankby Town Museum now for all the world to see, With a label underneath him, "Heathen Idol from Fiji"; And if there is a moral in this story strange but true, Well, I only hope you see it—I'll be jiggered if I do!







"The Empty Chair."

You like stories of book-collectors, don't you? Nice stories, generous stories. Very well, then.

Everyone who is interested in DICKENS—and that means the whole English-speaking world and a good deal over-knows that when the novelist died, in 1870, there appeared in The Graphic an engraving after LUKE FILDES entitled "The Empty Chair"; which portrayed the working-room at Gad's Hill with no occupant, and was probably one of the most famous pictures ever published. But what everyone does not know is that the black - and - white reproduction which The Graphic circulated was made from a water-colour drawing and that

that drawing went to

America.

It was upon this fact that N., one of the bookcollectors of Philadelphia, which is not only the Quaker City but a nest of bibliophiles, based the story (with E. another Philadelphian connoisseur, in it) that he told me the other day and that I now pass on.

"Once every year," N. said, "I go over to E.'s to spend the night and see what new things he has been acquiring, and in particular to look at his copy of Pickwick, which, after my own and perhaps one other, is the best in existence.

"We have a real bookish talk over our dinner, and again after dinner, and again the next morning when little problems that occurred in the watches of the night must be cleared up. You know how it is when collectors get together!

"Well, the last time I was at E's I was worried to see on the wall of the library, all among fine original things. the print of 'The Empty Chair.'

What a pity," I said, "that you didn't buy the water-colour when it came into the American market! You could have got it for two thousand dollars, or less."

"Yes," he said, "I have never ceased to regret it. But I thought I couldn't afford it. Lost chances! Lost chances! Anyway, where is it now? Have you got it?

"No," N. said, "I don't go in for pictures. I never knew what became of it, but it's right place is here."
"Don't I know it!" said E.; and in

course of time N. said good-bye and went off to his office.

"Directly I got there," he continued. "I was rung up by an old friend who was the trustee of still another Philadelphia collector and was winding up his estate. Let us call him Tom.

"'I have got everything spread out here,' Tom said, 'with the price that I think fair against each article so that there can be no bargaining. Do you want anything?'

"I want that portrait of Johnson," N. said. "How much is it?

Tom told him and he secured it. "I'm afraid there's nothing else in your line," Tom said. "It's a pity you dislike the sadness of 'The Empty

"What's that got to do with it?" N. asked.

MENTO O "EXCUSE ME-WHAT WON THE THREE-THIRTY?"

> "Nothing, except that it's here," said Tom.

> "You mean the wood-cut?" N.

Not at all," Tom replied, "the original, the water-colour.

"Good heavens!" N. exclaimed.
"So that's where it's been! How much is it?'

"Two thousand dollars," Tom said. "It's mine!" cried N. round to my office at once;" and then, he told me, he rang up E.

"E.," I said, "have you got two thousand dollars!"

"I could scrape them up," he replied.

"Very well," I said, "bring them to my office and I'll give you something in exchange for them-something you have wanted for years."

An Impending Apology.

"A man of the highest integrity, Mr. was not attracted by the public and administrative life of Norwich."—Local Paper.

As Others Hear Us.

The Young Collaborators,

"I THINK it's a marvellous idea, us collaborating over a play.'

Oh, so do I, Hugo. If you're sure it's all right from your point of view. I mean, I haven't ever written a play

"That doesn't matter a bit. After all, none of mine has ever been acted. except one we did at home once for some frightful bazaar.'

"Did you really? I never heard about that. What was it?"

"Oh, nothing at all. bilge. A sort of a blank-verse affair, rather in YEATS' manner. I must say people seemed to like it rather, but] can't imagine why. It was utter rot really."

"I'm certain it wasn't. What was it about?"

'Oh, nothing in particular. As a matter of fact it was simply a dramatic reconstruction in the surréaliste manner of the state of a woman's soul when she first realises that her husband really murdered both his former wives."

"It sounds too terribly good.

"Honestly, it wasn't. Still, it was quite amusing to do.

"Oh, it must have been. I'd adore to have seen it. Have you got any frightfully bright

ideas for our one?

"I thought either a comedy-kind of a brilliant social satire-or else something utterly raw and stark about world-conditions. You know,'

"I know. Well, either would be marvellous, of course. I'd like to put in a part for MAURICE EVANS. He's my favourite actor.'

"I'd like to get DIANA WYNYARD." "Another thing we've got to remember is about selling the film-rights afterwards. We ought to make it the kind of play that would film well."

"How frightfully clever of you to think of that! You know, I believe there's any amount of money in this.'

"Do you really? I must say I've always wanted to write a play. Only there's never time.'

"Well, of course it'll be much quicker with two of us working at it. Now, what we want to do is to get our central situation absolutely clear. That's essential."

"I must say it's simply wonderful



"I THAID I'D ADDRETH LETTERTH, BUT HE THAID I'D BE MUTH MORE UTHEFUL THTICKING THTAMPTH."

working with an old hand. You know absolutely all the dodges, don't

"Oh, one has a kind of flair, I suppose. Tell me-have you got millions of really thoroughly new plots in your

"Not exactly plots, I haven't. Sort of general ideas, you know, like someone being in love with two people at once, or a wife who's really in love with her husband but she thinks he's in love with somebody else, so she pretends to be in love with somebody else herself. and then the husband finds out that it's really her he's in love with, and it all comes right.

"I say, that's rather good. public is getting frightfully sick of all this sex on the stage, if you ask me, and there's going to be a reaction, and quite simple straightforward things like love are going to be the vogue."

"Well, or there's murder."
"Yes, rather. The thing would be if we could get love and murder."

"Hugo, you're a perfect genius!" No, really, I'm not.'

"Oh, but you are. I think love and murder is too adorable.'

"Well, look here—we ought to make a note or two. Have you got a pencil or something?

"Yes, here you are. Will the blotting-pad do?

Quite all right to begin with. Put down 'Theme, Love and Murder' for a start '

"Okay. What else?"
"Well, we ought to have some idea of the characters. A man and two women, I should think. Put down 'The Eternal Triangle.'

"It sounds frightfully technical. Oughtn't we to have a comic servant

or something?

"Oh, we put in the comedy as we go along. Work in some really amusing situations and a few epigrams. Not too many, though-they're rather dating.

"I should never have thought of

"One has to look ahead in this business, and we don't want to have to rewrite the whole thing when it comes to a revival.

"No, rather not. I wonder what theatre we shall have? The first night will be thrilling, won't it? Do they give one a box?

'Personally I'd rather have two stalls. Unless you're frightfully keen on a box ?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind a bit."

"I say, I do think you're frightfully easy to work with. We ought to make

a grand thing of this. What about

"Well, honestly, I think that's the part I'll probably do best. I've always had a kind of queer feeling that I might be rather good at dialogue.'

"It's rather my strong suit too, as it happens. Would you fearfully mind if I did most of the dialogue and you worked out a plot and a few situations and put in any fearfully good lines that occurred to you?

"Okay. The only thing is, this week's no good because I'm going away, and I'm not quite sure when I

shall be back.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. matter of fact I'm going to be fearfully tied up myself for the next six weeks reading for my wretched exam. The only thing is, we ought to try to get it put on before the Christmas shows.'

Hugo, I do think you're too practical and marvellous and businesslike and clever!" E. M. D.

A good many men would prefer you to remember the tankard of beer.

[&]quot;'Bread and butter and cheese look very much better if they are on a clean table with a vase of flowers,' she said. 'You must remember the asthetic side of things Domestic Article.



New Roads.

So the New Road is coming at last, and we among whom it is coming should, I suppose, be glad and gay and speak happily of Progress. For roads are the mark of Civilization, the triumph of Man. But, in fact, I can discover nobody in the neighbourhood who is keen about the New Road, except a few citizens who have property to sell (and even they are not enthusiastic).

Mr. Bernard Shaw has recently informed the world that as a potential visitor to Ethiopia he is on the side of the Italians, who are making roads, and against the Ethiopians, who are short-sightedly obstructing the benevolent road-builders.

I suppose, therefore, that Mr. Shaw would be on the side of the London County Council and the Middlesex County Council, which, whatever I say, are going to drive this new road past our comparatively quiet homes. But in this controversy I am for the Ethiopians, who say, "We do not want your excellent road."

People keep bringing Ballots to the door and asking us what view we take about the Italians' road-making in Ethiopia. But nobody asks us what we think about this road-making in Hammersmith.

Yet, one would have thought, we deserve to have our say-if it is only a despairing squeak. For we who live just here are the only people in the country who can never benefit from the new road (excepting always the few citizens who have property to sell). Those of us who are going to be turned out of our homes to make way for the Road are quite content where we are: and those of us who are going to be allowed to remain are quite content with our communications. minutes' walk to the Underground. five or six to a tram or bus in the High Road: this is swift enough for us. Indeed so far as the communications are imperfect we like them, because imperfect communications keep the place quiet, not only for us but for all the citizens who like going for walks on

But—we are told—we must not be selfish, like the Ethiopians.

Well. I don't know why not.

However, let us be noble and think of the Interests of the Community. What are they?

The Interests of the Community, it seems, demand that more motor-cars should be able to pass more swiftly through this part of London. At present, it seems, they can only go comparatively slowly along the High Road, and there are "traffic jams."

Road, and there are "traffic jams."
But how splendid! For many years, in the Interests of the Community, I have been saying that motor-cars went too fast along the High Road and ought to go slower. At last, it seems, my dream is coming true. And now they are going to spoil it all.

My heart leaps up when I behold a lovely traffic jam, as the poet remarked. Sometimes, gliding under Cannon Street Bridge in my little ship, I see a monstrous traffic jam on London Bridge -a beautiful, endless, two-way traffic iam-two great battalions of stationary vehicles. I put my engine into neutral and, letting the vessel drift, regard the great jam with pleasure. For this, I think, is a wholesome thing for the Community, which has bowed down to the false god Speed and thought by multiplying motors to add a cubit to its stature. I am sorry for the poor busdrivers; though even for them a jam may bring more ease than pain. But up there, I think, as the tide carries me under London Bridge (which, by the way, has a slight but disturbing suggestion of being about to fall-in an easterly direction)-up there, I think, the big souls, the philosophers, sit calm and meditative, not raging vainly against the passage of time; while the small, the restless, the unpunctual ones, who always start too late and cannot sit still, being incapable of thought, are fuming and fussing and suffering, as they should: the little pedestrians, like pigeons, trip in and out among the great wheels, dreaming, and all, for a short space, has good order and proportion in the world of Speed. I put the engine ahead with a deep sigh; and sometimes, as at six knots we rush through Tower Bridge, I look astern and see that the Jam is still in being.

How foolish, then, to suppose that you can warm my heart towards the New Road by telling me of traffic jams in the old one! As well expect an Ethiopian to shed hot tears over the involuntary descent of an Italian aero-plane.

But let us return to the Community. What is this Community which the Councils and the Ministry (and Parliament, they say) are going to serve by enabling it to pass at high speed

through this now quiet corner of the town? The Community, I am sure, is a very good fellow; and if we met we should be friends. But we do not know it; and it does not, I fear, care half a hoot about us. For, ex hypothesi, it has never driven through our little corner and will never suspect how quiet we were before the New Road came.

It has, for the most part, I think, a nice house, or cottage, in the country (or town). It would complain bitterly if we proposed to drive a new road through its quiet garden or suggested that it should travel by train; so it is not, at bottom, I think, much less selfish than we are. Indeed, on the ethical ladder it stands pretty low. Since it acquired a car it has become slothful; it has almost lost the use of its legs and cannot bear to walk to a common station and catch a degrading train. So it bustles in and out of London on its frequently redundant car, and because the poor little corner where we reside is in its way a great motortrack has to be blasted through our midst. Well, good luck to it! Sauve qui But don't let us have any peut! nonsense about the Interest of the Community: for this means the Interest of the Internal Combustion Community and nothing else. The fruit and vegetables and milk and everything arrive in London quite fast enough by the High Road; or, if not, there are two courses open-send more of the stuff by train or widen the High Road, whose unfortunate inhabitants cannot be worse off than they are already.

There are not so many quiet untidy corners left in London, where one may saunter along old passages at the backs of churchyards and boat-yards and clusters of old cottages without a sound of London's traffic; and it is, I think, in the interests of the Community that these should be preserved. Those however, who plan new roads are not impressed by that kind of argument; so we will argue no more. Indeed, it is too late; for already they have begun to knock the place about. We used to say, But surely they will never go through the Recreation Ground-our Open Space, our Lung!" But it seems they are—on the ground, some say, of "military necessity." We used to cry, "But they couldn't go through the churchyard!" I learn to-day that they are taking a chunk off the churchyard. Progress marches on, and we will argue

But when the correspondents tell us with amusement that the Ethiopian feebly brandishes his sword at the Italian aeroplanes I do not laugh. I know exactly how the Ethiopian feels.

A. P. H.



"As our house caught fire at least three minutes before yours, Sir, I think, and my wife agrees, that we should take priority."

And petrol-driven pioneers

In good Victoria's later years Pursued erratic courses;

From Polly to Trolley.

(Respectfully dedicated to the London Passenger Transport Board.)

The buses that were patronised
By "pretty Little Polly,"
Who lent enchantment to the scene
On Paddington's historic Green*
Were unimpressive, undersized,
And very far from jolly,
Lit inside by a dim oil-lamp
While on the floor the straw was
damp—

Oh, London life was sadder When in that stark and Spartan time

To reach the roof you had to climb
By a precarious ladder!
And yet it was a real treat
To scale the driver's perilous seat
And revel in his caustic speech,
Immortalised by Keene and Leech.

The years rolled on, until at last
The horse-drawn bus to limbo
passed
When oil supplanted horses,

And later, spite of traffic jams,
The L.C.C. adhered to trams,
Which proved a costly folly.
To-day, discarding rigid cars
On lines that cramp and vex us,
We hitch our buses to the stars
With an elastic nexus,
Enabling them to dodge the traffic
And wild pedestrians who maffick
Or flaunt the futile brolly.

CHORUS.

Sing tra-la, trolly-olly,
This life is most jolly
For me and Cyril Tolley
And John Barbirolli
As we gaily fly
Through Peckham Rye
On the top of the flexible trolley!

C. L. G.

"All Wrong" Stories.

VIII.-Finesse.

"The essence of a convention," purred Mrs. O'Terlonie, "is a wilful misunderstanding of each other's calls."

She whispered this, as though by

accident, into the ear of her deaf East partner, and the audience applauded. Undoubtedly, in London, bridge as a spectacle had come to stay. But great things hung on the edge of the balance which could never be known to the Auctioneers surrounding the line of glass-topped tables at which the competitors munched their biscuits and coffee

"Dummy North!" cried the Umpire; and "North it is," came from the conventional Culbertson disciple who was Mrs. O'Terlonie's partner.

Eight thousand miles away, in the Southern States (U.S.), at the Hotel Boston in Cleveland, sat Major O'Terlonie, one hand holding the mouthpiece to his ear while his other eye was glued to the tape-machine. Would the Radio never come? A four-million-dollar bridge contract with the Californian Press depended on his wife's success or failure in the epic match of the "aces" of the deck-hand game.

Then came a telegram. Hastily he tore it open. His face beamed. He shouted with joy.

For the message ran: "Only two black aces in a Yarborough."

^{*}She ultimately "married the conductor of a twopenny bus."



ONE CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE.

The Reason.

In this age of misguided invention
In matters pertaining to Art,
When critical gushes and immature brushes
Put steeds at the rear of the cart,
When fabulous prices are squandered on

daubs

And craftsmanship's not à la mode,
I've hit on the bubble that started the
trouble—

A bubble that's yet to explode.

If CÉZANNE hadn't painted an apple
In a rather unorthodox hue,
There'd not be the jawing, the haphazard
drawing
And passion for anything new.

To-day a rectangular Venus
Enchants by her absence of curves,
And a lurid Madonna has showered upon her
More compliments than she deserves;
A pair of old boots on a studio stove
Is a rare intellectual treat,

While perishing fishes on perilous dishes Enthral the artistic *élite*.

If Cézanne hadn't painted an apple On a plate that was slightly askew, The hit-or-miss slingers and Chelsea's "leftwingers" Would find they had nothing to do.

So, all of you Bolshies of pigment,
You side-whiskered mob to a man,
Replenish your glasses with spirits and gases
And drink to the fame of CÉZANNE;
For he was the fellow who gave you the lead,
Who paved unreality's way
And entered the portals reserved for immortals
By finding that fruit was O.K.

If CÉZANNE hadn't painted an apple And brought on a hullabaloo, There'd be no bread-and-butter for Mr. Frank RUTTER, And where, Sir, would you be?—And you?

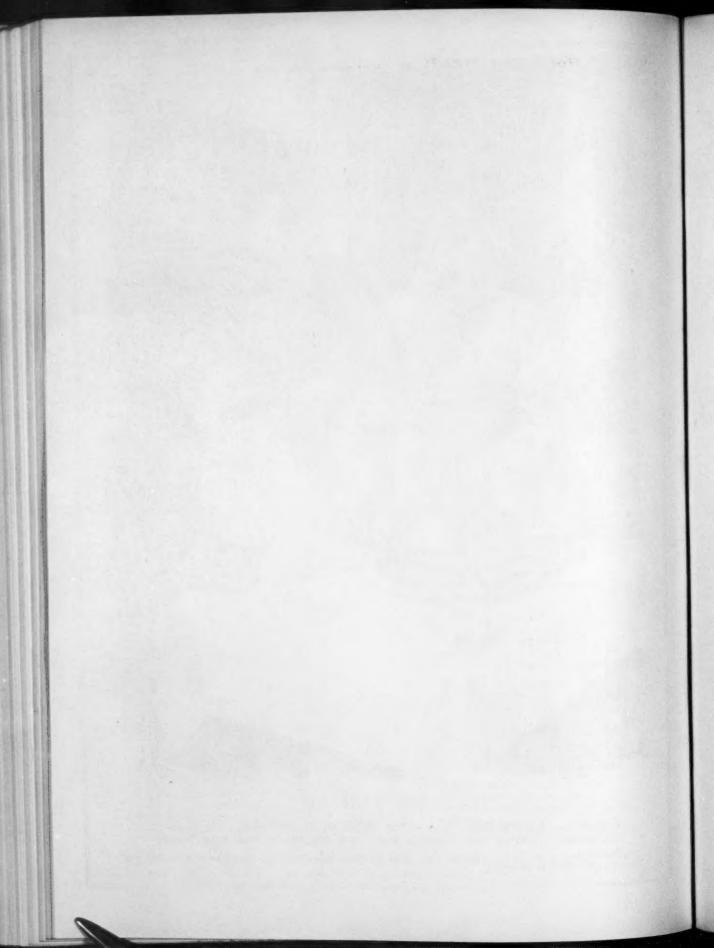


SET FARE.

JOHN BULL. "I HOPE YOU'VE A GOOD APPETITE TO-DAY, SIR."

Mr. Baldwin. "DON'T YOU WORRY, JOHN; I'M PREPARED FOR THE WORST."

[The Chairman of the Kitchen Committee has stated in evidence that the culinary arrangements of the House of Commons leave much to be desired.]





"I don't want to discourage you. Miss. but she ain't registered above seven stone since '98."

Representation.

Pamela pitched her hat on the sofa. sank into a chair and regarded me with shining eyes. I was pleased to see her: I have seen little of Pamela since Maud Soames was adopted as a Candidate for the Framley Division.

"Marvellous!" she said. "Maud's

got the Press. I was gratified. I had taken pains with my contribution to The Framley Courier.

The Courier!" said Pamela. "Why. I mean The Daily Searchlight. It will be in to-morrow.

"What will?"

"The interview. The Searchlight interviewer came this afternoon. Poor Maud was all-in with canvassing, but I said I'd rally round, and we staged it beforehand. Maud was to stalk up and down smoking a cigarette and I was to look efficient behind the new typewriter to give the impression that I was her secretary.

And was that impression received?" Actually the interviewer-Hope Watkins her name is—was late and we had relaxed somewhat. I was then doing the stalking-

"And Maud, I presume, was sitting efficiently behind the new typewriter?

"Yes. Hope Watkins thought I was the Candidate: but it was all right, because Maud at once bounded forward, and I said, 'This is Miss Soames,' and Maud dished out tea and cigarettes, and Hope Watkins said she saw so many people."

"Only Maud and you, surely?"

"Saw so many people in the course of her work that she was always having to unmix them. Frightfully interesting. She had a perfect lamb of a hat too-one of the new high ones, dents here and there, a pom-pom on the top and all over one eye. I think, with so much electioneering to do, I might pop up to Town and-

I hastily reminded Pamela that she was telling me about the interview.

"Oh, yes. Well, she said she wanted womanly stuff, so I said Maud had always been wildly keen on it; and she said woman, whatever her inclination, must not shrink from playing her part in the nation's life.

Did Maud think of that on the spur of the moment?"

"Maud didn't say that. That was Hope Watkins. She also said the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world. Not terribly appropriate, and I think it rather shook Maud, but I leapt into the breach and said she was extremely

domesticated by nature and could cook fritters.'

And what did Maud say?"

"Maud didn't say anything, and Hope Watkins said that was the sort of material, what with the speeches over the wireless and everybody being more or less in favour of more or less the same things.

"Surely Maud took exception to that?"

"I expect so. Anyhow, I said Maud was extremely good at games and thoroughly sporting, and a marvellous swimmer and able to remain in the coldest water indefinitely, and Hope Watkins said that was useful and wrote it down.

"And what did Maud say?"
"And I said, 'But she never gets in hot water,' which was rather clever. Then we got on to the subject of journalism, and Hope Watkins said you have to dash all over the place, and she told us about what happened when she interviewed a film-star. And then she said she must be pushing off. So she took a photograph.

"Whose photograph?

"Maud's of course

"You are sure Maud was in the photograph?" 'Why ever not?" asked Pamela.



"This is just a bit of showing off to the neighbours. They don't really need one."

Notes to an Unpublished Poem.

[Mx friend Elkin Doggerel the poet, who is away, appointed me his literary executor in his absence; and I was recently poking about among his junk when I came on a document which I think might be printed with advantage (I mean to me). It appears to be a set of notes to a poem he has never published.]

odds against that. Omitting the article here makes the conception more poetical. "The odds" would call up a number of undesirable associations in the reader's mind, such as "six to four" or "no limit on singles, doubles or accumulators." I do not say there is anything inherently objectionable in "six to four," except that by persevering a bit you might get sevens off the course. S.P. betting seems a mug's game to me anyway.

dear sir. There are contradictory emotions implicit in this common expression. If the fellow is dear to you I take it you know his name, and if you don't know his name I fail to see how you can have the gall to tell him he's dear. I read in a newspaper once about a lady to whom a man was dear; since he wouldn't take any notice of her she spent her time making crosses on his door with butter and putting toast through his letter-box. In this instance it is obvious that she must have known his name or she wouldn't have been sure which was his door. On the other hand, even though she wasn't dear to him she must have been to somebody, unless she paid for her own butter.

Of course, if the words are written by a bank-manager that alters the whole situation.

pull out the plug, i.e., to let the water run away, as in (or from) a bath. I imply the old type of bath. There are all sorts of ways nowadays of letting the water out of a bath; in my bath, for instance, there is a handle protruding from the top which you lift up and turn round; but I didn't think that would go very well in this poem. Further, my aim was, by using the word "plug," to call up the association plug-ugly" in contrast to the words "dear sir." Possibly in the second edition of the poem the line will be printed pull out the plug-ugly" as likely to call up the right associations in every kind of reader. Readers who have led sheltered lives will think of plug-uglies, and I hope the cleaner kinds of plug-ugly will think of baths. The line might be open to objection on the ground that some people might think it was an order to a person addressed as 'ugly" to pull out a plug, and there we should be back at the beginning; but one must risk that.

Of course the bath is only an association. No one in the poem had a bath.

seagull Kelly. The idea here is a good deal telescoped. "Kelly" refers to the man earlier called "dear sir"; the association is between the line, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" and the statement in this poem that the man mentioned was "lost." Similarly "Kelly" is associated with the historical character (circa 1932), "Shipwreck" Kelly (a man who used to sit on poles, and sitting on poles is associated with the seagull). I personally have often seen

a seagull on top of a pole. It has sometimes seemed to me at first that there were several, but it has always turned out to be only one. The explanation is that there is never room for more than one. Further, the explanation of the seagull's sitting on top of the pole is that there is nowhere for it to sit halfway up. I daresay a little platform or something could be fixed to the pole halfway up for the seagull to sit on, but I don't see why anyone should bother. I wouldn't bother myself. Seagulls are pampered enough as it is.

the Greeks had a word for it. Of course the Greeks had a word for practically everything, except superhet-radiogram, so perhaps there is not much point in saying they had one for this. Nevertheless it is just as well to be sure. Many a tall stout man goes through life feeling rather superior to the Greeks because of all the things he believes they never had words for, when he might humble himself a little were he to discover how big the language really was. The Ancient Greeks had a lot of good words. Modern Greeks have some pretty good ones too; you hear one sometimes like a distant thunderstorm in the name of an art collection. This is no reflection on tall stout men or Greeks.

spot and forward, plain. The word "plain" was added to make it clear that no reference to the price of silver was intended; similarly, had the line begun "spot and plain," I should have tacked on the word "forward" to squash any thought of billiards. All I wanted really was the word "spot," but that, besides being open to both these objections,

might be the name of a dog. I myself had a dog named Spot once; she was both forward and plain. You see the wealth of associations I have to grapple with here. On top of all this the word "spot" makes me think of the words "Best When Spotty" on a small oval yellow label I once found stuck to a banana; this might also be stuck to some kinds of neckties, but I don't suppose it ever has been, at least with the consent of the wearer. A man with a small yellow notice on his tie is apt to collide in the street with people trying to read it.

When reading this line you should put out of your head all thought of billiards, the price of silver, dogs, neckties and (above all) bananas, and allow the straightforward sense of it to sink by degrees into your mind. After that you might go for a brisk walk or wash down the car.

[Literary Executor's Note.—I have just found half a cigarette-packet bearing the following pencilled lines:—

" odds against that lost dear sir pull out the plug seagull Kelly the Greeks had a word for it spot and forward, plain."

This is evidently the poem to which the notes refer. It seems absolutely stiff with associations to me.]

R. M.



"COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH, SIR?"
"AY, AH'VE NAE DOOT THAT COULD BE AREANGED."

At the Play.

"SHORT STORY" (QUEEN'S).

READERS of little books on "How to Keep Your Husband's Love" will do well to save their shillings and watch Miss Marze Tempest as Mrs. Leigh. dealing, at the Queen's Theatre, with the threat to her own married happiness. It is true that Short Story does not provide her with any cunning coup at the end. She keeps Simon Leigh's love because she has never really lost it. She is, too, in a stronger position than most middle-aged wives. Although it is fifteen years since she left the stage and married and settled in the country the world is so far from forgetting her that she has a standing offer from Hollywood - £20,000 to make a picture. So when Simon is caught philandering she brings him to his senses by accepting the offer and preparing to start, in the best Hollywood fashion, that afternoon.

But what is to be learnt from Mrs. Leigh is not the moment to close with Hollywood or the value of having an adoring and important film-producer (Mr. REX HARRISON) in the house, but an admirable self-possession, a gift for seeing and noting everything, and for barbing little shafts of speech so that people are put neatly and amiably in their place. A woman so wise and shrewd leaves us guessing why she has for intimate friends people like Lord and Lady Bucktrout, and even why she married that trivial novelist, Simon Leigh (Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS).

Lady Bucktrout, for example (Miss Sybil Thorn-DIKE), provides much of the comic relief by her vapid follies, in which Miss THORN-DIKE takes much delight. After leaving musicalcomedy for the peerage. Lady Bucktrout has assurance enough to take out débutantes and show them Society; and it is this fondness of hers for fat cheques from America which gives Penelope March (Miss URSULA JEANS) her chance.

The character of Penelope is the making of the play, for she brings opposition and decision with her and gives Mrs. Leigh and her friends something formidable to tackle. Penelope, wide-eyed, soignée, with a Transatlantic vocabulary of not very usual words, arrives to break

up the happy Leigh home because she and Simon had had a flirtation on a cruise. Her view is that she loves him and knows she can inspire him to better work than he has yet done. Mrs. Leigh, by her sacrifice, will also have some share in that work. Miss URSULA



THE FLOWER THAT BLOWS IN. Miss Flower . MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD.

JEANS gave a delightful performance, at once exceedingly natural and exciting in the novelty and definiteness of all she said and did.

There are some figures of fun in this piece, in which the comedy of the principal theme, with Miss TEMPEST as

its centre, is buttressed by helpings of broader-at times almost farcicalhumour. Lord Bucktrout (Mr. Cynn. RAYMOND) is a just possible bounder, and Miss Flower (Miss MARGARET RUTHER. FORD) an immensely real village lady who provoked gales of happy laughter. Miss RUTHERFORD plays this sort of character to perfection, with a finish of detail and conviction which makes the wildest climaxes seem true. But once or twice I caught a glimpse of the actress behind the character and saw a richly humorous and intelligent eve peep through.

To some people this comedy may seem slight. One is accustomed to the idea that when successful authors around fifty years of age appear on the stage, they will entangle themselves in affairs with young girls, and we do not commonly take it very much to heart when they do. Simon Leigh, as Mr. MATTHEWS played him, had plenty of commonsense. But then we saw him on "the morning after," having cut and run from his sentimental orgies on a cruise and in the Bay of Naples. His lapse was small and forgivable, but it did jeopardise a happy marriage.

It was Miss MARIE TEMPEST'S achievement that with no loss of selfcontrol, with very little said directly, she made us realise how much she minded and how much was, in fact, at stake. We knew that she saw through Simon and his self-dramatisation as clearly as we did; but he was the bargain she had deliberately accepted fifteen years before, and, although the

day-to-day business of living carried plenty of petty scoldings from her, she loved him and her rural private life. These quiet depths and the wound made by a few boastful and inconsiderate phrases of his were indicated with all Miss Tempest's consummate skill.

Few comedies get such casts to play them, and this comedy makes due return. It gives all who play in iteven Peacock the maid (Miss UNA VENNING)-good measure in words to say and things to do, making a most successful evening for everybody.

"SEEING STARS" (GAIETY).

Some day, I have no doubt, an authoritative pen will give us a lasting monograph on the Bacchanalian excursions of Mr. LESLIE HENSON. The subject is



READING FAMOUS AUTHOR'S MS. (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED).

Penelope Marsh Miss Ursula Jeans. Simon Leigh. MB. A. E. MATTHEWS. Georgina Leigh. Miss Marie Tempest.

one well suited to the demands of a prize essay at the Universities, and my own view is that when it comes to be tackled comprehensively the palm will go to that most notable carouse a few years ago, when he and Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD went into the whole difficult business of Oswaldswhistle. But in the meantime high marks-and very high marks-must be awarded to the scene in this musical comedy where Mr. HENSON, clothed as a French undertaker's-mute, dispenses liberal draughts to Mr. FRED EMNEY. an ex-King revelling in his ex-ness. and Mr. RICHARD HEARNE, an elderly equerry. There is a quality in the rising mellowness of these three which mocks at description, a sublime absurdity and yet something near profound truth.

Mr. Henson is as funny, as silly and as hard-working as ever, and what more can anyone ask? He is supposed to be part-proprietor of a five-star hotel at Antibes which is in difficulties, and his partner, who is Mr. Roy Royston, persuades him to set up as an Oriental seer for advertisement purposes, having first convinced him that he possesses extraordinary powers of divination. The fame of these soon spreads along the Rivieras well it might, considering his staggering run of luck, and crowds flock to the hotel to have their fortunes told.



THE HYPNOTIC EYE OF THE HOTEL PROPRIETOR.

Jimmie Swing . MR. LESLIE HENSON.

Mr. Henson in working-kit looks half-way between Gunga Din and the Taj Mahal, and his manipulation of a crystal with Belisha habits is nothing short of masterly.

There is a splendid scene (though it goes on too long) in which, disguised, for some idiotic reason, as a red-haired and purple-cloaked commissionaire, he runs over the details of a farce at

the local theatre for the benefit of the King, in broken English as full of shameless puns as a pomegranate with pips; another, even better, when, having had his trousers stolen, he appropriates a stranger's tartan skirt with the utmost delicacy; and another, better still, where, by the exercise of his hypnotic gifts, he stands the thirsty Equerry a number of ethereal whiskies-



AN AGILE BACCHANT.
Stefan Mr. Richard Hearne.

and-sodas and falls a victim himself to a similarly exhilarating display of magic. Not easily forgotten, either, is the moment when he draws from the hotel bell-fruit machine a thunderous dividend of oranges.

I am glad to say that Mr. HEARNE'S brilliant talent as an acrobatic dancer is here put to wider use than it was in Lucky Break, for everything he does has startling originality about it, and even in repose he is an admirable comedian. I need hardly assure you that to see a decrepit old courtier in a morning-coat tumble without warning all over the stage before taking a flying header through a picture on the wall is to enjoy acute pleasure. And just as satisfactory is the dance in which he endeavours to adapt his style to the changing demands of a malicious orchestra. A marvellously funny person, Mr. HEARNE.

Both Miss Florence Desmond and Miss Louise Browne contribute generously to the entertainment. Miss Desmond fools excellently with Mr. Henson, and sings two songs in her own inimitable way, one of them a clever but distinctly daring account of what happened to a lady left behind during the Crusades; but she is really

at her best in parody, and her versions of various screen-celebrities nearly brought down the house. Mr. HART-NELL's superb black velvet dress was an inspiration, seeming to change its character with her mood.

Miss Browne's personality and her wide range as singer and dancer are an immense asset to the show. She has an uncanny knack of making one feel that wherever she breaks into song is the most natural place for it; the little ballet with which she ends the First Act is charming, and as opposite number to Mr. Roy Royston's romantic hotelproprietor she deals the Hearts with a light hand. So does he, and together they win trick after trick. Again he proves himself an adept at the art of cementing the wilder elements of musical-comedy. A heavy crown of honour is also due to Mr. Emney for his richly fatuous King, whose suite is so much visited that Mr. HENSON declares there is a right-ofway under the bed, and whose robust cynicism is as engaging as his pre-posterous dance to the tune of "The Big Bad Wolf."

If you want an amusing evening, here it is. Mr. DEBROY SOMERS is in



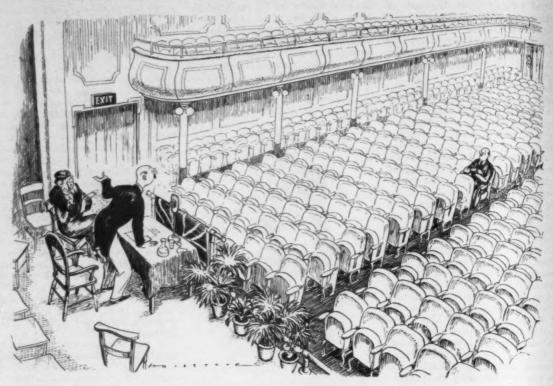
"IN LOVE AGAIN."

Poldi . . . MISS FLORENCE DESMOND.

constant attendance with his band and the tunes are very fair. The Chorus are as fit and nimble as if they had really spent the day grilling at the Eden Roc, though not so charred, and they are attractively dressed.

But is it too much to ask that, out of respect for "Saki," his immortal joke about good cooks going be borrowed no more?

Eric.



"The teeming millions of our Empire, including my wife and myself, ask for your unanimous support."

Rows.

I LOOKED out of my window just now and saw two men deep in earnest conversation on the pavement opposite. They continued talking for a time, while I idly watched them; then suddenly one of them raised his voice a little, the other gesticulated in an angry manner, and thereupon the first one hit him a healthy smack on the jaw and walked off. The recipient picked himself up, called out something apparently pretty insulting, and also walked away—wisely, I observed, in the opposite direction.

With a faint feeling of astonishment I realised that I had been witnessing quite a good quarrel, and yet, practically up to the moment when one fellow hauled off and socked the other, I hadn't the slightest inkling that it wasn't anything but a friendly chat. The English are a nonchalant race. They order, said I sternly, this matter better in, for example, France.

For no one can say that the French—or indeed any other foreign nation—are stingy in their rows. They give full value, and the passer-by does not, as in England, run the risk of missing half of it under the impression that it is a

talk about the weather. He can rest assured right from the very start that it is a row, that it probably will be a good one, and that he'd better stop and watch. And, after all, what purer pleasure does life hold than being able to watch a really fine row between two people in the street—without being moved on before it's over, and of course without any possibility of getting involved in it yourself?

One of my happiest recollections still is of an argument between two rival sellers of L'Intransigeant outside Weber's in the Rue Royale: commendably fair in the outcome too, in that when they started to use their bundles of paper as weapons the fellow who had sold fewest got the best of it. Then I remember the aftermath of a beautiful taxi collision in Rome-splendidly staged but slightly under-rehearsed; and an impromptu, extremely unrefined set-to in a third-class Budapest hotel between a furious chambermaid with bare feet and a policeman who had come to inspect foreigners' pass-ports and had stepped on one of them the feet, not the passports. The first row, though, was, I think, the best. because I was actually sitting at a table in Weber's when it happened. I didn't have to press round with a

crowd or stop what I was doing to watch: I just sat sipping my coffee and it was staged bang in front of me. It was as good as being in a theatre. Indeed it was better than being in some theatres.

In fact I have decided that, if ever I come into a fortune I shall spend most of it in indulging this penchant. Money, they tell me, can accomplish practically anything, and so I shall arrange to have street rows to watch wherever I happen to be-in Paris, Rome, Berlin (this would be easy)-with no one allowed to interpose himself between me and the scene of action, and no policeman to interfere between the protagonists. These latter will of course not be chosen haphazard. They will be specially selected with the idea of getting the best mix-up possible. The subject of the argument will be also as carefully planned as the plot of a problem-play, and as much attention will be given to all accompanying details with the view of getting the best effects as the producer gives to a spectacular revue. Naturally I shall engage some famous producer to work for me.

For instance, there will invariably be a good deal of right on each side and a strong sense of injustice. Sometimes both participants—or all three, or even four, for I shall not be stingy in casting my productions-will be highly excitable; sometimes one will be phlegmatic but inclined to sudden and original action, such as nose-tweaking. Sometimes they will be of judiciously mixed nationalities, neither understanding the other's tongue. times one will be a short hairy man, because short hairy men labouring under a strong sense of injustice are always worth watching. Sometimes they will both be Italians, because a real Italian row, which I have never seen, would be terrific. I deduce this from an argument I once saw in Venice, when, just as I thought the next minute would bring the stilettos out over some vital question, like dishonourable attentions having been paid by one participant to the other's daughter, they raised their hats and walked off, and I was told that one man had simply asked a stranger the time and there was a slight discussion as to whose watch was fast or whose slow.

In a large number of my arranged rows I would of course include the French small official. His narrow-mindedness, bureaucratic officiousness and inability to take any commonsense reading of the regulations he is enforce-

ing make him invaluable. The best fellow to play opposite him would be an English tourist of the old school; and for affairs like these I should probably have a programme prepared for me beforehand, explaining, if possible, the regulations concerned and setting out the main points at issue. In many cases I should have an interpreter standing by me; and, since I shall have come into this fortune and might as well do the thing in style, I shall probably have a couple of nautchgirls with very little on to wave fans behind my chair and bring me sherbetwith-a-dash.

I should also like to arrange a Portuguese taxi-smash. By "smash" I mean one of those occasions when a square centimetre of paint is removed from the wing of one fellow's taxi by another fellow who was going too fast but believes, with the intense conviction of a Portuguese taxi-driver, that the other man was going too slow. That the centimetre of paint removed is practically the last visible portion of paint remaining on the wing only makes it more valuable and more worthy of heated discussion, assessment and indemnity. There will of course be passengers in either taxi, and one will

be trying to catch a Continental express to somewhere. It will probably end up in gun-play, but no one will get hurt —I've seen Portuguese troops firing.

At other times I shall—but why go on? You get the idea, and anyway all this is only, as I said, in the event of my coming into a fortune. Which, alas! I know I shan't—unless any one of you is in a position to oblige . . .?

Mothers and Daughters.

Of course my girls
Are a couple of pearls,
No mother could ask for more;
But there's never a sign
Of a couple of swine
To cast them both before.

For the Attention of Scotland Yard.

"A well-educated man, with direct selling experience, to follow up introductions and to act as Surveyor for our Burglary Department. Evening work only. Big money to be earned, and most congenial work."—" Wanted Adv.

Youth's Sweet Simplicity.

"At seventeen beauty's needs are few. . . . The half-dozen or so toilet aids enumerated below are sufficient."—Beauty Notes.



"Now, Marion, this is where team-work comes in. You keep on smiling at our supporter and I'll get out and reason with the opposition."

Modern Folk-Songs.

I.-The Critical Fish.

(After seeing on a popular weekly's poster, "Film Stars Nearly Blown Up by Tin of Sardines." To be sung to the tune of "I Come from the Country," or any other that fits.)

Now, come, all you lads and you lasses so fine And hark to this doleful sad ditty of mine, How a beautiful bevy of Hollywood Queens Were nearly blown up by a tin of sardines.

CHORUS:

Ri-tooral, li-tooral, li-tooral, li-lay, Ri-tooral, li-tooral, li-tooral, li-lay, Ri-tooral, li-tooral, li-tooral, li-lay, They were nearly blown up by a tin of sardines.

And how did it happen? Well, that I don't know: And how many were there—a dozen or so, Or a score or a hundred unfortunate weans Who were nearly blown up by a tin of sardines?

Ri-tooral, etc., etc., They'd a narrow escape from that tin of sardines.

'Twould be quite comprehensible after a dish Of that supercharged monster the tor-pe-do fish: But who'd have the face to inform the Marines He was nearly blown up by a tin of sardines?

> Ri-tooral, etc., etc., How is one blown up by a tin of sardines?

I was blown up by parents when I was a boy, And blowing me up was my schoolmasters' joy; Though "blown up by bank-managers," I know what that means,

I was never blown up by a tin of sardines.

Ri-tooral, etc., etc., I was never blown up by a tin of sardines.

I brought a large tin to my humble abode And I sat on the lid and it didn't explode; It never would rank with the best magazines; I seemed quite immune to that tin of sardines.

Ri-tooral, etc., etc.,
I was not even moved by that tin of sardines.

What size of tin's needed, and what special brand Of sardines will go up at the sight of a band Of the Shebas and Sheilas and Janets and Jeans Who appear to incite so the wrath of sardines?

Ri-tooral, etc., etc., Who are bitterly hated by certain sardines.

Oh, what is this whisper? What is it I hear?
Alas! there's no question; in future, I fear,
When I see all those goggling great eyes on the
screens

I may wish they could all be blown up by sardines.

Ri-tooral, etc., etc.,
If they only could all be blown up by sardines!

The White Man's Shave.

ALL this chatter about redistribution of the raw materials and natural resources of the world is extremely disconcerting. Raw materials and natural resources boil down to Colonies, and it is high time that the British public became colony-conscious. Take the West Coast of Africa. What does the B.P. know of these possessions except that when the Overseas member of the golf club comes on leave the steward has to get in another bottle of Angostura? Publicity is indicated. The B.P. must be enlightened about its possessions, their people and their products.

The British West African Empire (known affectionately to its habitués as "the Coast") consists of the following colonies, reading from north to south: The Gambia, Siera Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeriah. The Gambia is wrapped in mystery, as nobody has ever actually met a Gambian. It is believed, however, that there are such people and that they wear splendid scarlet cummerbunds and rush up and down the river Gambia in motor-launches, planting ground-nuts with one hand and applying for a transfer to the Gilbert and Ellice Islands with the other.

Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast and Nigeriah are reached by means of the fast luxury liners of Messrs. Elder Dempster Lines, Ltd., on which gambling is not allowed and roulette, baccarat and kindred games strictly prohibited. Bridge, within limits, is tolerated, but Coasters are conservative people even in their pastimes, and if anyone suggests the Barton Club the other players invariably view him with growing apprehension and sometimes venture to adumbrate consequences of the utmost gravity.

All the best people on these liners wear green cummerbunds and go to Nigeriah. The unfortunate person who has to confess that he is bound for Sierra Leone must expect the same embarrassing silence as if he were to confide to a Penang passenger on a P. & O. boat that he was going to Marseilles for the week-end. This is usually bridged by the innate good breeding and easy savoir faire of the Nigeriahus concerned, who say, "Oh, really? How too quaint!" or words to that effect. Incidentally, Northern or Super Nigeriahus prefer to say Central rather than West Africah. (Cf. St. John's Wood and Maida Vale.)

Gold Coast people wear old gold cummerbunds and are occasionally allowed to buy drinks for Nigeriahns.

Sierra Leone (dark-blue cummerbunds) is situated just round the bump of Africa. It is a roundish place of about the same size as Scotland and containing approximately the same number of Scotsmen. It also contains a fair sprinkling of Irish and other primitive tribes, and one Etonian. It is full of gold, diamonds and other gewgaws, but its main product is the palm-kernel. What does this signify to the B.P.? Probably nothing, but the palm-kernel is a most important natural resource. It is, in fact, the raw material of soap.

Now suppose that this redistribution scheme materialises. Is the B.P. going to remain quiet while the soap slips out of its hands? Let us frankly admit that the Italians need soap. Let us recognise the requirements of Germany. We are no dog in the manger, and our palm-kernels are for sale in a free market to all the nations of the world. In the small Outpost of Empire where, sole Sassenach in an alien land, resides this lonely scribe, the European mercantile community consists of two Frenchmen, one German and no Briton. What could be fairer than that?

But, although we have no wish to corner soap, we ought on no account to relinquish our control of it. We must face the fact that as a nation we do not know how to wear the beard. Soap, a desirable luxury to others, is to us a vital

J. C. S.



"YOU ARE VERY LATE THIS MORNING, WILKINS."

"It's mo use goin' by the church clock, Mum. They rooks 'ave been settin' on the hands again."

necessity. Imagination boggles at the thought of a British beard wagging at the Geneva rostrum. Mussolini might wear mutton-chops with dignity and HITLER might enhance his appearance by increasing the area under cultivation, but in England even the native wit of the street-urchin perceived years ago that we are, par excellence, the nation of the clean-shaven and the clean-limbed, and banished the beaver for ever from our midst.

So much for the product; and now what of the people of this ancient and loyal colony (not to mention the Gambia, the Gold Coast and Nigeriah) when our rulers, looking round for a soapless nation, hand us over to Sweden? It is indeed a tragic outlook. The Scotsmen, presumably, will become naturalised Swedes. The Irish will have yet another grievance, and both Englishmen will be sacked. The primitive tribes will continue sadly to produce the raw It looks as if some sort of a split was inevitable.

material of soap, and the Etonian will murmur, "Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi" and gracefully tender his resignation.

Last-Minute Warning to Candidates.

"FOOD PRICES IN MANCHESTER. THE SOARING EGG."-Local Paper.

News from the Italian Front.

"SPAGHETTI SHOULD SCORE.

BOUND TO BE HARD TO CATCH OFF THREE YARDS." Sport Headlines.

"'I know,' said Mr. Forbes, 'there are some difficult public questions where men are trying to sit on the fence and run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. They do not want to come to a division."—New Zealand Paper.



"'IS LORDSHIP 'AS BEEN WOUNDED BY AN ELECTION HEGG, ME LADY."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"The Boy Captain."

THERE was a "book for boys" which enjoyed a certain popularity in the eighteen-eighties, called The Boy Captain, dealing with a highly creditable performance on the part of a third-year apprentice in the sailing-ship Trafalgar. It was a pretty awful book, to be candid, but the story was a true one, which was something. Mr. John Masefield's new seastory, Victorious Troy (Heinemann, 7/6), also deals with a "boy captain," and the horrid phrase, which actually does not suggest a hefty youth of eighteen very adequately, occurs at one point in the narrative. There the resemblance ends. The book narrates, with much vivid description and moving incident, how a ship bearing the odd name of the Hurrying Angel is dismasted during a cyclone in the Southern Ocean and brought into port jury-rigged under the command of her senior apprentice. In many passages-that which describes the oppressive tenseness of the atmosphere before the storm breaks and the account of the old mate's burial at sea are cases in point-Mr. MASEFIELD gives of his best, and the whole book has a quality of energy and enthusiasm which makes it heartening reading. But, unlike its predecessor of Victorian days, the story it has to tell is not true, nor could it be.

Alas! it was long before 1922 that sailing-ships under the Red Ensign ceased to carry large all-British crews like that of the Hurrying Angel.

George the Third's Letters.

Happy in the abundance of his material has been Mr. BONAMY DOBRÉE in making this selection of The Letters of King George III. (CASSELL, 10/6); "What is presented here," he says, "is only a dip of the bucket in the oceanic correspondence of the most prolific of royal letter-writers. Britons will always have a tender spot in their hearts for this King, the first of his line to put England before Hanover-especially for his misfortunes, the tragedy of the revolt of the American Colonies, the King's madness towards the end of his life, and his troubles with his children. We feel that he was every inch an Englishman, with our own limitations and obstinacies, and his character comes out very true to nature in his correspondence, in which "he was his own private secretary, writing more often and far more fully than he need have done, always regardless of punctuation, sometimes heedless of grammar." Mr. Dobrée has made of his selection a skilful mosaic, a few lines of comment linking one letter with another and briefly recounting the circumstances in which they were written, so that the whole becomes agreeable continuous reading. very pleasant both to the historian and the student of eighteenth-century manners. A fair number of the letters are now printed for the first time.

A Salt-Water Treasury.

A Natural History of the Seas,
By Boulenger, from Duckworth,
Is flowers of Truth from which, as bees,
We studious may suck worth
And learn of Lug and Bristle-worm,
Of Cat-fish and of Cod,
Of Urchin and Echinoderm
And false Cephalopod.

This book (its plates are all you'd wish)

Leads us, where "waters wan" stir,
From Whelk and Prawn and Jellyfish,
To laugh at Ness's Monster;
Yet here the Killer storms along
Where ice-packs pound and fret,
And that mer-motherly Dugong
Is tropically met.

A witty work, but none the less
Of scientific value
Is this, which you must now possess
Since, with possession, shall you
Possess, say I, the Seven Seas
Decanted and become,
With Porpoises and Manatees,
A Zoo Aquarium.

Gallio in Hair-Powder.

Considering Lord Chesterfield (MAC-MILLAN, 15/-) as the classical expression of worldliness-but liking him none the less for his candid materialism-Professor Samuel Shellabarger has made a fascinating inquisition into the man, his philosophy and his age. The author of Letters to His Son devoted much of the finesse so admirably inculcated in his correspondence to the service of his country. Ambassador at the Hague and Secretary of State at home, he spent a popular interval as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where, apprised by a panic-stricken understrapper that the people of Connaught were rising, he remarked, looking at his watch, that it was nine o'clock and high time they were. With such pleasant touches his biographer repaints a portrait that posterity has excessively

darkened, while bringing out the callous egotism of the eighteenth century with a brutality almost equal to its own. Emphasising the fact that Wesley and Chesterfield were contemporaries, he sees his social history as a campaign between God and Mammon. That his hero was a stalwart campaigner on the side still most popular with a world which affects to despise him is not the least ironic of the book's interesting contentions.

A Philosopher Turned Novelist.

Though it may be said that every really great novel has a basis of philosophy, a novel by a philosopher professed is an unusual event commanding a particular attention. One expects it to be something out of the ordinary run, something at once a little more and a little less. It will be full, no doubt, of humanism, but is it not likely to be deficient in common humanity? From The Last Puritan (Constable, 8/6) that deficiency is conspicuously absent. Professor



The Laird. "AMAZING, ISN'T IT? TAILED AGAIN."

Angus (grimly). "AY, SIR. A SHURE SIGN O' AULD AGE."

George Santayana can describe a football match or a teaparty with as much (or almost as much) zest as a discussion of the immensities. A poet as well as a philosopher, he is keenly alive to the colour and variety of life and has the artist's power of crystallising them in individual forms. If the whole point of his story is that Oliver Alden is not quite human, being one who could "find no peace unless he justified his natural sympathies theoretically and turned them into moral maxims," that poor little rich boy is allowed likeable qualities. And as for Oliver's father, the disillusioned dilettante who began life with an inadvertent murder and ended it with the sanest of suicides, and the all-too-human Jim Darnley, and the debonair amoral Mariothese belong to the memorable characters of fiction. This immensely long book, which wanders over half the world, has matter to justify its length. It is impregnated with humour and laced with wit. And the prose wherein it is written is a joy.

"Fruitier than the Pirate."

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is to be warmly congratulated on having broken loose from his usual happy moorings and given us a yarn of seafaring men to whom the dangers and delights of the Tropics are a native or (as in the case of his hero) an acquired taste. Ned White shows Devon a clean pair of heels at fourteen, wangles his way on to the Cormorant, bound for the West Indies, and never regrets his choice until he finds himself shanghaied at his first port and handed over to another make of craft altogether. Adventures throng thick and fast on the heels of this unfortunate change: murder and marooning—in each of which our hero plays, with pardonable diffidence, the principal part—and a final adoption in Port of Spain by a delightful family of quadroons. His coloured patrons allow him to pursue his

career; and the tragic escort of a condemned negro to Jamaica brings Ned into touch with a very personable sweetheart. Unchastened middle-age, desirous of renewing a youth well spent with BALLANTYNE and STEVENSON, or youth with such acquaintance yet to form, should beg, borrow, steal or buy Ned of the Caribbees (HUTCH-INSON, 7/6).

Ad Hock.

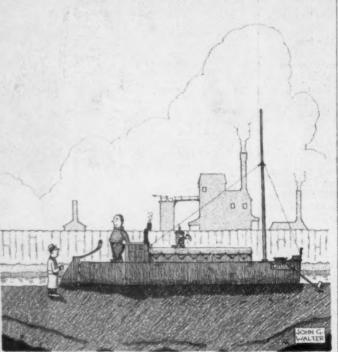
Devotees of the longshaped bottle have a great treat in store for them, a magic cruse which they will consume gratefully at a draught and yet be able to return to its bin for indefinite sipping in the future-Hocks and Moselles, the latest addition to CONSTABLE'S 5/- Wine Library, and from the expert pen of Mr. Hugh R. RUDD. The clearest possible map unfolds to take its stand helpfully

by his text, and the whole book is planned on lines as admirably lucid. Beginning with an essay on the characteristics of the two groups, he takes us on a village-to-village tour, first from Coblenz to Neustadt in the east, and then from the Saar Valley in the west, back to Coblenz, pausing with hospitable growers to taste their youngest bottles and pay homage to their ancient treasures, to observe their processes and to listen to the splendid legends of these historic river-banks. After reading Mr. Rudd's description of the special difficulties of the district, amongst them a northern climate, a shifting soil and a frequent impossibility of using any but hand labour, one ceases to grumble at the cost of these wines. Imagine how much a grower is risking who for the sake of a well-sunned crop leaves his berries on the vines till far into the autumn, gambling on an absence of hard frost, which in a night might wreck his entire vintage. Of '34s Mr. RUDD is suspicious, '33s he hopes may approach the tremendous '21s, and of '30s he is rightly contemptuous.

Private Life of an Emperor.

Of all the great figures of Ancient Rome, Augustus is perhaps the most difficult to make the subject of a "popular" study, whether biography or novel. He was first and foremost a statesman, and to understand his statesmanship it is necessary to understand the problems, both constitutional and administrative, which he had to face—which means a more profound study of Republican forms and the growth of the Roman Empire than the average reader is prepared to face. Herr Gunther Birkenfeld, in his novel, Augustus (Constable, 7/6), has attempted to meet the difficulty with a compromise, partly by assuming the reader's knowledge of what he is talking about (he boldly uses, for instance, the phrase "tribunitial authority," about the meaning of which any competent historian could easily talk for a couple

of hours), and partly by stressing Augustus's private at the expense of his public life. Well over half the book is concerned with the years 44-27 B.C.—that tiresome time of tumult and triumvirates-leaving only a hundred-andforty pages for the really important period between the foundation of the Principate and the EMPEROR'S death. Still. this is a brave attempt, full of interest, the character of Livia and the struggle for succession being particularly well interpreted.



"Purely as a point of interest—have you ever refused to touch anything with your barge-pole $\ref{eq:pole}$ "

A Devout Lover.

Although Mr. J. C. MASTERMAN'S manner of telling Fate Cannot Harm Me (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is rather irritatingly elaborate, it is a worthy successor to An Oxford Tragedy. Anthony Newton suddenly fell in love with Cynthia Hetherington, who was half his age,

and was told by her aunt to go away for a year. So he joined an Antarctic Expedition and was absent from England for considerably longer than the prescribed period. Knowing nothing of what had happened to Cynthia during his absence, he was welcomed on his return by a friend who at once entertained him at a dinner so excellently chosen that to read of it will make a gourmet's mouth water. As course follows course Neuton hears the tale of two young authors, rivals in more ways than one, and, though it is possible to think that he was slow in guessing the dénouement, interest in the story never flags. Especially to be praised are two chapters about country-house cricket, which are almost as funny as Mr. A. G. MACDONELL's little masterpiece, Love Match. A queer book, but for the most part emphatically entertaining.

Business as Usual.

- "£6,000 TRIPE CAMPAIGN.
- 40 NEWSPAPERS TO BE USED."-Trade Paper.

Charivaria.

A MAN walking about with his arm in a sling has attracted considerable attention on a new housing estate. One theory is that he is an estate-agent suffering from a strain through throwing stones at the nearest railwaystation.

"When a First Division League match is in progress, one sees on the field twentytwo splendid specimens of athletic manhood," declares a sportswriter. This is the sort of statement that sours our best referees.

"SPINOZA," a writer reminds us, "believed that there was never any change." He was evidently one of nature's attempts to produce the perfect taxi-cab-driver.

While JOHN Horowski was asleep in a haystack at Innisfree, Alberta, he was mistaken for a partridge and shot in the shoulder. We suppose he then said, "I will arise and go now."

"When Swin-BURNE speaks of the 'unplumbed, salt, estranging sea,' " says a re-

viewer, "one appreciates the phrase without feeling that the sea suffers under it." No, but one feels that MATTHEW ARNOLD suffers a little.

Indignation with a film making fun of the smallness of the Spanish Army has decided Señor Robles, the War Minister, to create a big one. Filmproducers are implored not to provoke the building of an Armada.

A German visitor states that HIT-LER's policies are causing divisions among the German public. Splitting Herrs, so to speak.

"Has the average M.P. any redeeming feature?" asks a cynic. Some, we understand, are quiet about the House.

provided with firearms to protect themselves against rebels and others who object to modern educational methods. Their qualifications to "teach the young idea to shoot" will therefore include quickness on the draw.

An astronomer says the world will

last nineteen million years, and not eighteen, as he previously estimated. Well, that's a relief.

"When purchasing an electric radio-set, what is the most important point to remember?" asks a correspondent. Say, perhaps, that you must eventually pay for it.

Chickens are reported to have developed road-sense. It thus becomes increasingly difficult to make poultry pay.

A Scotsgolf club is claiming that KING JAMES I. went round its links in 1603. Gross or net?

"It is a fact that in the near future British scientists hope to successfully split the atom," says a writer. The infinitive, of course, has already been shattered beyond repair.



"WELL, ANYWAY, HAVE I PASSED ALL RIGHT?"

An American Society woman has a pig as a pet. But surely this is one of the most ordinary penalties of marriage in the U.S.A.

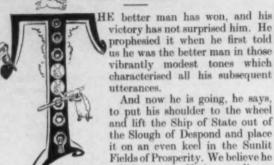
The police force recently held a crosscountry championship. Several burglars, according to one rumour, ran after them in order to check the times.

"Man who never saw a motor-car," runs a news-item. Hospitals of course are full of these. * *

One of those nice critics from abroad praises our English railway-station waiting-rooms. But of course he may be an Eskimo.

"I blush for the modern politician," declares a correspondent. An honest School-teachers in Mexico are now and, we hope, a remunerative job.





man. He has told us so repeatedly. His victory has left our world curiously deflated. No longer is our evening paper brightened by his portrait, condemning his opponent with upflung arm or bringing the Light of Truth to piratical-looking business-men who have no use for it. Instead we have returned to flavourless pictures of Local Worthies, Old Stalwarts and groups of bowler-hatted councillors peering with morbid interest into new drains.

will do it too. He is no ordinary

In place of his rousing speeches—reduced to coherence by brilliant reporting—we are treated to an increase of police-court proceedings. His metaphors, mixed with a vehement and carefree abandon, are no more. They have been supplanted by harrowing stories of gentlemen who came over all dizzy through not being accustomed to it.

But we shall not easily forget him. His big genial presence has been like a tonic to us. Before he came we considered our town a fairly ordinary sort of place. Now we know it isn't. Speaking as a man who has travelled extensively, he has told us that never before has he found a town so rich in beauty and intelligence. We men are the finest type he has seen anywhere; the real hearts-of-oak-with-heads-to-match breed who hold in our able hands the bonds of unity which keep together our Far-Flung Empire. He discovered this just by looking at us, and we gave him a cheer for it. The man's powers of discernment, we felt, bordered on the uncanny.

He has shown the true spirit of democracy. He has been all things to all men. Our Captains of Industry, after listening to his scheme for reducing wages, publicly stated that in their opinion his head was screwed on the right way. Factory-hands, who disagreed and expressed a desire to screw it off, cheered him to the echo when he explained that his idea was for them to share the profits.

He has listened with polite interest to the horrors of a bus-driver's lot, sympathised with the woes of a postman, and allowed a troop of Boy Scouts to demonstrate their surgical skill on his crushed fingers after he had shaken hands with the local football-team.

His thoughtfulness has been quite touching. It has gone right to our hearts. When his statement that the price of beer was iniquitous was received with wild acclaim by the crews of the trawlers Rosy Dawn and Golden Hope, he even sent a bunch of grapes to the hospital for the policeman who told them to make less noise.

No child, however heavily armed with toffee or fruit, has escaped unpatted if it came within range of a Press-camera. He has been photographed shaking hands with a dog, talking to a horse and listening to the Mayor. We have

seen him drinking tea at a Matrons' Temperance Meeting, and if there has been a hint of suffering in his eye, his smile has never wavered.

And he has been so generous with his promises. He has given them without stint—almost, one might say, without thinking. The Black Spectre of Unemployment is to be swept aside. It will be one of his first jobs, because it makes his heart ache. He feels very keenly about it—so keenly, in fact, that his illustration of the sweeping movement provided a little employment straight away by smashing the Chairman's glasses.

He has promised faithfully not to fling our Army on to the Continent. Nor will he close the Suez Canal. Such an action, he declares, would be unsporting with our Navy in its present weakened state. Once he has restored it to its former glory, however, he will close every canal, from the Caledonian to the Panama, if we like. We have only to say the word.

He is bitterly opposed to war. He had a terrible experience during the last one and he still shudders when he recalls it. He was talking to some soldiers, and suddenly, without a word of warning, they began to describe the horrors to him so vividly that his imagination positively reeled. There and then he resolved never to have anything to do with it again.

But for all that he is no weak-kneed pacifist. If any foreign Power asks him for a slice of the Empire he won't give it away. He won't even sell it; and he is quite prepared—distasteful though it would be to him—to shed every drop of our blood before he'll allow it to be stolen. There are limits, and he has warned us that we cannot make omelettes without laying eggs.

However, he has assured us that there is no immediate cause for alarm. Perhaps no one will ask him for a slice of the Empire. We can sleep easily in our beds, happy in the knowledge that he will be keeping a sleepless vigil on the prow with his back foursquare to the mainmast, holding the helm steady with one hand whilst he scans the Perilous Ocean of Foreign Policy for the Lurking Rocks of Disaster with the other.

He has always loved Peace. He has no enemy in the whole wide world—not even the misguided and barefaced blackguard who put up in opposition to him. For that descendant of Ananias he has nothing but contemptuous pity.

Well, he will be going soon, and only one thing bothers us. Other constituencies throughout the country are sending Members. This is quite unnecessary and, we consider, detrimental to our man's programme. Won't they get in his way? Won't they cramp his style?

He says not, but we have our doubts.

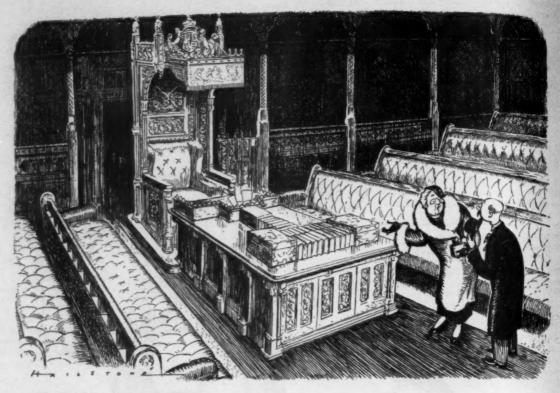
Anthony and Catherine.

Anthony and Catherine,
Marjorie and Will
Shared a modern bungalow
Down at Cliftonville;
Of the four I rather think
That Anthony was worst.
I'm glad that he was in the bath
When the geyser burst.



THE COUNTER-SANCTION.

THE DUCE. "DO YOU REALISE THE MORAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THIS STEP? THERE WILL BE NO MORE GORGONZOLA."



"But, Henry, I don't see why the Prime Minister should mind where you sit, as long as you're not in a direct draught."

Something New.

"What we want," said Mr. Jacobstein, bringing his fat hand down with a bang on the onyx desk, "is a New Show, New Ideas, New Tunes, New Lyrics, New Everything. Isn't that right, boys?"

The five boys, whose ages ranged from fifty to sixty-five, replied from nine inches behind the glowing ends of their cigars that it was right.

"The public won't stand for the old stuff," continued Mr. Jacobstein. 'It wants orig—orig—— Miss Parsons!''

A platinum blonde glided up to the desk.

"Yes, Mr. Jacobstein?"

"What's that word that begins with O-R-I-G?"

"Originality."

"Well, that's just what the public wants," said Mr. Jacobstein, "and that's what I'm going to give it and what I want you boys to bear in mind when we go through the stuff. Miss Parsons!"

"Yes, Mr. Jacobstein?"
"Get me those numbers."

"Yes, Mr. Jacobstein."

"A smart kid," said Mr. Jacobstein when Miss Parsons had left the room.

This was passed unanimously. "Here you are, Mr. Jacobstein," chirped Miss Parsons, returning with, and depositing in front of her employer, a large pile of MSS.

Mr. Jacobstein took the top one.
"'Railway Inspiration,'" he read.
"'A duet. Scene: A railway-carriage.
Characters: A man and a girl.'"

'THE MAN. You'd never guess
How the L.M.S.
Inspires my cerebellum;
And before I've gone far
On the G.W.R.
There's nothing I can't tell 'em.
But when I——'"

"Er—just a minute, old man," said a boy. "Good stuff, but that word near the beginning—serry something or other—you know the one I mean."

"Exactly. That's what struck me, old boy," said Mr. Jacobstein. "It's—well, it's not a word I should care to have in one of my shows. What do you think, boys?"

"No good," said the boys. "If it doesn't get past us it won't get past the public."

"It's scrapped," announced Mr. Jacobstein, picking up the next MS.

"'Snappy Families,' "he read. "'A Sketch. The scene is the bedroom of Miss Johnson. There is a window at the back of the stage, a door on the right, and a single bed . . . "

Mr. Jacobstein stopped short.
Five cigars fell unnoticed to the

Mr. Jacobstein was the first to recover. "Well, boys, I've had some smacks in the eye in my time, but—" He became inarticulate.

"Did you say a single bed, old man?" said the first of the boys to get over the shock.

But at this point Miss Parsons, with a masterly display of tact, intervened. "Try this one, Mr. Jacobstein," she

suggested, handing him another MS.

"A Musical Tour,'" read Mr.
Jacobstein in a surprisingly subdued voice. He had been badly shaken. He continued—

" 'Some are admirers of Wagner,
Others are lovers of Strauss:
There's beauty in Brahms,
And Beethoven charms,
But—, "

Mr. Jacobstein broke off and a puzzled frown appeared on his brow.

"Are those foreign places" he asked. "Leave it alone, old man; don't touch it," advised the boys. "Never heard of 'em," they added. "Perhaps," said Mr. Jacobstein, who

was intrigued by the little problem,

"they're something to eat."
"Don't touch it!" urged the boys. "O.K., boys; but let's get this straight. Miss Parsons!"

"Yes, Mr. Jacobstein?"

"What are those words-places? Things to eat?"

"Famous composers, Mr. Jacob-

"I can't remember any numbers they've done for my shows, and if we've never heard of 'em the public won't have either. The number's

He picked up the next MS. "Now this," he went on, "is called 'You and the Stars and the Moonlight'—a good title, boys, snappy and fresh."

Mr. Jacobstein beamed at the boys. who beamed back at him.

"It starts off," he went on, "like this:-

'When the moon is shining In the sky above My thoughts always turn to You, romance and love."

Mr. Jacobstein stopped and surveyed the five happy faces. "Boys, he said, "this will be a smash hit. It's new. Now listen to the chorus:-

You and the stars and the moonlight, Could anyone ask for more? There's no bliss like your heavenly kiss on a June night-

Why haven't I met you before?'

"Will it be a hit, boys?" inquired Mr. Jacobstein ecstatically.

It will.

"Miss Parsons!"

"Yes, Mr. Jacobstein?"

"Ring up Mr. What's-his-namethe fellow who did the music for 'Under the Moon with You,' and tell him I want to see him at once.'

Yes, Mr. Jacobstein.

"Now, boys, let's get on to the next," said the great man with renewed vigour. "This is called 'You Never Can Tell.' There are a husband and wife and a chorus-girl and-

Mr. Jacobstein read on in silence for a couple of minutes and then suddenly broke out into shouts, whoops and peals of laughter.

"She-ha! ha! ha-she-he! he! he! she—she finds the chorus-girl's garters in her-ho!ho!ho!-husband's pocket," spluttered Mr. Jacobstein, purple in the face. And then he collapsed.

So did the boys. This superb joke was altogether too much for them and they rolled about convulsed and help-

In fact, the only person to remain unmoved was Miss Parsons, who gave a very good imitation of GRETA GARBO at a particularly rowdy children's

"Boys," said Mr. Jacobstein at last, wiping his forehead with an enormous silk handkerchief, "what a show we'll have! It's new!"

The Re-Marriage Mart.

"Wanted, a second-hand duchess, must be reasonable."-Advt. in Australian Paper.

"ITALY CHOOSES HER NEGUS." Daily Paper. Dare we, instead, recommend Punch?



Helpful Friend. "But, MY DEAR, YOU OUGHT TO BE HAPPY. YOU HAD SUCH A VERY PRETTY WEDDING."

Gloves, Rubber, Pairs, 1.

This story of a pair of rubber gloves was unearthed by our Lieutenant Swordfrog while away on a month's attachment to our Regimental Depôt in the busy town of Midford. It seems that soon after his arrival he was detailed as Orderly Officer, and late that night found himself, under the tactful chaperonage of the Orderly Sergeant, inspecting the sentry on the main gate leading from the barracks

out into the High Street.

Asked formally what his duties were, the young private fixed his gaze upon a friendly lamp and at once began to recite in a strained monotone: "Dutiesof-sentry-on-main-gate-Sir. Worn-'is beat-extends-from-the-guard-room-to 'is-sentry-box-two-'e-will-take-chargeof - all - Government - property - on - or near - my - beat - three -'e - will - allow no-unauthorised-person-to . . . so on. About halfway through this epic there suddenly occurred a canto running: "Seven-'e-will-take-overcharge-of-the-rubber-gloves-'anging-in my-sentry-box-and-will-be-responsible for - 'anding - the - same - over - to - 'is relief - on - completion - of - my - period -

"Rubber gloves?" asked Swordfrog, puzzled, for this was quite a new one

on him.

The sentry stopped abruptly, like a tap turned off, and brought his gaze back from the lamp to Swordfrog, whose presence he had apparently forgotten in the throes of recitation. "Beg pardon, Sir?" he asked politely.

"What's that about rubber gloves?"
The sentry moistened his lips, hesitated, sought the help of the lamp once more and began: "Worn-'is-beat-extends-from-the-guard-room-to——"

"No, no. I want to know about

those rubber gloves."

The sentry was silent. A bead or two of perspiration collected on his nose. He gave the impression of being either recently dead or about to burst into tears."

"Come on, man!"

"'Seven, he will take over charge,'" prompted the Orderly Sergeant, who knew, if Swordfrog didn't, how sentries' minds worked.

"Seven-'e-will-take-over-charge-ofthe-rubber-gloves-'anging-in-mysentry-box——" went off the private

with a good burst of speed.

"Hanging in the sentry-box!" interrupted Swordfrog, surprised, and went over to look. There, sure enough, suspended from a nail and looking like a pair of very ancient kippers, were the rubbergloves. Hereturned to the sentry. "But what are they for?" he asked.

"For me to 'and over to my relief,' began the man unhelpfully.

"But what are they used for?" shouted Swordfrog.

The sentry preserved a miserable silence, though his lips moved and his eyes were again on the friendly lamp.

Determined to get to the bottom of this business, Swordfrog turned to the Orderly Sergeant.

"For wearing on the 'ands, Sir," volunteered the N.C.O. smartly.

Swordfrog gave it up.

"What are the rest of your orders?" he wearily asked the sentry.

The private drew a deep breath. "Worn-'is-beat-extends-from——"

Swordfrog gave it still further up. "Carry on!" he said between clenched teeth, and went into the guard-room, leaving the sentry still carrying on.

"Them rubber gloves, Sir?" said the Sergeant of the Guard smartly. "Why, Swordyes, I know all about them.' frog almost shook hands with him at this, so deeply was he feeling about the matter by now. "They're kept in the glass case here during the day, and when the guard comes on at six it is the duty of the commander of the guard to see that they are hung in the sentrybox, when the sentry then takes over charge of them." A familiar ring appeared to be creeping into his conversation, and Swordfrog felt like screaming. "The sentry is then responsible for handing the same over to his relief," continued the Sergeant affably, but suddenly stopped at the look on Swordfrog's face.

Swordfrog fixed him with his eye and in a hoarse quivering voice said slowly, "Do you know what they are for?"

With a fine free gesture the Sergeant came out into the open with it.

"Frankly, Sir," he admitted, "I do not. I've been 'ere three years and they've always been on guard-room

charge.

"Good-night," said Swordfrog, and went to bed. But not to sleep. The thing was beginning to get him down, and next morning he decided that unless he soon penetrated to the bottom of this mystery he would end up in the looney-bin. So he sought out the Q.M.S.

"Gloves, rubber, pairs, one?" said

the Q.M.S. thoughtfully.

"Yes, box, sentry, hanging in the,"

added Swordfrog.

The Q.M.S. gave him a hurt look and then said of course he knew all about those gloves, rubber. They had been there seven years at least, and he went into a long rigmarole about their hanging in the sentry-box, about their being valuable, about other sorts of gloves, and other articles on guard-

room charge, until Swordfrog realised that all this was merely a verbal smoke-screen to cover ignorance. When finally by persistent questioning he had reduced the harassed Q.M.S. to talking wildly about "Glubs, ruvver, hanging in the guard-box," he went in search of the R.S.M.

The R.S.M. promptly remembered them being there when he was a corporal some fifteen years before. An R.S.M.'s respect for tradition being what it is, he spoke of them with reverence, as though almost equal in status to the battalion colours. He had not, however, the vaguest idea of their intended use, and seemed to think it was enough that they should Exist Beautifully. Indeed, his whole attitude towards Swordfrog's implication that they could ever be put to any base utilitarian purpose at all was that of one who hears treason and sacrilege spoken of in the same breath.

Swordfrog tottered off and did what he should have done in the first place approached the Depôt Quartermaster, Captain Partworn; and from him at

last he learnt the truth.

"Those gloves, rubber, are highly important," began the Quartermaster. "They've been on guard-room charge for twenty years."

Swordfrog was not in the least surprised. He would hardly have blinked had he been told they had originally been taken over from the Sixth Legion.

"Yes," continued Partworn reminiscently, evidently quoting some defunct depôt order, which he apparently still knew by heart, "they're for the purpose of enabling the sentry, pending the arrival of skilled repairers, to remove temporarily any overhead electric tram cables, should one break at night and fall across the barrack-gate."

This definitely did shake Swordfrog. "What!" he stammered. "Does

that often happen?'

"It happened about twenty years ago. That's why the gloves were issued. It hasn't happened since."

"But do they still think it's likely?" asked Swordfrog, completely puzzled.

"It's not my job to know what they think," replied Captain Partworn austerely, "though unofficially I don't think it is very likely. You evidently haven't noticed, being new to the depôt, that there are no trams now; there haven't been any for the last eight years. But as for those gloves, rubber," he continued with a note of pride, "the procedure is that each night the sentry takes over charge of them and is responsible for handing the same over to his relief on completion of—"

But Swordfrog had fled.

A. A.



AMONG THE SPECIALISTS.

Knowledgeable Officer. "No, LADY, THE SIZE OF THE 'OUSE DON'T AFFECT IT. 'E'LL STING YER FOR THREE GUINEAS-SAME AS THE REST."

At the Pictures.

Two British Films.

Moscow Nights is a very good film. It tells an exciting story with adroitness,



FUN WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S FLAGS.

Madame Sabline . . ATHENE SEYLER.

suggesting and swiftly passing on where there might be over-emphasis and delay. And it is most capably acted. One soon can think of no other than HARRY BAUR as possible for Peter, the huge peasant profiteer, while LAURENCE OLIVIER definitely becomes the romantic Russian officer whose life is at stake. As for ATHENE SEYLER, there are moments when, in American parlance, she steals the show.

The fact that the plot is threadbare does not, I think, matter in the least when such an actor as BAUR can be found to bring verve and novelty. For centuries on the stage of all nations there have been dutiful girls like Natasha plighted against their will by their impoverished parents to coarse but wealthy suitors like Peter; but whereas we can count Natashas by the million there has been only one BAUR. Hitherto the wealthy suitor has been dark, baleful and forbidding, and we have known him instantly as the fellow not to marry. Peter is the first I can recall who is merely vast and common: no more, no worse: exactly, indeed, as he might have been; and it was probably a great mistake or Natasha's part not to take him. He would probably have made her for a while an excellent husband, before, as was inevitable, he returned to his old, but never repulsive, Slavonic excesses. He was, we cannot help feeling, tried very high, and, taking it all round, he behaved very well.

The story, however, must come first, and it was decreed—by, I suppose, Anthony Asquith—that Harry Baur should be superseded in Natasha's

affections by LAURENCE OLIVIER; that suspicion of being concerned in espionage—for it is a spy drama—should fall on LAURENCE; and that he should be arrested and condemned and cleared only by the testimony of his foe. So Natasha, we are to assume—for there is no vulgar final kiss—fell into LAURENCE's arms, and HARRY BAUR, after laborious days, continued to spend his nights in that monotonous revelry which the Russians so enjoy.

But not for long! The consciousness that the old régime is about to collapse hangs like a cloud over this picture and makes us wonder if such a period of history should be chosen at all.

Given Jessie Matthews' Pekinese piquancy and Sonnie Hale's liveliness



FIRST-REEL LOVE.

Brioukow . HARRY BAUR.
Natasha . . PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD.

and vigour, the problem for the film director is what to do with them. You can see First a Girl being built up on these personalities; but you must not be deceived by the title, which applies not to maternity but to Jessie Matthews herself, who, as a matter of fact, is, in the play, first a girl and then a boy and then a girl. In such transformations. with their attendant dubieties, there is, the experienced visitor to farces will admit, much opportunity for the guffaw; and, indeed, what would become of the comic stage if we were all nudists, I cannot imagine. Jokes, I suppose, would turn not, as now, on undressing, but on dressing up, and those two people whom DICKENS described as "the couple who coddle themselves" would be a continuous

scream. Similarly it would go ill with the drama of clothes if we were all sensible; but that is too much to think about.

Well, JESSIE MATTHEWS, having left a dressmaker, apparently because her borrowed costume was wet through, partly by the rain (such as you see only in the tropics and on the screen) and partly by the spray from a cab passing through a puddle—the first time I have seen this form of drenching used in the pictures, and very thoroughly done too -takes refuge in a cheap chop-house where an actor out of work, in the shape of SONNIE HALE, is also in retreat. It is a matter only of a short time for her to go to his attic, dry her clothes, and, since he suddenly loses his voice, agree to deputise for him at a music-hall as a woman-impersonator and bob her hair accordingly

After some clumsy clowning in the smallest music-hall I ever saw, as first she and then Sonnie Hale slip up and fall, and slip up and fall, on some escaping milk, they are instantly engaged by the manager, Alfred Draytos, as being suitable, at a high salary, to tour the Continent. Not, as, to our great surprise, we learn, because they are supposed to be funny as they flounder in the milk, but because as "Victor and Victoria" they will enchant Berlin and Vienna in their Society song-and-dance act.

The rest, I may state briefly, is mere foolishness, turning largely on the efforts of a Young Man about Town to find out *Victoria's* real sex; and so, I suppose, it will continue to the end of the world.

The quality of the songs seemed to me to be very poor, and I wonder that



OH, GIRL, WHAT A BOY!

Elizabeth Jessie Matthews

more pains are not taken with the musical department of these musical shows. And Mounseer Eddig Gray, late of the Palladium, was not given enough to do. But for the public that likes Jessie Matthews' startled eyes and Sonnie Hale's crisp utterances, First a Girl is a riot. E. V. L.

The Menial.

From the Controller of Licences of the Westernford County Borough Council, to Mr. Hector Robinson, of "The Nook," Joffre Avenue, Westernford.

November 2nd, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-It has been reported to me that a man is now employed by you for personal and domestic

purposes.

I would point out that licence duty amounting to fifteen shillings per annum is payable in respect of each and every Male Servant employed, and I enclose the necessary form of application, which should be filled in, signed. and taken to any Money Order Post Office with the correct amount of duty payable.

Yours faithfully WILLIAM E. PAYE. Controller.

From Mr. H. Robinson to the Controller. 4/11/35.

DEAR SIR,-Thank you for your letter. I have read the buff sheet enclosed with interest. I fail to see that the old man who mows my lawn and prods about in the garden comes under any of the headings on the form, which I return.

Yours truly, HECTOR ROBINSON.

From the Controller of Licences to Mr. H. Robinson.

November 5th, 1935. DEAR SIR,-I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday. I would draw your attention to the note following the definitions on the back of the enclosed form, and would point out that a licence must be taken out for any personal Male Servant in your employment.

Please give the matter your immediate attention.

Yours faithfully WILL. E. PAYE, Controller.

From Mr. H. Robinson to the Controller. 6th November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I have checked up with the list and read the note as per instructions in yours of the 5th, but I can't for the life of me see that old Scroggs is any of them. He certainly is not a valet de chambre, clerk of the kitchen, groom, scullion, or any of those things; and I sometimes doubt if he is really a gardener, if the truth must be told. I don't feel inclined to pay fifteen bob without making

When you write again you might explain exactly what a clerk of the



CHEERFUL HECTOR MACJAZZ (THE IBRESISTIBLE) IS CONTRIBUTING LARGELY TO THE FUN AT THE "WHATSITSNAME" THESE DAYS.

Yrs. truly, HECT. ROBINSON.

From the Controller of Licences to Mr.

H. Robinson. November 7th, 1935.

DEAR SIR.—A gardener is certainly a Male Servant unless he is employed in the course of trade.

I enclose a further form and must ask you to take out a licence at the earliest possible moment, as I am anxious to clear my records before the end of the licensing year.

> Yours faithfully WILL E. PAYE. Controller.

From Mr. H. Robinson to the Controller of Licences.

8/11/35. DEAR MR. PAYE,-Thanks very

kitchen is. My wife might like to have much. I have just consulted Scroggs, who says he certainly isn't a Male Servant and never heard of such a thing. He is a jobbing gardener and works for me one day this week and two days next-and so on, if you understand what I mean. Your informant has slipped up somewhere and we have both wasted several stamps. As I have to buy mine and help to pay for yours, please don't bother to answer this letter.

Yours fraternally, HECT. ROBINSON.

From the Controller of Licences, to Mr. H. Robinson

November 11th, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I am in receipt of your letter of vesterday. My information is that, in addition to the Mr. Scroggs to whom you have referred, a man has been seen cleaning windows, emptying rubbish, polishing silver and carrying



Politician's daughter. "Mummy, do look what awful paces Daddy's making in his sleep." Mother. "S-s-h-h, darling, he's tackling a heckler."

out other domestic tasks on your premises.

The employment of this person renders you liable to Male Servant licence duty, and I must ask you to apply on the enclosed form on or before the 24th instant.

Otherwise I shall have no alternative but to report the matter to my Committee with a view to proceedings being taken.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM E. PAYE, Controller,

From Mr. H. Robinson to the Controller of Licences.

Dear Sie,—Well, well, well! All this time you've been writing to the wrong person. I quite thought you meant poor old Scroggs.

If the man engaged in menial tasks on my premises was a little short chap with a bald head, slight ginger moustache, glasses, and usually wearing an old pair of flannels and smoking

a pipe, you'd better apply to my wife for your fifteen bob.

It was, Yours sincerely,

Monsieur Paul Narrates.

HECTOR ROBINSON.

VI.-Madame Bonheur.

"IT is a commonplace of medical practice," said Monsieur Paul, "that a doctor who is an expert in treating the maladies of others may not be equally adept in curing his own.

"Gustav is not a general practitioner. He is a specialist of the heart, employed by a magazine to conduct a page in which Madame Bonheur advises her correspondents upon the problems of love. Each week Gustav spends many hours assisting young women in every kind of romantic difficulty, and each week he receives grateful letters informing him of the successful outcome of his suggestions.

"It is natural, therefore, that when

Gustav himself falls in love he should do so with the easy confidence of an expert in his subject. The girl he loves is a quiet romantic girl called Rosalie, who is employed as a typist but is quite ready to exchange the austerity of her office and her machine for the domestic bliss of a home of her own. Gustav, however, is in no hurry to marry. He prefers to wait until he has become editor of the magazine for which he works. Moreover, he foresees in the conquest of Rosalie's heart no especial difficulty. She accepts his tentative advances with apparent docility, and he is sure that, with the formidable technique at his command, he can win her consent to marriage at any time convenient to himself. He accordingly keeps his virtuosity in check, only exerting himself sufficiently to keep her in an agreeable state of suspense as to his intentions. Meanwhile he keeps the nature of his employment a secret, not wishing that Rosalie should regard him as other than a gifted amateur.

"After he has kept Rosalie waiting for more than a year Gustav's expectations of promotion are fulfilled. In a month's time, he learns, he will become editor, and he determines to reward Rosalie for her patience and win her once and for all by an overwhelming display of romantic accomplishment. But before he has had an opportunity to make his avowal a new idea presents itself. He is sitting in his office one morning sorting the large pile of amatory inquiries which it is his duty to answer that week when he suddenly pauses in the greatest astonishment. He has come upon a letter which, although it is signed with the pseudonym 'Puzzled,' is unquestionably in the handwriting of Rosalie herself. Reading this missive with great eagerness he learns that 'Puzzled' is in love with a man who appears unable to make up his mind to a definite proposal. What means, she asks, can Madame Bonheur suggest to induce this wavering lover to declare himself?

"Gustav smiles to himself. 'Aha!' he thinks, 'the poor girl grows impatient! She begins to fear, perhaps, that my heart may be engaged elsewhere!' Nevertheless he does not go immediately to Rosalie and set her doubts at rest with a final burst of tender eloquence. No, he will instruct her how to win him. It will be the final triumph of his career as Madame Bonheur.

"Accordingly he writes an answer to 'Puzzled.' 'Do not be discouraged,' he counsels. 'If the man appears to hesitate the fault is probably your own. Be more indifferent. Allow your manner to become cold. You will find that the more you seem to withdraw the more ardently will he pursue. But if this method should fail, please write to me again.'

"This reply duly appears in the next number of the magazine, and when Gustav meets Rosalie again he is gratified to observe that his advice is bearing fruit. She greets him with indifference, appears bored by his conversation, yawns at his jokes and rejects a tentative embrace with such realistic indignation that Gustav is amazed at her histrionic powers. He is only prevented from proposing to her there and then by his eagerness to discover to what further heights she may attain.

"The next week there is a second letter from 'Puzzled.' 'I have followed your advice,' it says, 'but, although a certain ardour seemed about to kindle itself in my lover, I am not confident of a definite declaration. Is there no other treatment you can suggest?'

"Gustav now prepares his climax. The man,' he writes, 'is either peculi-



"CONFOUND IT, PARKER! WHERE THE BLAZES ARE YOU OFF TO?"

"YOU DISCHARGED ME LAST NIGHT, SIR."

arly insensitive or he does not love you. In such a case there is but one course to adopt. Quarrel with him. Tell him that you have borne with his trifling long enough. Say bluntly that you have no more time to waste upon him. This, if he is worthy of you at all, will infallibly bring matters to a head.'

"A few days after this answer has appeared Gustav invites Rosalie to dinner. He thinks with pleasurable excitement of the quarrel, the tender reconciliation that will ensue, and the final tableau when he will enfold a blissful Rosalie in his arms. But somewhat to his chagrin his invitation is

answered by a refusal which is formal and even curt. However, he is not unduly concerned, supposing that Rosalie is merely carrying out his instructions in a manner more forcible than he had anticipated. He decides to wait a few days and then to renew the invitation with greater urgency. But while he waits a third letter from 'Puzzled' arrives at his office. 'A thousand thanks,' he reads. 'This time the plan worked to perfection. I met the man. I quarrelled with him. He abased himself before me with tears and we are to be married in November.'"

[&]quot;Oh, so you're taking advantage of that, are you?"

"It's a Pity . . ."

(Song for a Bad Citizen.)

What is the reason why
My goldfish always die
While other people's fish increase and thrive?
Why does my kindly boss
Do business at a loss,

And ladies rush away when I arrive?
Well, I've studied with some pains
The advertisements in trains

And—there seems to be no kind of cause to doubt

My trouble's halitosis, Pyorrhœa and neurosis, But I don't propose to do a thing about it!

It's a pity, but I can't be bothered,
And I won't be badgered about!
I'm the man that you see in the ads
Whose girl is returning the ring;
He is shunned by the healthier lads,
Who take Bovo and Laxo and Thring.
But I'm tired of being told what I should eat and drink and
wear:

I'm a mass of uric acid, I shall lose my teeth and hair; And I think I've got cirrhosis, but I really do not care. It's a pity, but I can't be bothered.

If one had radiant heat
And wholemeal wheat to eat,
And Turkish baths and massage twice a day,
And several kinds of salts
To cure digestive faults,
With a little herbal tea distilled from hay;
And did one's exercises
Each morning when one rises
(Not forgetting forty press-ups in our hurry),
As far as one can tell
One might be fairly well,
But life is short, and is it worth the worry?

It's a pity, but I can't be bothered,
And I won't be badgered about!
I'm tired of the dieting trash.
To this day I'm unable to say
Whether kippers and sausage-and-mash
Contain any Vitamin A.

I'm tired of seeing diagrams of stomachs on the bills, With horrible descriptions of acute stomachic ills. My stomach may be porous, but I will not buy those pills!

It's a pity, but I can't be bothered.

Perhaps it's Nature's law—
The more that people jaw
The more I feel like contradicting flat;
Committees everywhere
And talkers on the air
Urge me in vain to think of this and that—
To fall upon the necks

Of the Jugo-Slavs or Czechs

And give my mind to Europe's odd estrangements;

And it's really time they learned

That as far as I'm concerned

The Jugo-Slavs can make their own arrangements.

It's a pity, but I can't be bothered,
And I won't be badgered about!
I won't be air-minded—so there!
To Australia Gladys has flown,
But why should they think that I care?
And why can't they leave me alone?
I'm very fond of Peace, but all these Ballots are a bore,
And, if I've to fill up forms and keep on answering the door,
I'm very, very sorry but there'll have to be a war;
It's a pity, but I can't be bothered!
A. P. H.

Election 2035.

THE Prime Minister's unfortunate craving for chutney profoundly influenced the result of the General Election of 2035. Knowing that he was to broadcast at 9.40 he should have dined moderately and avoided liver-exciting condiments, but when the waiter told him that curried mutton was on the menu and that a new and peculiarly-powerful brand of hot Bengal chutney was available he ordered a double portion, and when he rose from the table at 9.2 he was already beginning to think that in the speech which reposed in his pocket he was a great deal too charitable towards the Opposition. To refer to their absurd programme as "a conglomeration of mistaken ideas founded on false premises" was flattery most revolting. Everybody knew that the Opposition were quite incapable of having ideas at all, however mistaken. The Prime Minister decided to refer to their programme as "utter tomfoolery and bally bilge."

Then, as he drove towards Broadcasting House, it occurred to him that, although the members of the Opposition were a most appalling lot of fatheads, his own colleagues were infinitely worse. In his speech he had intended to refer to "my good friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs" and "my esteemed colleague the Minister for Museums," and "that tried and trusty statesman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Such phrases, he now saw, were mere hypocrisy. He grabbed a pencil and ran through his speech again, substituting the phrases "that ghastly little blighter Bunderby" and "that two-faced twister and double-chinned chiseller Snooks," and "that decrepit old humbug with no teeth, Lord Gushington.' After all, what had any of the gang ever done for him except to take his character away behind his back and make him do all the work and get into messes that he had to get them out of? It was about time somebody told the truth about them. He hoped they would all be listening-in.

Caught in a traffic-block, he took the speech out again. It swam a bit in front of his eyes and the paper seemed to be of a peculiar green tint, but he could see it well enough to decide that it needed further drastic alterations. His eye fell on the opening passage:—

"In speaking once more to the electors of Britain I feel that I may safely lay all my cards on the table, concealing nothing and using neither flattery nor subterfuge. The people of Britain are noted the world over for their strong commonsense and the sagacity of their judgment. They will not have been deceived by the false cries of the partisan Press or the spurious arguments of my opponents. They will examine the facts and weigh the arguments in the light of their own native intelligence, and I feel no doubt as to the result."

The Prime Minister laughed sneeringly to himself. Butter. That's what it was, just butter. He was confounded if he was going to stoop to that sort of thing. He



WE ARE GIVING A LITTLE PARTY AND THOUGHT IT WOULD BE RATHER NICE TO REHEARSE A FEW TABLEAUX. THIS IS CALLED 'GAY PARIS.'

would tell the electors just what he really did think of them, and if they didn't like it they could lump it. Who wanted to be Prime Minister, anyway? It was a rotten job, and the bath-water at 10, Downing Street, was never really hot, and . . .

Fifteen million listeners crowded round their television sets that evening and watched the Prime Minister walk to the microphone. Then they sat back with smug smiles. Even those who didn't agree with the Prime Minister's politics liked him as a man. He was always so smiling and friendly. But to-night they noticed that he didn't look quite as cheerful as usual. His face was pale and there was a nasty glint in his eye. He opened his mouth and cleared his throat.

"I'm damned if I know why I bother to come out on a night like this and waste my time talking to a lot of calfheads like the British Public," he said. "If I tell you the truth you won't believe it. You'll just pick up your favourite rag in the morning and swallow everything that it tells you. And if by bad luck I get returned to power and slave for five years to bring about better conditions and keep peace at home and abroad, you won't thank me. For Heaven's sake vote for the other side and give me a chance to get a bit of rest. I'm not going to waste any more time talking to you. I'm going home to bed and I shan't get up again until the Election is over. . . .

It was this speech that set the seal upon the Prime well of the film.

Minister's reputation as a tactician of the highest quality, and his party's victory at the poll was the most overwhelming in history.

The Worm Turns.

- NAY, thwart me not, grave Sire," young Albert said;
- Repressed desire works havoc in the brain." "It is my own repression that I dread," Replied his father, and took down the cane.

Good Fare.

Christmas Pie has now been on sale for a fortnight, and Mr. Punch earnestly advises those of his readers who have not yet bought a copy to do so without delay. Many distinguished authors and artists have helped to make Christmas Pie a really delectable dish, and there is a personal message from H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES. The profits from its sale will be devoted to King George's Jubilee

"'The 39 Steps' is one of the best and most thrilling spy stories ever written. . . . It is a veritable triumph of film adaptation and production, and we can well believe that Jack Buchanan, the author production, and we can wen believe that the book, was quite sincere when he praised it highly."

Irish Paper.

Lord TWEEDSMUIR, the talented variety artist, also speaks



TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

"WE DRAWED LIKE THAT BEFORE WE WENT TO MISS BROWNE'S."

Be Sure to Under-Act.

In days of old the ardent swain Would find a strange ecstatic pain In giving voice to countless yards Of poems by romantic bards; But nowadays, I'm sad to state, This sort of thing is out of date.

For love-sick youths
And troubadours
Are looked on as
Confounded bores
Who never will attract.
The modern girl
Won't lunch or sup,
At any price
She'll not put up
With men who over-act.

The age of ranting is behind;
To-day it jars the female mind;
And if, in truth, the Lighter Stage
Presents a mirror of the age,
You might do worse than ape the ways
Of those who love in modern plays—

Observe their light And winning touch, So little said,
And yet so much.
Their artistry and taet
Will hold in thrall
The coldest Miss;
The reason why?
Well, simply this:
They always under-act.

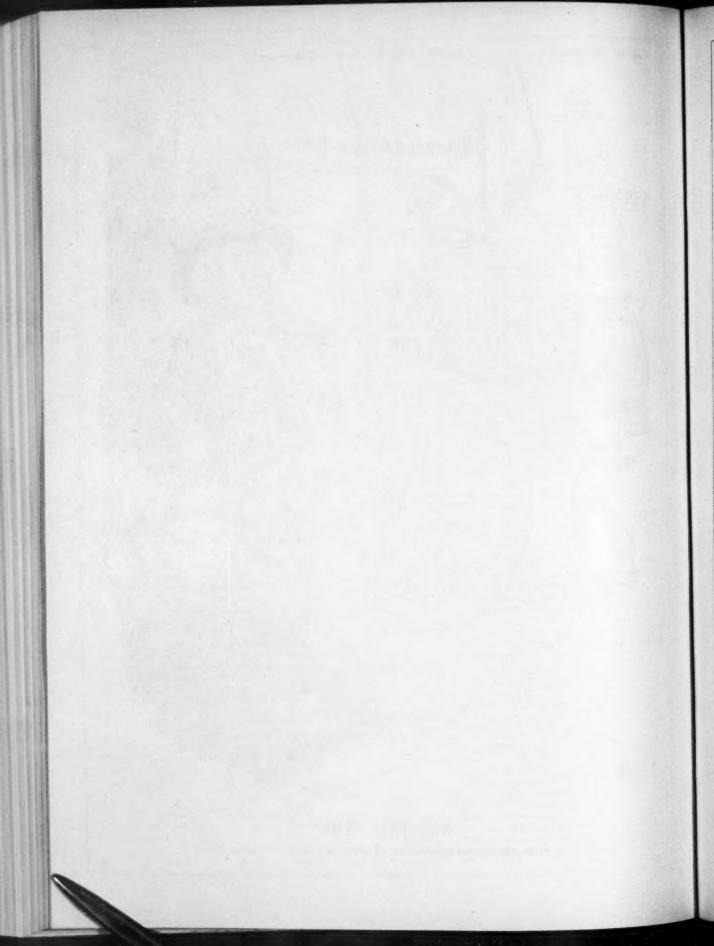
If you'd impress the one you love, Don't eulogise the moon above, But merely ask your Juliet If she requires a cigarette, And then in cultured tones aver That nothing much is wrong with her.

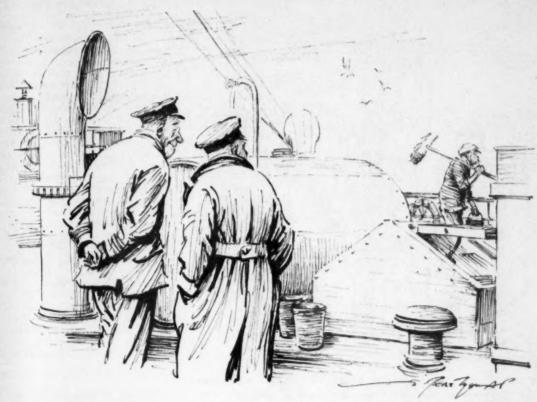
Don't tear your hair
And rave and curse
And never produce
Impassioned verse—
She'll look on you as cracked.
When fireworks fail
And fervours shock
The minor key
Will fit the lock—
Be sure to under-act.



NOT THIS TIME!

CITIZEN ATTLEE (to the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street). "CAB, LADY?"





Mate (re new hand). "He's energetic in a funny sort of way, Sir. He just sat down and holystoned a hole in the deck."

People Next-Door.

What is so nice about living in London is that you never need know people. I mean, you never know people just because they live next-door to you.

This, by the way, is what my mother usually says at tea to dull strangers who live in the country. If they are dull strangers who live in London she adds—"do you?" to the end of the second sentence, and it works just as well. If this doesn't draw them out it is George's turn. "Did you know that all the people in the world could stand on the Isle of Wight?" he says. "No," they answer, or even "Yes." And then it is up to David to tell them that out of every three jute-workers two are unemployed.

But to go back to people next-door. Take our house, for instance. Take the people who have just come to live on our right. There they are, within a few feet of us, divided—or, if you like, joined—by a single wall; eating, drinking, going to their work, having their parties; and what do we know about them? Nothing.

Of course we can't help seeing them sometimes. The head of the family walks down the steps and past our window every morning while we are having breakfast. At least we suppose he's the head of the family, and David says he must be a civil servant because of the leather-case he carries and because of his bowler-hat and his "I don't see that that moustache. proves anything," says my mother. But one day George told us that he had seen the man getting into a taxi on a wet morning and shouting "Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries!" "Why couldn't you have told us that before?" we said.

I remember that this happened at lunch one Sunday, and at that moment the bell rang. It was the maid from next-door to ask us if we knew that our cat was on that flat piece of roof outside our top back-window and had been there for four hours and didn't seem to know how to get off again. We thanked her and went upstairs. I don't suppose we should ever have got it off if the civil servant's eldest son, the dark clever-looking one with the Old Wykehamist tie, hadn't thought

of putting a ladder out of their attic window and persuading the cat to walk along it. Then we went downstairs, and the civil servant himself carried the cat out and gave it to us, and we stayed talking on his steps for quite a long time.

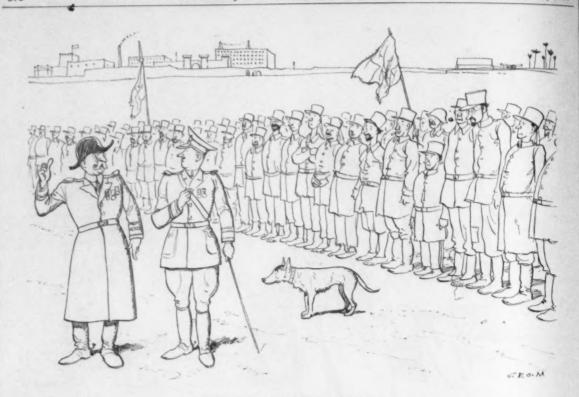
"I expect he's used to cats," said George as we sat down to lunch again. "Why?" we asked. "Because of the Fisheries," he said.

"Did you notice the cap hanging in their hall?" said my mother. "That must be the youngest boy's and he must go to your old school, George."

The youngest boy can't be more than ten because they don't have them older than that at that school. When the Y.B. is not at school he bounces a ball in his garden. It often comes over into ours, and then he knocks at the door in the back-wall and goes in to fetch it. Once George was in the garden when he went in. "Does old Smithers still teach Latin?" we heard him ask.

- "Rather," said the Y.B.
- "Does he still suck his teeth?"
- "Rather."

By this time George had fished the



REVIEWING A FOREIGN LEGION.

"GAD, COLONEL! FINE BODY OF MEN, BUT YOU'RE TOO EASY WITH THEM. I NOTICED ONE OF THEM DOWN THERE WITH A BUTTON MISSING OFF HIS TUNIC.

ball out of the water-butt, and that was that

"Why didn't you find out what his sister was called while you were about it?" David asked George afterwards.

"That ghastly girl?" I said.

"She's not ghastly," said David. "Her hair curls naturally, which is more than yours does.

"I like that," I said. "Considering I can hear her hair being shampooed and set at the hairdresser's every Friday I think I ought to know all about it.'

"Well," answered David, "that man may look dark and clever, but he wears an Old Wykehamist tie and he went to Charterhouse. That just shows you what his morals are, I know he went to Charterhouse because his copy of the school magazine came here by mistake last week.

Because "3" and "5" sometimes look alike, we get a good deal of the next-door people's post before they do, but it doesn't tell us much except that the civil servant's name is either E. H. Begley or E. H. Bigley. E. H. Begley has magazines and letters from America, but E. H. Bigley only gets

postcards from coal-heavers and drycleaners, which makes us think that he leads a double life. My mother shakes her head as she looks out of the drawing-room window. "Poor Mrs. E. H. Bigley!" she says. "Little does she know . .

So far I have only told you about the people who live on our right. The other day a friend of ours brought a dull stranger in to tea. A Mr. Chope.

"What is so nice about fiving in London, Mr. Chope, is that you never need know people. I mean, you never know people just because they live next-door to you," said my motherand took another look at him and added, "Do you?"

There was a very loud knocking on the left-hand wall. Mr. Chope jumped. "Did you hear that?" he breathed.

"Oh, that," said my mother. "That's that horrible child next-door."

"Which one?" asked George, forgetting all about the Isle of Wight. "The one with red hair who sniffs and whistles out of tune?

Oh, no, George, not that one. No, the elder one. He's taking up fretwork, and I should think from the sound of it that he's riddling that wall with brackets and things.

"How do you know it's fretwork?" asked David.

'Their nurse told me. Don't you think it's disgraceful, Mr. Chope," she went on severely, "that children who must be at least eight and nine should still go about with a nurse? Of course they may be younger. It's difficult to tell with unhealthily fat children."

Soon after this Mr. Chope went. David, who happened to be standing on the balcony, saw him climb the steps of the house on the left and feel for his key.

No, we have never seen Mr. Chope again. As my mother says, that's what is so nice about living in London.

Invaluable Hint to Motorists.

" If the engine cannot be turned by hand, then fault is due to a stiff engine. Remedy: Locate and remedy cause of stiffness. Motor Manual.

"Any later news dealing with Abyssinia will be found on the Sports Pages.'

Newspaper Announcement.

For news of MUSSOLINI turn to the Theatrical Column.

Legal Queries.

1. What is the Difference between Barristers and Solicitors?

This can be explained at once. Barristers are learned and solicitors are not. No one ever refers to a solicitor as "M' learned friend." It would be ridiculous. Barristers wear wigs and gowns, while solicitors wear ordinary elothes and do not look impressive. Refore you can be a barrister you have to eat dinners in the hall of an Inn. There is no such check on the tablemanners of solicitors. Solicitors charge fees but barristers receive an honorarium-a difference which is of great moral importance. Solicitors use new editions of books, unlike barristers, who use very old editions, frequently bound in calf. Lastly, solicitors ask barristers for their opinion, but barristers do not ask solicitors for theirs.

2. Who is the Man who sits below the Judge in a Court ?

He is the Associate. His duties are to associate with the Judge. When he thinks of a joke he clambers up and tells the Judge, who after a decent interval makes it.

3. What is an Usher?

He corresponds to the chucker-out in a night-club. When anyone is contumacious he removes him. He also hands books and papers about and shouts "Silence!" when he drops anything. Ushers are always very old and have spent their lives in court. They must therefore have been born old

4. What is the Difference between Chancery and King's Bench?

Chancery is a rather mysterious sort of Law and takes a long time. It is very fruity and does not get into the papers. There is nothing low about it and so they keep the wards in Chancery instead of in the King's Bench, which is a very litigious atmosphere for a young girl. Chancery is more like a convent.

5. What is a Writ?

This name comes from the time when even the best people talked uneducated and dropped aitches, etc. It means something someone has written. It usually orders or forbids things, like enclosing commons or committing torts or champerty. It would not be used to describe mere chit-chat, but only solemn writings with quill pens.

6. What are Costs?



"YOU'LL 'AVE TO CANCEL MY ACT TO-NIGHT. I CAN'T GET MY HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

football match, and are taken by both the winners and losers, the Court, etc. Transfer fees, however, are not cus-

7. What is meant by "In Another Place "?

This is a delicate way of mentioning another Court. If the Judge referred to a higher tribunal by name it might be thought that he was hinting he wanted to be promoted. He pretends therefore that he does not know what other Courts there are. Judicial ignorance is a very valuable part of law. For example, Judges have not heard of GEORGE ROBEY, and this These are like the "gate" at a shows how high-minded they are. It

also impresses foreigners who have not heard of him either and feel comforted. thus becoming favourable to British spheres of influence, etc.

8. What is Contempt of Court?

Lawyers often make speeches after dinner to say how good they are at Law. If anyone says that they are not, this is Contempt of Court and very serious. You can be sent to prison for committing it, until you have purged your contempt, which is done by saying how sorry you are and what a high opinion you now have of lawyers. No one can be operated on for not thinking much of doctors, and this shows how superior it is to be in Law and not in Medicine.

At the Play.

"CALL IT A DAY" (GLOBE).

There is a very satisfactory kind of doll's-house in which the front swings off on hinges to allow an intimate survey of the whole interior and to catch the occupants at the exercise of their private existence. How often, bowling in a bus past expressionless mansions, one has wished that their fronts were similarly hinged and could quietly be swung away, even if only to expose an average family at dinner.

Miss Dodie Smith has kindly granted our wish, and has opened up for our inspection a sober £2,000 - a - year, twenty years married, three childrened, two-and-a-half-maided home in St. John's Wood, and has seen fit to do so on a day when the laws of coincidence were in sportive mood and the Fates had a notion of upsetting, just for a little, the deep-rooted solidity of the Hilton family.

This was representative enough. Roger (Mr. Owen Nares) was a partner in a sound firm of accountants and was a fellow of tidy habits, coming home regularly for dinner and keeping a careful eye on the feeding and circumference of his dog. His wife Dorothy, (Miss Fax Compton), was in most ways a model; one could safely say of her that she played golf once a week, spent a good deal on her hair and, now that her children were growing up, was prepared most days to play bridge or go to a matinée with one of her

many nice but not too dashing women-friends.

In the course of time these two had amassed Catherine (Miss Patricia Hilliard), whose looks did them credit but whose temperament was an obstacle to domestic felicity; Ann (Miss Alexis France), an ardent worshipper at the shrine of D. G. Rossetti, and even at fifteen or so uncomfortably clever for them, and Martin (Mr. Geoffrey Nares), a decent garage-minded youth about to enter the family firm.

Down in the kitchen when something stirred it was either the obese and traditional Cook (Miss MURIEL GEORGE); Vera (Miss MAVIS CLAIR), the pretty new housemaid, whose tech-

nique of early-morning shaking Roger found too sturdy, or the pessimistic rusher-in, Mrs. Milsom (Miss Phyllis Morris).

Act I. opened the day for these characters with a series of the trivial but brilliantly significant incidents

which Miss Dodie Smith observes so well. Fearful pressure on the bathrooms. The dog Terry at large amongst the neighbours' cats. Catherine in a pet at having to share a bedroom with Ann. The Times horribly mauled by



Roger Hilton (Mr. Owen Nares). "LET'S GET DOWN TO BRASS INCOME-TAX!"

Beatrice Gwynn . . MISS VALERIE TAYLOR.

Dorothy with all a woman's devilish skill. Vera mixing the Master's harder-boiled eggs with their softer brethren. The bonneted ghoul, Mrs. Milsom, capturing Cook's share of the bacon by gloomy references to blood-pressure. Ann late for school and coolly



SOLE À LA BONNE FEMME.

Muriel Weston . . . Miss Marie Löhr.

threatening to take a taxi. All this is extremely well arranged and presented.

Just an ordinary dull cheerful day lay ahead of these worthy people, you would have said, but in fact it was nothing of the kind. For *Catherine*,

sitting for her portrait to a romantic artist with whom she was violently in love, persuaded him to meet her that evening in the shady bit outside the Zoo; her mother, having tea with the brother of an old friend, found herself the embarrassed object of love-at-first sight and in self-defence promising to see the subject of it after dinner; ber father was vamped in his own office and to his utter astonishment by a young actress who turned out to be something much more dangerous than a mere Schedule-A-case, and also arranged an evening date: so did her brother, when the girl-next-door leaned the garden-wall with an extra ticket for a Cochran first-night in her pocket; and as for Ann, Catherine's artist actually gave her an original Rossetti sketch, and what more encouragement could a small person of extreme sensibility require to call it a day

At these various nocturnal adventures we were not present, which was a pity, but clearly Miss SMITH had to omit some part of such a generous chronicle; we were present, which was all that mattered, when in the last two scenes the *Hiltons* returned to roost, the parent-birds confessing to each other how little they had enjoyed their excursions and congratulating themselves that no untoward passions disturbed their children's peace.

I have now seen this play twice, and, though at the second showing a few parts of it wore thin, on the whole it

stood up well to the test. It is a clever comedy of domestic humour, and its merit springs partly from the fact that it is very neatly pieced together and partly from the charmingly light touch with which its authoress makes familiar material seem new. ("Sugar's not in sugar," "Course it ain't," says Cook, "sugar's in sago." An extraordinarily effective and typical moment in the play.)

Miss Molly McArthur's sets were of the veritable timber of St. John's Wood.

The level of the acting was sound. Some of it was excellent, and I put first the delicious performance of Miss France, who played so delightfully as the younger sister in Sidees,

and after that Miss Marie Löhr's brief but superb portrait of a female hedonist relaxing after the rigours of a matinée. I need hardly add that Miss COMPTON and Mr. NARBS displayed their usual delightful skill and polish.

"ANTHONY AND ANNA" (WHITEHALL).

The Inn of St. Peter's Finger, in a for her part, acted Anna with a natural

small English town, is not a place where very much happens. Mr. St. John ERVINE brings some people with possibilities to it, but he has to reinforce his company in the middle of the Second Act with two newcomers, who play no sort of part in helping the simple plot to finish itself. When an American millionaire like Jacob Penn (Mr. Morris Harvey) and his daughter have so much time to kill. we expect a love-affair, and it is in keeping with all we see of Anna Penn (Miss JESSICA TANDY) that the novelty of Anthony Fair (Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER) should bowl her over. For he is quite remarkably unlike any young men she has met before. He has no intention of making good. On the contrary, he is quite sure that he is very good already. He radiates charm

and ease, and people are happy in his society. There must be people, he argues, to maintain the finer graces of civilised living, and he is one of them. His argument does not go very deep. He will not consider whether

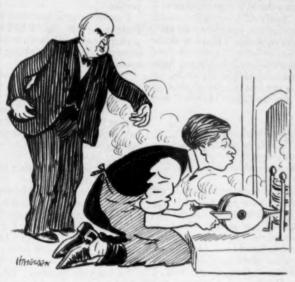


TABLOID PLAY. Jacob Penn . . . MR. MORRIS HARVEY.

well-to-do women have not exactly the rôle for which he has cast himself, and he firmly assumes that grace of living is totally incompatible with any regular work. He wants to marry the rich American, but only if she is suitably endowed, because his conscientious objection to work comes before his love for her.

Mr. WARRENDER played the young

man very plausibly, but he could not went very deep. Miss JESSICA TANDY.



NO FIRE WITHOUT SMOKE.

George MR. JAMES HARCOURT. Fred MR. TOM GILL.

it perfectly plain that here was someone, naturally restless and rather spoilt, to whom the idea of a penniless marriage appealed as a pleasant excitement on a dull holiday. In the end Poppa comes down with a handsome settlement, so even that excitement is lost, and we are left thinking how much mutual dissatisfaction and boredom there will be in a few weeks' time: for if ever a marriage rests on nothing. it is this one.

The marriage of the two unattractive newcomers, the mercenary and not very vouthful daughter of an earl and a rich young Australian who seems to have bounded out of a comic paper, is at any rate going to rest on the old solid and frank exchange of birth and

Comedies as impalpable and trivial as this one need capital dialogue and capital acting. It is a testimony to Mr. St. John Ervine that his play, except towards the end, does not flag at all. He puts all sorts of humorous and natural remarks into the mouths of his head-waiter and proprietor, Mr. JAMES HARCOURT, who has with him as his underling Fred (Mr. Tom GILL). These two were a memorable part of Mr. PRIESTLEY'S Cornelius, and they are capital together. The servant problem seems to have been solved for the English stage.

Mr. MORRIS HARVEY was quite firstsuggest that his desire to marry Anna rate as the typical American magnate of the stage and of real life. The very moderate amount of pleasure that his

wealth could obtain for him was distressingly plain, and he could enjoy the simplest pleasures, like the bright chatter of Anthony Fair. Mr. CLIVE MORTON had an ungrateful enough part as the scowling young novelist, Hubert Dunwoody, who for all his success is apparently fortune - hunting. like any poor penniless dog, and whose savoir faire is so lacking that he proposes marriage to Anna in public and exposes himself to the snubs of his hated young rival.

At the heart of this comedy lies a good idea, the clash between the equally self-assured youth of America and England; for Tony Fair, if not quite as representative as Anna, is not an exceptional freak and speaks the unspoken thoughts of many a young man. But the conflict is not

vivacity and downrightness that made sufficient to create a play, being so lightly joined that there was really only



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. Anna Penn . . MISS JESSICA TANDY. Anthony Fair . MR. HAROLD WARRENDER. plot and action enough to serve as thread for some light musical show. D. W.

Another Record for Britain.

"MORE ACTIVITY IN TYNE. BUSIEST OCTOBER AT DOCKS SINCE MARCH." Local Paper Headlines.

Ten-Minute Tragedy.

"I EXPECT you know everyone," said my hostess brightly, and passed me forward into the surging throng.

Looking round, when I had secured a fleeting sherry, I decided that she had been guilty of an overstatement. There were several unfamiliar faces in the room. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, I didn't know a single perishing soul. Quarter the room as I might with eagle eyes or push with muttered apologies and mounting frenzy from group to group, I could encounter no friendly smile, no eager handshake. Not for me the merry cries of greeting that seemed to be on every lip, not mine the chaff and

"But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men, To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess, And roam along, the world's tired denizen, With none who bless us, none whom we can bless."

What a wonderful prophetic insight these great poets have! Byron, I suppose, was never at a sherry-party in his life, and yet here he is, expressing with matchless fidelity in four brief lines the miserable estate of a man who finds himself friendless at one of these affairs. As I roamed along, with none to bless me and none, so far as I could see, whom I could possibly bless, the meaning of the lines came home to me with almost unbearable force. Here, if anywhere, I felt, goes the World's Tiredest Denizen.

I was standing in a kind of clearing in the press, twirling the glass of fashion in my hand and trying to look as if I had just emerged from a long conversation and was rallying my resources for another sparkling bout, when I caught sight of the girl in the grey dress. She had a short straight nose and fair hair and eyes like the dewy dawn of a fine September morning-sort of blue. But what really attracted me about this girl, what put her at once in a different class from every other girl in the room, was her splendid isolation. She was, for the moment at any rate, talking to nobody. "Is it possible," I thought, "that if approached in a spirit of proper humility she will talk to me?" I laid hold of a dish of salted peanuts and began furtively to draw near.

"You know Miss Simpson, of course?" cried my hostess, appearing suddenly from nowhere and disappearing again with equal abruptness

"I-er-I don't think-" I began; and thus we were

introduced. I was a leper no more. "Have a nut?" I said eagerly, extending my dish. Miss Simpson giggled faintly. "I'm afraid I can't bear nuts," she said.

"Can't you? Neither can I. Detest them, really."
"Almost as bad as parsnips," she added.

I felt I was going to be quite fond of Miss Simpson.

"Horrible things," I agreed.

"I think I hate parsnips more than anything in the world—unless it's Pekinese dogs."
"Or boiled rice?" I suggested.

"Yes. And people who will ask you what films you've seen lately.

"And then insist on telling you what they've seen themselves

"With full details about the plot."

"Getting it all mixed up, of course-

"And going on and on and on-

"Until you're sick and tired of the whole business."

After which," ended Miss Simpson triumphantly, "they tell you that you simply must go and see it for yourself."

"We seem to have a lot in common," I said happily, "You'll be telling me next that you don't like horse

Miss Simpson made an expressive face. "I'll tell you something worse than that," she said, lowering her voice in a pleasantly conspiratorial way-"I simply loathe sherry.

I gazed in open-mouthed adoration at this glorious girl. I could see now that I had done her an injustice in comparing her eyes to a dewy morning in September. They were more like starlight twinkling in an opalescent pool. I leant

towards her.
"Tell me," I breathed tenderly, "more about the things you simply loathe"-and it was all I could do to prevent myself adding, "Little girl."

"Well, there's Bridge," began this pearl among women, ticking the items off on her delicate fingers, "and camelhair coats and doing up parcels and meeting people who've just come back from abroad-"Yes, yes!"

"-and port and getting postal-orders and songs-at-thepiano and seed-cake

"Seed-cake!" I cried in ecstasy.

-and naturally I hate being made to act in charades and-oh, hundreds of things! Now it's your turn.'

"Well, I don't know," I said; "you've used up most of mine. But of course I've a horror of fringes and red fingernails and progressive-games and girls with names like Tamarisk and Petunia-

"I beg your pardon!" interrupted Miss Simpson in an awful voice, and looking up in sudden speechless alarm I saw that her eyes were no longer like opalescent pools. Rather they seemed to me like the eyes of a turbot which has lain for a long time on a very cold marble slab. Frosty,

"But look here," I stammered—"you don't meanyou couldn't possibly-I mean to say, a splendid, sensible girl like you-

"I don't want to discuss it."

"No, please," I pleaded. "You misunderstood me entirely. When I pretended to dislike-

"The trouble with you is," said Miss Simpson coldly, "that you dislike too many things. You're one of those detestable people who just delight in running simply everything down.'

"It's untrue!" I cried hotly, with a gesture that swept dozen sherry-glasses to the ground. "I like scores of a dozen sherry-glasses to the ground. things really. Nearly everything, in fact. Golf, for instance, and hot baths and jam-roll. I do honestly. And I like dancing and tea in old inns and crackers and crocuses and-and petunias. I adore petunias. You do believe me, don't you?"

Miss Petunia (alas!) But Miss Simpson had gone. Simpson had simply melted into the crowd, and I was left alone again with none to bless me and none whom I could bless. Sadly I picked up an olive and began to nibble

It was very bitter.

H. F. E.

"Note.-The Rummage Sale will be held towards the end of the month. Kindly keep anything that you have. Parish Magazine.

We'll do our best; but you know what wives are!

"With any of these dainty decorations you can make such a difference to your simple dishes, and your guests will award you many more points for originality than if you fell back on little bunches of parsley. . . . "—From a Woman's Paper.

Still, the latter is an amusing trick in its way.



His Wife (who has just purchased her annual hat). "I WISH I HADN'T SEEN THESE TWO, HENRY. IT'S UNSETTLED ME."

Maid and Matter.

"GIVE me," I said, "a novel theme Still fresh and unattempted yet, A thing to fill a poet's dream, Which he can't get:

One strong and supple as a cat
And stored with value like the bee;
Give me," I urged, "a theme like that,
And then you'll see."

She was a girl of modern pin;

Her grand-dam would have called her bold
And felt her venerable skin

All over cold.

A girl with brass enough for ten,
Her open candour struck men dumb;
She called a spade a spade, and then,
As folk say, some.

She mused. She wrinkled up her brow (An able brow) and pondered long; And, as I thought with interest, "Now For something strong." She raised her admirable eyes,
With more of serpent than of dove
About them, and—I tell no lies—
Suggested "Love."

The fathead. When the world grows rich In brand-new topics every day, Isms and fads and stunts, with which To get away,

To resurrect this hackneyed thing, This flyblown, antiquated wheeze, She might as well have mentioned Spring, Or cows, or trees.

Unless she thought—it may be so— That she discerned in me the signs Of one who'd like to have a go On Freudian lines;

Nor would she, as a fact, have erred;
I'd do it, but I have a hunch
That I should only get the bird
From Mr. Punch.

DUM-DUM.

Not So Complimentary Tickets.

THE miraculous way in which cloakroom men, even in restaurants where he was not known, did without tickets and yet never dished him out the wrong hat became a source of worry to my nephew Hildebrand, I learned afterwards.

One day he plucked up his courage and asked how it was done. Instantly a wave of coyness spread over the honest face of the custodian.

"Oo! Sir, that's askin', that is," he

"Come on," said Hildebrand, propelling a shilling across the counter.

"It's something we don't 'ardly reckon to divulge.

"Come on," urged Hildebrand, add-

ing a second shilling to the kitty.
"Oh, well, Sir, 'ere you are," the man murmured, and he picked up from underneath the counter a small eard which he had taken from Hildebrand's hat. On it was pencilled "SB-BL."

"Which stands for?" Hildebrand asked

"Slightly Bald, Bow Legs," said the man. "No offence, I 'opes.

As a matter of fact I gather there was a good deal.

Knowing nothing of this, we were more than a little surprised, when Hildebrand came down the following weekend, at his enthusiasm to look after the cloak-room during the village Bazaar and Fête. It had never been his custom to engage voluntarily in public works, and the dilapidation of our church steeple was not at all the sort of crisis to move him to exertion. But for once he seemed really keen.

"It's too kind," we said. "We must get you a nice big book of numbered tickets. It's a cold day and everyone will wrap up, but the hall's certain to be like a Turkish bath.'

"I shan't want any tickets, thanks," said Hildebrand in a superior voice. "But there'll be stacks of people,"

we objected.

"You leave it to me," he answered airily.

The gate was better than anyone had expected. Cars were parked solidly down the lane from the "Fallow Buck to the "Merry Intent," and hats and coats of both sexes and all conditions poured unceasingly over Hildebrand's counter by the door. These he dealt with expeditiously and with a gravity which the most mature professional might have envied.

Apart from the fact that Lady Appleton-Bulger and Mrs. Pouter-

Widgeon had both been invited by the Vicar to lift the starting-gate with a few well-chosen words, everything proceeded more or less according to plan. In a speech lasting half-an-hour the Vicar showed himself a master of the architecture of steeples; several hundredweight of inedible toffee and unwearable knitted goods were happily disposed of, and the rifle-range and Aunt Sally were conducted without fatal injury. About six o'clock the County started to look for their things.

The first was Colonel Poppingford-Gore, and Hildebrand handed him his green hat and check overcoat before he asked for them.

"That's what I call service," growled the Colonel. "How d' ve remember without tickets?"

Hildebrand just smiled modestly. "Dammit! I'll bet you've got some

sort of tally, eh?"

Hildebrand, who is really quite wellmannered and anyway believes that private jokes should be kept so, tried a bluff.

Out with it, young man!" cried the fierce old warrior; and that "young man" somehow got Hildebrand's goat.

"I'll let you see this ticket," he said coolly, "on condition that you pay half-a-crown to the Steeple Fund if you don't guess the meaning in one. If you do, I'll let you off the cloakroom fee.

The Colonel, who had already had a horribly expensive afternoon, wavered, but his daughter offered to underwrite the liability.

"Very well," said Hildebrand, and held up the card, on which was written "HBP-PW."

"Hirsute British Parent," suggested the Colonel's daughter.

"Pronounced Waist," added the Colonel skittishly.

"That'll be half-a-crown, please," Hildebrand said, without flicking an eyelid. "It's 'High Blood Pressure-Prominent Wart.

All things considered, the Colonel took it pretty well; but the sensation caused by this incident had not died down when Lady Appleton-Bulger swooped down and demanded her umbrella. Hildebrand gave it to her and looked slightly uncomfortable, I am told, while the Doctor recounted to her the story of Colonel Poppingford-Gore.

"Of course I positively must see my card," she cried. "I'm sure you've been kinder to me!"

Those present delightedly assured themselves by one look at Hildebrand's face that this was not so, for he was signalling desperately to the Doctor, an obtuse fellow, and clearly racking

his brains for an emergency exit. The old lady, however, insisted, a trifle too imperiously, and before he realised what he was doing he was holding up a card on which was written simply

'I know," Lady Appleton-Bulger claimed, "it's Dress Blue On exclaimed, Purple'?

But she was wrong; and very gently, as though breaking bad news to a sick child, Hildebrand found himself explaining that the letters stood in his disordered mind for "Dowager Bird Unfortunately the exact Of Prev." accuracy of this description in no way mitigated the horror of the silence which followed and lasted while Lady Appleton-Bulger paid her half-crown and swept out to her car.

Quite suddenly a dazed Hildebrand became the hub of the whole party. A surging crowd of young and old clamoured at his counter to guess their tickets. Right at the other end of the Hall, running the Aunt Sally, we gathered that something sensational was happening; but it was too late to interfere.

With extraordinary good-humour Major Tumbril learned that his "EOCBM" meant "Egg on Carpet-Brush Moustache," Miss Truely that her "TATS" meant "Thrush About to Sing," and old Mr. Muggeridge that in his case "M" just stood for "Methuselah." Amidst roars of applause Hildebrand solved ticket after ticket with varying malice and embarrassment.

It was right at the end that the Vicar led Mrs. Pouter-Widgeon up to reclaim her cloak. Her ticket read "gor."

"'Grandmother Of Three,'" she suggested not very intelligently. Hildebrand paused. Then, smiling graciously at her famous floral hat, which is well known to be bedded out afresh each spring, he said: "I'm afraid not. It's 'Gladiolas On Top.'" At which we all, including Mrs. Pouter-Widgeon, laughed foolishly out of sheer relief.

After she had gone Hildebrand mopped his brow, said that he had perhaps been a coward not to own up to "Gushing Old Trout," and handed the Vicar five pounds, seventeen-and-ERIC. sixpence.

Another Olympian Scandal.

"Mrs and Jupiter have been keeping com pany during the last few days in the evening sky, but they are now moving apart."

New Zealand Paper.

"Mr. A. -: It will be the duty of the ratepayers to go to this meeting. If they don't we shall have nothing to work on. They have got to show us that they thoroughly need baths."-Local Paper.

By a show of hands?



"What I mean to say is, George, there's some blokes can't stand edication. It flies to their 'eads."

Too Great Expectations.

The apocalyptic fervour
That fires its leader page
Has made of our Observer
The marvel of the age,
And in profound humility
I cull its latest plum:
"You can't expect stability
From a swinging pendulum."

No more in sheer futility
From lips completely dumb
Excessive volubility

Shall I expect to come; Or think the tongue's agility Is helped by chewing gum, Or seek serene tranquillity Close to a big bass drum.

I shall not ask civility
From giants grim or glum,
Or hail as amiability
The cry "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum!"
Or in sheer imbecility
Insert my cranium

(Notorious for fragility)
In a fierce football scrum.

Great truths in choice Garvinian
Grandiloquence enshrined
Will aid the Abyssinian
And mollify his mind;
And I should be a traitor
Did I refuse to bless
The Purple Imperator
Who rules the Sunday Press.

C. L. G.



HOW WE WON AT WIDDLESHAM.

"DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE, DEAR."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Clydesider.

THERE is never a bitter thought or a hint of personal enmity in the story of DAVID KIRKWOOD, the deported. imprisoned, batoned, misunderstood strike-leader, moborator, patriot and master of men. In My Life of Revolt (HARRAP, 10/6) this modern Covenanter, product of Bibleclass and Good Templars' Lodge, tells in his own tongue, that fairly rattles with Gaelic sincerity, how he fought year in year out for fair-play, common justice and his own opinion. His book is full of tales of gorgeous tilts against constituted authority all the way up from the work-bench to the House of Commons; but if he has found the cosmos heavy to push along the way he would have it go his optimism is still unquenched and his regard for his opponents undiminished. So far from being an irreconcilable, he even agrees that employers are apt to know their jobs and that the lot of the worker has marvellously improved within his lifetime. Behind all his politics is his pride in being a skilled mechanic and a Scot, and his feeling that things are not too bad with the world so long as unemployment is decreasing on the Clyde and the Queen Mary is advancing to completion.

St. George for England.

The second volume of Sir Roger Keyes' Naval Memoirs (Thornton Butterworth, 18/-) has been anxiously awaited. Here it is, and it is even more interesting than the first. But I could wish that his predecessor in command of the Dover Patrol was not so provocatively accused of

incompetence; the public wants the facts of our Naval history, not belated recriminations between its leading actors. But that is a side-issue. This book contains the wonderfully worked out Staff orders for the attacks on Zeebrugge and Ostend, and the reports of survivors. Sir Roger hardly mentions the fact that (as he did as Commodore of Submarines) he would not allow any under his command to run into danger unless he led the way. "Sir, is this a private fight, or can anybody join in?" was his rule a good one too. There is too much meat in this book to write of it fully, but I wish I could repeat some of the personal stories. That of Lord Curzon versus the Navy on the Dardanelles Commission is typical of both men; that of Sub-Lieutenant LLOYD dying of wounds with the ensign of the Iphigenia (blockship) wrapped round him and a bar to his V.C. promised is an illustration of how an Admiral can get real results from subordinates.

"Music, Ho! Music."

Books on any recondite subject by a professor are, to the layman, apt to be pretty dull stuff. Sir Walford Davies, in his Pursuit of Music (Nelson, 7/6), has produced a delightful exception. Seeking an answer to the question, What is music? he addresses himself (he says) to those who are young in musical ignorance but of "promising and inquiring mood," and there is matter here alike for the most grave student and the most casual listener. The simple may learn why he likes an interval or tune; the more advanced philistine, if such to his shame there be, who still maintains that most symphonics are four pieces stuck together and called one, may study Sir Walford on the sonata form and see if he suffers conversion. But it would be the

greatest mistake to stuff this book down as if it were a text-book; it should be treated as a very charming companion from whom a kindly wisdom may be drawn at will. Taken thus, it could be opened pretty well anywhere; the reader, if particularly lucky, would hit on, say, the chapters devoted to phrasing, or the last Part, specially perhaps the section dealing with ballet, which could be enjoyed without having a note of music in one. Sir Walford has a pretty humour at times, as in the staggering idea of watching a boy running a race without the boy, or his likening of a symphonic poem to a salmon. And the friendly style of the book: if Sir WALFORD is not a man of many friends one is prepared to eat one's hat.

Theatre of Life.

There will be a long booking-list for the Theatre of Life (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 21/-), which Lord HOWARD OF PENRITH (known to a wider circle as Esmé Howard) opens with a "period" piece from the years 1863-1905. Few actor-managers have produced a play more effectively and entertainingly than Lord HOWARD has written these memoirs of his early life. Soldier and rubber-planter, scientific inquirer into industrial problems and would-be M.P.. diplomatist almost despite himself, Lord Howard enjoyed every moment of an unusually full and varied life. It is indeed because he thoroughly enjoyed himself that his autobiography arouses in one an echo of his own enthusiasm and gaiety. He is as at home on the African veld, the West Indian plantations or the Amazon as he is in the diplomatic salons of Paris, Rome and Berlin. Moreover, his rare gift for being all things to all men enables Lord Howard to appreciate as well as to tell a story against his own profession. During the Civil War that "stickler for etiquette," Lord Lyons, found President LINCOLN polishing his boots outside the Virginian shanty in which they were both staying. "Mr. President. said the British Minister in horrified tones, "do you think it right that the President of the United States should polish his own boots?" "Mr. Minister."

LINCOLN replied, "if he doesn't polish his own boots, whose boots, in the name of all that's holy, should he polish?"

An Italian in the Stalls.

It is not the fault of Professor CAMILLO PELLIZZI, of London University, that his book on English Drama (MACMILLAN, 7/6) begins magnificently and closes on a and diminuendo. It is precisely the author's contention that this is what the English drama is now doing; and he traces in an accomplished, witty and singularly penetrating study the flowering of the English middle-class soul, begotten of Protestantism and Romanticism, and the simultaneous flourishing of a theatre whose staple incentives



"WHAT THE 'ELL DO IT MATTER 'OO GETS IN? THERE'S MORE CORRUPTION AMONGST THEM POLITICIANS THAN EVER CAME OUT OF MOUNT VESOOVIUS.

were social remorse and a genius for fantasy. Muddled but moral, tending to make a practical problem of every speculative case, the drama, from Shakespeare on, is the drama of a people to whom everything is either feasible or fabulous. And having thus traced its pedigree, the critic considers it in detail from the opening of last century to the early thirties of this. Il Teatro Inglese was published as a handbook for Italian students and its discursions on Ireland and America doubtless had their uses. But it is chiefly remarkable as a discerning panegyric on the English middle-classes—"grande e terribile popolo "-and on the phase of national art that rose and is falling with them.

A Romany Lil.

The immortal Jasper Petulengro held no high opinion of writers and their trade. He disagreed with Pawno Chikno when he declared blowing one's horn and writing a lil (book) to be much the same thing. His grandson, in his enthralling account of A Romany Life (Methuen, 10/6), has come to refute him. A wind from the heath blows out fresh and invigorating from every page of this life-story of a man who describes himself as "an arrogant, independent being, jack of all trades, master of all." Although there is sentiment and fine feeling, as in the beautiful portrait of his Rumanian mother, Anyeta, there is no trace of the spurious romanticism to be found in some descriptions of Romany life. A Romany life is indeed a hard life that soon teaches a man to fend for himself. At eight Gipsy Petulengrowas already peddling his wares from door to door across the English countryside. Since then he has travelled

in many countries and tried his hand at countless trades. I doubt if he has ever achieved greater success than in this—his latest—calling that was so despised by his grand-father. An amazing book, only to be compared with the works of the boro-rye, who Gipsy Petulengro likes to think was made famous by JASPER PETULENGRO'S sayings.

When the Cat's Away.

Miss Anna Gordon Krown evidently delights to write about queer people, and in Mr Theobald's Devil (MacMillan, 7/6) she will, I think, delight a number of readers by her introduction of a corpulent and lovable parson who spent too many hours "recklessly coasting or painfully trudging" in the company of a bicycle—activi-

ties which interfered with his reading of Sir Thomas Browne. I doubt if I understand about his devil unless he was a more sophisticated "Mr. Nobody" of the nursery. Anyway, he was a tiresome familiar, and whisked away papers, pens and spectacles. He also, "tricked out as Miss Georgina Hodd herself," mouthed at him in his dreams. Georgina, who is more important than this devil, had been Manor House tyrant of the village, but (suffering, so her sister explained, a change of heart in Corsica) sent benevolent letters and cheques to her deputy until there was a Badminton Club in the village as well as a car for the parson. Miss Keown writes amusingly, and even if some of her characters are a shade too rural and others over-eccentric, they are at least never dull. And if a hint of murder, an attractive villain, the emancipation of a spinster, some charming love-making and a good deal of wit are not the ingredients of a successful novel, I do not know what are.

The Old-Fashioned Englishman.

One of the greatest of our Colonial public servants, Sir William Willocks, who died in 1931, left behind him

the written story of his life. This is now published under the title of Sixty Years in the East (Blackwood, 15/-) and forms a most entertaining volume. No time is wasted over petty social details. It is a record of solid work, with the narrator beginning as an irrigation engineer in a minor post in India and rising to become the creator of the Assuan Dam. It tells of the theory and practice of irrigation all over the world, and reveals the busy and fertile mind of the author in a wealth of observation and anecdote. Sir William was a plain direct man, with little use for finesse or subtlety. He hated inefficiency and laziness more than most of us do. In his retirement he translated the New Testament into colloquial Egyptian. Thorough in all he undertook, 'adifferent to titles and honours and transparently sinceru,' he represents the best type of quietly imperialistic Englishman.

A Pilgrim's Progress.

In his new novel, On a Huge Hill (HEINEMANN, 7/6), Mr.

J. D. BERESFORD is concerned not for the first time to show that the age of miracles has not passed. James Kingden was a solicitor, though at all times an unusual one. when he established "a mystical union with the spirit of his son." In short, this child when at the point of death was suddenly restored to health by his father's intervention, and James at once decided to retire from his profession and to devote what was to him a real but inexplicable gift to the alleviation of suffering. It was a change of programme which his wife profoundly distrusted, and Mr. BERESFORD conducts the contest between the faithful James and his spouse with conspicuous fairness and skill. The end of the contest took me unawares and is not perhaps



"NO, IT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A GALE, SIR, BUT THE WIND IS CERTAINLY GETTING UP A LITTLE."

without unconscious humour, but I am far from laughing at a story which carries with it a message of faith, hope and charity.

Sea-Salt and Savour.

Miss E. Warington Smyth belongs to the small and select band of novelists who are happier and more at home on sea than on shore. Her Man of Pride was a promising tale, and in Nancarrow (PETER DAVIES, 7/6) she goes far to fulfil that promise, but almost perversely she has refused to go the whole way. Her feet, if I may put it so, never stumble when Nancarrow is affoat—queer man as he is, one can follow him in all his moods-but they are inclined to falter when he is on land and trying to deal with a preposterous wife. The sordid intrigues of this woman do not seem to me to belong to a story which in all that concerns the sea is exceptionally delightful. Sea-lovers must read this history of Nancarrow and of the little Cornish seaport where he lived, for it contains many descriptive passages of real power and beauty; and perhaps I should not dislike Mrs. Nancarrow so heartily if I did not feel that she has prevented Miss Smyth from giving us more of them.

Charivaria.

An Italian expedition is going to the Andes with the object of naming the highest peak "Mont Mussolini." suggested modification is that it should be called "Ben Ito."

The popularity of British films in various means of enabling motorists to the teaching of English. Hopes are Buildings have of course been tried. entertained that British films may have a similar effect in North America.

South Africa has created a demand for know when they are in built-up areas.

The Whatsitsname Beagles, we read, having lost their hare, pursued a cat According to a Professor, England for tailes. Evidently they had come

out to enjoy themselves and were jolly well going to.

A telescope said to have belonged to Captain Cook is to be sold at auction. It is a moving thought that it may be the very one through which he discovered Australia.

"How much will I get," asks a fair reader, "if I put two-and-sixpence each way on a horse at 100 to 6?" The answer is nothing.

"There are two million cats in London alone.' says a newspaper article. They don't sound as if they were alone.

Attempts are being made to discover the man who invented the collar-stud. But of course he may be dead already.

"Where," asks a

writer, "does one find the old-fashioned type of girl

was once "a smooth carpet of living who would scorn to powder her nose at

"There are too many smash-andgrab raiders in London," says a writer. How many ought there to be?

An eighty-years-old woman has just written her first novel. She is setting a Consideration is being given to splendid example for novelists as a class.

Mayfair hostesses are said to he interesting themselves in the suburbs-thus reciprocating the interest which suburban hostesses have long taken in Mayfair.

Caviare for a London banquet is stated to have been brought by aeroplane from Strasburg. Foie gras, as one diner observed, to the general. **

"What is an easy way to make sheep wash?" asks a farming correspondent. We can only suggest appealing to their finer feelings.

Riverside dwellers interviewed during the recent floods were stated to be quite cheerful. They appeared to have no grounds for complaint.

A speaker paid tribute the other night to the scientist to whom we owe the cigarette-

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lighter; but he omitted a word of commendation for those patient and persevering smokers who have succeeded in getting a light from the thing.

A traveller tells of Papuan cannibals who are skilled gardeners and cultivate a variety of vegetables. They have the good sense to realise that a purely anthropophagous diet is deficient in the essential vitamins.

"VERY MUCH BETTER THAN BEING COOPED UP IN THE OFFICE-WHAT?"

green." But that was before golf was a public dance?" Sitting it out. invented, of course.

"Nothing is really final," asserts a philosopher. This is a very good reply to some of those communications from the income-tax people.

VOL. CLXXXIX.

Leaves from the Log of a Canvasser.

I TRIED both bells. Obviously out of order, as usual. Then, after delicately removing a tiny packet of cats'-meat wrapped in newspaper from under the knocker (this, I may tell you, is an everyday experience), I knocked sharply. Perhaps I ought to add I replaced the cats'-meat. There was a long pause. It is these long pauses that are so unnerving, also waste so much time. One dare not either go away or knock again too soon-both may cause offence, and on these niceties of etiquette hang one's reputation as a well-mannered political party.

Suddenly an upstair-window was flung violently open

and a tousled grey head appeared. "Yes?" it said truculently

I held out a card with the Candidate's photograph and message to voters on it. "I hope you are going to vote for

him?" I suggested.

"Hobbs? Me vote for Hobbs?" shouted the old man "God forbid!" and the window was slammed to with such violence the whole neighbourhood must have been aware that Mr. Hawkes was not exactly a disciple of Hobbs.

"Oh, yes, we always vote Hobbs," Mrs. Day assured me

comfortably.

All of you?" I inquired.

"Yes-me and me daughter and me old man."

"And you have a son too, haven't you?" I asked, after consulting my canvass-card.

"Yes, there's Bert. Oh, I dessay he'll come along after

the pictures."
"There's a Miss Holmes too, I find—Miss Violet Holmes. Is she still living here?

"Yes, our lodger. But she's out at work now."

"Will she vote for Hobbs too, do you think?" I persisted. "Oh, she never minds who she votes for," said Mrs. Day. "That'll be all right;" and on that assurance I went next-door.

I knocked once; no answer. I knocked twice (that means the upstairs floor). I then rang the two bells at the side. After that I tried the buzzy kind of bell on the door-a bell I had hitherto regarded with hatred, but which I came to look upon as the canvasser's friend, as it usually gave some sort of response. Quite ninety per cent. of the other kind were permanently out of order. I rapped sharply with my knuckles. Still a deathly silence. Probably all out at work, I decided. As I was shutting the gate I met a brisk young postman coming in with a registered packet.

"All out?" he asked cheerfully (we always try to help

each other out in these little matters).
"I couldn't make anyone hear," I replied. "You may be more successful."

He was. As I stood on the next-door steps almost touching the postman, the door was opened to him with quite amazing promptitude by the lady of the house. We both saw each other and quite understood the position, but with great delicacy appeared to be unaware of each other's presence, and played the part demanded of us-that of the perfect lady

Next-door-but-one was rather a strain. Have you ever imagined canvassing through a speaking-tube? In my wildest dreams I should never have thought of it, but it happened.

The inscription read: "Please whistle up tube, then listen." I whistled up tube, then listened.

Yes?" said a faint voice, then, after a slight pause and

rather impatiently-"Yes?

All my ideas forsook me. How on earth could I canvass a voice with no body? What should I say? Why in Heaven's name had I whistled? What a fool I was! I regret to say I played the coward.

"I am putting a card through the letter-box," I stam-mered. "I hope it will interest you. Good-morning;" and I slunk away, entirely defeated by that far-away distant

Mrs. Bell seemed hardly to realise she had a vote.

"No, I don't know nothin' about votin'," she said list-"I'm too busy, anyhow-shouldn't have no time

to go."
"What about your husband? Does he vote, do you

She pondered the question for a moment, then-"Where is it?" she asked. "Oh, yes, the schools. Oh, I know. Yes, I believe he does go votin'." This rather in the manner of a woman who says her husband plays bridge or golf-a sort of pastime for leisure hours.

Mrs. Galton was a bit of a problem.

"Well, I believe in votin' Libor," she kept saying. "The others never give you as much as Libor do; they're all for theirselves, they are; Libor is more for the poor

"But you can't give away what you haven't got," I tried to explain. "The Government has to raise the money from somewhere before it pays it out again. No Government

can let the country go bankrupt, you know.

Mrs. Galton pondered this, then—"There's always the Mint," she said slowly. "They could easy make as much money as they liked if they got short; that's what I say."

And she is still probably thinking and saying it, despite my protests.

A Farewell to Flying.

KIND stranger, take me home: I do not like this aerodrome. They knew I was only a simple tiro, But they sent me up in an auto-gyro.

As soon as I reached the place They togged me up like a flying ace; Even now my imagination boggles To think what I wore in the way of goggles.

They gave me a flying-suit; They trussed me up in a parachute And told me straight, if it didn't function, They wouldn't expect me back to luncheon.

They made me sign a chit To say (and I didn't think much of it) If I went a-missing while in excelsis It was all my fault and nobody else's.

They put me into a seat And said I wasn't to move my feet; They said "Shut up!" when I hadn't spoken, Except to tell them my belt was broken.

Before we left the ground The thing on the top went round and round; I tried to get out before we sped off, And the thing damn nearly took my head off.

It only remains to tell To what extent I was far from well; I was sick as a dog, to be perfectly candid, From the time we left to the time we landed.

So, stranger, take me home; I do not like this aerodrome. shan't be coming again—far from it; I'm the dog that doesn't return to his vomit.



OUT BUT NOT DOWN.

BONIFACE BALDWIN. "CERTAINLY I'LL TAKE YOU IN IF I CAN, MR. MACDONALD. THE OLD PLACE WOULDN'T BE ITSELF WITHOUT YOU."



"I'M AFRAID, ZUB, THERE BE ONLY ONE SOCK IN THIS PAIR."

The Problems of Philosophy.

I can always tell when my friend Pinleaf has been reading philosophy. He is like those people who are good subjects for hypnotism: they stagger about looking dreamy if they so much as identify, beneath the semi-opacity of an old rain-soaked Election poster, some shreds of the bill stuck up by the hypnotist who was in town six months ago. Similarly the name Bertrand Russell has but to gleam out at Pinleaf from a shadowed bookcase for him to experience an increase of mental stature that makes him temporarily little short of a pain in the neck.

To me; it seems to be always on me that his proselytising zeal is wreaked. We were having lunch together when he announced, out of a clear sky and through (or all but through) the grilled herring and mustard-sauce, that the prime necessity of the modern world was education in methods of thought. "How," he added, "are you off for thinking?"

I said I did some every day and that

it was meat and drink to me; but this did not seem to be the right answer. Pinleaf is the only person in his circle entitled to be as fond of thinking as that. You have to crawl up the steps of his throne, not talk to him as an equal from yours. You want the best thoughts—he has them.

"I'm not sure," I said, swallowing, "that this is the right moment to talk to me about philosophy. Some days I cannot bear to talk about philosophy. Some days I can. It all depends on how I feel."

"And what you drank the night

"Exactly. Variable as the shade," I said, "by the light quivering aspirin made. But this may be one of my good days; I don't know. Experiment a little in a low quiet tone. What is it you want to argue," I said, taking a large mouthful, "about?"

Pinleaf said that the complexity of any system of philosophy was such that nobody could hope to sum it up in brief arguable form.

"Not even you?" I said.

"Not even I."

"The situation must be serious. My heart bleeds," I said, "for the poor argument-starved philosophers who have to sit about talking of Free Trade or the classification of vertebrata."

"No, it's simply that they have to argue about single points, not the whole system. Look at NIETZSCHE. Look at KANT."

"Which one of those had the moustache?"

"NIETZSCHE had a moustache," admitted Pinleaf, a little taken aback, "but I am not aware that it affected his philosophy."

"Then," I declared, "you are living in a fool's paradise. A moustache like that—if you mean the moustache I mean—and I don't see how there can be two—"

"Then there's HAECKEL," Pinless went on rapidly, "and Natürlicke Schöpfungsgeschichte."

"They argue about that?"

"Among other things."

"Often?"

"Well, it came out in 1868. Since

"Down the years," I reflected aloud,

"philosophers have been constantly arguing about that. Well, well. I hear them in imagination, faint, far-off, perennial, hissing at intervals like a flock of geese. Would you be so good as to say the title again?"

Pinleaf obliged.

"Thank you," I said, nodding.
"You don't suppose they got round it by saying occasionally 'X' or 'the book under discussion,' or 'old man HARCKEL's latest opus,' or even 'you know what'? No, philosophers would scorn schösche schöpter-such subterfuges. The full salvo or nothing, and clean towels for all."

Pinleaf said, not without truth, that I was quibbling, and resumed his efforts to educate me in the methods of thought while his potatoes cooled

in their morass.

"It is important for every man in the modern world to-day," he boomed, putting down his fork and getting a grip on his coat-lapel, "to be able to cope with any new thing in the domain of ideas, however unexpected.

"Not only in the domain of ideas."

"Well, perhaps not, but-"Take post-offices," I said. "Post-offices are unexpected. Time and again I have walked past a post-office not expecting anybody to come out, and someone always has. Post-offices are like that. Something in the air, I suppose, stimulating.

"I see no reason to drag post-offices into this discussion," Pinleaf said coldly. "It does not seem to me

that post-offices

"To an old post-office fan like myself, post-offices are sacrosanct. One word against post-offices-

"I'm sorry," said Pinleaf hastily. Nothing-

Over my dead body will you spurn

"Yes, yes. I've said I'm sorry." I s "I accept your apology," I said.
"Perhaps I was a little hasty. But it does make my blood boil when postoffices-- Do you know, I once met a man who told me that years ago, alone in London, penniless, forlorn, he was befriended by a small unassuming post-office in the S.E. 22 district, with the result that he is now the life and soul of the cook's galley on the aircraftcarrier Spurious.

"Remarkable," said Pinleaf re-

signedly.

"I sympathise with you," I said. "But the trouble is that you always start trying to educate me. I'm sure there are others you might be able to do good to. Try the waiter. Waiter!"

The waiter, a beetle-browed man with a sardonic expression, approached.

'My friend," I said, "is anxious to know how well up you are in modern systems of thought.

Raising one eyebrow and lowering the other, the waiter examined Pinleaf for some moments. Then he observed darkly in a deep bass: "You may well ask," straightened a spoon and sidled

Pinleaf said sadly that it might be my day for talking about philosophy. but it didn't seem to be his.

Without Comment.

"VILE WHISPERS ABOUT YOUNG WIFE: FULL DETAILS." Newspaper Poster.

"THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN SINGLE BUT FOR THIS ADVERTISEMENT. Furniture Co.'s Advt.

Isn't it rather unkind to rub it in?

"DERBY'S 'NO' TO ASTON VILLA'S INQUIRY FOR CROOKS. News Headline.

And quite right too!

"Loather armchairs, 20s. 10s. 5d." From a "Bargain" Column.

And the little bear said, "Who's been sitting in MY chair?"



"I DO HOPE THIS DANCE DOESN'T BECOME FASHIONABLE."

Foggy Conversation.

"Hammersmith!" I cried to the crawling taxi-driver, bounding out of the swirling blackness of the fog into the still darker interior of his cab

No doubt," observed a rich voice at my side, "the driver will be happy at some later period in the day to convey you to Hammersmith, but for the moment he has his orders to proceed to Golders Green. It is true he does not expect

to get there, but at least he is willing to try."
"I beg your pardon," I said stiffly. "I had no idea that
this taxi was already engaged. I will get out at once."

The stranger laid a detaining hand upon my arm.
"I beg of you," he said, "not to incommode yourself. Pray avail yourself of the shelter of this vehicle for as long as you may wish. I shall be glad of your company."
"You are very kind, Sir," I returned, not to be outdone

in courtesy, "but you forget; our paths do not lie together. I must to Hammersmith, you to Golders Green.'

"I had not forgotten. But consider. Where were you, if

I may ask, when you boarded this vehicle?"
"Where was I? I was in the Charing Cross Road—though I hardly recognised it, I must say, with all the alterations.

"Alterations?" asked the stranger gently

"They've widened it, you know, and cleared all the

bookshops away.'

'Ah! so you were lost even before you joined my cab. How much worse, then, would be your case if you were to leave it now! You would have no notion-not even an incorrect one-where you were."

"I could ask the driver.

"I fear," he said gravely, "he would be unable to tell you. I asked him a similar question shortly before your arrival, and he said Piccadilly Circus. We ran into the statue to make sure. It seemed to be George the Third." I thought about this in silence for a while.

"But you still think," I asked at last, "that you are

likely to get to Golders Green?'

"I have unbounded confidence in the perseverance of our driver. Already nearly two hours have passed since he picked me up in Trafalgar Square, and see how doggedly he keeps at his task. Many men would have given up long ago. But not he. He is a trier. He would go on, I think, for days and days—if necessary until the fog lifts—rather than give up. And meanwhile here I sit in comfort and security, impelled by forces outside my own volition, instead of tramping the dank streets with no certainty of ultimate succour and harassed all the time by the constant necessity of making fresh decisions. Surely you, a man of sensibility and discretion, would not dream of making so disadvantageous an exchange?

"Then what do you suggest?"

"I suggest that you afford me the benefit of your company as far as Golders Green. It will be a long journey, certainly, but at the end of it you will at least be assured of a conveyance to take you to Hammersmith. What do you say?"

It seemed churlish to refuse such pressing hospitality, and moreover it would need an effort of will of which I felt hardly capable to vacate this haven of refuge sooner than was ebsolutely necessary. I reflected that I could easily pursue my journey by Underground from Golders Green. if we should chance to get so far. "Golders Green it is!" I said.

"Splendid! Even fog has its compensations. But is it not extraordinary," he continued more gravely, "that science, with all the resources at its disposal, has not yet discovered a way of putting an end to so inconvenient and uneconomic an occurrence

"Inconvenient, certainly," I agreed, "but how uneconomic exactly?

My dear sir, surely you must be aware that fog costs the country-I forget how many hundreds of thousands

of pounds a year? A colossal sum."
"I've read such statements—yes; but I can't say I've ever understood them. Why does it cost the country any. thing? And where does the money go to? Who is paying for to-day's fog, for instance?"

"Business, my dear sir, Business. Appointments are not kept. Contracts lost. Enormous sums involved."

Yes, yes. I've read about that too. But what does it mean? Can't they do their business over the telephone? And even if they can't, why is the contract lost? Somebody gets it, surely? Or do you mean to tell me that a man who is all ready to sign on the dotted line for a million tons of tapioca this afternoon won't be willing to hear of the stuff to-morrow, out of pique or something?

"Possibly, possibly. Markets fluctuate, you know."

"But even so the only result is that this tapioca man has still got his money instead of the other fellow getting it. I don't see that the country has lost anything.

"Idle money is no use to anyone," explained the stranger brusquely. "Must be kept in circulation. Mere deadweight otherwise."

"Can't it keep still even for one day without getting gangrened?" I asked sadly.

There was a pause while we watched our driver's efforts to back out of a cul-de-sac, and when we resumed my companion had thought of a new line.

"The theatres, now," he said. "They lose heavily in

foggy weather.

Yes, and we keep the money they would have got safely in our pockets. Or rather," I went on hurriedly, "we don't. We probably put it into circulation in other ways-by buying cough-medicine and whisky and warmer woollies. Why, I dare say there are people who depend entirely on fog for their livelihood. Fog-signal manufacturers, for instance; they would have a pretty thin time if the sun was You've got to balance their receipts always shining. against the theatre-people's losses, haven't you?'

Hopeless trying to explain things to some people," he muttered.

I got a bit worked up. I said, "It's all a lot of infernal

nonsense, this talk about the cost of fog. Some people may lose money and some people gain money, but it doesn't cost the country anything. The whole business is just another part of this silly statistics craze. A lot of stupid figures that don't mean a thing. It's all ballyhoo," I said.

Conversation was rather desultory after that, until about an hour-and-a-half later the driver opened a door and

poked his head in. Golders Green," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Couldn't mistake it, Sir," he grinned.
"Better make certain," said the stranger, and, stepping lightly from the cab, vanished immediately into the surrounding gloom.

I had a sort of sinking feeling. "Hi!" I shouted, and took a couple of rapid paces after him. But the driver was too quick for me.

"You'll never find him in this, Sir," he said.

I wasn't sure that finding him mattered so much as starting to look, but you can't explain that kind of thing to taxi-drivers. So instead I struck a match and held it up to the meter. It seemed to me to register hundreds of thousands of pounds.

"Well, anyway," I said to myself as I took out my wallet, "it doesn't cost the country anything." H. F. E.

Aftermath.

"IMPERIAL CÆSAR, dead and turn'd to clay," I remarked to Edith, "might stop a hole to keep the wind away...." I am shocked to see that you have used the window-portrait of our new Member of Parliament to cover the ventilator in the pantry. Quite apart from the obvious consideration that a face like that is likely to turn the milk sour and demoralise the Gorg—I mean the Stilton, I wanted to preserve it."

"We've got enough rubbish lying about as it is," said Edith. "Why do you want to keep Colonel Coddlewell's

"One day," I said thoughtfully, "Colonel Coddlewell might be Prime Minister, and then this memento of his first Election would be valuable. If he speaks in Parliament with the same vigour that he spoke at his meetings he should go far. . . ."

I removed a piece of butter tenderly from his moustache and trimmed his edges with a pair of scissors.

"You know perfectly well he will never be Prime Minister," said Edith, "and don't think you are the only one who can quote poetry. What does OMAR say about people like Colonel Coddlewell when the election is over? Like foolish Prophets forth; their words to Scorn are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust!"

"That is surely more applicable to the defeated Candidates," I replied. "You don't suggest that when Colonel Coddlewell finds himself sitting, with the aid of your vote and mine, in the House of Commons, he will forget all about us?"

"OMAR knew the type," said Edith:
"Some little talk awhile of Me and
Thee'—that's during the Election—
'there was—and then no more of Thee
and Me.'"

"But what about all the promises in his Election Address?" I argued, looking reproachfully at Colonel Coddlewell's smile, which now (possibly because of the smear of butter) looked slightly calls.

slightly false.

"OMAR knew all about Election Addresses," said Edith scornfully.
"He sums them up neatly when he says: 'The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd, who rose before us and as prophets burn'd, are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep, they told their comrades'—that means the voters—'and to Sleep return'd.'"

I too had peeped into the copy of the Rubdiydt that Uncle George gave us last year, and that this year will pass on into Great-uncle Ebenezer's Christmas stocking.

"EVER TRIED OUR ONE-NIGHT COLD CURE, SIR?"
"Upportunately bides a six dites cold."

"Parliament is certainly summed up pretty well in another verse," I said: "'Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, Great and Small, that stood along the floor and by the wall; and some loquacious Vessels were; and some . . . listen'd perhaps but never talked at all.'"

"That describes Colonel Coddlewell to a T," said Edith; "so I assure you there's no need to keep that portrait of him in the hope that it will eventually be sold at SOTHEBY'S for an enormous sum."

I tore a large strip from the window-

card and lighted my pipe with it. And Colonel Coddlewell seemed to be saying, as the strong aroma of my tobacco filled the room: "Ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare of Vintage shall fling up into the air, as not a Truebeliever passing by but shall be over taken unaware."

"OXFORD IN THE ARCTIC."

Heading of Newspaper Article.

We wondered where they had got to since they were seen passing Hammersmith in April.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From Herbert Pinhigh, J.P., Roughover. 19th October, 1935.

DEAR SIR,—Now that the Season is over, might I ask why you are starting those ghastly renovations in the Clubhouse? Surely we Residents, who have had to tolerate the Visitors all summer, are entitled to a little bit of peace?

I should have thought the least you could do would be to leave things

as they were until March, when the spring-cleaning upheaval is due. Yours faithfully,

HERBERT PINHIGH, J.P.

P.S.—I refer particularly to the painting and varnishing of the entrance-hall and the retreading of the back-stairs.

From Vernon Slicer, The Dovecot, Roughover.

22/10/35.

Dear Sir,—What have you been doing in the Club bathroom? Since the plumber and tiler have gone the sound the bath-water makes when it rushes down the waste is perfectly revolting.

Kindly attend to this matter immediately.

Yours faithfully,

V. SLICER.

From Admiral Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

Dear Sir,—Now that you have got this Renovation mania again might I call your attention to the state of the telephone receiver? The mouthpiece is not fit to be used and you should get the Post-Office to put in a new one.

It is all due to Commander
Harrington Nettle's long-distance calls
to his brother in Geneva.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Angus McWhigg, Glenfarg, Rough-

23rd October, 1935.

Dear Sir,—Kindly tell that fool of a slater not to leave his ladder up against the roof just outside the front-door of the Club. I had no option but to walk under it when I went out to play golf this morning, and it brought me the most appalling bad luck.

Yours faithfully, ANGUS McWHIGG.

P.S.—My ball at the third was in a

rabbit-scrape and I missed an 18-inch putt on the 13th green, to lose my match and half-a-crown.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), at the Cottage Hospital, Roughover. (Fractured leg.) 23/10/35.

Sir,—Although I am still in this confounded place (owing to your gross negligence), it does not prevent me from bringing to your notice a most disgraceful incident which occurred in the Club House the day before yesterday; for the Rev. Cyril Brassie has just



OLD STARS RETURNED.

This picture shows some of the brighter stars, all of a marked red colour, that have long been invisible, but will be above the horizon, as seen from Westminster every evening, commencing on Dec. 3.

[Mr. Shinwell, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Ammon and Miss Ellen Wilkinson.]

been in and told me that the new member, Frank Dodder, has had his coat absolutely ruined by the new paint on the front-door.

Dodder has presumably hesitated to complain—

- (a) Because the House-Steward has probably lied to him and said the "Wet Paint" notice blew away;
- (b) Because he is cowed by your intolerable and overbearing manner.

I have therefore taken it on myself to see that justice is done, and unless you replace his damaged garment

within the next three days there will be trouble.

Yours faithfully, L. NUTMEG.

From Anthony Olders, Crimea House, Roughover.

23/10/35.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—Since I joined the Club in 1888 the stuffed gannet which was killed by Lord Charles Fore with the old gutty-ball in 1892 has already had four new beaks and five new bodies. As therefore you seem to be in the middle of renova-

tions, etc., I trust you will not think me out of place in reminding you that it is now due for a

new beak.

It could also do with a new pair of legs, as Admiral Stymie took the left one the other day to clean out the bowl of his pipe. I think this was a most highhanded action, and you should bring the matter to the notice of the Committee.

Yours faithfully, Anthony Olders.

From Ezekiel Higgs, Links Road, Roughover.

Thursday.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—It is, as you know, my daily custom to hang up my waterproof in the hall when I come up in the morning for my game of golf; and I now wish to draw your attention to the fact that on the 7th of August and on the 19th of September some person had the audacity to put a disgusting-looking Norfolk-jacket on top of it; while this morning my waterproof had actually been shifted to another peg.

Kindly find out who it is, as I wish to report him. Also, now that you are renovating, have sufficient pegs put up to accom-

modate everyone. I wish mine to be labelled "Private."

Yours faithfully, E. Higgs.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover.

MY DEAR WHELK,—Thank you for forwarding on the letters from those grumbling idiots. I have never heard such bare-faced drivelling impudence as their writing and bothering you like

I have, however, already taken the matter up with Slicer, who, you will be glad to hear, has decided to resign



"Now let me see-it 'appened just when I was changing from the Mablene to the Greta accent."

because of the way I spoke to him. (The fellow is a cad in any case. He once drank some beer out of my glass in the bar, and, although he said it was a mistake, that was all my eye.) I have also given Higgs a severe rap over the knuckles with my niblick for his effort, so I don't think he will worry you any more.

he

I

I shall of course be speaking to Stymie, Pinhigh, McWhigg, Nutmeg and Olders and giving them a bit of my mind and perhaps something more during the next few days.

While I am Captain I intend seeing you have a better time than the dog's life you led with Ralph Viney.

Yours very sincerely,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—Before I forget and while on the subject of renovations, kindly attend to the following immediately:—

(a) Get a larger size port-glass for the bar.

(b) Have that revolting broken eye-tooth of yours attended to.

(c) Get the greenkeeper to dig out the bunker at the 10th to double the depth; also to make an enormous bunker just off the 11th tee. I want both these items done so as to annoy and intimidate Stymie. We will tell the Green Committee after the work is done.

(d) Order bigger port-glasses.

(e) Trace and remove the SMELL from your office. It seems to me to be a mixture of liquorice, fox and hot rickshaw coolies.

(f) Have your hair cut more often. Also, why can you not get a decent razor and so stop coming to the Club in the morning with all those vulgar bits of sticking-plaster on? Last Friday you might have been a game-keeper who had received a charge of No. 8's full in the face; and when I see you like that it quite puts me off my Burmah cheroots.

(g) Get larger port-glasses for the

P.S. 2.—If you are bothered by any more fatuous letters, do not hesitate to let me know immediately.

G. C. N.

Whose Zoo?

"Prince Leopard, afterwards Leopard 1. of the Belgians."—Gossip Column.

The Hippogriff.

The average man or woman, if
Confronted by a hippogriff,
Must count his chances of success
As very, very small;
And so how fortunate it is
The hippogriff for centuries
Has been extinct, and so the point
Does not arise at all.

"Sometimes the sleeves stop three-quarters of the way down, something always happens to soften and widen the sleeve."

Fashion Chat.

Getting in the soup, usually.

"So great has been the popularity of the ls. call after 7 p.m. that in one ear there has been an increase in such calls of 120,000." News Item.

Not, we thank Heaven, in ours.

"Applications from bona-fide journalists, whether staff men," free-lances, newspaper men," or press photographers, will be welcomed.

*Under the Rules, man embraces woman."

From an Advt.

Rules be blowed.

P. R.; or, Standing For Oxford.

I.

AND, by the way, many thanks to the Electors. This is probably a breach with tradition; it may, for all we know, be a Corrupt Practice. But we will risk it. So many thanks to the Electors, without whose assistance, after all, the Candidate would never become a MEMBER.

Thanks, too, to all the—as it were—stage-hands. These, it seems to us, seldom receive due recognition at a General Upheaval. Votes of thanks to yelling crowds from the balconies of Town Halls, but I never heard of a

vote of thanks to all the willing citizens who sit in draughty schoolrooms and check the votinglists, who cart the ballotboxes about and count the electorate by fifties in caves.

Especial thanks are earned by those who mind the machinery of a constituency where everything is done by post and according to the rites of Proportional Representation. For they have the labour (a) of sending out many thousands of votingpapers to the wrong addresses; (b) of opening the envelopes of the quite numerous electors who, by some miraculous chance, receive their voting-papers and record their votes; (c) of sorting the papers not

simply into Blacks and Whites but into sub-divisions of preference, such as "Black (1) White (2)"—"Green (1) Black (2)"; and (d) of having to do some really disgusting arithmetic. All this being remembered, the fact that our Result was declared two hours after the closing of the poll may justly be the cause of pride among the workers, and now receives our public acknowledgment. Also, by the way, it says something for the system of postal voting.

The Counting. What an ordeal! We have suffered the agonies of numerous "first-nights," but this beat all. At a "first-night" the author can always lurk at the back of the dress-circle, and, if the show looks like a "flop," withdraw for consolation into the bar. But, by an unaccountable oversight, there

is no bar at the Old Clarendon Buildings, Oxford.

The long table is cleared for action. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, courteous and lucid, explains the course and meaning of the mysteries which are to be performed. About him sit the Registrar and his assistants, and the representatives of the four Candidates, all gowned except the infamous Haddock, who never took his degree* and has not even a hat.

Of the Candidates, whom we will call Blue, White, Red and Haddock, only Red and Haddock are present.

From secret cupboards they take the bundles of votes and dump them on the table. They begin alarmingly with four heaps, castles, mountains of "Blue-

Pievue Sievue

OUR VILLAGE THEATRICALS.

"Ho! so you spurns my hoffer to make you my duchess?"

Whites," that is, of papers on which the less intelligent Bachelors of Arts have marked <u>BLUE 1</u> (first preference) and <u>WHITE 2</u>. It seems that all the graduates in the world have voted in this extraordinary way. We murmur to our Agent, "What a hope!" He whispers, "Never mind. I think you may save your deposit."

But now they are taking out our little I's. There is one goodly pile, but against the great masses of "Blue-Whites" it looks anæmic. "White's" personal pile, though, is even less impressive.

By fifties, the acolytes count the "Blue-Whites—five hundred, five-fifty . . . one thousand, one thousand and fifty . . . three thousand . . . four thousand seven hundred and fifty On he goes, relentless . . . five thou-

sand . . . six thousand . . . seven thousand . . . Our presence is ridiculous. We must have lost our deposit, our dear little, or rather our large £150. We heard the other day that one of the dons had started a "book" about our losing our deposit. Well, well, good luck to him!

For though, no doubt, innumerable gallant Bachelors and Masters of Arta have given us their second preference that will not save our deposit. Indeed, by the bizarre provisions of the Representation of the People Act, if all the 22,000 electors did that it would not save our deposit. For to do that one must receive not (as in the ordinary Election) one-eighth of the votes polled, nor even one-eighth of the votes reck-

oned in the final count, but one-eighth of the first preferences.

This must be the most absurd provision in any Franchise Act. For the whole point of "P.R." is that, though you have only one vote, you have two or three choices, and your second (or third) preference may in the end be the effective expression of your vote; in other words, in the final reckoning your "2" or "3" may become a "1"; and thousands of the votes recorded in the "result" began as hum-ble "2's" and "3's." It is ridiculous, therefore, to assess the acceptability of a Candidate by the number of "I's" he receives.

If we had known that this was the law ten thousand wild horses tethered in a line would not have been able to urge us towards the Returning Officer on nomination-day. But the thing is done; and here we are. One consolation is that our £150 will be forfeited to the University and not, as usual, to the Crown. And that naughty betting don will be happy. But now they have counted the "1's."

Blue . . . 7365 Haddock . . 3390 Red . . . 2683 White . . . 1803

Good gracious! we are second. And the total of the votes cast is 15,241; and eight times 3 is 24, so that the little old deposit is safe! But, goodness, what about poor White? How much is eight 8's? . . . 57. No, no, that can't be right. It isn't. We

^{*} He has penitently done this now.

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"HAS POLLY GOT A COLD?"

calculate that White should have 1905 first preferences. But he has only 1803. So he will lose his deposit. seems unfair and ridiculous; and when he is in Parliament he must do something about it.* For elected, surely, he will be. Look at those mountains of second preferences—those "Blue-White" mountains.

They are now attempting some truly repulsive arithmetic; and everyone in the room is doing sums-except the infamous Haddock, who is incapable

We are not even sure that we can explain what they are trying to do.

The votes cast number 15,241. There are two seats to be filled; and they will go to the first two Candidates who score one-third plus 1 of the total votes—that is, 5,081; for it is obvious that three Candidates cannot do this. This figure is called the "quota."

Now, Blue has his quota already, and he is declared elected. But he has a surplus of-what is it? Well, do it yourself-

Blue . 7365 Quota . 5081 2284

* We had heard that it was possible for a candidate to be elected, yet lose his deposit; but this, we are assured, is not correct.

I make it 2,284. And, according to the principles of "P.R.," it is unfair that those 2,284 votes should not be effective, and so large a body of opinion be represented solely by the election of Blue.

So they take the second preferences indicated on Blue's papers and distribute a fraction of them among White, Red and Haddock. Not all of them, mark you, because this would mean that some of the chaps were getting two votes. Each chap has only one vote, but it is transferable. So they calculate first what number of votes ought to be transferred to White, having regard to (a) the number of his second preferences and (b) the size of Blue's surplus. (Is that clear?) And how they do that we have no more notion than the Man-in-the-Moon.

Indeed, at this point, we tell you frankly, we had ceased to take any serious interest in the proceedings. For, whatever the answer to the sum might be, it must, we thought (with an eye on those mountains), be a figure sufficient to give White his quota and take him in. We had saved our honour and our deposit; and meanwhile it was pleasant to sit and watch the dons doing sums.

A soothing silence filled the room. From time to time someone would say,

"I make it 1,416." Another would murmur, "1,417." And from another corner came, "1,418. But what's your fraction?" It was all like a pleasant family party busy at a word-game or puzzle. We felt a little like the guest who has come in late and is not in the game; and from time to time we whispered, we confess, to our Agent, "What exactly is going on?" Indeed, we remember the following passage of dialogue:

The Independent National Candidate (whispering). What do you make it? The I.N.C.'s Agent (ditto). Two

thousand and three.

The I.N.C. Is that right? The Agent. No.

The Registrar (with justifiable severity). S-sh! How can we multiply if people whisper?

(Collapse of Independent National Candidate—and quite right too.)

(Another thrilling instalment next week.) . M. P. H.

A Treat in Store for Good Scouts.

"NEXT WORLD JAMBOREE." Daily Paper.

> "RINGS FOR DUCE." Midland Paper.

The trouble is the fellow won't answer the bell.

[&]quot;OH NO. I'M EXPECTING MAJOR BLOODGOOD TO TEA."

Forty Years Off.

WE are all only too familiar with manuals of behaviour of a century and more ago which humorous sociologists reprint for our entertainment. "Rummy pedantic old things, those great-grandmothers and great-grand-fathers of ours!" we say as we read.
"Fancy putting up with instructions like those!" But a code of conduct as commended to the girls of a school not a hundred miles from London as recently as 1895, which has just been shown to me, proves that for the purpose of demoding an almost mushroom period and of endowing it with an antiquated air, events can be as powerful as the passage of time. For in the matter of time, 1895 is nothing. Just forty years ago. But in those forty years the telephone has spread, motor-cars have come in, the movies have come in, the talkies have come in, universal suffrage has come in, the Great War has been fought and very largely forgotten, road-houses have come in, jazz has come in, "O.K." has come in, bathing-pools have come in, crime fiction has come in, a women's cricket team has toured Australia, and smoking is universal. That is why some of these rules, so gentle and sensible in 1895, look to-day so venerable and out of date that they might have been drawn up a century before.

It was apparently worth while pointing out, in 1895, that in the corridors and on the stairs a girl should be "quiet"; that in the library she should choose the book that will "instruct rather than amuse"; that in the bed-room she should be "silent while dressing"; that she should there "let devotion precede other duties," and in bed "commune with her own heart and be still." For behaviour in the library there is still one other rule which I like very much. "Criticisms," it runs, "however valuable, not to be written in the books. Freehand sketches to be avoided." "However valuable" is excellent. "It is a mark of refinement," the section ends, "to be able to read a book without injuring it."

In 1895 the following sententiæ on daily life were worth setting forth:—

MEALS

Never allow yourself to be hurried. Do not drink with your mouth full. Make no allusion whatever to health.

WALKS.

No Lady ever speaks in a loud voice or laughs loudly when out of doors.

GARDEN

Do not loiter about aimlessly; be energetic even in recreation.

SUNDAYS.

Conversation may be cheerful and pleasant, but not frivolous.

PERSONAL.

Talk of things rather than of persons. It is better to intend to be courteous than merely not to intend to be rude.

Other times, other manners; and it is possible that a satisfactory wife may still be obtained by a young man, although she was at a school where she sang or whistled on the stairs, chose DORNFORD YATES rather than THOMAS A KEMPIS, brushed her hair before praying, chattered while dressing and in bed, ate too quickly, drank with her mouth full, talked about her indigestion, shouted and laughed loudly out-of-doors, loafed by the rose-beds, often forgot it was Sunday, discussed people rather than things and rarely preferred justness to malice.

No one is perfect, and, as I say, a young man of the moment may find his wife adequate although she breaks all the 1895 rules. But when it comes to writing letters it seems to me that the advice drawn up by this seaside school (now a hundred years old) so long ago, yet still handed out to every girl at letter-writing time, could not be improved.

LETTER WRITING.

All that we say in writing must be true, useful and kind.

TRUE.—Stating facts without adding or withholding; describing feelings without exaggeration.

USEFUL.—Looking well to our motives: we should be clear why we state a fact, and why and how we describe our feelings. Our letters must influence.

KIND.—Placing ourselves in the position of our correspondent, in order that we please and benefit; avoiding carelessness of thought, using the best words, expressing them in the best writing.

When we sit down to write letters we should have at hand dictionary, blottingpaper, and the last letters from home.

The home letter should be written first.

We should give all the pleasure we can by our letters.

See that the address and signature are legible.

Since personality is taken for granted, I fail to see anything missing there. But I fancy that many of the letters are not so long as they should be, or used to be, and that the superior advantages of the telephone are often in the writers' minds.

E. V. L.

The Motorist's Apology for His Coat.

Five times has winter, shouting "Fore!"

Borne down on mead and moat

Since first with frowning pride I wore

This well-loved leather coat.

There's rust and chalk and soil in it,
And pints and pints of oil in it,
But how I used to toil in it!

I have a right to gloat.

To change this doughty coat, my friend.

I see no mortal reason; The female gaze I shall offend For still another season.

My household know this coat must nor Be traded (like my pants) For something frondous in a pot— Some outcast among plants. I'd spurn a Burnham beech for it! Let pesky pedlars screech for it;

I'll spill verse, prose and speech for it,
I'll chant full-swelling chants,
I never could withstand the sight
Of potted vegetation.

My coat's unique; it's only right To save it for the nation.

Let GILBEY face a fresh relapse,
Let tramps go hot and cold;
I like its straps and zips and flaps,
Its pockets manifold.
There may be cuts and slits in it;
There may be burned-out bits in it;
I drove to Biarritz in it;

I shocked the Coast of Gold.

This stain, I see, dismays your eye—
That's Frankfurt (Nineteen-thirty).
Go, hymn on high the spruce and

I sing the old and dirty!

A Protest.

I MAY say at once that I am a regular and enthusiastic cinema-goer. For years the directors of Hollywood and Elstree have been receiving support and encouragement from my weekly or even bi-weekly two-and-fourpence, and now I think it is time that they did something for me in return. I have a protest to launch, and I trust that it will find its way to the ears of those who have offended against me.

I am a Professional Reader of Character from Handwriting. From your most casually-scribbled signature I can deduce the fact that you have a mother-fixation or an inhibition with regard to eating oysters. From a cursory examination of the walls of a public telephone-booth I can discover that that particular telephone has been used by a murderer, a Welsh



Friend. "What's the meaning of this?"

Comedian. "New part, Laddie. Unless I live in a suit for a few days I can't act naturally in it."

miner and a Methodist minister. Perhaps you may recall the famous occasion on which I tracked down the notorious thief Robwell from a pig that he had drawn with his eyes shut on a blotter at a bank. At any rate, I have a great gift in this way, and, as you may imagine, it makes life a very interesting and entertaining affair.

But it has its disadvantages, the chief of which lies in its application to the cinema, as I am about to explain. I refer to the notes received by one character in a movie from another, which are flashed upon the screen to enlighten the audience as to their contents. For example, the stern and unforgiving husband, who has been represented as a mere human automaton, utterly without humour or feeling, writes to his erring wife, who has run away to Monte Carlo with a handsome young officer:—

"You need never attempt to enter my house again. To me and to my children you are dead for ever."

To the unenlightened members of the audience this letter shows a perfectly satisfactory spirit. To me it indicates that the writer is a lover of practical jokes, an efficient performer on the mouth-organ, and an amateur tamer of white mice. Thus the whole character of the aristocratic and otherwise convincingly steely husband disintegrates, as it were, before my eyes.

An even worse situation is created by a note from the adorable young heroine to her lover in answer to a request for a meeting:—

"When I am ready to see you this evening I will drop a white rose from my balcony."

Imagine my horror when I discover from this epistle that this frail blonde-haired beauty has been at various times in her career an agricultural labourer, a furniture-remover and a heavyweight boxing-champion, and that she is, moreover, of the male sex. How can I possibly take any further interest in her amorous adventures after this rude shattering of my illusions? Decidedly it is too much to bear.

And this complaint applies to all written matter appearing on the screen. I have seen passionate excerpts from the diary of an ingénue: "I love him!

How I love him! This is the happiest day of my life!" which were obviously written by a middle-aged man suffering from severe gout. I have seen peremptory messages from a General: "At all costs hold the fort till I come.—MOUNT-PLATITUDE"—which bore in every letter the mark of an imperfectly-educated stenographer with an inferiority complex.

The unselfish suicide may be supposed to have written:—

"I did it for Mary. Let her build upon the ruins of my life a new life of her own. It is better so."

But I can easily see that the man who wrote this is a confirmed misogynist, and I find it difficult to believe that he would so much as give up his seat in the Tube for a woman.

Therefore I protest. Loudly, firmly and persistently I protest against this wilful inconsistency on the part of film directors. And if they make no response to my plea for more suitable specimens of handwriting I will secure samples of their own handwriting and publish an analysis of their characters. And it will serve them right.



"A Woman of Fashion's Anxiety."

(After George Wither.)

SHALL I in complete despair
Dye my thin and greying hair
To a shade more pale and rare
Than with nature could compare?
Though it's popular to-day,
Still, one never knows, it may
Change in fashion. Then I'd be
Blonded for eternity.

Shall I pluck my eyebrows too,
For it seems the thing to do?
Will it alter every feature,
Make me quite a different creature?
Will it look as though my eyes
Gazed at life with blank surprise?
Will my eyebrows grow again?
Will it cause a lot of pain?

Shall I diet to get slim,
Dash the food from the plate's brim,
Or will figures that are portly
Be returning very shortly?

Will my dressmaker be kind To my size and shape behind? Will the inches round my bust Matter when I'm dead and dust?

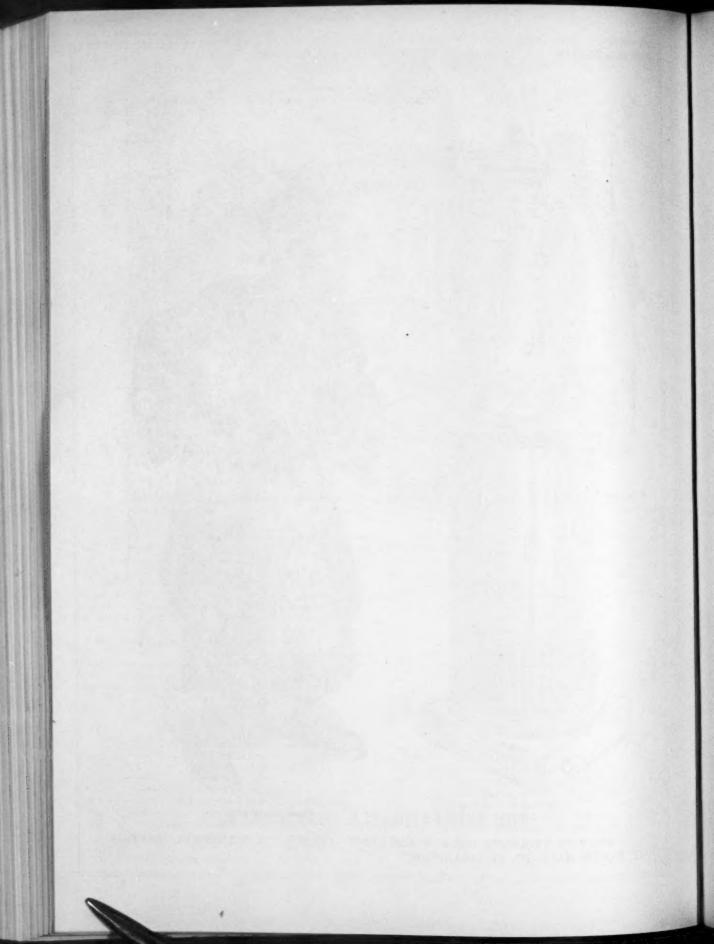
Shall my face uplifted be?
Is it worth the awful fee
Just to feel a few years younger
Coupled with a sexual hunger?
Could I go to Hollywood
With that face and still feel good?
Is it vital to romance
That my features should entrance?

To be slim and chic and fair,
Daubed with rouge, with golden hair—
Do you think I'll still look funny?
Is it worth the time and money,
All the work and all the pain
Trying to be young again?
Well, it's good for trade, and so
To the beauty-shops I'll go.



THE INDEFATIGABLE CONNOISSEUR.

"WHAT AN EXQUISITE PIECE OF NAN-KING! AND WHAT A DELIGHTFUL ADDITION IT WOULD MAKE TO MY COLLECTION!"





"OF COURSE WE GO FLAT OUT FOR THE EGO HERE."

Meeney's Motto.

When Mullinabeg's one and only house-decorator mounted his ladder and marked out two parallel lines high up on the outside wall of Mr. Meeney's licensed shop the interest of those who had watched every stage in the long process of renovation grew even more intense. When, a little later, he drew, with infinite care and between those lines, the letter "S" the onlookers settled themselves in a more sheltered position and waited for further developments.

In a place like Mullinabeg, where the printing of advice in political matters upon walls and roadways alike has hitherto been done surreptitiously, it was a rare treat to watch words taking shape, letter by letter, in the full light of day. Not that the ahape they took meant anything whatever to the spectators; and when the hard-working draughtsman paused at what was obviously the end of the first word there was a forward surge

on the part of the questioning onlookers. At the same time there was an indignant request from the painter that a little more care be exercised in avoiding any sudden collision with the ladder on which, as he said, he was "cocked upon three hairs."

'I don't know anny more nor yourselves," he said irritably, "what significance he has in it, but that's what he wrote out on paper an' that's what I may folly now, an' no thanks to 'There's no one can put a bad consthruction upon that motta only yourself,' he says, 'an' God help you if you do,' says he." Cautiously the painter looked over his shoulder. "Isn't it bad enough," he said haughtily, "to have the whole of ye wid your eyes on sticks surveyin' everything I do an' sayin' over every letther I write like a lot of snakes hissin' widout tormentin' me for the meanin' of it as well?

Then, grasping more firmly his thick short pencil and allowing the tip of his tongue to emerge once again from the right-hand corner of his mouth, he

began operations on the second and final word, adding a full-stop that for definiteness would be hard to beat. "There it is for ye now, body an' sleeves," he said, "an' if it's anny addition to ye I'll be more nor suprised; but it's the first writin' on a Mullinabeg wall that hadn't an 'Ur' in it somewhere." And, veiled though the meaning of the motto might be, he looked at it with pardonable pride, for the letters were well formed and regularly spaced, and, when filled in with black paint, the words would be visible at some distance—the two mysterious words

SEMPER IDEM.

One by one, likely translations of the motto were offered, only to be rejected; but when a Civic Guard joined the group and made no effort to interfere with the writer, his for bearance was accepted as proof positive that the words had no political significance.

Mr. Meeney's insistence upon a foreign language was strongly con-



Daughter. "Darlings, this is my husband, Tony Borrowsky. He won't understand a word you say. Just look pleased."

demned after a passing member of the infant's class had assured the watchers that the words had nothing to do with the Gaelic tongue. "They're too aisy said," he explained simply if somewhat optimistically.

This knocked the bottom out of Marty Scally's belief that the short phrase was the Irish equivalent of Come in, or Shut the door after you. He had wavered between the two as being equally suitable for Meeney's shop. "Couldn't he have wrote something in a langwidge we know," he complained, "like Bona fides?"

Audible repetitions of the unfamiliar words reminded one man irresistibly of a white farinaceous substance recently purchased by his wife for the tempting of her mother's appetite. "It had the resemblance of that motta," he said, and sent a small boy home for the packet so that the words might be compared. But the name was Semolina. "I knowed well there was a sem," he said in self-defence, "an' I knowed well there was an EYE;" and, reverting hurriedly to a half-

forgotten grievance, he went on: "For the matther of that she wouldn't persevere wid it, for she's woeful choicey about her diet. 'I wouldn't ate it for the universe,' she says, an' nothin' would accommodate her but a rale flahool of a dinner, the same as we had ourselves, an' she had a like to die." But this domestic history was beside the point, and the debate was resumed.

It was Marty Scally who consented at last to go into the shop and ask Mr. Meeney straight out what the motto meant. "It's ten chances to one he'll go into a sort of a reserve," he said gloomily, "for he never was one for too much talk."

They were all watching for Marty when he came out, but his expression was not encouraging, and as he passed his friends he waved his hand airily towards the motto. "He says it manes 'Mind your own business an' I'll mind mine,' "he told them coldly. "He says ye were always the same."

The onlookers went home.

D. M. L.

Pure Umbrella.

(An Appreciation.)

To CÉZANNE his apple, to VAN GOGH his broken boot, to Mrs. LAURA KNIGHT her circus ring, and now to Jjon Bbrown (the double consonant is not a printer's error) his umbrella.

A new and at first sight an unlikely subject for an artist. One neglected, perhaps unperceived by every artist of the first rank in all the previous

history of Art.

One wonders why, after seeing the exhibition of this young artist's work at the De Gampe studios. One realises with an agreeable shock the instant appeal that the broad bellying sweep of the umbrella-profile (more or less a distorted hyperbola intersected by a series of delicate cateneries where the silk dips between the framework) should have for the modern eye. The colours too—that tart yet sombre green-black of the umbrella-masculine, those unsentimental browns, pungent slate-blues, indeterminate elephants

of the umbrella-feminine—how could the Post-Impressionist pass them un-

exploited?

Yet so it was. Though CÉZANNE did for the apple in Art what NEWTON did for it in Science, demonstrating to an incredulous world its tremendous gravitating tendencies; though in the hands of the volcanic Gogh a pair of innocent old boots were suddenly made to reveal dynamic rhythms of explosive passion, yet it was left to Jjon Bbrown to paint the soul of the umbrella.

With the exception of one Still Life (consisting of a lady's blue leather handbag with an attractive cornucopian froth of scarlet handkerchiefs and jade cigarette-holders and so forth bursting from its mouth, and a pair of gauntlet gloves), the exhibition is concerned entirely with this one sub-

ject.

Considering the ingredients, the billof-fare is astonishingly varied. The artist handles pen-and-ink, watercolour and oil with equal vigour and individuality.

His Still Lifes, for instance, are as alive and as original as any I have seen for the past three years at any rate.

Of this group, I liked best the small oil, called (fancifully enough) "The Three Graces." It consisted of a transparent grey-and-white ringed umbrella, half-furled; an open one of scarlet, poised with gaiety and courage in invisible hands; and a third of an intensely sombre green, whose posture revealed an interesting intricacy of interior planes. There was a clarity of colouring in the composition—a touch of tartness in the grey and green that was most stimulating; and in the interplay of planes and contours a vigour of rhythm that made "Still Life" somewhat of a misnomer.

There are several little amusing penand-ink sketches. One in particular, in which the artist makes an original and witty comparison between the shape of a half-peeled banana and that of a badly-rolled umbrella. The subject is exceptionally well adapted to the medium, since the similarity is clearly one of contour rather than of texture. The lack of colour emphasises the likeness with epigrammatic economy.

An equally clever example of his wit is a little pencil sketch entitled "Forty Days," in which is depicted with lively fancy a queue of people waiting for a bus. Rain pours from a multitude of umbrellas tilted in all directions, forming a series of intersecting parabolic curves ending in pools at the foot of each figure. The faces of the figures are concealed by the umbrellas, but their shoulders and their coat-collars are drawn in fluid outline grotesquely



A GENTLEMAN OF THE NEAR EAST TRIES TO SATISFY HIS OFFSPRING'S DESIRE FOR THE MOON.

"Not that one, Daddy!"

expressive of a kind of malevolent patience.

Finally, those who can understand and enjoy abstract art will experience a lively pleasure in a piece in oils called "Gothic." Here the umbrella is seen in concentrated form. It is found to lend itself with peculiar ease to this form of treatment. (What, after all, could be easier to abstract than an umbrella?) Disjointed hints and patches of analysed umbrella in slate, buff, dove, blue-black and green-black, and surprisingly similar fragments of

the typical Gothic arch are combined with a fine freedom of rhythmic invention into a complex pattern that perhaps would remind the ignorant layman of a dismembered carpet, but which is in fact pure umbrella.

Wit Mr. Bbrown certainly possesses to a marked—one might almost say to a Latin degree. He has besides a very personal set of tone-values, and a very individual, not to say peculiar, cast in his eye.

Time alone can decide whether he has genius or not.

At the Play.

"TIMON OF ATHENS" (WESTMINSTER).

It is a great argument for those who hold that the theatre is and ought to be an escape from everyday life that, much as we reverence and enjoy SHAKESPEARE, we only at the rarest intervals stage and witness Timon of Athens. Why this eclipse? Can it be because Timon is all about debts and improvidence! Its characteristic cry is Timon's "Creditors . . . Devils, and so it comes nearer all our homes than more popular tragedies. We are not often tempted to claim the throne like Macbeth or to give everything away to our daughters like King Lear, but the essence of Timon's position, extravagance followed by ruin and despair, we can too well understand.

As Mr. Ernest Milton played the part, tearing many passions to tatters, Timon was not in prosperity a very attractive fellow. He looked rather like a Roman ecclesiastic of the Renaissance, but devoid of astuteness. He gave away everything in a foolish casual way, paying tribute to his own idea of himself as the magnificent man. The gifts were not really marks of

affection and cost him nothing, and he should not have taken the ingratitude he met with so much to heart.

Mr. MILTON had more to do in the second half (from Act IV. onwards in the text), where Timon has taken to a cave by the seashore. It may be true that Timon's transports of indignant misanthropy are excessive, but here they are, and his previous importance in Athens makes them important. Mr. MIL-TON was at his best playing bitterly with the Senators from Athens who come to beg him to return and organise the defence against the rebellious and advancing Alcibiades. He has a great talent for scorn.

The scholars are divided about how much of *Timon* was Shake-speare's own handiwork, and it certainly has a scrappy character, which becomes more marked towards the close. There is a sub-plot of the expulsion of *Alcibiades* (Mr. Thorin Thatcher) which must break the heart of producers who are asked to show a parley before the walls of Athens and must try to prevent the Athenians on the walls from looking like the figures in a Punch and Judy.

Over and over again this pro-

duction at the Westminster suffered from the small stage, which did not allow the dancing in balloon dresses which was



THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE (SEAT).

Apemanius . Mr. Harcourt Williams.

attempted. But a very free use of the drop-curtain (to mark change of local-



ATHENIAN FASHION-PARADE.
MORNING AND EVENING.

Exponent (Timon) MR. ERNEST MILTON.

ity and not to prepare anything fresh behind), and even of the auditorium, made possible some good fighting scenes. Where it seemed to me that illusion was needlessly sacrificed was in the cave scene. The cave was merely brought on behind the coloured marble arches of the banqueting-hall, which remained dominating the supposedly desolate scene. If they are so immovable, it would be better to have the original feasts without them.

But that was a small blemish on a spirited production, which showed many actors more than equal to their parts. The flatterers and the servants of Timon, notably his steward (Mr. Frederick Piper), lived in the play and were most convincing in their anxieties. Whether they were greedy young men or timid and old ones they supported the thesis of the play by all contriving to suggest smallness of mind, and it is much easier to be large and heroic on the Shakespearean stage.

There are no women's parts in this play, except for one or two brief appearances by abandoned gold-diggers. Perhaps in consequence it is believed that SHAKESPEARE worked at it in a passing mood of fierce general disillusionment; but such moods com-

monly visit those who seek through the theatre to provide delight or elevation for mankind.

It is a violent play and does not hang together coherently, but there is fine rich stuff in it, and the Westminster Theatre did well to give us a chance to see it done by capable hands. D. W.

"MURDER GANG" (EMBASSY).

Is it really the wish of the public that Babies-in-Band-Boxes and Torsos-in-Cloakrooms should take front-page precedence over other matters less sanguinary but of more lasting significance? Or is this precedence simply due to a short-sighted assumption on the part of a Press which professes to give the public what it wants and for practical pur-poses has decided that the public (probably too sleepy in the morning and too tired in the evening ever to protest very much) consists not of the nice patient people on whose toes we perpetually tread in the Tube, but of ravening and insatiable ghouls?

It would be an exceedingly interesting experiment if all the newspapers concerned would issue to their readers a questionnaire asking for an honest statement of opinion on the question

and enclosing in each case a testpaper beginning:-

"Please put a cross against whichever items of news in the following list you think should be accorded headline rank :

Fall of Addis Ababa Dismembered Barmaid in Tram-car.

Headless Bus-conductor in Pond Oil Discovered in Hyde Park. Half of Missing Stockbroker Found

Marshal De Bono Says Abyssinians are Nature's Gentlemen."

And so on through an exhaustive list. My own belief is that the public would vote solidly for some measure of disarmament in crime-reporting, remembering that their newspapers have not been noticeably less readable since divorce reporting was compulsorily

limited a few years ago.

It is a belief which this play goes far to strengthen by its exposure of the kind of murky processes which operate in the background before we can be offered Death-Cell Diaries and Love-Letters of the Condemned with our bacon-and-eggs, and by its insistence on the agonies caused by unmerciful publicity to all those involved, even through relationship, in a murder case. Whether its authors, Mr. GEORGE

MUNRO and Mr. BASIL DEAN, are quite fair to the Press when they suggest that, though love-letters, etc., are secured by the offer of efficient defence, inadequate counsel are sometimes briefed, to the great profit of intermediaries, I cannot say, but I should have thought that in any case the advertisement - value of the employment of the most eminent K.C.'s was too great to be missed. Again, their picture is incomplete in that it nails a good deal of blame to the crime-reporters themselves, whereas the responsibility must ultimately rest almost entirely with the proprietors of the newspapers concerned, who choose to draw their dividends, as it were, from the morgue.

The first two Acts, while the crime is being developed,

are fairly exciting. A girl has been found battered by the roadside. The bar of the local hotel is soon invaded by reporters and camera-men from Fleet Street, all agreed to pool not only the liquid the second row, the news-editor's room assets of the "King's Head" but was entirely invisible to me unless I

also their information-all, that is, except Truthful (Mr. JAMES DALE), the King of Crime Journalists, who works alone.

Cinema technique is largely em-



THE LAWYER'S POINT OF VIEW. Mr. Pettifer-Pike . MR. CLIFFORD MARQUAND. Mrs. Grainger . . MISS BARBARA COUPER.

ployed to speed the play along. The stage is honeycombed with small sets, and while scenes are being changed excited reporters talk from a phone-



THE REPORTER WHO WAS A BETTER DETECTIVE.

Without Street, Street									
Superintendent Stain	er								MORTIMER.
Sourge								ALFRED	
Divisional Detective-I	na	pec	tor	Pr	oct	or	Mn.	JULIAN	SOMERS.
Truthful							Ma.	JAMES I	JALE.
Walter Grainger							Ma.	BERNAR	D LEE.

box up near the flies on one side to a news-editor's room up on the other side. (N.B. to Producer: From where I was sitting, on the extreme left of the second row, the news-editor's room

draped myself over the lady on my right, which, putting Manners before Art, I refrained from doing.) The aid of the B.B.C. is also invoked.

We see the police going somewhat blunderingly to work (surely the second plain-clothes man was far too much a bully?); the assembled journalists whipping tired Rumour and seeking inspiration in pint-pots; the murderer gradually giving himself away to Truthful, and then his arrest: the cozening of his wretched wife to share all her pathetic little secrets with a million registered and goggling homes; shady lawyers taking a huge rake-off from the defence-fund; the shadows of the trial; and finally, after the Judge has put on the black cap, the disillusionment of both the wife and Truthful, who is utterly sick of a job too well done.

By the Third Act the momentum of the play has rather gone, and the authors labour a little the sound point they are making; but the scene in which the arch-vultures hang about waiting for the verdict contains good satire, directed in particular at the kind of famous sob-brother who can damp every other eye in England when he opens up the flood-gates of his sentimentality.

Mr. JAMES DALE'S Truthful was a most convincing piece of acting; as the murderer's wife Miss BARBARA COUPER

gave an impressive performance which gathered a tragic and most moving intensity; Mr. BERNARD LEE'S murderer was a clever exposition of a vain and weak character; Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER'S Superintendent had a ring of authenticity, and so had Miss SYLVIA COLERIDGE'S barmaid. The reporters were all well ERIC. played.

Christmas Cards for a Good Cause.

THE Invalid Children's Aid. Association, of which Mrs. STANLEY BALDWIN is Chairman, are again issuing their popular "Peter Rabbit" Christmas Cards. These very attractive cards, which cost only 2d. each, may be obtained from the Hon. ANGRLA BARING, Itchen Stoke Manor,

Winchester, Hants; and Mr. Punch hopes that his ever-generous readers will not miss this opportunity of solving the Christmas Card problem and at the same time helping a most deserving cause.

As Others Hear Us.

Visiting the Psycho-Analyst.

"You see, I'm perfectly certain that I have the most frightful inferiority. complex.

"Ah.

"And it isn't any good saying that it's because I didn't get on with my brothers and sisters, or I wasn't a favourite at home, or anything like that. I was an only child, and my parents simply adored me and thought was perfect.

"My dear lady, that explains the whole thing. The moment you left that atmosphere of adulation your whole world crashed about you and you developed an inferiority-complex. A most natural thing, psychologically

"But I'm still living at home, and they still adore me and think I'm perfect.

"Ah, then if that's the case it's more understandable than ever. You've simply reacted violently in the opposite direction. By no means an uncommon state of affairs.

"I don't really feel as if that quite

explains it."
"Ah, what you think you feel is a very different thing from what you really feel, you know. Now, I dare say you'd be astonished if you knew what your real feelings are towards this conduct-problem of yours.

"Oh, but I don't think I've got any

conduct-problem, have I?'

"Perhaps you haven't realised that when you think you've no conductproblem that is exactly when it is at its most acute."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. We psychologists come across it over and over again.

"It's rather worrying, isn't it?"

"That's your anxiety-complex coming to the surface. Perhaps we'd better deal with it. Tell me something about your dreams.

"I hardly ever dream at all."

"Ah! I thought not."

"But, of course, sometimes I do." "Quite. Quite. I expected that."

"But I never remember dreams." "Ah!"

"Is that bad?"

"My dear lady, you must realise that what you say has, psychologically speaking, no meaning at all. It's what you don't say."
"Oh, dear!"

"In the same way these dreams that you think you don't remember are, in reality, continually present in your mind, inhibiting you at every turn, invading the libido, and probably confining your ego in its infantile fixation.'

"Can it ever be put right?"

"You mean, can we bring to light the underlying causes of this unconscious conflict, trace them to their primary associations and subject them to analysis?"

"Oh, yes, that's exactly what I mean, I'm sure."

"Naturally, the problem has its roots in the first few days, or perhaps even moments, of existence.

"Has it? But I shall never be able

to remember so far back.

"You mean that you're conscious of a violent resistance to the very idea of remembering.

"No, no-I don't mean that at all."

"Ah! No doubt you think you don't." But really I don't. I'm quite willing to try to remember everything as far back as I possibly can.

"You realise, of course, that this willingness of yours is simply an inverted form of your complete deter-

mination to forget?"

"No, I'm afraid I hadn't quite realised that.'

"Ah!

"All I really want is to understand about my inferiority-complex and get rid of it if I can.

"Actually, it may surprise you to learn that what you call your inferiority-complex is in reality nothing of the kind.

"Then what is it?"

"Merely a defence-reaction. very, very common symptom psychology."
"I'm not quite certain if I know

what a defence-reaction symptom is, but my inferiority-complex

"It may surprise you to learn that it

doesn't really exist.

"I_ What did you say?"

"Your so-called inferiority-complex is simply—as I saw the very moment you came into this room-a wellknown form of superiority-complex."

'Oh, no, no!"

"Ah! that's precisely what I anticipated. A denial. Naturally, that in itself is a strong confirmation of what I've just said.

"But I-I don't, if I may say so,

agree with you."

"Very likely not, dear lady-very likely not. In fact I never expected you to agree with me. But don't let that distress you. Very, very few of my patients ever agree with anything I say until after months and months of treatment.'

"But are you really sure-

"Dear lady, the fundamental principle on which we psycho-analysts work is that we know we're always right."

E. M. D.

Angela.

I DON'T like babies-Tell it not in Gath: I think they're frightful Even in their bath! can't see Heaven In a squalling brat: I don't like babies, And that's just that.

But I do like Angela. Angela's so wise; She never swallows needles, She hardly ever cries. And even now-at her age. One-year-and-a-bit-Angela's a fizzer. Angela has IT. Other babies howl when I come on the rug; Angela, she's diff'rent, She loves my ugly mug.

I don't like babies (As I said before); Grubby little beggars Crawling round the floor! It sends me crackers All this baby chat; I don't like babies. And that's just that.

But I do like Angela, Angela's a lamb, Pretty as a what's-its-name Riding in her pram. People stop (so Nurse says), Butchers' lads and all, And say, "Good-morning, Angela! Can we come and call?" If asked to hold a baby I hurriedly decline. But Angela, she's diff'rent, P'raps because she's mine.

Italy and Abyssinia.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR (or should one write "Sir" when addressing an editor? After all, "Sir" sounds so curt, don't you think! I mean, it's how one expects to be addressed by a tradesman whose tiresome account one has overlooked. That or "Madam." But you do understand what I mean, don't you? I mean, I'd hate you to think I was trying to be what the Americans call "fresh." Anyhow, I shall call you "Dear Sir,' only you must understand that I don't really mean "dear." Not in that way. I just want to be nice-if you understand what I mean)-I am writing you because I do feel that we women ought to make ourselves heard, especially those of us who live in the country. What I mean is, just because we live in



"EH, LAD, AH 'NOO THA COOM FROM WIGAN THE MOMENT THA GIVE WAR-'OOP."



"MY DAUGHTER HAS HAD A NUMBER OF DUPLICATES AMONG HER WEDDING-PRESENTS AND WE WONDERED IF YOU WOULD EXCHANGE THESE THREE FOR A 'LOLLYPOP' VACUUM-CLEANER?"

the country it mustn't be thought that we take no intelligent interest in what is happening elsewhere. After all, if one feels oneself to have the gift of expression, one should use it, don't you think?

I mean, take this dreadful affair in Abyssinia. I do feel we women should make a firm stand there. I mean, after all, we do most of the cooking, don't we? At least, if some of us don't do the cooking, we arrange the menus and give cook the necessary instructions. Of course I admire Mussolini-I mean, he is rather handsome, don't you think ?-but I do feel that he has let us down rather badly. know, it is almost impossible to buy macaroni now, and the grocer tells me he has no idea when he will be able to get any more. I mean, it is so inconsiderate, don't you think?

Or perhaps you don't care for macaroni, but my husband simply adores it, especially as a cheese—macaroni cheese, of course. It really is a delicious dish and I am sure you would love it. I mean, it would so please my husband to know that you

like macaroni cheese. Men are so clannish, are they not?

A friend of mine, a Mrs. Beaumarsh. declares that there is an English macaroni factory or mill or foundry or whatever they call the place where they make the stuff. But I can't help thinking she is misinformed. A cousin of mine who was in Florence for several days assured me that macaroni-making is a sort of tribal secret. Well. I don't quite mean that, but what I mean is. the secret of its manufacture is known only to a very few ancient Italian families. I suppose it's a sort of trade secret, like Chartreuse and Thingamybob's baking-powder and the stuff they advertise to cure rheumatism.

Not that I believe all the advertisements say, do you? Or perhaps, being an editor, you have to. At least, all the advertisements that appear in your paper. Do you try them all yourself, I wonder? I should just love to know.

Besides, though I should hate to be unpatriotic, I simply don't believe we English could make macaroni. We haven't the patience, I mean. Think of the time it must take to make all

those long holes. I wonder, do they make the holes first, or the stuff that goes round them? It would be so interesting to know.

What did you think of the Elections? Or am I being indiscreet? Willie—that's my husband—says editors have to be frightfully careful what they think, and the very best don't think at all. I think not to have any opinions must feel dreadful—rather like going about without any clothes on, if you know what I mean.

I am afraid I must end now. I had such a lot of things to say, but they seem to have quite gone out of my head. That always happens to one when one sits down to write, don't you think? But perhaps, being an editor, you don't notice it, and in any case they can't stop you from printing it, can they?

I was going to sign myself "Yours sincerely," but Willie—he's my husband, you know—says one never does that to an editor. I wonder why not! Still, I suppose it is the custom, so you must not think me rude or disagreeable if I just sign myself

LETITIA LITTLE.



"WOT BE THESE 'ERE ABYSSINIANS LIKE, BILL ?"

"VERY HUGLY, HUNEDICCATED LOT O' BLOKES, 'ERBERT-NOT LIKE YOU AN' I AT ALL."

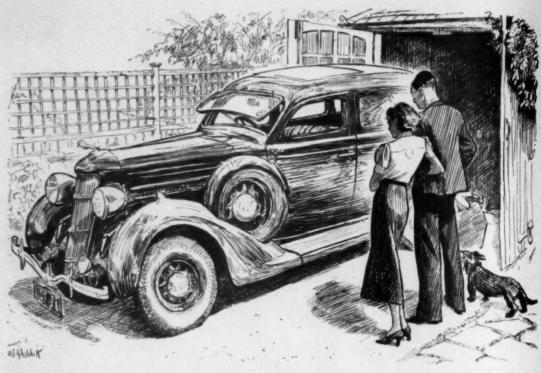
To Smith Minor, Benefactor.

Though in these dreary days of flood, When ways are foul and clogged with mud, Our vital spirits droop and flag. Our muscles and our sinews sag, And even the lesson of the polls Fails to "desanctionize" our souls, Smith minor's renderings of Greek And Latin, while they grieve his beak, Drive the black devils from my door And equanimity restore; For I have found him in the pink In dealing with "the more I drink"—A simple phrase, yet by his whim Transfigured as plum vinum bim.

The tale of Troy, which Homer sang, Englished by Butcher and by Lang, Loeb's volumes (some of which I own)

And even the humble cribs of Bohn Are valuable, I admit,
But for surprising turns of wit

But for surprising turns of wit
And phrases full of point and pith
Give me the method of young Smith.
It may not suit the morning hymn
Sung by the bright-eyed Seraphim,
But who shall dare belittle him
Or say his intellect is dim
Who gave to us plum vinum bim? C. L. G.



"YOU KNOW, DARLING, IF THINGS DON'T BUCK UP AT THE OFFICE, WE LOOK LIKE HAVING TO HANG ON TO OUR 1936 MODEL TILL 1936."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A Brave Kingdom.

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, for all his echoes of HERRICK'S "Night-Piece" and SHELLEY's "Pine-Forest," is first and foremost himself. "My cup is small, but I drink out of my own cup," he could say after that German poet with whom stray numbers of his Poems-1919 to 1934 (Constable, 10/6) have a grisly affinity. These, however, are not the best poems in the book; nor are those more ambitious numbers whose coherent narrative or precise doctrine control, instead of delicately sustaining, his lovely flights of imagina-tion and fantasy. For most of us, I think, he will always remain the poet of The Listeners and Peacock Pie, with so fruitful a territory to explore and cultivate that he has no need for further conquests. And what enchanting discoveries the present volume extends! Starting with the glorified homeliness of "Comfort" and "The Holly"—from The Fleeting and Rhymes for Children; through the magic territory of "Listen"—from Flora, and closing with the remote horizons of "Not that Way"-from The Veil, you have the poet's most characteristic notes and all the gamut of loveliness between. What living singer can offer finer performance or indeed more exquisite promise?

Whence and Whither.

Brilliantly radical in conception, if sometimes a little clumsy in expression, *The Source of Civilization* (CAPE 12/6) is a book to set one furiously a-thinking. Master of the latest findings in all the sciences, Mr. GERALD HEARD throws down a bold challenge to that theory of man's origin and destiny

which is based on the Darwinian hypothesis. Granted that the fittest survives, the question which he has set out to discuss and answer is: Who, precisely, is the fittest? That the weakest must go to the wall, his researches have convinced him, is no more axiomatic than that the battle is always to the strong. War and violence, so far from being biological necessities, are symptoms of biological decrepitude and sterility. The mighty and self-satisfied megatherium flounders to extinction in the primeval mud; while the tiny and timid tree-shrew, defenceless but protectively adaptable, sensitive, social and affectionate, lives to become, through the gibbon who declines to fall, the ancestor of that Neolithic culture in which, it seems, man found his perfect equipoise of matter and spirit. Dynast and dictator are as surely doomed as the dinosaur; but the meek, by truly interpreting the facts of history and candidly accepting their intimations of immortality, may yet rediscover the Golden Age and inherit the earth. It is a heartening gospel but a difficult doctrine, which not even Mr. Wells could have expounded with a more comprehensive knowledge or a more persuasive eloquence than Mr. HEARD.

America Goes Fascist.

It Can't Happen Here (CAPE, 7/6) is a political novel, not a comedy of manners. Which is perhaps a pity, for Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS has allowed the more popular side of his equipment as a novelist to be obscured. We get a glimpse of his old manner in the opening pages, describing the Ladies' Night Dinner of the Fort Beulah Rotary Club, down in Vermont, which took place just before the 1936 National Conventions, in which Senator Berzelius Windrip was going to be nominated as the Democratic candidate. But it is a glimpse only; for the most part Mr. LEWIS is very much in

earnest indeed, picturing in the most terrifying colours just what would happen if Fascism came to America. Your novelist who looks into the future commonly, in our opinion, looks too far ahead and thereby is apt to put too great a strain on his prophetic powers: Mr. Lewis has wisely placed his new régime in the U.S.A. only a year or two bence. His book is certainly calculated to make people think, whether there or here. For, though it was originally intended to call the English edition It Can't Happen in America, the author or his advisers came to the opinion that, mutatis mutandis, the same sort of thing-concentration camps, floggings with iron rods, administration of castor-oil and all the rest of itmight conceivably come even in the British Empire. We most sincerely trust they are wrong.

Humanising Poseidon.

Maintaining that while it is permissible to debate man's progress on land there is no doubt whatever about his civilising use of the sea, Professor J. HOLLAND ROSE sets his hand to a highly interesting survey of the latter process. If he hardly does himself justice in his opening chapter it is because Odysseus and his wine-dark ocean are really beside the point of the story, which gets going in good earnest with the Phœnician claim to have circumnavigated Africa. Well launched with the mariners of Tarshish and Punt, we proceed, viâ St. PAUL and the Crusaders, to the conquest of the Atlantic, the quest for "The Great South Land" and all the national struggles and personal enterprise involved in colonial adventure. Wisely investing such typical figures as DAM-PIER, half-buccaneer, half-naturalist, Tasman, the close-fisted discoverer of New Zealand, and Captain Cook with

primacy of interest, the historian closes
his record with exhilarating chapters on the frigate-handling that beat Napoleon and the steam-power that put
down slavery. Admirably illustrated and written by an
expert, Man and the Sea (Heffer, 10/6) deserves an
audience as wide as its aim and as keen as its inspiration.

In the Path of Bryce.

If these were the days of patrons and I were rich, I should insist on Mr. Christopher Morley accepting a fat bribe to knock about the globe and occasionally write me long and golden letters telling me how things had struck him; but times and fortunes being otherwise, I am grateful to him—even though it is off the peg, as it were, and public property—for Hasta La Vista (Faber and Faber, 6/-), a delightful record of a holiday-tour with his young family through South America. "I have no economic thesis to offer," he tells us, "and no pleasure (ever, anywhere) but to set down what I see." And this he does with a liveliness of imagination and a poetic regard for the quality rather than the quantity of his impressions, which make the book a



"PITY YOUR MASTS DON'T REACH THEM WIRES, THEN YOU COULD STEER YOUR DAM SHIP LIKE A TROLLEY-BUS."

subtly illuminating commentary as well as very entertaining to read. His humour is most delicate and his wit shrewd; his wisdom comes to us through the filter of disarming simplicity which admits no purple to his passages; a cargoboat unloading is more likely than Chimborazo to set him off on a rich vein of speculation; and his writing is full of excellent conceits, such as when he calls Chipolata "lower-case sausages." If I needed an additional reason to wish myself his patron I should find it in his unswerving interest in the geographical origins of plumbing.

The Last Woman.

In Woman Alive (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 5/-) Miss Susan Ertz has a story to tell and an axe to grind. The tale begins in 1935, when the hero, a doctor, as a result of being interested in Mr. DUNNE's books—An Experiment in Time and The Serial Universe—arranged for a medium to project him for twelve months into the year 1985. He found himself in a very beautiful London, rebuilt (after the Twenty Years' War of 195—) of malleable glass. During this same war a

gas has been invented which not only destroyed life but induced the bodies of the dead to generate a new gas, fatal only to women. The last but one of the world's women died during the doctor's period of "projection," and he discovered her. I must not spoil Miss Errz's story by giving away any more of the plot. There are endless possibilities; she has taken a probability and worked out her story cleverly in a terse unsentimental manner. As regards the double-edged axe which she wields for pacifism and feminism, she rather checks the grinding process by admitting the argument: "There have always been mothers as well as fathers." No one who reads this book can possibly help being interested, amused and admiring.

Survey of Variety.

Mr. Archibald Haddon, experienced theatrical reporter over a long period and sedulous hoarder of jokes, anecdotes, photographs, Press-cuttings and memories, tells The Story of the Music Hall (Fleetway Press, 12/6) with knowledge and enthusiasm but with no exaggerated prejudice for orderly method. As the rigours of Victorian respectability relaxed and the middle-classes began to build

up a jollier life of their own, so the development proceeded from Tavern to Hall, to Palace and Super-Palace-Surrey and Old Canterbury, Oxford, Pavilion and Tivoli, Empire and Alhambra. By the time the globe-topped Coliseum raised its gilded head the general habit of going to the music-hall allowed a family entertainment, eschewing the cruder vulgarities to complete the conquest and pay handsome dividends. Then Cinema and Radio drove Variety to Cabaret, whence, the author prophesies, it will

emerge triumphant as the people, surfeited with mechanised entertainment, turn back to flesh-and-blood and shared laughter. Indeed the process has begun. An interesting enough scrap-book; and we could wish that it had been more attractively produced.

All Round the Years.

A cheerful volume which clamours to figure as a Christmas present is The Good Year (MULLER, 6/-). It looks like a novel and is really a "perpetual calendar" compiled by Mrs. (ELIZABETH) LUCAS with black-and-white decorations by Mr. ALFRED E. TAYLOR. Though a few elect are recorded for their coming and going, it is far from the usual "So-andso born" type of calendar, and the quotations are a happy medley; so that Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN and CATULLUS are only a page apart, and old recipes, including a sixteenthcentury method of dealing with the clothes-moth, jostle Miss Helen Waddell's lovely translation, "Easter Sunday." It is heartening to see how bright our contemporaries shine in this galaxy. The book is so clearly compiled as a labour of love that it is easy to forgive such lapses as "Life is a jest, and all things know it," and the Horn Dance for taking place in Somerset as well as Staffordshire. A list of pleasant fixtures-concerts, races and so forth-for each month swells the book's attractions.

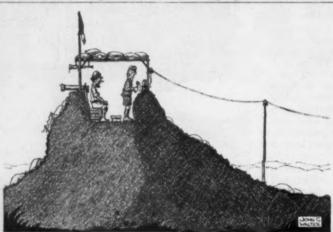
Modern Oxford.

I am far from regretting-that Lord Peter Wimsey does not appear in Gaudy Night (Gollancz, 8/6) until considerably more than half the story is told, for I have always thought and still think that he is too exquisite a man to be entirely credible. That his creator can do splendidly without him is shown in the earlier parts of this delightful tale of Shrewsbury, the college for women which Miss Dorothy L. Sayers has erected in Oxford. Apart from a rather overcrowded stage no vestige of a fault can be found with this serio-comic history of Shrewsbury as troubles in the Senior Common-Room increase. It proves, if proof is still needed, that Miss Sayers is one of the most gifted and observant novelists of the day. Even those of us who as a rule avoid detective fiction are advised to place ourselves in her hands and enjoy the pranks she plays with and in Oxford.

Hard Cases.

To read Five Men Go to Prison (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 8/6) is to visit mean streets and police courts and to follow the fate of a gang of criminals with increasing zest as the evi-

dence against them accumulates. I recognise fully that some of us will not wish to make this excursion into regions where life is sordid and language more forcible than polite. But having given that warning I can say emphatically that Mr. RALPH STRAUS has contrived to fill his story with a human interest that is wonderfully absorbing. I care nothing for his young policeman's love-affair, useful though it is in filling gaps. What did grip me firmly is the ability shown in giving a distinet individuality to



"THE COLONEL SAYS WE HAVE TO HOLD THIS POSITION TO THE VERY LAST MAN"

each of the many law-breakers. With none of his criminals does Mr. STRAUS make the slightest mistake.

Here, There and Everywhere.

In Scouting Round the World (HERBERT JENKINS, 2/6) Lord Baden-Powell, has given us a brief but most significant account of his recent eight months' tour. An excellent map shows the extent of his travels, and, quite apart from the general information and sound advice which he offers to Scouts and Guides, a considerable amount of geographical knowledge can be gleaned from a study of the route taken by our Chief Scout. Written in simple language and abundantly illustrated by the author, this little book will be warmly welcomed by thousands of Scouts, Cubs, Guides and Brownies.

Three books of special interest to Punch readers have recently been published. Sport, "and there's the humour of it" (Hutchinson, 9/6), is a collection of humorous sporting drawings by G. D. Armour; Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club, by G. C. Nash, are now published in book-form by Messrs. Chatto and Windus (5/-); and in Birds Ashore and Birds Aforeshore, by Patrick R. Chalmers, with numerous coloured illustrations by Winifred Austen (Collins 9/6), appear the verses recently published in Punch under the same title.

Charivaria.

A NEW roller-skating floor is to be laid in London. It will seat about five hundred.

"Threepenny-bits for the Christmas the London railway termini were

dinner should be boiled in salt and water for twenty minutes," advises a cookery article. This, of course, is far better than the old plan of frying them with a slice of bacon and some pepper.

"There is a fairly steady output of imaginative litera-

ture every year," says a famous publisher. He is probably thinking of seedsmen's catalogues.

"Statesman Sold
to Japan" was a

recent headline. But no one knows which. * *

A Basic English School is to be established in Singapore. This, we suppose, will be the English of the Singapore Base.

"Because Columbus' plans were rejected by England and financed by Spain," we are reminded, "fifty million people in the American continent still speak Spanish." Other-

wise of course they would have spoken American.

"The snail has over twenty wives," says a naturalist. But it goes home very slowly to them. ***

"Cocktails do not make good daughters," holds a cleric. As a compensation, no doubt, many daughters make good cocktails.

An increase is noted in the number of people who claim to recognise themselves in works of fiction. And even perhaps in autobiographies?

**

Last Christmas, it will be recalled, the London railway termini were "In spite of the international situation," writes a politician, "Germany remains silent. Has she something up her sleeve?" We venture to think she may have an arm or two.

* *

"What does it mean to the manu-

facturer when a radio outfit is returned because of uncompleted payments?" asks a writer. Just another set back.

**

In America a man has been granted a divorce owing to the interest his wife took in crossword-puzzles. It is not disclosed who was granted custody of the dictionary.

"What is the oldest game in the world?" asks a reader. We think we were served with it in a res-

taurant recently.

"A verger has to be a man of tact," declares a vicar. At any rate he has to mind his keys and pews.

THE National Council of Girls' Clubs urgently needs £5,000 to carry out the work of improving and extending these clubs, which are so invaluable in helping friendless girlworkers to make the best use of their

leisure hours. For this purpose a Great Treasure Market will be held, on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 10th and 11th, at Sunderland House, Curzon Street. Useful articles of all kinds for the Market will be most gratefully received by the Lady Eleanor Keane, 46, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8; or arrangements for gifts to be called for may be made through the Secretary, Miss R. Perowne, 7, Park Lane, W.1.



TREASURES IN THE CHINESE ART EXHIBITION.

THE SAGES, HEN SUN AND RO BI, EXCHANGING GREETINGS ON A MOUNTAIN.

(Bing Period.)

decorated. A suggested extension of this charming idea is that suburban stations should be illuminated.

"One's looks can always be improved by eating plenty of young cabbagegreens in the winter," declares a beauty expert. Everyone who has gazed for a few moments at a slug will realise

the truth of this.

International Incidents.

The coolness between the two countries, Octagonia and Pentagonia, as a result of the lead taken by Pentagonia in enforcing the application of Article Ten of the Collective Treaty, made itself evident in many ways and had numerous ramifications.

The Collective Treaty between Octagonia, Pentagonia, Hexagonia and Tetrahedronia resembled most other treaties in having been signed at a time when no one could envisage the possibility of its ever coming into force. It provided in Article Ten for the application by three of the signatories of penalties on the fourth should the fourth contravene Article Nine; and Article Nine declared that none of the signatories should do anything likely to bring disrepute on the name of any of the others.

It became known that Octagonia, where the method of excluding people of whom its immigration officers disapproved was to give them tests they could not pass, had succeeded in baffling a man who wore a red tie with a passage in the Pentagonian tongue. Strong protests from Pentagonia elicited only the assertion that Pentagonian was one of the oddest languages Octagonia had ever heard and that only Pentagonian nationals could be expected to

A meeting of the signatories, which Octagonia attended so as to be able to walk out, agreed that Octagonia was flouting Article Nine. Impassioned words from Pentagonia further induced the other two to agree that a date should be fixed for the discussion of measures to set in motion methods of enforcing Article Ten. The signatories then separated, tentatively fixing a date for the fixing of this date.

Meanwhile in both Octagonia and Pentagonia the situation was working like yeast upon public opinion. In the town of Oblong, half in one country and half in the other, there was much altering of chalked notices on walls. For instance, the legend in the Pentagonian language—

"ZXKVXK MKIECWXK OPKJKZXVW!"

which means "Hooray for Octagonia!" and was to be seen in large well-formed letters in chalk of all colours on the walls of here a brewery, there a waterworks, was in almost every instance altered by witty Pentagonians to—

"ZXK XK JMKIECWXK ORKJKXVW?"

which conveys the less politically apposite but more thought-provoking meaning, "Who stole Auntie's Velocipede?"

Radio programmes too gave rise to much bitterness. A comedian aroused the greatest fury in Pentagonia by broadcasting a monologue in which he expressed the view that a girl speaking Pentagonian sounded like somebody with a swollen tongue playing one of the more tootly themes from the Tannhäuser Overture on the soprano saxophone under water, flat. And a group of songs one Pentagonian station had arranged to broadcast, which had already been announced in the papers thus:—

8.0 BALLAD CONCERT.

had to be changed at the last minute, when it was noticed that all the composers were of Octagonian nationality, to another group composed exclusively by Pentagonians or neutrals, thus:—

 Aw, scram waiz-gai (Ah, come not near)....Oolnp Zuydersee (Please do not Dutch)Uulpipn Ukk (Ukk)Zukk

Again, in many Pentagonian restaurants the adjective "Octagonia" applied to food (as in "Hake Octagonia" or "Bananes à l'Octagonie") had to be replaced by the word "fried" in either Pentagonian or restaurateur's French. Similarly in Octagonia the sales of "Pentagonia Boloney," a large mottled variety of sausage, fell away to nothing until this delicacy was renamed "Sossy-Wossy." It was not felt safe in such hazardous times to substitute the name of any other country.

An aged Octagonian couple who had named their house "Ro-Und," after the town in Pentagonia where they had spent their honeymoon in the year 1869, woke on three successive mornings to find kippers nailed to the front-gate in the shape of the Octagonian political symbol; and Pentagonians whose front-doors happened to be painted the colour of the shirts then being worn by Octagonian nationalists, frequently found on opening them that dead rats tattooed with menacing designs had been left on the step with the milk.

Copies of the reminiscences of a Pentagonian sanitary-inspector, which had been fairly popular in Octagonia, were publicly burned in market-squares throughout the country until it was found that this was being arranged by representatives of the (neutral) publishers with the idea of helping sales.

Persons with Octagonian-sounding names living in Pentagonia, and those with Pentagonian-sounding names in Octagonia, began to emigrate to other countries, which persecuted them with the utmost virulence under the impression that they were Jews. Some of them were Jews, but that did not help.

When this had been going on for some time the passport officials of Octagonia, who had been using the Pentagonian language for baffling purposes with varying success at every possible opportunity, heard of a Central African dialect which even the seven natives who spoke it were unable to understand on the lips of anyone else. Since they were able to keep everyone out of the country by the use of this, they adopted it in place of Pentagonian without hesitation, thus ceasing, in the ordinary way of business, to contravene Article Nine of the Collective Treaty.

When this became known a meeting of the other three signatories unanimously agreed to cease making arrangements to fix a date to fix a date to discuss measures to set in motion the machinery of announcing the imminence of the first decisive step in the direction of paving the way for the first penalty provided in Article Ten. "Happily," as the Pentagonian Prime Minister said, "things have not gone too far."

R. M.

To Phæbe, in a Night Club.

I SEEK you where the huddled dancers twine
Like lizards in a hot vivarium,
Where blood-red trumpets and a lighted drum
Dispense the peevish spirit's anodyne;
I hear the narcissistic crooner whine,
The chink of plates, of glasses multiplex,
I see the waiter shake his head at cheques—
Ah, there you are, my dear! You're looking fine.
What's that? You want to dance with B. again?
(A nice young man; a pity he's insane.)
And then you have to speak to Mr. Stout,
For he can help you, since he's pink and rich,
To join the drag-hounds (or the drug-hounds, which?).

All right, dear, as you please. I'm getting out!



THE NEW SEE-SAW.

"WELL, BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO JUMP ABOUT A BIT TO MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE AT THIS END."



"Don't answer him, Henry. Remember you are in evening-dress."

House-Hunting.

HAVING bade farewell to the charming young lady with whom I had been dancing the evening away, on the doorstep of the Everblue Hotel, Earls Court, where she was staying with her parents, I descended the steps and, passing between the two illuminated globes that bore the name of the Pension, reached the pavement. I hailed a taxi.

The driver, without getting up or as much as turning round, flung open the door by a sleight-of-hand. I got in and leaned back peacefully. It was 2 A.M. and I wanted to sleep.

"Want to go anywhere in particular,

"Yes," I said—"by Jove, yes. Number 12, Bamboola—Bamboola—

"Bamboola Road, Sir?"

"Or perhaps Square, now I come to think of it; or I shouldn't be surprised if it were Bamboola Terrace . . ."

"The Square's in Mitcham, the

Terrace in Bayswater, the Road in Shoreditch. Which of them do you fancy, Sir? Then there's others too—Bamboola Grove in East Ham, Bamboola Place in Hammersmith, Street in Greenwich, Drive off the Barking Road, Bamboola Green in West Acton, Mansions in Maida Vale, and I wouldn't be surprised if there weren't a block of Villas some place or other, and maybe a Row——"

"Enough!" I said. "I am stunned by the suddenness of all this. I've never seen the place in my life, but I have reason to believe it's a hotel of a respectable nature, being in fact kept by a second or possibly third cousin of a friend or boon-companion of mine, who has moreover booked a room for me and supplied me with the front-door key. Now, with all that to guide you, you can't help finding it."

"Very helpful indeed, Sir. Which direction would you care for to start with?"

"Try them all. Do a sweeping circle through the suburbs. Take a bearing on the Nelson Monument to get your

position and then work outwards. Stop at all the Number Twelves."

We started with Bamboola Place in Hammersmith. Number Twelve appeared to be a prosperous laundry.

"No," I said, "it's a hotel I want, not a laundry. Yes, quite certain; laundry no good at all."

We moved on to West Acton. Bamboola Green turned out to be a row of dingy houses of a seemingly decayed respectability. I got out at Number Twelve and drew the key from my pocket. Triumph, it worked! The lock slid back and the door opened. In three minutes I should be in bed, and I yawned in pleasant anticipation. Suddenly a female shriek rent the air.

"Herbert! Herbert! Save me!
There's a man! Fire! Burglars! A
man! Herber-r-rt!" Another hysterical
vell followed.

I bolted and hurled myself into the taxi.

"Drive!" I shouted.

"Where?" said the driver.

"Anywhere!" I cried. "Drive like

We got under weigh none too soon. Pink striped pyjamas appeared at one window in the Green, blue stripes at another, a night-gown at a third, a female head in curling-pins at a fourth, and as we rounded the corner at the end an active young man was breaking the glass of the fire-alarm. I lay in a crumpled heap on the taxi-seat.

I think I must have dozed. The next thing I heard was the driver's voice saying, "Bamboola Mansions, Number Twelve, Sir."

I looked out dazedly. A large illuminated sign indicated that the building was a police-station. I controlled my voice with difficulty.

"Move on, please!" I shouted in a hoarse whisper. "Get away without noise and make use of all the cover you can. Lose no time."

With shaking hand I lifted the cover from the window at the back. Policecars were following. We swung down a side-street, did an acute angleswerve into another, and turned round in our own length. The pursuit was thrown off. I leant back once more trying to recover my composure.

"Bayswater, Sir—Bamboola Terrace." We drew up with a jerk.

"Don't see no Number Twelve, Sir.
I'll get out and look."

I got out too. Number Twelve seemed to have been spirited away. I went down to the bottom and started at Number One. Number Eleven was reached in good order, and Number Thirteen was present, but Number Twelve appeared to have slipped the memory of the fellow who first put the numbers on. I took the cabman by the arm.

"Let us count together," I said. "We will go back to scratch again and rush it."

Once more we started at Number One, and once more reached Number Eleven. Again no Number Twelve.

"Tell you what," said the driver; "there's a coffee-stall round the corner. Let's go and ask there."

I agreed. Round the stall there was a pleasant crowd of cabmen, night-watchmen and loiterers. They were sympathetic and said they would all come and look for Number Twelve. We set off in a body and searched every nook and cranny in the Terrace. We combed the place with a tooth-brush, and finally walked up the road from Number One to the far end, holding hands in a line, so that no house could get by us without our knowing it.

A constable appeared and said that anything we did would be taken down in writing, so we gave it up and took him back to the coffee-stall. I stood coffees all round. They seemed amused at my opera-hat, but, I reflected, they probably did not go house-hunting with toffs every night. I stood sausage-rolls all round. I took off my hat and found that the spring was not working and one side had not sprung open.

"Cabby," I said, "it's time we moved on."

"Ready right now, Sir."

We drove off once more. Soon we arrived at Marble Arch and circulated round it with dignity. Shortly afterwards we were doing the same at Hyde Park Corner, and seemed to be heading in the direction of Knightbridge. We ought to be making for East Ham now, I reflected. I never knew before that it lay in this direction, but it's a devilish tricky business the geography of London. Wonderful brains these taxidrivers must have really.

"Number Twelve, Bamboola Avenue, Earl's Court."

I got out. Before me were two illuminated globes, and on each, in black lettering, could be read "The Everblue Hotel." I looked up at the door, and over it I perceived the words, "12, Bamboola Avenue." I tottered up the steps. The key fitted.



" DARLING, THIS IS OUR VERY FIRST ACCIDENT TOGETHER."

Looking Forward to Twickenham.

Less than a week now separates us from the Annual Battle of the Blues.

Oxford, wearing the dark blue jerseys of the older University, will do battle with their confrères from Cambridge in the familiar pin-stripes.

The match will be fought to a finish between two teams of splendid young athletes, every man trained to a hair.

No quarter will be asked and none given.

In the whole long series of games, from 1871 to the present day, no member of either team has been known to ask for quarter. Nor would he get it if he did. Indeed the situation created would be so anomalous that a special ruling by the Rugby Union might be called for. But nothing of the sort will occur next Tuesday. Of that, those who make the journey to Twickenham may be certain.

I am able to reveal that the Dark Blues will go on to the field with a definite prearranged plan. This is to score as many points as they can in the first half, and in the second to increase their total if possible, while striving by every means in their power to prevent the Cambridge players crossing their line. The nature of the Cambridge captain's reply to this strategy remains to be seen.

I am also able to state that both teams are training exclusively on Strappo, so that a fine even game may be

expected.

The Cambridge captain, interviewed yesterday, said: "We shall win. These Oxonians have a good record, but they just won't live with us. Take it from me, my boys are the goods. It'll be all over in a quarter-of-an-hour."

The Dark Blue skipper was less confident than his vis-à-vis from the banks of the Cam. I found him moodily sharpening his studs in the privacy of his superbly-appointed gymnasium. "Yes," he said, in answer to my query, "we shall win all right, but not by more than twenty or thirty points. Some of my three-quarter backs have been putting in too much time swotting at their books. Non omnia possumus omnes—you know how it is."

On my way out I turned and caught a last glimpse of him with his shoulder against the vaulting-horse, pushing,

pushing . . .

And now what about the real prospects?

No one who saw the match last year can have felt much doubt at the beginning of this season that Cambridge would win again. The Terrible Three—CLIFF JONES, WOOLLER and FYFE—remained intact, whereas Oxford, with only REES-JONES left of their three-quarter line, were faced with the problem of building up an almost entirely new back division. But since then strange things have happened. The following results of matches played this season give a very pretty indication of the altered state of affairs:—

v. Richmond					Ox	FORD	CAMBRIDGE		
	,				. won	20-9	lost	13-12	
v.	Blackheath	,				.lost	8-0	lost	26-14
	Leicester .								
	Harlequins								
	All Blacks.								

These, I think, are the only results of real significance, and I make a free present of them to any critics who may be writing about the teams this week-end. It would take a

hardened Light Blue supporter to extract much comfort from this list—unless he concentrated on the Leicester games, in which Cambridge, playing brilliant football, beat a strong club side by the same margin of points as Oxford achieved against a very scratch collection.

The undeniable failure of the Cambridge team to come up to expectations must be due to weakness in the pack, and this looks like being a fatal defect in a year when the Oxford forwards are particularly strong. They have not even, as far as can be judged, the expected preponderating superiority behind the scrum to offset this weakness, for the Oxford backs have shown themselves a surprisingly dangerous force. K. L. T. JACKSON, who has had the shocking bad luck to be again kept out of the match through injury. deserves the greatest credit for selecting at the very start the back division which will function at Twickenham. He found in WALFORD and HARDING two straight-running centres with good hands and a strong defence and he resisted every temptation to play about with other "possibles." On the left wing REES-JONES is a far more lively and determined runner than he was last year, while on the right there is the redoubtable OBOLENSKY. Whether this princely performer is the fastest runner now playing football, as some critics contend, I have no means of knowing, and shall content myself with saying that he is certainly the finest wing three-quarter Russia has yet sent us. I saw him score three tries against the Harlequins, and in getting them he showed that he has the speed, the quickness off the mark, the swerve, the strong hand-off and, most important of all, the determination of the really first-class wing. Playing, as they will be, behind a powerful pack and a sound pair of halves, this Oxford three-quarter line ought to give the Cambridge defence more than enough to think about.

All the indications are that Oxford will win quite comfortably; but I do not believe for a moment that this is what will actually happen. The Cambridge pack have a way of coming to Twickenham with a dubious reputation and then proceeding to take charge of the game. They come on the field like lambs and go off like lions. And this lot may conceivably do the same-certainly they have in DINWIDDY and W. B. Young a couple of forwards good enough to inspire any eight. If this does happen and the Cambridge backs get a fair share of the ball-well, we shall see some beautiful football. CLIFF JONES to start a movement with his quickness and bewildering side-stepping run, WOOLLER'S long raking stride to carry it on (a grievously difficult man to pull down, this), and, if necessary, FYFE's cleverness and dash to finish it off-not an easy proposition to deal with. FYFE versus OBOLENSKY, incidentally, would be an interesting affray, but at the moment of writing it looks as if the former intended to play in the centre with WOOLLER, leaving RAWLENCE and MACDONALD on the wings—an arrangement which would certainly give Cambridge tremendous thrust in the centre.

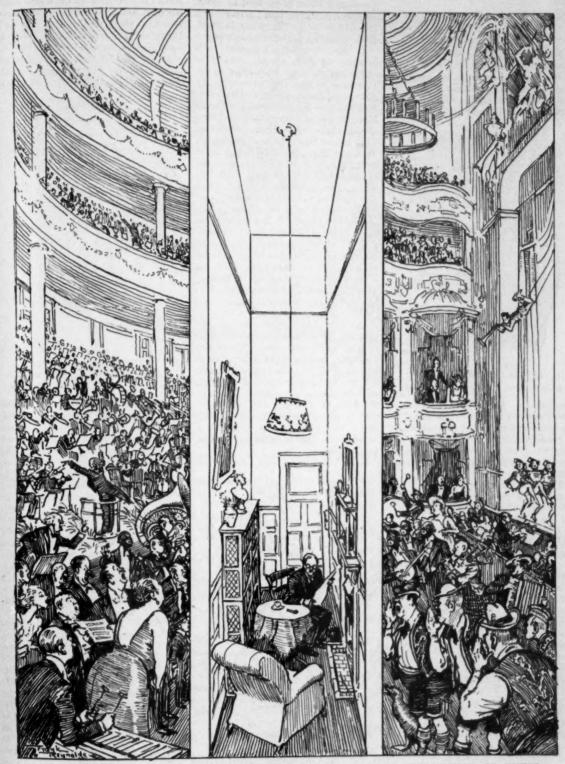
Still, when all is said, the Oxford forwards ought to turn the scale. Fast and tireless, they back each other up and handle the ball in the open in a way worthy of the All Blacks, whom they so nearly beat. Speaking, as always, with the utmost impartiality, may they be at their best next Tuesday!

Here is my Final Selection:-

Oxford—To Win (by about eight points).

Best Outsider—CAMBRIDGE.

H. F. E.



Radio Victim. "OF COURSE I DON'T ACTUALLY LIVE BETWEEN TWO HOUSES OF ENTER-TAINMENT—THAT'S ONLY WHAT IT SEEMS LIKE."

At the Pictures.

A GOOD STORE COMEDY.

I FIND it very difficult to keep away from James Cagney. The world is full of films with, I am sure, worthy plots and estimable performers, but the tidings of a fresh metamorphosis of this little human volcano deflects me in



THE SLEEPINESS IN US.

Mike O'Hara . . . Frank McHugh.

his direction. And I fancy many others too, for when I went to the Regal to see his new picture I had great difficulty in distinguishing his remarks from the laughter of his followers. His director should have allowed the speakers more time.

To those, however, who can hear, a great lesson is offered, for it seems that, if we are fighters, as most of us are, the innate bellicosity which we might have thought was natural and common to all self-protective people, whether they are Scottish, Slav, American, Latin or Ethiopian, is really due to the Irish in us. For that is the name of the film-The Irish in Us-and that is its teaching. And there is no doubt whatever, because the O'Hara family prove it. Ma O'Hara (MARY GORDON) and her three sons, Mike O'Hara (FRANK MCHUGH), Pat O'Hara (PAT O'BRIEN, our old and faithful "opposite" for CAGNEY), and, last and least, but most aggressive, and nearest and dearest to Ma O'Hara's heart, Danny O'Hara, whose dynamic impersonator there is no need to name, all prove it. Their blood is ready at a moment to be up. They are, in short, Irish; America is their Donnybrook.

If the story doesn't matter, it is because we have already seen it so often and shall see it so often again. It merely repeats that when a pretty girl named Lucille Jackson-OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND-led Pat to think she loved him, she was in a hurry, and that later she found that the real man was Danny. This means that Pat and Danny are alienated, but also that, being Irish, when Danny is in a fix in the midst of his terrific fisticuffs and looks like losing, Pat suddenly relents, dashes into the ring to act as his second, and by his counsel, hitherto withheld, spurs Danny to victory. It is certainly one of the best fights that I have ever seen. and Ma O'Hara distributing blows at the end is a sight that no one should miss. I don't say that The Irish in Us is more than a rough-and-tumble effort all round, but it is good rough-and-tumble, and JAMES CAGNEY dominates it.

Of very superior material is She Married Her Boss, in which that capable and comely star, Claudette Colbert, proves again what a good actress she is. But every one in it can act, the dialogue is unusually pointed and the interest is continuous. I doubt if I have ever liked a film more, and that is why I think it merits a better title. She Married Her Boss has a common farcical suggestion; whereas this is a slice of life.

The "Boss" in the picture is

MELVYN DOUGLAS, to me a new leading man, and a very accomplished one, who here plays the head of Barclay's Department Store, and the "She' is Julia Scott, otherwise CLAUDETTE COLBERT, his most efficient secretary. After Julia Scott has become Mrs. Barclay the trouble sets in, for Mr. Barclay is



THE AWFUL CHILD.

Annabel Barclay. Edith Fellows.

Franklyn . . . RAYMOND WALBURN.

discovered to be wedded not to this charming creature but to his business. All that he seems to have desired was to draw his secretary closer and closer into that absorbing money-making

apart from true love and its appeal, wants to get some sweetness and light into the home where Mr. Barclay's sister, Gertrude (KATHERINE ALEXANDER), and Annabel (little EDITH FELLOWS), the poisonous child of the first Mrs. Barclay and most admirably portrayed, exist in a state of feud and misunderstanding, abetted by dishonest servants.

How our beautiful Claudette with the soothing voice succeeds, is the story; and how, with the assistance of his new and wholly adorable butler (RAYMOND WALBURN), not unfortified by alcohol, Mr. Barclay so far forgets his beloved Store as to throw bricks through its windows, you must go to see. You need not believe that he will not wake up tomorrow and reconsider; but you must see it. E.V.L.



THE STRICTLY-BUSINESS BRIDEGROOM.

Richard Barcley MELVYN DOUGLAS.

. CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

Mrs. Barclay



"HERBERT, DON'T DISTURB YOUR FATHER!"

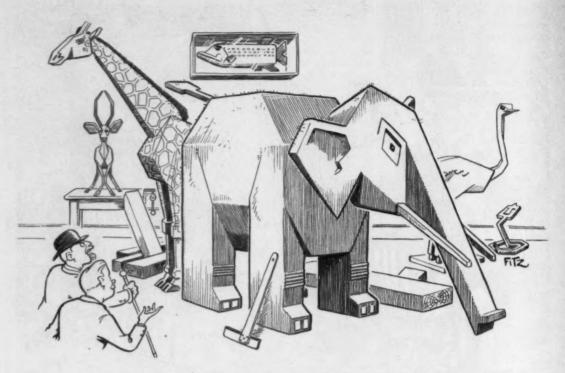
Ship Logs.

[" For real comfort nothing equals a good fire of old ship logs."-Shipbreaker's Advt.]

- Ship logs for firewood—take them as you find them,
 Broken ends of timbers that are good for nothing
- Lying in the breaker's yard, working-days behind them;
- You should know the feeling now you've settled down on shore!
- Bought your little farm again, left the sea for good
- Playing at forgetting it, pretending not to care? Draw the curtains closer, man, and fetch a load of wood
 - now,
 Pile the hearth with ship logs and—light them if you
 dare!
- Ship logs for firewood-listen how they chatter,
- Whispering excitedly in many tongues of flame, Gossip from the Seven Seas, things that really matter,
- All the ships you ever loved calling you by name. Plucking at the lashings that so pitilessly bind you,
- Dragging at the anchors that you thought could hold their own.
- Dressed in rainbow fashion, they have come ashore to find you;
 - P'r'aps they know it's bad for you to sit and brood alone.

- Ship logs for firewood-louder still and brighter,
- So the Roaring Forties to the south and of St. Paul Called you in the eighties. You were younger then and
- lighter, Raced the upper-yard men once and fairly beat them
- all.

 Hark! your sailing orders; there's the pennant up and
- flying Ninety yards astern of you to track the homeward
- bound; Sweethearts on the tow-rope, with a pull there's no
- Sweethearts on the tow-rope, with a pull there's no denying,
- Stamp and go together, drew you home to Plymouth Sound.
- Ship logs for firewood—only fit for burning;
- Even as they're dying see how cheerily they blaze.
- Think of that a minute, and you're in the way of learning Something that will see you through the dreariest of days!
- Get another lorry-load and never have a doubt of
 - Then, with humble gratitude for all they have to
- Ply the bellows lustily and get their secrets out of them; Ship logs for firewood will teach you how to live!



THE TAXIDERMIST WHO WENT MODERN.

Follow the Fashion.

By Our Fashion Expert.

To-DAY I am going to tell you all about all the lovely things I have seen in the shops-and all the lovely things you must wear this winter. (I always think it is so important that we women should all look as alike as possible, don't you ?- I mean it gives us all an equal chance in these days when there is such a shortage of men, if you see what I mean.) Of course every woman wants to look as feminine as possible, doesn't she? That, after all, is what we women are for. (Or are we, nowadays? It is so difficult to tell now that crinolines are not what they were; but then we've always got the swaggercoat.)

However, no real little woman wants to look masculine—not as long as we've still got the British Army; so first of all just a word about coats and hats. After all, the back view is just as important.

The winter is rapidly approaching (just think, we shall have spring here next!), but there are still leaves to be observed in country lanes and still swagger-coats to be seen in Piccadilly. In fact, if one wants to be trebly smart

and really unusual, one can wear three swagger-coats all at once, thus qualifying for the Dressmaker's Bounty. Then again, if one wishes to appear very daring, one may adopt the new "Carthorse" hat. The very newest place to wear a hat is round the waist. and the latest are called "Carthorse" because one would never dream of going to Monte Carlo in one, would one? The "Carthorse" hat is made of plaited straw (called in Paris "Hay-Fever Felt"-terribly chic!). Yes, plaited straw with slits for the ears bound in various colours to match the complexion and trimmed with brass ornaments and imitation Borough Council badges. Of course these hats are "just right," whether worn in Belgravia or in Much Wenlock, or in the train for Hackney Wick. And they look equally "just right" on top of an

It is further rumoured that a few of our more dashing dress-designers have perfected a model on similar lines but made of heliotrope newspapers and ornamented with hollow ice-cream cornets. *Madly* new, my dears, and utterly too peculiar.

Now we come to the question of one's delightful and delicate underclothes. Some people discard these altogether for the winter, but delicate underclothes may be had (all the way down Oxford Street and Regent Street) in shades of delicate shell-pink, delicate pansy-blue and delicate pea-green. If, though, one's undies are inclined to be too delicate, then here is a useful tip for one: Always wash them in malt and cod-liver-oil, which will soon make

them strong again.

A word, before we go any further, about knicks and knacks—especially knicks, although what I want to talk about is evening-dresses. After all, the back view is important. These fascinating things, as one knows, are too universally nearly always all bottom and no top. But the dress-designers have thought of a really cute way to get over this. One just wears a long cape. Charming, doesn't one think? And of course, if one does not want to wear the cape, one can always take it off again.

If one wants to preserve the streamline effect which is so essential to the fashionable figure in evening-dress today, then here is the solution. Modern research has yielded a new invention in the form of an ointment which is applied to the body before putting on one's dress for the evening. This ointment so perfectly coats the body, imparting an even effect and so utterly smoothing all wrinkles, blotches, cuts and abrasions that the perfect stream-line is achieved and all old-fashioned garments like camiknicks are utterly abolished. This new ointment is called "En Tout Cas Stream-cream" and in addition contains vitamins A and B, which is always so nice, I always think. Every healthy woman should adopt this cream-for both day and

night wear. And, lastly, Paris has lately given us the most attractive new ensemble, called "The Altogether." This amusing garment is utterly too drenchingly new. It is composed of a striped "Arab" blanket, with a border of slashed Persian lamb, a pair of high-heeled waders, a string of pearls and a parachute. Paris decrees that to be really in the swim, one should have an ensemble (like this) which enables one to be dressed, as one might almost say, for any occasion. For morning wearthat is, for taking the poodle down to the end of the road and back-one wears the blanket only, slung carelessly around one's shoulder, more or less (rather less than more, if anythingif one sees what I mean), with the Persian lamb well to the fore in the Lancashire Mill Girl style. For a good healthy country walk the waders, with their elegant high heels, are added to this, and of course one can take a walking-stick, or even a hockey-stick (if one is extremely individualistic), or a shooting-stick, or a sugar-stick, should one feel so disposed. For afternoon tea the waders are replaced by the string of pearls (these need not be real, but it's always such a help if they are), and for flying out to post a letter the parachute is worn. A saucy little aerial sou-'wester makes a noteworthy addition to this delightful and charm-

Finally, it is still quite a good idea to have a simple mink coat in one's wardrobe, as one never knows when this will come in useful. Quite a good mink can be had for about £6,000,000,000,000. And, after all, the back view is so important.

His Girl's a Yorkshire Girl.

My love has seen a little hat, It leaves her saucy head bare, But, oh! it's chic, so what of that?

(My overcoat is threadbare.) My love has seen A little gown

Of Chinese-green—a charming gown That can't be matched in all the town!

(My overcoat is threadbare.)



So you're the new errand-boy. Do you know the West-End well?" "NOT WELL, SIR; BUT I THINK I COULD FIND IT."

My love has seen a pair of shoes As Cinderella's tiny. But she can wear 'em, taking twos.

(My overcoat is shiny.) They've shown her, oh!

Some leather gloves, Some cunning go-together gloves, As soft as is the breast of doves. (My overcoat is shiny.)

My love has seen a coat, with braid-A military one, for To swagger in the dress-parade

(My overcoat is done for), A scarf of white— "You see, my dear?

Exactly right;

These folds severe Would captivate a Cavalier!" (My overcoat is done for.)

My love and I we went to Town, MY OVERCOAT IS NEW, NOW!

quiet tasteful heather-brown, To see the winter through now. And what of hat

And gown and shoes

And scarf and that my love would choose?

Is she prepared the lot to lose Because my coat is new now?

My love is sweet, my love is gay, Her disposition's sunny; She's let her dreams go, ev'ry scrap,

And bought instead an ermine wrap, The bill for which I'll have to pay; And who's to find the money?

My love is sweet, my love is gay, And, as they say up Yorkshire way, "Well, after all, what's money?"

P.R.; or, Standing for Oxford.

II.

Ir will be remembered—that is, if anyone paid the smallest attention to the tale—that after the first innings, i.e., the count of the first preferences, the score stood at—

Blue . . . 7365 Haddock . . 3390 Red . . . 2683 White . . . 1803

And everybody in the room was doing horrible sums—distributing some of the 2's on the voting-papers which were marked "Blue 1" between "White" and Red and Haddock—distributing them, that is, in proportion to Blue's surplus, that is, his total votes, 7,365, less the quota (5,081), which comes to 2,284. Is that clear? No.

Well, supposing that White was marked "2" on twenty of Blue's 1-papers, the sum, we think, would be: As 20 is to 2,284, x is to 20—x being the votes to be transferred to White. Or it may be something quite different. We cannot tell.

But if it were possible to build a play or film round Proportional Representation (which we doubt), this, we know, would be the "dramatic" point, the "high-spot." For if, after this calculation, some Candidate reaches his quota, he is elected, and there is no more to be done. But if not, then some Candidate is bottom and the second and third choices on his papers are distributed. And, between ourselves, we had observed that there was a very goodly heap of papers marked

RED 1 HADDOCK 2

We did not, however, expect the business to go on so far that we should enjoy the benefit of those inspired papers. White's transfer-fee was fixed at last at 1,717, which took him up to 3,520 (Haddock being 3,390).

But then, after another period of anxious arithmetic, we received, with sharp surprise, a dividend of 474, taking us up to 3,864.

Red made a nice little break of 93 and became 2,776.

We began to take a serious interest in the match.

The score-board (second innings) now stood as follows:—

Blue . . . 7365 (elected)
Haddock . . 3864
White . . . 3520
Red . . . 2776

The third innings began.

Poor Red is now at the bottom; and the game is to bag all the 2's and 3's on his papers and distribute them between Haddock and White.

And this time they distribute not a proportion but the whole lot. (If you ask us why this is so we are unable to make an intelligent reply.)

At this point the page on which we were making notes began to look like a Lower Fourth Arithmetic Book or the casual jottings of a lunatic: it is covered with addition and subtraction sums, and vague isolated figures merely wandering about, like the Floating Vote; there are also a good many triangles and unfinished faces.

But those who played the game properly tell us that from the benevolent Red (bless him!) we received a delicious parcel of 1,315 2's and twenty-seven 3's, making us 5,206. White received only 154 2's and twenty-three 3's, and went up to 3,697.

The quota being 5,081, Haddock was declared elected. The final score was—

Blue . . . 7365 Haddock . . 5206 White . . . 3697 Red . . . 2776

What would have happened next if we had not reached the quota we are quite unable to tell you. But we believe they would have shuffled all the papers and started again.

It will be observed that we began with 15,241 votes (total); that after the second innings these were 17,525; and, after the third, 19,044. Yet they still assure us that everybody votes only once. The first jump is easily explained away, we agree; but the second baffles us.

It will be observed also that on the final count White had one-fifth of the total votes recorded, and may justly complain about his deposit.

We believe that on the whole, in proper circumstances, P.R. is a good thing. But it is not offensively easy to understand; and, where it is used, it ought, we feel, to be explained (by somebody, we mean, who understands it better than we do). The young Bachelor of Arts who has just gained a vote is (unless a political student) unlikely to have any knowledge of these mysteries, and should, we feel, receive with his voting-papers a little "non-party" instruction.

At all events, some sad misconceptions prevail. Many intelligent and kindly persons suppose, for example, that they are doing the best thing for their favourite Candidate by "plumping" for him—that is, by putting "1" against his name and ignoring the other Candidates. The experts assure us that this is erroneous, that you cannot damage your favourite by giving his rival a "2" as well, though you may damage their common cause by not doing so.

Then there is the "Split Vote" delusion, from which we suffered much. Some patriotic undergraduates at Oxford announced that our nomination was "unpatriotic and disloyal" on the ground that we "might split the National Vote," and about the town we met many anxious elders who had the same fear.

But (as we were assured before we deposited our name and money) it is mathematically impossible to "split the vote" under the Single Transferable Vote system. That is one of its great merits. It is only sensible to use such expressions where the voter has only one choice, and therefore, if there are two Candidates having the same cause, he must plump for one or the other. Suppose that Mr. BALDWIN and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS are opposed to each other in an ordinary degraded non-University constituency and that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD pops up suddenly on nomination day, the National cause is embarrassed and may be lost.

But suppose that, under the S.T.V. (as practised by the University), Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald are opposing Sir Stafford, and that Sir John Simon turns up at the last moment as a National Candidate. Those who passionately desire to see Mr. MacDonald in Parliament may then have a grievance against Sir John; but apart from that he cannot be accused of endangering the National cause or "letting Cripps in."

The National voter's right course is to mark his paper thus:—

> BALDWIN 1 MACDONALD 2 SIMON 3 CRIPPS

There is no room here to explain the whole doings; but roughly, we gather, it works this way:—

- (1) BALDWIN (we assume) is elected
- (2) Then, if either MacDonald or Simon is elected second the National cause has not suffered.
- (3) If CRIPPS goes to the bottom he cannot be elected and the National cause has not suffered.



HUNTING TERMINOLOGY.

["Foxes should be spoken of as so many brace . . . and hounds as couples,"—Sporting Paper.]

Young Student of the Sporting Press. "By Jove, Dad! There's half a couple of hounds chasing half a brace of foxes down there like billy o!"

(4) But if Simon, the interloper (or, for that matter, MacDonald), goes to the bottom, then all the second preferences marked on his paper will be transferred to MacDonald (or Simon), becoming 1's, and the National cause has not suffered by Simon's intervention.

If, in spite of this, CRIPPS is elected, it means that he would have been elected in any case, without SIMON'S intervention.

And, if that is not right, we give the whole thing up.

We met on polling-day a most distinguished lawyer and statesman, who, notwithstanding our efforts to dissipate error, was still muttering gloomy forebodings about "splitting the vote." We tried to explain that this was impossible; but he replied that he had no use for Proportional Representation anyway, and we parted. And we

thought, "If such is the attitude and such the knowledge of that great man, how can we expect the newly-degreed B.A., the busy stockbroker or far-off rector to understand how the darn thing works?"

However, all's well, etc. . . . But next time—if there is a next time—we shall enclose with our Address an explanation of the Single Transferable Vote—in verse.

It would be more seemly (and less expensive) if the University did the job—in prose.

A. P. H.

P.S.—And now someone tells us that these arrangements are not properly described as "P.R" at all. We do give it up.

An Impending Apology.

"University Pest.

Mr. William Hamilton Fyfe, principal and vice-chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston (Ontario), has been appointed principal of the University of Aberdeen."

Australian News Item.

Aunt Emma.

SHE rises each morning at seven
To a breakfast exceedingly slight;

Coffee and cake at eleven

Sustain her till dinner at night.

She's welcome to starve if she wants
to

But is it quite playing the game For even the richest of aunts to Insist on my doing the same?

She seems to be tougher and stronger

Each time she invites me to stay, But I, if I'm here any longer,

Shall have faded completely away. Was there ever a harder dilemma

With which a poor nephew was cursed?

My health, and the wealth of Aunt Emma;

The grave—and who reaches it first.



Superior Person. "AI CONSIDER HER ONE OF THE FINEST 'PORTIAE' AI HAVE EVER SEEN."

From Bias Free.

The Governor of Maryland has warned magistrates that they must not be influenced in their decisions by pretty girls in court. The magistrate against whom this was particularly directed denies that he has been thus affected.

THE Governor said to the Magistrate In Maryland, U.S.A.,

"If you go on as you've done of late You'll find there's the deuce to pay; It isn't the way I like to speak, But you're a corruptible, venal Beak,

Or, if not venal exactly, weak; It comes to the same each way."

The Magistrate looked at the Governor,

"Show me the guy," said he,
"Who talks like that, and he'll get what for, Whatever the man may be;

I deal out law and I've got no price; I come down heavy on crime and vice; My court and I are as pure as ice; Justice for all, that's me."

The Governor said, "At a recent case, If the horrible tale be true,

A girl turned up with a comely face Which was good enough law for you; She raised her eyes at the Bench, and bang, Facts and evidence all went hang;

I hope your conscience gives you a pang; What was the colour? Blue?'

The Magistrate answered, "Sad, oh, sad How innocence lets one down;

I grant her eye was a trifle glad, But what could I do but frown? And frown I did with a frown that lacked

Nothing of scorn for her ill-judged act; And, now you ask, as matter of fact Her eyes weren't blue, but brown."

The Governor said, "For the feminine eye Blue is the fairest sheen,

Blue is the colour for which men die."
The other said, "Brown, you mean.

Blue's all right for a piece of fluff

But a brown-eyed girl is of nobler stuff; Brown is the colour for——" "That's enough," The Governor said with spleen.

"Brown," cried the Beak as he shook his fist; The Governor shouted "Blue."

A quarto hurled through the air (and missed); Wildly the law-books flew

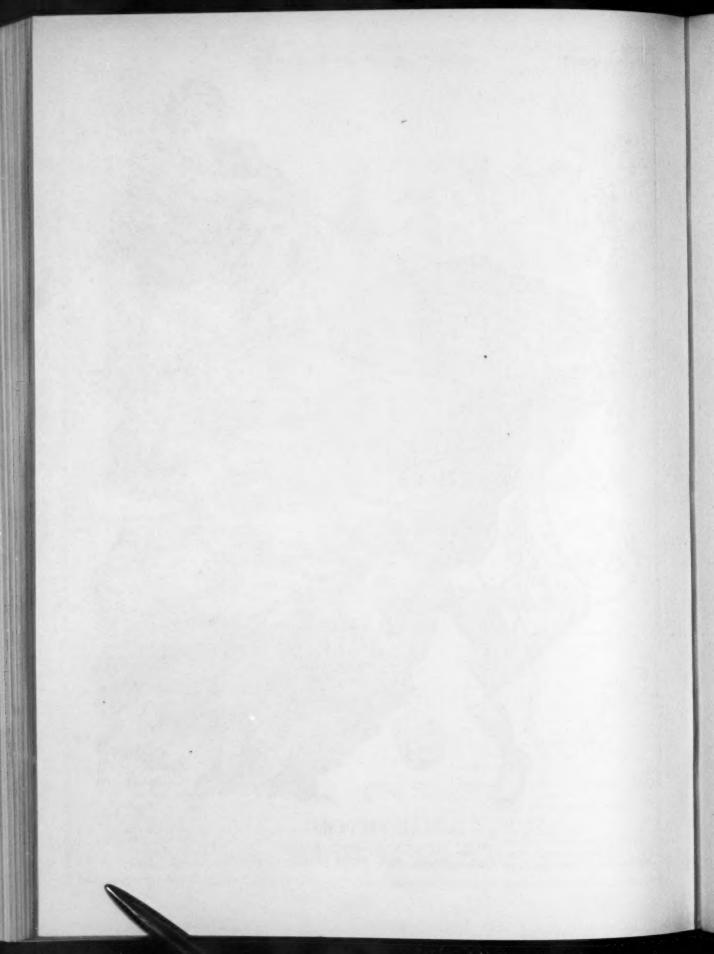
Till a silence fell on the painful fray, And the Governor said in a shamefaced way,

"My dear wife's eyes are a greenish grey. The other said, "Mine's are too." DUM-DUM.



AU SECOURS!

- "PULL, PÈRE LAVAL—PULL HARD!"
 "HOLD TIGHT, MON PETIT—HOLD TIGHT!"





"OF COURSE, CONNIE, PLUS-FOURS AND A BERET DON'T PROVE THAT 'E 'S A GENTLEMAN."

The Survivor.

Mr. Worrall thoughtfully passed the back of his hand across his wispy moustache and handed his cup through the kitchen-window.

"Thanking you," he said.

"No trouble, gardener," I'm sure, said Mrs. Mimms. "A nice cup of tea is welcome, I know. Not but what there's some as values nothing, not even the best Ceylon." She frowned darkly at young Ethel. "Orangejuice, if you please!" she continued. "For the complexion and I don't know what. Tea ain't good enough for her."

Mr. Worrall took the refilled cup and solemnly shook his head.

"It's all a matter of gratitude," he said. "There's some as don't 'ardly know what it means, and there's others pressed down and running over with it. And, curiously enough, sometimes it's the party which has done the good turn which is the party to show the gratitude. See what I mean?"

Mrs. Mimms said not altogether.
"Take a young friend of mine named George, over at Saltport," said

Mr. Worrall a trifle obscurely. "Last summer George, when swimming, was took bad with cramp and pretty near drowned, and a gentleman obliged with a boat-'ook out of a fourteen-foot lug-and-mizzen and saved him. After that the gentleman couldn't make too much of George, and many was the ten-bob-note which passed in the right direction. George was 'ighly pleased so long as it lasted, and five more times he was saved from drowning by visitors, three of 'em proving winners.

"George carried on till the private boats was laid up. Then he got a job as handyman to a maiden lady with 'orn-rims, in all respects suitable to save him till the summer come again. He asked my advice on the best steps to be took.

"Well, George,' I said, 'when it comes to being saved, there's general sin and there's drink.'

"'They ain't respectable the same as drowning,' George objects. 'I 'ave high principles as well as good looks'—which he had both.

"'I can't help that,' I told him.
'Think it over, George, for 'tis one or
the other.'

"So George thought it over, and such was his 'igh-principled objections to general sin that he voted for drink."

Mr. Worrall finished his tea and handed back the cup.

"And what happened?" asked Mrs. Mimms.

"It worked a treat. The lady was all over George after she had saved him a time or two. She gave him two 'arfcrown rises, and he was knee-deep in clover until she threatened to give him eddication as well. But he were saved from that too."

"Who by?" asked Mrs. Mimms.
"The 'orn-rim's second 'ousemaid."
"And what did she give him?"

"'Erself in 'oly wedlock," said Mr. Worrall; "and what with looks being only skin-deep and the drowning-season (which 'e had so looked forward to) bound to come along sooner or later, I ain't altogether easy in my mind about young George."

The Old Firm.

"Mr. Fisher is not in agreement with the view that the later nineteenth century was the age of Marx and Spencer."

Daily Paper.

First Principles.

THE Inspector flung himself into the lesson with the glorious vigour of a man who knows that he need not teach any longer than he feels inclined.

"A rod has two strings attached to its ends and to a nail in a wall," he read out with impressive emphasis. "Now—

what—figure"—("Be very careful," his manner clearly said)—"does that suggest to you?" He smiled encouragingly at Form Six. who stared back at him rather vacantly.

"It is a-?" he coaxed, head raised as though about to sneeze. "Surely it is a

Form Six were frankly puzzled and said nothing. Master frowned at them from behind the Inspector.

"A rod tied by two pieces of string to a nail. Sir?" dutifully suggested Binks major, who is reading for a Maths, scholarship at Cambridge.

"No, no," said the Inspector, "I don't mean that! What sort of figure does it suggest? Surely it is a .- ?" waited expectantly, a trace of annovance creeping into his expression as the silence lengthened.

"Triangle," hazarded Jones without much real conviction. Jones lacks the low cunning that makes a mathematician.

"Why, yes, a triangle," said the Inspector, much pleased. "Precisely, a triangle." He smiled approvingly at Jones.

The rest of Form Six exchanged uneasy glances, and Binks major coloured hotly. He felt that he was being trifled

The Inspector dashed off a triangle on the board with great spirit and lettered it.

"Now what," he asked earnestly, "is keeping the rod from falling?" He leaned forward

and stared intently at the form, who gazed back blankly as though in a mesmeric trance. At last—
"The strings," said Jones, em-

boldened by his previous success

The Inspector brushed aside so shallow a view with some impatience and repeated the question severely. Jones subsided, squashed.

"The tensions in the strings," said Smith at last, breaking an awkward

The Inspector relaxed. "Correct," he purred-"quite correct. The ten-

sions in the strings. Now has anyone here got a piece of string?'

Startled silence. Sixth forms, unlike fourth forms, do not carry string about with them.

"Come, come," he said testily-"surely someone has a piece of string. Just a simple piece of string.

No, no one, it appeared, had a piece of string-not even a simple piece. The Master suggested a handthe form, "is this handkerchief in a state of tension or compression?"

Form Six were too polite to dis-"Tension, Sir," they appoint him. chorused-all except Binks major, who did not intend to encourage this sort of

'Good, good," cooed the Inspector. "But how exactly does it work? It is pulling me at this end, but is it pulling you at your end? That is the question.

Robinson assured him that it was pulling him at his end

The Inspector affected to be badly puzzled.

"Then which way does this tension work along the handkerchief?" he panted, hanging on grimly to his end while the perspiration began to bead his brow. "Show me which way it works."

Robinson let go his end auddenly to illustrate his answer. The Inspector's arm flew back over the top of a desk and knocked over an inkpot.

"Now there is an excellent illustration," he cried. "Why did that inkpot fall over?"

The Master saw Binks major begin to shape the word "Clumsiness," and frowned at him. Suspecting pitfalls in the ques-Suspecting pittans in the tion, Form Six were silent.

"Why did it fall over?" peated the Inspector. "Why didn't it give as good as it got and stop my elbow?"

"Or put it another way," he continued. "If I walk straight into the wall there, what is it that stops me?"

Fascinated by this sudden flight of fancy, Form Six could only goggle dumbly.

"Why can't I get right through it?" he asked peevishly. "Why?"

Painful silence, except for a nervous giggle from Jones.

The Inspector changed the subject abruptly.

Why am I standing on this floor?" he cried. "Why is it that I do not fall through into the room

Form Six, as a whole, still refused to express an opinion. Luckily Binks major's "Gawd knows" was drowned by the ringing of the bell.

The Inspector considers that Form Six are a bit weak on first prin-

On the other hand, Form Six consider that the Inspector is a bit weak in the head.



"FITZROY LE VEULT?"

"Well, de anemils en de beastesses 'lected dat dey hatter hole er 'sembly, en w'en de day come de Lion, he wuz dere, kaze he hatter be dere.

En w'en de Lion shuck his mane en tuck his seat in de big cheer, den de sesshun begun fer ter commence. . . ."

UNCLE REMUS.

kerchief. The Inspector accepted the suggestion reluctantly. String, simple string was what his soul really craved. Smith produced his handkerchief. The Inspector glanced at it and hastily produced his own.

"Now how," he asked mysteriously, "does string work? Just pull hard at

Robinson, a hefty youth, obliged. Breathing rather heavily at the other end, the Inspector was just about able to hold his own.

'Now," he asked, beaming round on

Competition.

THERE are only two shopkeeners at our end of Little Wobbley-Bloggs the grocer and Longfellow the ironmonger. Both have always interpreted their missions in life rather liberally, and Bloggs has included in groceries such things as hair-cream, silk scarves, jamtarts, cameras, liver-pills and false moustaches; while Longfellow has dabbled in newspapers, tobacco, fire-works and razor-blades. There has been a tacit agreement that neither should poach on the other's preserves: but recently Bloggs discovered that Longfellow was obtaining Slitherdew's Slimming Salts for Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, and since then each has started stocking the other's "lines."

For the next two weeks the village watched with breathless interest the battle between these giants of commerce. The politeness of both of them to customers became almost sickening, and both made striking improvements in their shops. For years we had been puzzled by a white glossy announcement in Bloggs' window which said tersely "Por off," but by replacing the letters that had fallen down he now invited us to try "Popp's Toffee, Bloggs put down new linoleum in his shop, and Longfellow replied by providing a doormat with "Welcome" written on it.

For years there had lain in Bloggs' window a glass plate containing some very dusty specimens of those large round sweets known as Ogo Pogo Eyes. We had somehow expected that in his new mood he would wash the plate, but when we saw that he had washed the sweets as well we were almost frightened for him. Longfellow dusted the 1935 pocket diary that has been mouldering for twelve months in his window and offered it at a reduced price.

"They can't stand the strain much longer," said Edith one day when Bloggs had called her "Madam" twice. "It can only be a matter of days before one of them dies of overwork. Bloggs has put up a new piece of crinkly paper over the dead flies in his window and Longfellow has pruned his moustache."

Next time I went into Bloggs' shop, however, I had to ring the bell three times before he emerged from the backparlour, and I had a sad suspicion that the bad old days were back again. He didn't call me "Sir," and he had his old air of appearing to think it was rather an impertinence on my part to want to buy anything.

"If you keep me hanging about like



"I came here in ninety-four to observe a solar eclipse, and then there occurred some interesting seismic disturbances, so I got to like the place and just stayed on "

this," I said irritably, "I shall transfer my custom to Longfellow."

"It's all one to me," said Bloggs with satisfaction. "Longfellow and I have decided that competition is uneconomic, so we are going into partnership, and next week the two shops will be knocked into one."

"What are you going to call yourselves?" I asked, "Bloggs and Longfellow' or 'Longfellow and Bloggs'?"

"We had a lot of argument about it," said Bloggs. "I naturally wanted it to be 'Bloggs and Longfellow,' and he wanted it to be 'Longfellow and Bloggs.' For a time it seemed that agreement would be impossible, and we were thinking of referring it to the

League of Nations, when I got a bright idea and thought of a name that would suit us both."

"What name?" I asked.

"The Efficiency Supply Stores,' he said, and creaked back into the parlour without even bothering to say "Good-night."

Grand Chance for Smith Major.

"Young Public School Boy required, age 17, for rearing and fattening."—Advt.

"The Mayor then raised the punch bowl to his lips, remarking. 'And now prosperity to all the people of Barrow and prospehity to uor good old tiwn.' (Applause.)"

Report of Local Function.

Evidently a pretty powerful punch.

At the Play.

"DISTINGUISHED GATHERING" (ST. MARTIN'S).

It is a favourite ambition of young men to want to be publishers and so meet, they explain, all sorts of interesting people. A publisher can invite not only the writers of unsavoury memoirs but the people mentioned in them, and if the publisher is as suave and as sure of himself as Felix Montague (Mr. Frank VOSPER), the guests will not only come but will stay and do as they are told. They will not even stop at murder. When they hear, one by one, what Eliot Vines will be printing about them they soon see that there are exceptions to the generally sound prejudice against murder.

It is true that while they are all in the same boat some of the guests have much better seats than others. some the revelations mean ruin and prison; for others the dramatist has been less skilful in devising dilemmas, and we are forced to do a good deal of violence to our sense of the probable before we can enter into the feeling on the stage that murder, though unusual at a dinner-party and out of most of the guests' line of country, is, the obvious and only course.

There are plenty of social milieus in which the "rubbing out" or elimination of undesirable or superfluous

people evokes - or so our reading tells us-no particular surprise or excitement; but the piquant flavour of this play lies in the notion that murder, with all its pitfalls, should arise for typical first-nighters, for distinguished young civil servants and Society women. The actors and actresses were so natural in their characterparts that the ease with which they all fell into the scheme to do murder that night could not ring true. It was a pity that their prompt confederacy had to be set up in Act I., because things were destined to improve.

With the perpetration of the murder—by whose hand we did not know-the play acquired a new strength. The moment we met Eliot Vines (Mr. ROLAND CULVER) we could begin to believe, for

he made a bridge between the pleasant people and the foul deed. Mr. CULVER veneer. Then, as happens with murders,

little things begin to go wrong. The police arrive too soon and ask too many questions and stoop to keyhole-listening. Mr. Vosper is capital as he shows the growing uneasiness of a publisher



Eliot Richard Vines (MR. ROLAND CULVER). "POLICE! YOU MIGHT LOOK IN-I'VE AN IDEA I'M GOING TO BE MURDERED!"

who never thought his plans would have miscarried like this, and the guests tell their lies in a hearty and emphatic way that redeems their earlier failure to make us understand how they feel.



Detective-Inspector Rutherford (Mr. OLIVER JOHNSTON). "I'VE REASON TO SUSPECT MURDER'S BEEN DONE HERE.

Felix Montague Mr. Frank Vosper. Eliot Richard Vines . . . MR. ROLAND CULVER. MISS BARBARA COUPER,

The dramatist is in a nice quandary. We know he is not preparing for a massgave just the right impression of trial at the Old Bailey, but the police thorough unpleasantness behind a social must be able and formidable and suspicious or there will be no excitement.

In the end he sacrifices the police just when they seemed to be doing so well. This last Act, in which the police are in possession of the scene of the crime and out to reconstruct it, has inevitable affinities with the last Act of Ten-Minute Alibi; but the police here are less characterised, and so we mind less that their discomfiture is abrupt and final.

Miss BARBARA COUPER gave a discerning and subtle portrayal of the publisher's wife, the woman who is more sensitive than her accomplices and from her very sensitiveness ruins all. She says too much and her decision and fortitude later are but poor amends. We are left at the end with the husband and wife agreeing to put the whole thing behind them as an episode not very pleasant to dwell upon. They do not regret the murder but they do not relish the recollection of the evening on which they were so nearly caught. They have had a poor time, whereas we, the onlookers, have had much incidental diversion, notably from Mrs. Caswell (Miss Joan Hickson), who redeemed the nice ordinariness of the other women accomplices.

As Sir Brian Howet Mr. IVAN Samson had the most difficult part of all, for he had to strain our credulity more than anyone else and to achieve feats of improbability where the actor of the part of Major "Runty" Pearson (Mr. John Garside) had only to show (and did) a consistent cad. It is not

perhaps a reflection on the home civil service that this casual murdering, drug-taking and wife-desertion do not seem to sit easily on its rising young man. Like the airman who seems seriously afraid of a charge of attempted suicide, based on hearsay in a discreditable volume of memoirs, Sir Brian has no doubt that evil about him will be at once believed.

In a different setting, in a smaller and more intense society, there is a good plot in this story of how to sup-press libel; but dramatists, like murderers, can hardly be too careful to choose the best possible sites for their deeds of blood. D. W.

"THE INSIDE STAND" (SAVILLE).

Dance-bands have characteristic cacophonies which they call signature-tunes and with which they zoom their way into and out of our loud-speakers; the first instance I have observed of an author adopting

signature-phrase is that of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's "wheels within wheels" which of late has become the hall-mark of his authentic work, cropping up every

now and then to remind us that the master is still at the helm. And a very good idea too. When, soon after this farce began, Senator Fitch delivered, with an air of profundity which forced us to weigh his every word, the observation that most certainly there were w's within w.'s, any disciple of Mr. WODEHOUSE—and who isn't?—should have tumbled to the author's name without looking at the programme.

There is no disguising the fact that this entertainment, which derives mainly from the novel, Hot Water, is disappointing, and to be disappointed with anything from its author's pen is like finding the sun a little weaker than we thought: but even the sun is only at its best in the right atmosphere, and undoubtedly Mr. WODE-HOUSE'S method is far more effective on the printed page than in the theatre. And the reason, I think, is not far to seek. In a novel, farce can be slowed up indefinitely without loss of energy and for whole chapters action can give place to talk, so long as the talk is worth it; who cares if

Bertie Wooster remains in bed for an entire novel so long as Jeeves is standing gravely by his side and they continue to converse of this and that?

But in the theatre conditions are quite different. There farce, in order to cover its inherent transparency, must be played at a devil of a rate or else flag. Speed, so to speak, is of the essence; and speed is the last thing on earth which should happen to the sublime phrases which spring so happily from the genius of Mr. WODEHOUSE. With one of his novels on your knee it is possible to lean back and roll his superb idiom, lest a drop of it be wasted, over the mind's palate until the delicacy of the bouquet has been fully savoured; but in the theatre you cannot do this, and lines flash by almost untasted which you realise regretfully have been

desperately good. That is really the point—that his lines are too good, too rich in literary value to be completely effective in a medium where coarser strokes in a rougher material are needed.

Both cast and producer—Mr. Har-OLD FRENCH—have obviously worked hard to strike a satisfactory compromise between these difficulties, and



THE INSIDE STAND: CHAMPAGNE (DOPED).

Sammy Simms. Mr. Ben Welden.
Duchess de la Vospierre . . Miss Olive Blakeney.

of course there is much in the result to laugh at. Mr. RALPH LYNN, for instance, who takes the part of *Freddie Widgeon*, is in the veritable tradition of



THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Freddie Widgeon . . . MB. RALPH LYNN.
Josephine Fitch MISS KATHLEEN KELLY.

Blandings Castle, with all which that implies. There is no other actor who with so little apparent effort gets so near the peculiar characteristics of the Woosters. Again, Miss OLIVE BLAKE-

NEY, who plays a Public (and Private) Enemy, has no rival in the art of firing off wisecracks with all the relentless precision of a machine-gun.

No one, I believe, could expose for our sympathy the fearful melancholy of a safe-blower (who admits to feeling like a caged skylark now that his mother is no longer working with him) better than Mr. Ben Welden does it here. And as for Mr. James Carew, he can make a Senator of the United States seem a live human being, and praise can hardly go further. The fault—that the fun is only intermittent and that one's sides are never in any danger of splitting, as they should be at a farce—lies certainly not with the cast.

The story is no slighter than usual. A villa in the South of France (and how maddeningly ultra-violet it all seemed after November had done its worst outside!) suddenly hums with American gangsters, attracted by a garland of jewels reputed to be in the safe. The "inside stand," as the business of insinuating a member of a gang into the doomed house is called, is worked by Miss Blakeney, and the presence in the house-party of a pretty girl—Miss Kathleen Kelly—is enough to

bring Mr. LYNN muscling in, to the infinite complication of what in normal circumstances should be the exact science of safe-blowing.

Perhaps the best scene is that in which Mr. LYNN takes his approach-shots at his intended father-in-law. He is nearly as funny in his attempts to discover whether the female-thug carries a gun and in his courageous appropriation of nine hundred francs from her slowwitted mate. One of the best moments is when he says kindly to his dazed host, who is trying to find his way out of the drawing-room: 'On the other lock, old

The intervals were greatly brightened by the Three GINX, who sang well and amusingly. Eric.

"Accountants (London) require thoroughly experienced Clerk, to take charge medium-size income-tax dept. Experience of insolvency an advantage."
"Vacancies" Column.

We should have expected it to be an essential.

East in the West-End.

So far as I could discern, the experts at the Chinese Exhibition at the Royal Academy were chiefly gathered around the less beautiful things. Grave English gentlemen, European connoisseurs rather more vocal, and large Orientals whenever I saw them they were worshipping (or even questioning) at shrines different from mine. Being no expert, I found myself looking and looking again only at what seemed to me most exquisite. I looked, for instance, long at No. 755, that sombre mysterious painting in Gallery III: called "Herd of Deer in Grove," painted on silk by an unknown artist during the Five Dynasties: that is to say, a hundred years before the Norman Conquest here. If this is not the most lovely thing in the Exhibition I shall be surprised. I looked long, in Gallery IV., at No. 974, a delicious picture called "Ladies of the Palace Sewing," also on silk, but smaller, with spots of the most engaging blue, said to have been painted by the Emperor Hui Tsung himself, who was living over there what time WILLIAM II. and HENRY I. were reigning over here. This is a gayer picture; but still more gay, and inexhaustible in its perfection, is No. 1387 in Gallery VII., the work of MA FEN in the late eleventh century. It is in ink on paper, and it portrays "The Hundred Geese," feeding, flying and conferring. If there is anywhere a more delicate and satisfying picture of geese than this I cannot imagine it. I did not count them, although provoked to do so by No. 997, called "White Geese and Red Polygonum," where I could find only one of those decorative fowls. But No. 1387-that is the miracle.

These names remind me that even the compiler of this superb Exhibition's catalogue-often a dryasdust affair-is to be envied. That which a humorist once called "a cat and logue life" has for him been cheered and elevated by the titles he has had to transcribe. "Fung-Fang-so stealing the Peaches of "Mainahs on the Bough of Longevity," a Pine Tree," "Sparrows and Rice Stalks," "Fishing on a Snowy Day," "Pine Trees on a Mountain in Spring, "Gazing at the Moon," "Forest and Mountain Peaks on a Winter Evening.' "Monkeys at Play on a Loquat Tree, "Travelling in the Mountains in Spring," "Feasting by Lantern Light," "Drinking to the Moon," "Peach Tree and a Parrakeet," "Cleansing of the Moon," "A Picture of Peace and Harmony: Quails,""Landscape and Water Buffaloes," "Murmuring Pines on a Mountain Path," "A Study of Plum Blossoms," "Birds Welcoming Spring," "A Study of Peonies and a Cat," "Examining Antiques in the Shade of the Elecoca Tree"—a great change, are they not, from the quotations from Gray's Elegy, to which the visitors to Burlington House are accustomed?

But I must not linger too long with the painters, because their scrolls occupy only a small space in this house of marvels. Most of it is porcelain, bronzes, statuary; and the larger portion, as I have suggested, illustrates the high state of civilisation which the Chinese had reached while we in the West were still blind or purblind. As for the statuary, there is, in the Central Hall, a trifling figure of Maitreya Buddha in white marble, weighing only twenty tons, which is best seen from the middle of the south side of Gallery IX., where last summer a portrait by HAROLD KNIGHT was hanging. This, however, I do not want; but I would gladly be the owner of No. 2498 in the Lecture Room, a Bodhisattva of the T'ANG Dynasty, A.D. 618 to 906, with a charming sinuosity of pose and graceful traceries in the stone. The circumstance that it has no head matters not in the least; it could not be more beautiful.

These exhibits are, however, large and would, while they were being conveyed, attract notice. More easy to remove, were it not for the vigilance of the custodians, would be some of the smaller articles which I noted as I passed among these avenues of perfection-such as No. 464 in Gallery II.. "bronze mirror with elongated dragons," dating from the period of the Warring States, that is to say, B.C. 481 to 221, when we in England, so far from practising the niceties of the toilet, were clustering in caves and painting our bodies blue; and No. 935, a porcelain bottle "with pale blue glaze"; and No. 943, a "shallow porcelain bowl with bluish glaze" No. 994, a white bowl; and No. 1107, a vase of pottery, "lavender-blue glaze splashed with purple"; and No. 1167, a porcelain bowl "with moulded design of flying phœnixes under an ivorywhite glaze"; and No. 1645, a bowl of egg-shell porcelain, with dragons in slip under a white glaze"; and No. 1791, a bottle "with onion top and landscape in blue and white"; and No. 1879, a small vase "with glossy greyish-green glaze," MING dynasty or later; and No. 2154, a bowl "decorated with panels of season flowers in enamel colours in a green ground, set in a ground of pink"; and No. 2233, a two-handled vase, with lavender-blue

glaze"; and No. 2278, a bottle "decorated with a rose spray and a butterfly in famille rose enamels"; and No. 2625 a vase "in peacock blue, decorated with banana leaves, angular dragons and thunder scrolls in low relief," also MING; and No. 2664, "a vase of slender baluster form, porcelain, with peachbloom glaze"; and No. 2679, a pair of beakers, porcelain, with archaic bronze design, under opaque green glaze; and. to mention one of the most desirable last, No. 1276, in Gallery VI., a vase "with rounded body, slender neck and flanged mouth, decorated with a phænix facing the sun, incised in a warm white glaze." (Oh, the whiteness of it, and quite small and pocketable too.)

Such, leaving aside the screens and carpets and tapestries and jars and bronzes that would require palaces to house them, and saying nothing of an ice-chest in cloisonné, is my first selection; but, such is the richness of this Royal Academy show, that on another day I might choose differently altogether and still be the owner of priceless treasures.

E. V. L.

New Names for Old Streets.

[According to an article in The Observer, the L.C.C. proposes to simplify the existing system of nomenclature by renaming a number of streets, and in particular by altering Lower Grosvenor Place to Arabella Row—whether in honour of Arabella Stuart or Arabella Churchill, is not stated.]

The L.C.C. is claiming
The power, so it seems,
Of drastic street-renaming
To realise its dreams;
And Lower Grosvenor Place is
Destined henceforth to glow
With fresh euphonious graces
As Arabella Row.

The name of Arabella
Has a melodious sound
And rhymes like tarantella
And Stella can be found;
But I'm a simple fella,
And I should like to know
Who is the Arabella
Who's going to have a Row?

If 'tis the tragic lady
Who all our pity claims
For her treatment by the shady
Mean-spirited King James,
Belgravia never gave her
A home in sunshine's hour,
And there was none to save her

From dying in the Tower.

And it can't have been the other
Arabella, whose renown
Rests mainly on her brother
Who did her lover down:



"LOOKS TO ME AS IF IT WOULD FALL TO BITS IN THE FIRST FEW MINUTES."

"AFTER ALL, MADAM, THAT'S PURELY GUESSWORK."

For never she frequented
The regions of Mayfair—
The mansion that she rented
Was in St. James's Square.

Though Morrison's dictator
Of the Labour L.C.C.
As a street nomenclator
He's not above C.3,
And shows by this strange sample
How far we've fallen from
The standard and example

Of good Sir Laurence Gomme.

C. L. G.

My Overcoat.

At a time when any stupendous feat of construction, such as the building of the Queen Mary, does so much to put fresh heart into the nation, it would be a thousand pities if the creation of my new overcoat were to escape the public's notice. For here is not only another great blow at unemployment but also a determined attempt to wrest back for this country the blue riband of the surtout world which for

too long has alternated between the Russians and the Lapps; and if the combination of British brains, capital and workmanship which is going to its making is not successful in this aim, I will wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, now lamentably porous, and endure the worst rigours of our miserable climate without another murmur of reproach.

Until its launch, somewhere about the end of next week, I am afraid I cannot divulge just how many furlongs of tweed will be snipped for its outside or just how many wild beasts have died for the sake of its lining; and until its trials one can only conjecture at its vast capabilities. But this much is certain, that it will fulfil two qualifications I have always coveted, by being the largest and warmest overcoat in the world. Let me repeat that very beautiful phrase, for my study is cold and out in the street the December fog is turning the postmen's noses into icicles: THE LARGEST AND WARMEST OVERCOAT IN THE WORLD.

And when I say overcoat I mean, of course, a portable form of protection in which its owner can move from place to place, and not such a ridiculous contraption as that into which I once saw a chilled millionaire from the Argentine crawl one winter day at Newmarket, so heavy an agglomeration of rich pelts that his valet had to fix it up on a strong pole running parallel with his spine and peg it down into the Suffolk mud with guy-ropes, enforcing an absolute immobility which proved embarrassing later in the afternoon when a riderless horse came cavorting into the paddock.

No, this splendid child of my imagination, now upon the stocks, is no contemptible static tent but a sublime and dynamic overcoat. For more years than I can count it has been taking shape in my mind, a lovely hulk of tweed and fur and, in moments of extreme exaltation, feather. Such a coat, my masters, as every writer should have hanging ready in his hall, lest at any moment his telephone ring



THE CAUTIOUS MOTHER WHO REFUSED TO LET HER CHILDREN BECOME PEDESTRIANS.

and his employers order him forth across the icy ocean to far lands in search of ultimate truth or the supreme jape. It would be a nice thing to have to reply that one lacked a covering fit for such a quest; for we who live by the pen must ensure that, come what may, we shall be warm enough to hold it.

When, a few weeks ago, I announced my decision to commission the work and on what a monumental scale. tenders were not long in coming from the few firms whose resources were huge enough to undertake it, and a regular deluge of advice poured in from other connoisseurs of the surtout. An old lady in Bath rang up to ask if I had observed the photograph in The Times of Sir John Simon at Ebbw Vale enclosed in an overcoat of original and engulfing design. A correspondent in Rome telegraphed that Baron Aloisi was sporting a half-belt of unconventional cut. A perfect stranger wrote from Walham Green to suggest that, if the coat were lined with the cloth from a crown-andanchor board, it could be put to profitable use on long train journeys. And one of many kindly postcards was from a clergyman in Norfolk to assure me that if I was contemplating any really serious bird-watching a separate pocket for the flask, and a generous one at that, was a sine, as he called it, qua non.

Selecting the tweed for the outside of my overcoat was, as you may well imagine, no easy task, but at length I found what I wanted; and a very remarkable stuff it is. A subdued synopsis of the Aurora Borealis, an exquisite compression of the splendour of the whole spectrum into a nutshell. The nutshell recurs every couple of feet or so.

The first thing I asked of the Architect and the Engineer when we met together was that the coat should house an immense beard without distortion.

"Why," they objected, "seeing that you have no beard?"

"How long do you expect this coat to last?" I asked.

"Twenty years," they both agreed.
"Very well," I retorted. "Who are you to say that by 1955 I shall not be the possessor of a beard of pan-European reputation? Is it to be treated as a mere goatee simply for the lack of a little foresight?"

The second thing I asked was that the coat should reach to my feet, and the third that the collar, when erected, should button completely over my head, and that it should be equipped with a small combined periscope and breathing-tube, a frontal aperture for a pipe, and an electric-light to keep up my spirits.

The fourth thing I asked for was that separate pockets should be provided to hold a telescope, a flask, the Pilgrim's Progress, Ruff's Guide to the Turf, a wireless-set and an accumulator to supply power for the electric heating of the coat, on which I insist.

I wish that space permitted a fuller description of this great British venture, but a sketch may help:—



WAITING FOR THE FIRST RACE.

So far no serious labour troubles have interfered with the work, the dissatisfaction of the button-sewing squads last week having been removed by the enrolment of an extra shift.

ERIC.



"THICK OR CLEAR SOUP, SIR?"
"'ARF-AN'-'ABF."

"The Laverock, or Lark."

I once was made to maverock,
To learn, digest and mark
A song about the Laverock,
The early-rising Laverock,
About the lovely Laverock,
The Laverock, or Lark.

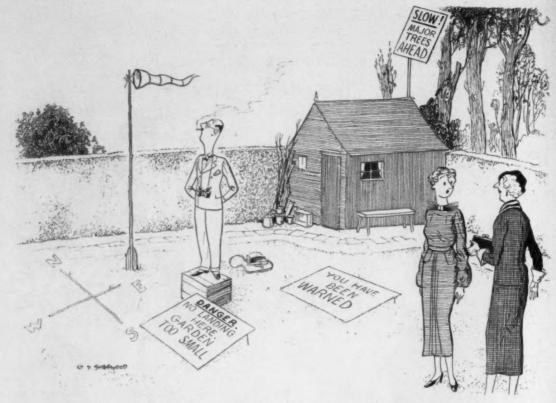
One day within the Paverock,
While walking in the Park,
I loudly sang, "O haverock!"—
By which I meant, "O hark!—
The Laverock! The Laverock!"

It acted like a spaverock
On gunpowder—a spark
On all within the Paverock.
The dogs began to baverock,
To jump about and bark
As if they'd met a Snaverock—
A Lewis Carroll Snark;
And three old men went staverock,
Went crazy, staring, stark,
Because I sang the Laverock
That day within the Park.

I hurried back to Saverock— I sought my home in Sark; The boat was like the Averock— Was crowded like the Ark, And I came late to Saverock, Arriving after daverock— Long after it was dark.

No more I'll be a claverock
In London, near the Paverock,
No more I'll be a clerk!
I'll stay at home in Saverock
(They like my songs in Saverock!)
And there I'll sing the Laverock,

The Laverock, or Lark.



"ALFRED HAS GONE AIR-MINDED, DEAR-THAT'S THE LATEST."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Debunking of Mars.

"THERE is a charming sentimental legend, probably started by Venus, that contact with Mars refines and elevates the soul." Thus Mr. H. M. TOMLINSON, who dedicates the controversial pungency of Mars His Idiot (HEINEMANN, 7/6) to questioning the sanity and undermining the faith of the war-god's devotees. War, he maintains, is no prettier than the Black Death and equally due to ignorance. In any case we have got to eliminate it before it eliminates us, and a persistent policy of "security" and enhanced profits for individual nations will lead straight to the latter end. The England we ought to value is safe except from ourselves. (This truism needs qualification, I feel, by Mr. Tomlinson and earnest meditation by his countrymen.) For the rest, it is high time that our mechanical inventions, largely "the elaboration of the tomahawk and the tom-tom," were subjected to conscientious control; and that responsible individuals saw the folly of their shiftless abdication in favour of the omnipotent state. It is hardly, perhaps, the author's affair to stress the obstacles to his unexceptionable programme. If those inclined to pick holes in it would use their wits to implement it, something might be done.

Raw Material of Fiction.

Mr. H. A. Jones thinks there would have been no siege of Kut and perhaps no capture of Jerusalem if a pilot—in the first case British, in the second German—had not been

brought down while returning from reconnaissance before he could get his all-important message through. The crucial part played by the Air services in the Eastern campaign during 1917 is emphasised in the Fifth Volume of the Official History of the War in the Air (Oxford University Press, with maps, 30/-), a book which, characteristically, opens by acknowledging the courtesy of German authorities, who have placed their records at the author's disposal. This series of strong tales of the knights of the clouds, though burdened with a deep under-note of carnage and mutilation, is relieved by not a few instances on either side of comradeship and chivalry. There is a record of five days' endurance on the wings of a water-logged sea-plane. Mr. Kipling's gorgeous yarn of a flight in the Maldive Islands is finally authenticated in only slightly soberer guise.

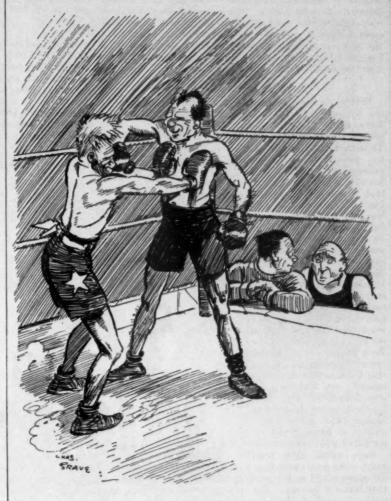
The Three Commercials.

Your commercial traveller should be a good subject for the novelist. His life has plenty of movement, and he sees a variety of people; but we do not often meet him in fiction, except as a secondary character. Still, the late STACY AUMONIER wrote one of his best stories in The Friends; and here is Mr. NORMAN COLLINS following him in The Three Friends (GOLLANCZ, 7/6). Mr. Clagg, Captain Knott and Mr. Birdie are his trio, and it is upon the last that he has expended most care. He is the only family man of the three, whereas Mr. Clagg, although married, is anxiously striving for a divorce—only his invalid wife is a member of the Tobiate Baptists, to whom divorce is anathema, and so he is condemned to wait for her demise before embarking on further matrimonial adventure.

The Captain was the only free member. and he makes good use of his time and of his very striking personality in the course of the story. Mr. Collins has the merit-a very great merit-of making his characters alive. The Birdie family in particular are excellently presented, and the father, small, gentle, diffident, awakes our sympathy. We feel for him when he finds himself forestalled in his Midland circuit over the new transparent hot-water-bottle, and when he is bullied into getting a new suit for his daughter's wedding, and most of all when he finds himself discharged and makes an ineffectual attempt at suicide. But the gallant Clagg turns up just in time to avert a too dismal ending. An eminently readable story.

"To Meet the King."

King George V. as a Sportsman Is shown by WENTWORTH DAY-Man who may mirror Courts, man Who knows the royal way, An intimate of princes And skilled the pen to wield, He easily evinces How monarchs do a-field. So here KING GEORGE is for all To see in tweed attire-The Laird at dark Balmoral, At Sandringham the Squire; Out racing too one meets him-His pigeons, horses, yachts; And where's the Gun who beats him Among the super-shots? This study (it is CASSELL'S), Familiar, gossiping, Enables us, his vassals, At home to meet the KING, Where pictures too are present-And will you, please, take stock Of one I hold most pleasant: "HIS MAJESTY with Jock"?



"I BELIEVE OLD 'ARRY'S WINNIN'."

"I 'OPE NOT. 'E'S NEVER WON A FIGHT YET, AN' THE SHOCK MIGHT KILL 'IM."

More Imaginary Portraits.

Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S nine short stories are welcome examples of that rare and difficult genre, the historical moment seized and amplified by imagination. Whether illuminating the eminent dead or more modestly developing the mere hint of an inconspicuous past, Fate Cries Out (Heinemann, 7/6) has successes and failures under both heads—the successes well outnumbering the failures. Easily first in conception and handling is the almost unbearably tragic legend of "The Valiant Little Tailor" of St. Clement Danes. For comic relief I should be inclined to recommend "The Emancipation of Mrs. Morley," a circumstantial story of QUEEN ANNE'S positively last tiff with her overweening friend the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH. I cannot quite feel that the story of the Empress Maun's personal tenderness for her cousin and rival, KING STEPHEN, is quite so well and truly reanimated; and the same perhaps may be said of that rather obscure and dishevelled fantasy, "Spin-ster's Rest." On the other hand, "Queens Meet," "The King Waits" and "Godfather Death" have all recaptured the circumstances and spirit of their widely-sundered

periods; and "Nightly She Sings"-which recounts with tender malice the death and apotheosis of the great CATALANI—is a notable climax to a notable book.

A Beachcomber Book.

Of all the personalities who throng "Beachcomber's" column in The Daily Express, Mr. Thake was long my favourite. Inane, gullible and inconceivably well-meaning, he lives in a state of perpetual predicament and confusion, his only relief from which is to pour out his woes in a series of heart-rending letters to "Beachcomber." A third (I think) collection of this correspondence has now been made by Mr. J. B. Morton under the title of Mr. Thake and the Ladies (CAPE, 5/-), with suitable illustrations by ADAM HORNE. I wish I could feel that this is the same irresistible Thake as of old, but I do not. The secret of his charm used to lie, I think, in the fact that he was a real type-or at least a real type once removed. He was, as Mr. MORTON himself rightly claimed in an Introduction to one of the earlier books, a "caricature of a nation." But now he has become too fantastic to be even remotely possible. He has become a caricature of himself—and lost very greatly thereby. As with him, so with Saunders, his remarkable man-servant, who used to be pleasantly mad but is now quite dangerously insane. Mr. Morron may have tired of his creation—perhaps that is the explanation; but if he has not I beg him most earnestly to give us back the old true Oswald, the Thake of old lang syne.

Sailors Don't Care.

Everybody knows of Nelson's Hardy and the scene in the cockpit when the Admiral was dying, and now Mr. John Gore gives us Nelson's Hardy and His Wife (John Murray, 10/6). There is not much about Sir Thomas Hardy, but a lot about a wife who was only too pleased to spend his

prize-money in the best Society. She complained that he was a "Ship's-husband." He went his own way and paid for her social ladder-climbing. For years he only heard from her halfyearly; his agents paid her expenses to tour Europe. She met BYRON, and his letters (very clever and modern) are reproduced. She had to be at a dance or rout or dinner five nights a week; her husband had to see that his squadron in the West Indies was in perfect order. The biographer says that Captain HARDY always carried out Nelson's instructions to the letter. But if he had obeyed the order to anchor twice given himinstead of handing the responsibility to Collingwood there would have been many more prizes and English ships saved in the gale that NELSON foresaw. The book is mainly Lady HARDY's diary, and that is good; but I should have detested her, I think.

A Garden-Lover's Book.

Rock Garden Plants (ARN-

OLD, 7/6) serve many purposes. Some are purely ornamental; others provide simples for every imaginable and imagined ailment; and others again, like the camomile, give forth a sweet scent on being trodden underfoot. But I never knew that any of them could be eaten before I read Mr. CLARENCE ELLIOTT'S amusing story of offering a shell-pink Scurvy Grass from the Falkland Islands to LILY LANGTRY. In the old sailing-ship days Scurvy Grass was made into a drink famed for its antiscorbutic properties. When Mr. Elliott told this to LILY LANGTRY she at once ate it. There seem to be few parts of the world where Mr. Elliott has not been in search of rare plants. Moreover he writes about his plants with an affection born of understanding. He has grown-and sometimes found-them himself; and he writes only of plants which he has known personally. This feeling of friendship for plants combined with an easy and witty style makes Mr. ELLIOTT's book delightful reading even for those who

can only wish they had a garden. The happier owners of gardens will find it filled with good counsel.

Counter-Attack.

The combatants in The Battle of Basinghall Street (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6) are so unattractive that Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim never seems to be quite happy in describing the grim and rather sordid fight. It is true that his skill as a story-teller has not forsaken him, but he moves more freely in a less ruthless atmosphere than this. The famous textile business known as Woolito Limited was a world-wide organisation, and the morals of its directors were, or at any rate had been, extremely queer. Then, one by one, these men began to meet with either death or

disgrace. Undoubtedly they deserved punishment, but I cannot get away from the fact that this tale of vengeance is depressing to read. The climax comes when the shares of Woolito were attacked and fell from £18 to £3, and in this crisis the Chairman did partly redeem himself by showing invincible courage. But for once I feel that Mr. OPPENHEIM has strayed into a street which gives him little chance to display his ability.



I HAD HER MADE OUT OF A FEW ODDMENTS I PICKED UP IN A SHIP-BREAKER'S YARD.

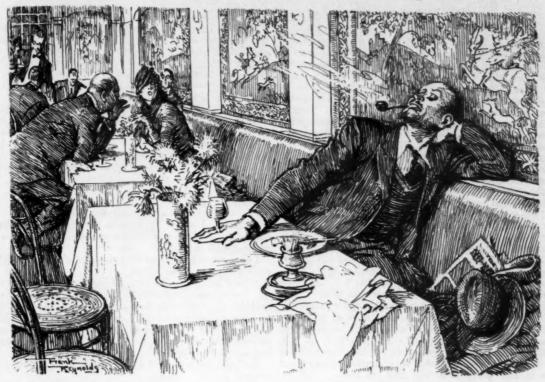
A Stormy Passage.

Baroness ORCZY has betaken herself to history for her latest book, The Turbulent Duchess (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 18/-), and the result is a vivid and attractive picture of that intensely vital lady, CAROLINE FER-DINANDE, Duchesse DE BERRI. Modern biographers admittedly allow themselves considerable licence, but, although the Baroness is not entirely abstinent in this respect, she does for the most part adhere strictly to facts. Nothing is better told or more exciting in this tale of a full and active life than

the account of Caroline Ferdinande's attempt to stir up rebellion in La Vendée and to secure the throne of France for her son. There we see the Duchesse in her most recklessly optimistic mood. The illustrations have been chosen with such sound judgment that they add to the pleasure of reading this dramatic and informing biography.

A new *Punch Calendar* for 1936 is now on sale. This week-by-week Calendar contains nearly 100 illustrated jokes taken from recent issues of the paper, and is published by G. Delgado, Ltd., at 3/6.

In our issue of November 27th, the price of Birds Ashore and Birds Aforeshore, by PATRICK R. CHALMERS, was erroneously stated to be 9/6. The actual price of the book is 21/-.



Habitué (in awed whisper). "He 's a great authority on modern art. His 'Good-bye to Drawing and All That' has become a text-book."

Charivaria

Twelve tons of fat are stated to have been removed from women of the East-End of London by dietetic methods alone in the last nine years. It would be interesting to compare this with the amount of fat removed from women of the West-End.

It has been decided to strengthen the Italian War Cabinet. This probably means that Signor Mussolini has given himself an extra vote.

"How can one tell the age of a turkey?" asks a correspondent. By the teeth.

A Turk trying to enter San Marino has been refused admission on the ground that, through an oversight, the little republic was still at war with Turkey. Confidence is felt, however, that no retaliatory action is contemplated for the time being by Turkish San Marinophobes.

While the Christmas puddings were

being made at a London hotel a workman accidentally dropped a piece of glue in the mixture. This caused no end of a stir.

An essayist says it is surprising to note the number of rivers that have disappeared at some time or the other. The explanation of course is that they have run away to sea.

"It is all wrong for lightning to flash and thunder to peal in December," declares a gossip-writer. Still, it is hard to know what else they could do.

Intellectuals in Soviet Russia are no longer untidily dressed, it seems. Is this fully realised in Bloomsbury?

We are again rightly urged not to go abroad for the winter. Those who like winter can get plenty of it here.

Isaac and Jacob were millionaires, They made their money in stocks and shares. Benjamin's business proved a failure So they bought him a farm in West Australia.

Family likenesses run deep; He finds a living by fleecing sheep.

One of our well-known authors has a white cat with black spots. This is no doubt due to the fact that he shakes his fountain-pen on his white cat.

A New York four has beaten a London four at bridge. London Bridge is falling down. **

Muffs are reported to be coming back. And to a moth, of course, a muff is as good as a feast.

A writer maintains that a man who understands figures is sure of success. Especially if he is starting a pantomime chorus.

In a recent ballot to judge the popularity of vegetables potatoes were placed first. But beans were runners-up.

Rhubarbarisms.

"The weight of any one stick, including leaf and butt," observes a pamphlet issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, in a powerful chapter devoted to the Quality of Forced Rhubarb ("Selected" Grade), "to be not less that 11 oz." And it continues: "The colour of the skin on the flat surface of the middle portion of the stick to be the red colour characteristic of forced rhubarb.

This seems fair enough. Just as the housewife has a right to expect her weekly sirloin of beef to be of the shape and general appearance of sirloins of beef and the potatoes she buys to have a potato-like flavour, so, surely, it is reasonable to look in forced rhubarb for the colour characteristic of forced rhubarb. And if it be asked what exactly is the colour of forced rhubarb, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries (that tireless body) has its answer ready:

"In the National Mark scheme," explains the pamphlet in a footnote, "this colour is defined as red of a shade not lighter than that specified by the trichromatic equation C = 0.468X + 0.345Y + 0.187Z, the brightness factor being 0.701 where C = minimum colour requirement and X Y Z refer to the standard colorimetric scales defined by the Commission Internationale de l'Eclairage, 1931." I don't see that one could ask for anything clearer than that

I cannot pretend to be passionately fond of rhubarb: in fact, if you were to offer me a steaming bowl full of the stuff this very instant, I dare say I might come within measurable distance of turning it down. So that I have not in the past made any close study of its characteristics nor of the brightness factor of such samples as may from time to time force their way into the house. But, in common with most men, I do like to feel that I am getting proper value for my money, and as soon as I had read that pamphlet I went straight out to the kitchen.

"Cook," I said, "do we happen to have such a thing as a stick of rhubarb in the house?"

(Perhaps I ought to explain that all this occurred many months ago, when rhubarb was more plentiful than it is-

happily-in December.) Ordered a fresh bundle in yesterday, Sir," she said, continuing to beat with her belaying-pin at some shapeless white thing she had got lying at her mercy on the table.

It looked to me quite dead already. 'Might I have the bundle a moment?"

She fetched it from some secret hiding-place, and, do you know? it looks even worse in its natural state than it does cooked

"You didn't ought to eat it raw," said Cook.

I gave her my solemn promise to do nothing of the sort, and bore the bundle away with me. It was just as I feared. One look was enough to show that we were being badly done. The stuff simply wasn't up to standard.

I got out my bicycle and pedalled furiously down to

Withers the greengrocer.
"Withers," I said sternly, waving my bundle at him, "did you supply my household with this rhubarb?"

He didn't even trouble to look at it.

"Most likely," he said, "seeing as you buys all your greengroceries from me."

"And it came, I suppose, from that box over there?" pointed at a receptacle plainly labelled "SELECTED

RHUBARB 5d. "What's wrong with it?" he asked.

Withers is an old friend of mine, and it pained me deeply to see him prevaricating in this shameless way

"I must ask you," I said, "to give me a plain answer to

a plain question. Did you or did you not sell this as Selected Rhubarh?

"Yes," he said sullenly.

"Then," I asked triumphantly, holding one of the sticks in a menacing way in front of his eyes, "do you seriously mean to suggest that the colour of the skin on the flat surface of the middle portion of this stick is the red colour characteristic of forced rhubarb?"

He looked closely at the flat surface of the middle portion

but made no reply.

In the National Mark scheme," I went on indignantly. this colour is defined as red of a shade not lighter than that specified by the trichromatic equation C=0.468X+0.345Y +0.187Z, the brightness factor being 0.701 where C-(are you following me. Withers?)—equals the minimum colour requirement and XYZ refer to the standard colorimetric scales defined by the Commission Internationale de l'Eclairage, 19—if I remember rightly—31."
"Crikey!" said Withers, and scratched his head.

I was a good deal upset at the man's attitude.
"Surely," I said, "you as a greengrocer wouldn't dare to stand there and tell me you have never heard of trichromatic equations?

I understood him to say that they hadn't got no further

than quadratics at his school.

"There are other respects," I continued, drawing out my Agriculture and Fisheries pamphlet, "in which your rhubarb seems to me to fall sadly short of the mark. For instance, under 'Condition' I read that each stick should be 'fresh, firm and free from loose pieces of bud sheath (stipule) attached to the butt.' I fancy I detect a definite bud sheath or stipule here, eh, Withers?"

He hung his head and fiddled about with a bunch of

"I'm afraid there is something of the sort there, Sir," he said at last.

The man looked so shaken that I decided to deal gently with him.

Well, well, Withers," I said, "we all make mistakes, and I am bound to say that in one respect at least your rhubarb seems to be well up to standard. I refer to the absence of 'Blemish'-'Each stick to be free from blemish of any kind and from mechanical damage. The leaf to be free from fungus, mildew and mould spots.' There are certainly no mould spots on these leaves, nor so far as I can see do any of the sticks show actual evidence of having been caught in the machinery.

He made no verbal acknowledgment of this generous gesture of forgiveness. Instead he took the label from the rhubarb-box, crossed out "SELECTED RHUBARB 5d" and wrote in a bold, not to say brazen, hand, "RHUBARB WITHOUT BLEMISH 6d.'

"Withers," I said sadly, "I fear you are unwrung." H. F. E.

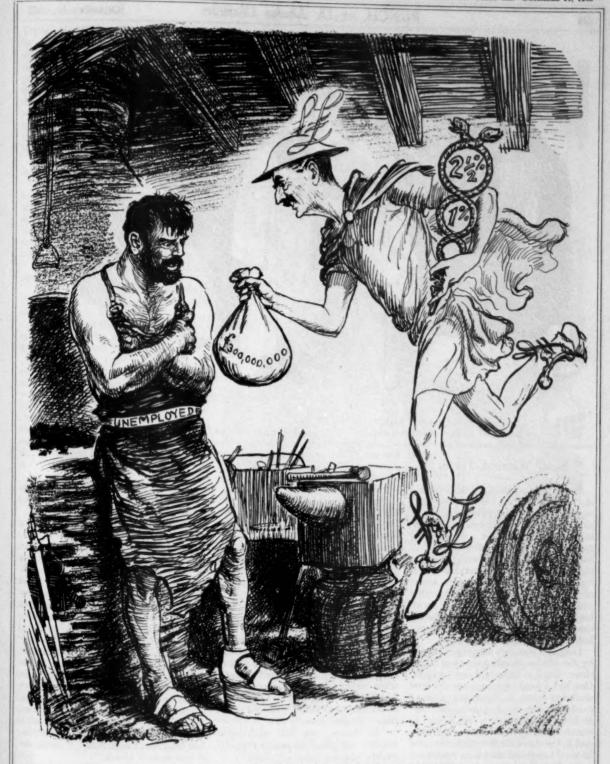
Have You Got Too Many Spokes in Your Wheel? "Fish Fryer wanted; able to clean, fillet and ride cycle." Evening Paper Advt.

"It is typical of the new type of detective yarn. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Johnson with their questions and answers; sleuthing and constant exposing of dud clues are back numbers."—Magazine.

"Elementary, my dear Boswell."

"Conversations between Paris and Rome and Paris and London are proceeding through normal channels. . . . The fact that the conversations are being continued shows that the doors have not been closed."-News Communiqué.

Otherwise, of course, nobody could hear what the other fellow was saving.



AT THE VULCAN DEFENCE WORKS.

HERMES OF THE TREASURY. "HERE, OLD FELLOW, I'VE HAD A SPOT OF LUCK IN THE CITY AND I WANT YOU TO MEASURE ME FOR A NEW SHIELD."



"AND WHAT SHALL I CALL YOU?"

"MY NAME IS MAHOMET, SAH-BUT MOST INGLEESI THEY CALL ME 'THE RUDDY LIMIT.'"

Sunk Without Trace.

STARS pricked frostily from the clear sky as Mr. Mohican, his footsteps ringing on the spangled pavement, strode along to the corner automatic machine to get some cigarettes. A wavering gaslight sent the shadows of a tree's bare twigs whipping to and fro across his path; and at long intervals—for it was late—there came the curt sound of a car flinging busily past the other end of the road. Mr. Mohican, with his hands deep in his pockets, whistled through his teeth to keep himself warm, but found the device inadequate.

Late as it was, two men stood talking by the automatic machine when he got there. Both of them he knew by sight. One had a local reputation as a retired seafaring man; in the other, a small stocky figure in a bowler-hat, Mr. Mohican recognised a ratepayer to whom he always nodded when they met in the street for fear that otherwise he would stop and start a conversation.

As Mr. Mohican approached, the ratepayer was saying something about a scandal, staring up at the windows above the shop outside which the machine stood. The retired seafaring man, chewing with the languid per-

sistence of a camel, paused for a moment to announce: "There ain't nobody lives there, mister. That's a store-room."

He then watched without apparent interest as Mr. Mohican began to put a sixpence into the machine. But the ratepayer, suddenly noticing, ejaculated "Dan't do that!"

ratepayer, suddenly noticing, ejaculated, "Den't do that!"
"It's all right," Mr. Mohican said mildly, withdrawing his sixpence nevertheless. "If there's nothing in it you get your coin back."

"Ha!" said the ratepayer. "Do

"You've lost yours?"

"Swallered up, mister," explained the retired seafaring man, "like by the ocean. Reminds me of what I said to the Cap'n one day in mid-Atlantic when ninety-eight dozen bookshelves full of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* broke loose and fell off a corner of the poop. 'Cap'n,' I said——"

"He bears your loss with equanimity," said Mr. Mohican to the rate-

payer.
"Yes," the ratepayer bitterly agreed, adding to the retired seafaring man: "Suppose it was your sixpence? Suppose you'd been robbed of sixpence and left without cigarettes as well?"

"Fags are no good to me, mister. I

"Tobacco?"

"Ah. It's my delight on a shiny night," said the retired seafaring man, "in the season of the year."

"Shiny but cold," said Mr. Mohican, shivering.

The other explained that he was waiting for his first mate to get to sleep before he went home, and this was as warm a spot as any. "This here"—he rested his hand on the machine with affection—"may be out of order, but it keeps the wind off."

"It may keep the wind off," said the ratepayer, "but it's out of order." "Smart," conceded the retired sea-

"Smart," conceded the retired seafaring man—"very smart. Reminds me of the way I told the Cap'n off in the Roaring Forties. 'Cully,' he says to me as we was boring for oil on the seventeenth deck, 'these are the Roaring Forties.' 'You don't say,' I says. 'Well,' I goes on, 'they may be Forties, but they don't half roar.' I never see a man so took aback."

Forgetting he was cold and bowing to his curiosity, Mr. Mohican asked, "What was your ship?"

"My ship was the *Pneumonia*," said the retired seafaring man proudly. "Fifty-two million tons out of

Plymouth Hoe yacht basin, jewelled in every ventilator and not a lifeboat without its street of shops. Solid gold davits and a couple o' dozen funnels you could see your face in. Shiver my acetylene-welded rivets! but you oughta seen her beatin' round the Cape of Good Hope in a stiff breeze, every bath-towel set and a hundred-andtwelve thousand men puttin' up a skysoraper in the hold."

The ratepayer was in no mood to

listen to these reminiscences.

"First thing to-morrow morning," he declared, striking the pavement with his umbrella, "I shall come to this shop and demand from the proprietor the sixpence of which I have been robbed-robbed, I shall say, by his socalled automatic machine.

The retired seafaring man began to

clap.

That's the tack, mister!" he cried. "Give it to him straight, like I did many a time to the Cap'n."

"I will," said the ratepayer sternly, and with a wave of his umbrella he walked briskly off.

"That's the type of man this country needs more of," declared the retired seafaring man with enthusiasm, watching his retreating back. "The kind of man that stands up for his rights. There are two kinds of men this country needs more of, mister: one's the kind like him, and the other's the kind that'll never split on a pal. Am I right?

"I daresay you are," replied Mr. Mohican, in the grip of a strange fascination.

"Never was I righter, even when I had that argument with the Cap'n time we was becalmed in the doldrums and fourteen of the ship's massed bands was playing that fine old sea-shanty, What Shall We Do with the Drunken Elevator-Attendant?' 'Cap'n,' I says, 'what we need is a capful.' 'What we need is half-a-gale,' says he. 'What we need is a capful, Cap'n,' says I, 'and I don't care who hears me say so.' 'You can let the Marines hear you say so,' says he, 'and I hope it chokes 'em.'
'Cap'n,' says I—but that's neither here nor there. The point is this country needs more of the kind of feller that'll never split on a pal. Now I can see at a glance that you're that kind of feller. Am I right?'

"Well-"I knew it," said the retired seafaring

He brought a large knife out of his pocket and opened it with a sharp click.

"Silent as the grave, mister, that's you," he declared happily, and, pausing only to stick the blade of his



"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE SHADE OF GOLDEN-BROWN EYE-SHADOW THAT MAKES BRUNETTES GLAMOROUS?

knife in the "rejected coins" hole of the machine, pull out a small wad of tobacco and pocket the sixpence that rattled after it, he strode nautically

Love's Old Sweet Song.

(A writer in a motoring paper points out that driving is most difficult in the twilight.)

> JUST a song at twilight, When the lights are low And the flick'ring shadows Softly come and go. Carefully, my darling! It is hard to see-In those flick'ring shadows Anything may be.

Just a bump at twilight, Someone's off-side wing? A brick wall? Or a lamp-post? It might be anything. I think it was a car, love; In the fading light Sharp recriminations Usher in the night.

Just a word at twilight, Pointing out to him How the shadows flicker When the lights are dim: Though we frankly own that We were in the wrong, His reply is scarcely Love's old sweet song.

A. W. B.



"Does that bugle convey anything to the dogs?

The Heroine of the Women's Serials Interviewed.

- Q. What is your age?
- A. I am vibrantly youthful.
- Q. And your height?
- A. Tall and lithely slender.
- Q. What is the colour of your hair?
- A. Like a sun-kissed cornfield.
- Q. And your eyes?
- A. Like azure poolsreflecting the wonder of an April dawn.
- Q. What generation do you belong to?
- A. The honest-thinking generation of brave, free and un-
- trammelled, level-gazing young people. Q. What sort of nature have you?
 - A. Ardent and impulsive.
 - Q. How do people think of you?
 - A. As provocative and swift and lovely.
 - Q. What sort of man frequently interests you?
- A. About thirty-eight. Tall and darkly handsome, with swift-moving figure and eyes that dance with mocking intelligence.
 - Q. Is he married?
 - A. Almost always.
 - Q. Is he happy with his wife?
 - A. Never.
 - Q. Why not?
 - A. She is too completely a wife.
 - Q. Why did he ever marry her?
 - A. Her frailty smote him with pity.

- Q. Give an example of how she fails him.
- Her home is stereotyped and hideous.
- Q. What attracted him in you?
- A. There is something about me that gets into a man's blood.
 - Q. What does he most appreciate in you?
 - A. The exquisite texture of my youth.
 - Q. How did he behave at your first meeting?
 A. His dark eyes devoured me.

 - Q. How did you affect him?
 - A. I made life revolve in a crazy-pattern for him.
 - Q. What did he think you resembled?
 - An alabaster statue richly tinted and dimpled.
- What sort of moments did you have with him? A. Almost always tense. Occasionally moments of quiet ecstasy
- Q. How did his wife discover you?
- A. Intuition like a swift dark finger trailed across her mind.
- Q. Was she shocked
- A. Decidedly. She had all the narrow views and conventions of her forefathers.
- Q. Were you sorry for her?
- A. Yes, with a pity that hurt and ravaged me.
- Q. How did you like the idea that you were wrecking a
- A. It was a vaporous nothing at first. When I brought it out into the open it became a leprous horror.

Q. When you realised this, did you give him up?

- A. Strive as I might, the wild surge of my love swept aside the barriers of restraint like driven leaves in a torrent.
 - Q. What did end the affair, then?
- A. The cri de cœur of a dying wife tore him from my side.

Q. What was she dying of?

A. Her spirit, starved of the love that was rightly hers, faltered for weariness.

Q. Did this kill his love for you?

A. His heart yearne's for me more than ever, but he could not sully our leve with sordid regrets.

Q. Did you see him again after this?

A. Once. He held himself bravely and even smiled. Only in his eyes a tortured look as of some stricken animal replaced the old mockery.

Q. How did he leave you?

A. He crushed me once passionately in his arms; the door closed and he was gone for ever out of my life.

Q. What were your feelings?

A. My heart was dead within me. The radiance and meaning of life were gone.

Q. What did you do?

A. "Cease to be" beat maddeningly in my brain. I decided to flee a loveless world.

Q. How did you set about it?

A. Crazed, at the dawn I plunged into the grey waves and began to swim towards a landless horizon.

Q. What were your thoughts?

A. Calmly I reviewed my shattered life, heedless of the numbness and fatigue that menaced me.

Q. What happened next

A. Across the stillness the throbbing of an engine—a shout: blackness enveloped me.

Q. And when you awoke?

A. Strong arms held me. A bronzed lean young face taut with anxiety looked down on me.

Q. Who was he?

A. A sunburnt young Englishman home from South America.

Q. Were you sorry to be rescued?

A. Even then softly across the ashes of my life love beckened.

Q. Did your despair come back?

A. The stranger kept it at bay. Gently he won me back to the joy and glory of living.

Q. Did you achieve real happiness again?

A. In the hush of a garden my dear one, stranger no longer, swept me into his arms. The fragrant stillness quivered 'neath his passionate words. Then was an ecstasy that made pale all former joys and sorrows. The dancing flowers were not more gay than my heart.



Host at Cover Shoot (after sumptuous lunch). "There's some qualls in aspic left, Mack. Do you think the beaters would like them?"

Scotch Keeper. "I wudna' wonder. Some o' that loons wud eat onything."

Fiddlewick's Ales.

It is a rare and a delightful thing for the scribe to be able to record that one of his interminable threats, prayers, entreaties, objurgations, appeals and exhortations has moved a single human being to the point of action. Let me, therefore, without apology or shyness, record one.

A long time ago, under the heading printed above, I delivered a moving lecture to the brewers, and was not at all surprised to find that on the evidence of the first year or two I had not succeeded in moving a single brewer. The lecture was about the comparative size of the letters devoted, upon the outside of places of public refreshment, to (a) the name of the place of public refreshment, and (b) the name of the brewers.

I deprecated and deplored the house which looks like this—

THE COW AND ANCHOR
FIDDLEWICK'S ALES

and remarked that it ought to look like this-

THE COW AND ANCHOR
FIDDLEWICE'S ALES

or (better still)-

THE COW AND ANCHOR.

For Fiddlewick is only, as it were, the author; and not even The Old Vic. or Mr. John Gielgud would think of having on their programmes or bills—

ROMEO AND JULIET
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I deprecated and deplored for three good sets of reasons, each by itself convincing:—

(1) The Æsthetic and Romantic.

A good name does nobody any harm; and many pubs have very good names. Look (as I said before) at The City Barge! What a beautiful sight is this house for the mariner steaming or sailing towards Richmond on the flood! Not a word about the brewers or the beer is to be seen upon its old white face. Just The City Barge. The name by itself is enough to attract any man of goodwill; and only the real wallowers and bogus beer-connoisseurs will insist upon knowing what kind of beer is within before they let go the anchor.

What a sad contrast, now, is the little house at Limehouse whose name it is impossible to discover (from the river) even with a telescope—for on that side it is not mentioned. Nothing but the brewer's name. Yet this is one of the numerous houses in those parts where

DICKENS wrote nearly all his works. If only a tenth of the tales about it were true it would have something to boast about. But, though I know the name, I shall not disclose it here.

(2) The Political.

If the brewers insist on putting their own prosy names very large and the romantic names of their houses very little they must not be surprised if their enemies say that all they and their clients think of is the beer—though, as we know, there is much more to a good house than that.

(3) The Practical.

A good name, after all, besides stirring us to good thoughts about the past and so forth, has the ordinary practical merit of a name that it is a means of identification. Whether one travels by land or water it is useful to be able to make a rendezvous at or near "The Toad and Violin," or two cables East (by South) from "The Dog and Duck." But if one can only say, "Well, it's about the fifth Fiddlewick house after you pass the cross-roads," endless confusion may arise. Besides, those who do not like Fiddlewick's stuff may refuse to meet you there. Ever think of that, Mr. Fiddlewick? No.

Well, thus and thus I lectured the brewers. But I offered as well some practical counsel. I said, "If it is so important that your names and your beers should be publicly proclaimed to the citizens, why not have house-flags, as the ship-owners do? Thus, with one blow, you will add beauty and poetry to the scene-as flags always do-and you will serve your practical purpose of attracting to you the true Fiddlewick fans. For the true Fiddlewick fans will soon learn to recognise the flag of Fiddlewick and to distinguish it from the loathly banner of Bunter and Co.; and the others don't matter.'

I talked also to certain wise and good men of the tribe upon this theme; but they all began to make excuse. They said that when they took the boards away they would have to repaint the whole house; and the flagpoles would fall into the street; and they didn't like flags; and it would all cost a lot of money; and anyway their names looked nice.

So I said, "Well, no doubt you know your own business best," and thought no more of it.

And then, one day last summer, I let go the anchor off "THE PROSPECT OF WHITBY." And my old friend, Mr. JIM BEAN, the genial host thereof, told me that the head-man of his brewers

had not only considered my lecture but acted on it (with Mr. Bean's hearty concurrence). There was the brewer's name-board cut down to half its former size; and behold! on the roof there flew the house-flag! I do not know whether this was one small gesture or the beginning of a general policy. But if it was not the latter I hope it will be, and that all good brewers will follow.

A. P. H.

"When I was a Lad I Served a Term."

(An American gangster is stated to have begun his career by starting as a stumble-bum.)

You'd like for me to let you in On how I cleaned up all this dough And picked it pretty outer gin And didn't do so bad from snow?

There really ain't a heap to tell,
But here's the low-down how it
come:

I sure was educated swell;
I started as a stumble-bum.

When booze went dead I took a hand In slot-machines and table-games And tucked away a hundred grand,

With something over for the dames. There's plays like dice and vice and pool

That brings the bucks the same as Rum.

The teacher put me wise at school; I started as a stumble-bum.

Some folks don't seem to get the breaks When talking to the station cops,

Or else make lots of bad mistakes
And get in ugly with the Wops.
I've seen a-plenty come unstuck

Through acting ignorant or dumb;
Poor saps! They never had my luck.
I started as a stumble-bum.

So here is why most ev'ry day
My name goes splashed across the
page

And why there ain't not one D.A.

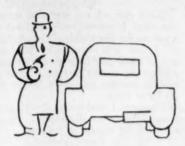
Can hope to get me to the cage;
Why any job that's pulled by me
Is sure to make the radio hum—
I know the game from A to Zee;
I started as a stumble-bum.

"Young student reqs. immed. board residence with homely fly."—Newspaper Advt.
But where will he go in the winter time?

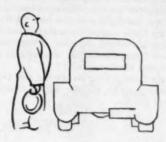
"All four figures, says Mr. Yates, exhibit one striking peculiarity. From the throat of each elephant hangs 'an odd tube-like appendage, broadening out at the base.' What it was intended to represent is an enigma."

Newspaper Article.

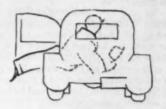
So that's what an enigma looks like.



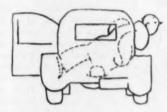
"Now, on the command, 'Small car DRILL-PREPARE TO MOUNT'--



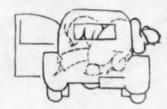
TURN SMARTLY TO THE LEFT AND REMOVE THE HAT.



ON THE COMMAND 'MOUNT,' OPEN THE DOOR, THROW THE BODY FORWARD AND DOWNWARD INTO THE SPACE THUS FORMED AND—



BY MEANS OF THE HANDS WORK IT ACROSS THE CAR UNTIL THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS PROJECT AS FAR AS POSSIBLE THROUGH THE OFFSIDE WINDOW.



THEN TURN THE BODY HALF-LEFT AND DRAW THE LEFT LEG UPWARDS UNTIL THE—



LEFT ENEE RESTS AGAINST THE ROOF, THE RIGHT LEG MEANWHILE REMAINING RIGHD, THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY BEING TAKEN BY THE BAT.



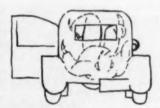
THE BODY IS THEN AGAIN TURNED UNTIL THE FACE POINTS UPWARD, AND THE RIGHT LEG IN BROUGHT SLOWLY UP THE BODY—



THE LOWER LEG BEING THEN REVOLVED ABOUT THE KNEE IN A CLOCKWISE DIRECTION (SEEN FROM ABOVE) UNTIL THE FOOT RESTS AGAINST THE WINDSCREEN.



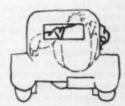
THE BODY IS THEN WITHDRAWN FROM THE WINDOW UNTIL THE HEAD IS CLEAR, AND IS PIVOTED ROUND THE LEFT LEG THROUGH AN ANGLE OF NINETY DEGREES.



THIS BRINGS THE HEAD INTO CONTACT WITH THE BACK OF THE CAR, AND, BY EXERTING PRESSURE WITH THE RIGHT LEG AGAINST THE WINDSCREEK-



THE BODY IS SLOWLY FORCED UPWARDS INTO A SEMI-SHITING POSITION, THE LEFT LEG AT THE SAME TIME BEING ALLOWED TO FALL TO THE SIDE OF THE BODY.



THE LEGS ARE THEN FOLDED REATLY IN FRONT OF THE BODY, ENERS IN LINE WITH THE SHOULDERS—AND THE DOOR IS SHUT."

6th November, 1935.

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From John Baggs, Caddymaster Roughover Golf Club.

28th October, 1935.

MR. WHILK, SIR,—Begging your pardon, Sir, but it is to remind you that we is due to send an invite to the caddies of Trudgett Magna Golf Club for to come and play our chaps here in the usual annual Match. Alf Humpitt will be our Caddies Captain, and he has

a good side already picked. your Obedt Servt, John Baggs.

From James Duffit, Secretary Trudgett Magna Golf Club.

1/11/35.

DEAR WHELK, — Many thanks for yours of the 29th October and for the invitation for our caddies to go to Roughover next Friday, the 8th. They will of course be delighted to accept, and you may expect them by bus at about 1 P.M.

In accordance with our usual custom I enclose a list of players, together with their alleged handicaps and some general remarks by our Caddymaster (Sandy Bannock, ex-Sergeant Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), which will probably prove useful in arranging matches, etc. A "sumph" is, I understand, a simpleton.

Yours sincerely, JAMES DUFFIT.

[ENCLOSURE]

Willie Jugg (4). Captain. Carnaptious, and a good hand at the bottle; needs watching.

Peter Flatt (7). A sumph.

Archie Fleetfoot (8). Putts well, has a Kintyre woman as a mother. John Dough (10). A whey-faced crit-

ture but a good match-player.

Alfie Baker (12). Cannot count if it's a
stroke comp.

Alexr. Bannock, junior (13). A fine callant.

Lawrence Sanders (19). Was in jail until recent. Needs practice.

Duggie Parsons (24). A muckle fool at the golf and eats a lot of meat.

From Ralph Viney, ex-Captain Roughover Golf Club.

DEAR WHELK,—I have your note of

the 5th asking me to lend a hand and act as a referee at the Annual Inter-Club Caddie Competition, but I had enough of this two years ago when there was a free fight over the beer. I consider these competitions should not be allowed; and in any case, if you must have them, surely you are capable of running them yourself?

As I am taking no part in the proceedings I do not see why I should

send a prize.

rize.
Yours faithfully,
R. VINEY.

had there Dr con- you

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to inform you that I cannot come and act as a referee for the Caddies' Competition as I am still unable to buy any second-hand golf-balls from our caddies owing to the fact that I.

From Angus Mc Whigg, Glenfarg, Rough-

dies owing to the fact that I had to make a decision against a Roughover player in 1933.

However, I enclose 6d. (stamps) to show I bear no ill-feeling. Please acknowledge receipt in writing.

Yours faithfully, A. McWhigg.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

7th November, 1935.

Dearwhelk,—I am sorry you have been unable to induce any members to come along and act as referees for the Caddie match to-morrow. However, why not let them play without? I'm sure they'd feel much more at home. Afraid I cannot help, as I have an appointment for the afternoon, but will come along sometime after tea.

Enclosed please find cheque towards beer, prizes, etc.

Yours sincerely, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

P.S.—It is rank bad form of Nutmeg to send you that ghastly hornbill of his. The thing has been creeping for years, and he is parting with it not only because it is insanitary but because it brings him bad luck. He told me not long ago he was looking at it for quite ten minutes on the day he broke his leg.

From Alfred Humpitt, Captain of Roughover Caddies, c/o the Police Station, Roughover.

Friday, 8th November, 1935.
SIR, MR. WHELK,—I am in jail for doing wrong in my match to-day with Willie Jugg the Captain of the Trudgett Magna Caddies and it was not all my fault and please Sir would you bail me out—it will be £5 until Petty Sessions come.
Yours sincerely,

ALF. HUMPITT.

From John Baggs, Caddymaster Roughover Golf Club.

9th November, 1935. Mr. Whilk, Sir,—Yours to hand



"I ARSK YER-WOT 'as THE NEW GOVERNMENT DONE ?"

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retd.), Old Bucks Cottage,

Roughover.

Wednesday, 6th November, 1935.

Dear Whelk,—I shall be very glad to help at the forthcoming Competition, but as my leg is still rather stiff after the accident, I feel I'd better confine my efforts to the time the caddies are being fed.

As my contribution towards the prizes, etc., I am sending herewith a fine stuffed hornbill (Buceros rhinoceros rhinoceros) which I shot near Bukit Kutu in Selangor on the 11th October, 1903.

Yours sincerely,

LIONEL NUTMEG.



"TAKE THOSE AWAY, ME LAD. SECOND QUALITY FROM NOW ON."

and I am sorry Sir you is in bed with the flu and could not be present yesterday.

Well Sir you was asking for details about the Caddy Comp and Sir it was a fine "do" and no mistake and fewer casualities than as usual. Well Sir, this was the way of it-each side had won three matches with one halved and there was the 2 Captains, Willie Jugg of Trudgett Magna and our Alf Humpitt, who was out last, yet to come in. And everyone went to watch them playing the last hole and they was all square on the tee and it was that exciting the House Steward damaged his new plate. But sir, on the last green Willie Jugg missed a short putt for the half and he was greatly annoyed and he threw his putter at his opponent, but as Alf Humpitt had had a lot of strong words from him all the way round, he up with his bag of clubs and gave him a good bash across the lower back and then Sir there was a real set too, with Jugg getting in 2 good lefts to the jaw and Alf Humpitt a fine kick to the shins and Sir they then closed in a grapple and did some biting. But it would all

have blown over had not that fat policeman they call Henry the Eighth been passing at the time and although I told him it was all O.K. he said "Duty was duty and he knowed our Alf for a bad un and he'd be safer in the lock-up." And so it was.

Well, after he had gone Sir, there was

Well, after he had gone Sir, there was a free fight all round but little damage done and without you or anyone else being present Mr. Nutmeg came out from the Club House and took charge and insisted on giving the Trudgett Magna man the stuffed hornbill as compensation and although one of Willie Jugg's ears was nearly torn off he was delighted, so that was a good thing and no mistake.

Well Sir, we then all had a fine tuck in at the Caddy Hut and Mr. Nutmeg gave us a few cornet solos and General Forcursue came in after a bit and made a speech on Rearmament and Sir the beer was good and we all sang for we are jolly good fellows and there was a few more blows taken and received during which Mr. Nutmeg's hornbill had nothing left but the beak and a few feathers. But Sir it was all in good part

and even Mr. Nutmeg laughed after a while.

Well Sir this is a long yarn for me but as the General is on the Bench at the Petty Sessions I expect he will see that our Alf does not get a very bad time. And sir here's wishing you all the best and hoping you will be back soon.

your obedient servt.

John Baggs.

From James Duffit, Secretary, Trudgett Magna Golf Club.

12/11/35

Dear Whelk,—The Trudgett Magna caddies have asked me to write and thank you for the wonderful show you all put up for them at Roughover last Friday. They said it was one of the best encounters they have ever had, and, although they were of course sorry they did not win, they are looking forward to entertaining your caddies here next year.

Again with many thanks, Yours sincerely,

JAMES DUFFIT. G. C. N.

Our Office.

The other day Mr. Harbottle, who is the head of our office, saw in The Times that there was a Business Efficiency Exhibition on at Olympia, and he told Mr. Porter that it would be a good idea if he went along and had a look at it. But nothing ever came of it, because just as Mr. Porter had got his coat on Mr. Harbottle happened to notice the date on The Times. Afterwards, when we were talking about it, we decided that there wouldn't have been much point in it if he had gone. Because, although we are a small office, we know quite as much about efficiency as most big businesses.

Perhaps you would like to hear some of our ideas. I have arranged them alphabetically because we always do this to everything we can in our office.

It is more efficient.

Approach to Office.

An ingenious method. Imagine that someone comes to see us-call him X. We have a front-door and two bells, one above our name-plate and one below. X may choose either of these, for they both ring in the cupboard under the stairs where we keep the stationery and tea-cups. After a few minutes X will try the front-door and find that it opens easily. Entering the hall, X treads on the loose floor-board and Sidney, the office-boy, hears the creak and hurries out. Sidney shows X into a little room with "Pr vate" on the glass door and goes back to the general office. This glass door has a double purpose. Every time Sidney goes by it he will see X, and this will remind him that he must go up to Mr. Harbottle some time and tell him that someone has called; and Mr. Harbottle himself can then come and walk past it and decide whether he likes the look of X.

Correspondence, Method of Dealing with.

Sidney does the post and Padgett helps him. At 5.15 Sidney goes round with a waste-paper basket and collects the letters. Then he puts them on his table in a row, with the gummy part upwards, and rubs a damp sponge over them. By the time he has finished the last one the first is too dry to stick and so he licks it. Then he licks all the others. Padgett takes the letters and sorts them into two piles—English and foreign. Sidney takes them back and sorts them into "London & Abroad" and "Country." By now Padgett has added up the number of stamps needed and torn them out of the stamp-book, and he starts sticking

them on while Sidney tears out what he thinks is the number of stamps needed. Padgett sticks twopence-halfpennies on a few "Country" letters and goes home, leaving Sidney to finish.

Erasion, Means of.

Or, Rubber on String. How this clever idea came about is an interesting story. Miss Elkington, one of our typists, was always losing her rubber, which, being circular, used to roll away under the filing cabinet. But one day she noticed that there was a hole through the middle of this rubber, and so she tied it on to a piece of string and tied the string to the space-bar of her typewriter. Miss Elkington then found that the string was just too short for the rubber to reach the paper, and so now she borrows Miss Lunn's.

Filing.

We lost the key of Miss Elkington's cabinet about a year ago, and so we started to use the cupboard in the general office. Soon this got so full—it was pretty full already—that no one liked to open it in case everything fell out. So now we keep all our papers in the wire trays on Sidney's table.

Pencils.

We have two of these. The one with a point is Sidney's. The silver one without a point is Mr. Chudleigh's, and we all stir our tea with it.

Stenography.

Miss Elkington and Miss Lunn are very efficient girls. They both type, and Miss Elkington knows shorthand. Mr. Harbottle dictates too fast for her to use it much, but anyhow she finds it better to write in longhand because Miss Lunn can help her to read it back afterwards.

Tea.

We have a Tea Fund. On Monday we put our sixpences in the tobaccotin on the mantelpiece. We take it in turn to bring cake, and on Thursday evening we get the sixpences back again to pay our bus fares home.

Telephones.

(a) External. We have a switch-board and several extensions into other rooms. Each peg on the switch-board has a name over it which corresponds with the name on the door of the room the telephone extension is in. This name in turn indicates who was in the room up to last March, when we all changed round. Thus: Mr. Har-

bottle is Mr. Chudleigh on the switchboard, Mr. Porter is Typists, and so on.

(b) Internal. We have a house. telephone as well as a speaking-tube. The speaking-tube goes from the general office to Mr. Harbottle's room. (It was chiefly to get this that Mr. Harbottle had all the rooms changed.) Sidney blows up the tube and the whistle falls out at the other end. Mr. Harbottle puts it back and sits down again. Sidney rings him up on the house-telephone. Mr. Harbottle tells him to wait until he has shut the back window, because Sidney's voice carries up the area outside when he is telephoning and makes it difficult to hear. To shut the window Mr. Harbottle has a neat device-a long pole with a hook on the end. He has to get this hook through the loop at the top of the window and push it up. By the time he has done this Sidney will have come upstairs to give the message.

Touches of Comfort, Little.

Mr. Harbottle has a cushion on his chair. He throws it into a corner in the morning, and in the evening Mrs. Biggs, who does the cleaning, shakes the dust off it and puts it back. Besides this there are two mirrors, one in the typists' room and one in Mr. Porter's. Mr. Porter's is four feet from the ground and the typists' is seven.

Wants, Indication of.

I have put this under "W" because it is our most important example of efficiency, and I felt that it should go at the end. The trade name for it is the Djinndicator, and this is how it works. Mr. Harbottle has a dozen little bell-pushes on his wall, each with a message by it—"Cigarettes," "Do Not Disturb," "Show Visitor Up," and so on, arranged alphabetically. When he wants anything he presses one of the bells and a flap with the corresponding message on it falls down on the board hanging by Sidney's table. The flap on each side falls down too. It will make it clearer if we imagine a visitor in Mr. Harbottle's room-call him Y. Mr. Harbottle asks him to stay to tea. Y thanks him and says that he will. Mr. Harbottle presses the bell marked "Tea," drawing Y's attention to the efficiency of this scheme as he does so. Five minutes later the whistle falls out of the speaking-tube. Mr. Harbottle puts it back and goes on talking to Y. A little later the tele-phone rings. Mr. Harbottle picks up the receiver, puts it down and goes over to the window with the boat-hook. Sidney knocks at the door and puts his head round to say that he has ordered



"That's the burglar with the cap. My husband thought he might keep him amused until you came, but he has rather overdone it."

the taxi. After thinking for a moment, Y picks up his hat and goes off. Then Mr. Harbottle asks Sidney to fetch him his tea.

Yes, that's the sort of office we are. Of course there are a lot of things I haven't told you about. But I think I have said enough to show you that, though we are small, we do know something about efficiency.

English Drinks.

"YES, señor," said the barman, wiping the spilt beer off the counter and on to the floor, "I serve the English drinks—three kind: Scotch, Indian and American. The señor would like Scotch, I know, and the señora the Indian tea, this foreign kind of maté that broods in a pot with a nose, mixed with milk and sugar. The señora will mix herself? For me is the same. Also little pieces of grilled bread, no? And if you wish, I open also a tin of jams: best jams, English imported, of quince and sweet potato—such a colour you never saw. No jams? A pity. The last gentleman who eat it say

he cannot now even look at other kind.

'You see, you are not the first English to pass this way, señor, though it is, as you say, off the beetle track. Only last year came one-- No. I mistake myself, that was an Irelander. He teach us the custom of his country; you see Juan there has still the broken nose. There was later an English who said he shall write a book about the Argentine when he have absorbed enough atmosphere. I do not know if he did; he can have had small room to absorb other things when he leave this counter. It was while he wait, like you, señor, for me to open another case that he offered to mix a drink. He say he have learned it at the knee of the señora his mother. It was curious to see. He took a little from here, a little from there, though I assure him there is enough for a whole drink in every bottle. He asked for lemons, lamented that there was no ice, put the whole in a jar and shook it. The taste was not unpleasant, but after we have finish the jar I find I do not really care about it. So he made another kind, this time of a recipe he have from his sister, so he say he will make it a little less strong. When we have had those I think I would like to see that sister, if so be she still lives.

By now we have no more lemons, but he said no matter, in the next he shall put more of everything else. I said for me is the same. At this time I become sad and think of my mother, how she was strict and was never use to let me drink, because there was never enough for the both; and I said, This must be the last. He say, Yes, it must: there is no more gin. So it was. When I wake, he tell me this kind of drink is American and an acquired taste. On the whole I think I have acquire it. So have my mostly customers. Therefore I can offer you just what you are use at home, señor: a sidecart, a bronk, or a wide lady. For me is the same."

So Nice a Distinction.

"What Writers and Thinkers are Saying."

Heading in Weekly.

"A sandstone rock overlooking H—Street collapsed, and huge cracks appeared in the sides of two end houses. The finallies had to leave at once."—Daily Paper.
In some confusion, it seems.



"Oh, and here is a cookery-book with some rather good recipes. I thought—er—"

"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOU DO NOT SEEM TO BE AWARE THAT A COOK LIKE ME IS BORN, NOT MADE."

"... nor a Lender Be."

Он, weep for Wilkinson, for he is gone!
In vain I search old haunts with hungry eyes.
I ask: "Oh, where, oh, where is Wilkinson?"
Alas! for only echo faint replies:

"Wilkinson? Wilkinson?"
"Yes, Wilkinson," I sob.
"Can we not yet forgive, forget
That thirty bob?"

For Wilkinson and I were so much one
They scarce could tell the two of us apart,
Or which was me or which was Wilkinson.
Securely shrined within each other's heart

We'd watch the minutes run
Their daily course away,
Nor would we care while we could share
The fleeting day.

How oft (while other members feigned alarm)
We drove afield! And both together heard
"Time, gentlemen," and often arm-in-arm
Would stagger home hymned by the waking bird.
How life would lose its charm
Within an hour or two
When forced by fate to separate,
We both well knew.

What times we had, what rare old times, what fun!
Though, should he my dejected mood discern,
No truer pal than dear old Wilkinson.
And I would cheer him up too in my turn.

So close a web ne'er spun
Between two mortal men
As that which rent the day I lent
Him one-pound-ten.

"Oh, lend me thirty bob," said Wilkinson;
"I'll let you have it back before the end
Of next week sure." What else could I have done?
How should I hesitate to help my friend?

Misgivings had I none—
I think my eyes were dim
With dumb delight. I said, "All right,"
And gave it him,

And little-thought that there was thus begun
A breach which widened as the day drew near
For settlement. Poor dear old Wilkinson!
No doubt he couldn't raise the wind, poor dear
Old chap! He came to shun

My company. We met In strained suspense, ruled by a sense Of etiquette.

So thus I lost him. Weep, for he is gone!
Half-crazed with grief I clutch the passer-by,
Demanding, "Where, oh, where is Wilkinson?"
He mostly bolts, but sometimes will reply:

"Wilkinson? Wilkinson?"
"Yes, Wilkinson," I sob.
"Go, tell him he means more to me
Than thirty bob."



THE WAR SALAD.

MUSSOLINI. "LET ME SEE—THEY SAY 'A MISER FOR THE VINEGAR, A SPENDTHRIFT FOR THE OIL, AND A MADMAN TO STIR IT." BUT—IS THE OIL GOING TO HOLD OUT?"

Impressions of Parliament.

Tuesday, December 3rd.—Although Lord Snell later remarked with avuncular condescension that he couldn't help feeling it was rather a shame to use the enthusiasm of youth to commend the not-too-obvious wisdom of His Majesty's Government, the two young men selected for the task of moving the Address in the Lords showed themselves perfectly capable of judging a political policy for themselves. Lord BIRKENHEAD, several subsequent speakers thought, had inherited a good deal of his father's quality of oratory, and Lord Sandhurst, who was probably the first to second the Address in the uniform of a Special Constable, also earned many compliments.

In the Commons both Mr. W. W. WAKEFIELD and Sir CHARLES BARRIE read their speeches, which was a pity; but what they said was well-expressed and to the point. Mr. WAKEFIELD was the more amusing, regretting that as a beginner he had not the advantage of having a large red "L" attached to his person fore and aft, and recalling that over three hundred years had passed since an effort was made to expedite the business of the House from below.

It was too much to expect that Mr. Wakefield's prowess in another sphere would pass unnoticed by the punsters; perhaps the happiest allusion was that of Mr. ATTLEE, who replied for the Opposition and promised to observe with interest whether Mr. WAKEFIELD remained in the back row, went to the front, or was led away into any winging. As was also to be expected, Mr. ATTLEE professed himself profoundly disappointed by the KING's Speech, which, he said, showed the same fatal dualism, allegiance to Imperialism and allegiance to League principles, which ran right through the Government's foreign policy. The Speech was made up of fragmentary suggestions, and it contained no mention of the Means Test.

In his reply, Mr. Baldwin agreed that there was a kind of dualism, but went on to show how earnestly the Government were trying to ensure the rule of peace. Political memories, he said, were short, and to him it seemed that on the Opposition benches there was a complete blank as to what happened throughout the year 1931. Thanks to the policy of the Government economic convalescence had been steady, and he and his advisers were constantly watching for additional outlets for our trade. He had great hopes of the projected reorganisation

of the coal trade, and he assured the House of his deep personal interest in the coming educational reforms. Other points in the Government's programme on which he touched were unemploy-



"WAKERS" KICKS OFF. Mr. Wakefield.

ment insurance for agriculture, revised relief regulations soon to be introduced, the plans for national defence, the improvement of maternity services, and the distribution amongst the



"That's my one and only Friday, if Mr. Haddock doesn't trample all over it."

Mr. Baldwin.

Special Areas where possible of key industries at present situated in positions too vulnerable in the event of war.

The Bill authorising railway expansion will be the most important piece of legislation with which the House will deal before adjourning for Christmas

Wednesday, December 4th.—This afternoon in both Houses a humble Address of condolence to His MAJESTY was moved on the sad death of the Princess VICTORIA. Lord HALIFAX initiated the motion in the Lords, the PRIME MINISTER in the Commons; they were followed by the Liberal and Socialist leaders, and many eloquent tributes to Her Royal Highness were paid.

It was a dull day in the Lords, except for Lord ONSLOW's motion that a humble Address be presented to His MAJESTY telling him the date of Lord DE CLIFFORD'S trial and asking him to give orders to fit up the Royal Gallery of the House for the purpose. The reason for this motion is that the acoustics of the Royal Gallery are so appalling that without microphones and loud-speakers neither the case for the defence nor for the prosecution could be heard, and therefore, as things stand at present, the trial might easily go on for ever; and for so vital a change in the fabric of Westminster though we already have head-phones in the Press Gallery of the Lords) the KING's permission must be sought.

In the Commons it was also a scrappy day, for a large number of Members always take advantage of this debate to let off a few personal observations having no bearing whatever on the speeches which have gone before. But there were bright intervals, and one was the maiden effort of Mr. A. P. HERBERT, in which, by no means subdued by his new surroundings, he roundly rated the P.M. and his Government for stealing Private Members' time before Christmas, declared that his Matrimonial Causes Bill was perfectly ready, and straightly told the House that it was high time they took a little more interest in simple human problems. The reason why they do not may, of course, be just unselfishness, so many Members being just simple human problems themselves.

In the course of the debate, Mr. Greenwood made a characteristically bitter attack on the Government, and Sir John Simon replied in the quiet satirical manner of which he undoubtedly is the master.

"This pack is descended from the immortal yeoman's Hounds: Ruby, Reuter, Ringwood, Bellman and True."—Hunting Note.

Also, we presume, his other hounds: "Press Association," "Exchange Telegraph" and "Central News."



TESTING THE COMPARATIVE VALUES OF WINKS AND NODS TO BLIND HORSES.



Major Saddleflap no Longer Conjures.

OUR Major Saddleflap is a good fellow, but suffers from one unfortunate delusion. He thinks he is a grand amateur conjurer. This wouldn't matter so much if he kept it to himself, but did you ever know an amateur conjurer who could keep it to himself? Certainly not Major Saddleflap, who, not content with inflicting his tricks upon us in the Mess, will offer to give performances at the troops' smoking concerts. Being a Major, the organ-isers, who are usually sergeants, dare not refuse him, and the result is invariably very bad for discipline, because, whereas Saddleflap takes his conjuring quite seriously, the troopsparticularly the tougher element on the back-benches-do not. In fact

the only thing that ever keeps them inside the hall at all during his turn is probably sheer curiosity as to whether this time one of his tricks mayn't perhaps go off right.

For Major Saddleflap is one of those unfortunate conjurers. We have seen him pick up a box and, while he is actually tapping it inside and out and saying, "You see, quite empty; no deception," a bowl of goldfish has fallen out of it with a crash on the floor. Later on, during another trick, he would skid on an overlooked goldfish and would scatter out of his sleeve a pack of cards, previously arranged with infinite expenditure of labour and time in some very particular order.

We still remember too the trouble we once had in persuading him that, even though he'd spent four days reading it up carefully, it might be wiser not to attempt Sawing a Woman in Half. Well, not strictly a woman; I think he was proposing to let Private Pull-through play the rôle, which only made it worse: there are perhaps too many women round the barracks as it is, but we only have one Private Pullthrough, and we want to keep him intact.

Then there was the trick, known to us as the Disappearing Rabbit, which ought to have been called the Appearing Rabbit. Two minutes before the animal

was supposed to materialise from a top-hat or tin helmet or something, it lolloped happily out from one of his trouser-legs and went down into the audience, where, after visiting around a bit, it did a masterly vanishing trick of its own-somewhere in the neighbourhood of Private Barrel, "A" Company cook. It was of course only natural that Major Saddleflap was the one person in the hall who hadn't seen it go, and so carried on the trick amid delighted applause to an absolutely unbelievable anti-climax, which ultimately left him removing his trousers behind a screen in an attempt to probe the mystery.

At long last, however, we have managed to stop his appearance at smoking concerts. We did it in this way. We persuaded him on the last occasion to take an assistant one Sergeant Meek, who'd only just joined us and who was, so Bayonet said he was given to understand, "rather keen on conjuring." Then we suggested to Major Saddleflap that he had better have a dress-rehearsal with Meek the day before and just see that everything was all right for the night. We generously volunteered ourselves to make an audience for him, though in fact we wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

So it was arranged, and Saddleflap, after half-an-hour winding up things and hiding things and arranging things, punctuated by, "Of course you fellows understand all this will be done while the curtain is still down," started off.

Everything went well at first. Sergeant Meek was most helpful and affable, on one occasion even dexterously slipping a certain chosen card to the bottom, as Saddleflap had forgotten to do this before handing the pack to him to hold. A little later he did it again, but unfortunately Saddleflap had remembered this time, and so the trick went beautifully wrong. Curiously enough, the right card finally turned up in Saddleflap's own pocket instead of a member of the audience's. He looked puzzled and took the applause rather dubiously.

Then rather peculiar things began to happen. First of all every card which Saddleflap forced on one of us was definitely the right card when it left him, but by the time it turned up where required had changed colour. I don't mean it had changed from five of Hearts to five of Spades: it was unbelievably enough a black five of Hearts

and didn't change again till put back on the pack and fruitlessly searched for. Saddleflap looked even more puzzled, and this time didn't acknowledge any applause at all.

Considerably shaken by similar incidents, he at last ventured on his famous silk handkerchief trick, and that finished him off. For a large and valued silk handkerchief which he caused to disappear at one stage, disappeared for good. It should, he at last confessed, have been in an oubliette under a conjurer's table, but it wasn't. Nobody except Sergeant Meek was with him on the stage and the latter hadn't been near it; indeed. looking rather scared, he even offered to let himself be searched. It was inexplicably mysterious, and when Bayonet, taking his cue, said solemnly he knew what had happened: that continual dabbling with the occult had brought Major Saddleflap so near the edge of Another World that a finger and thumb from the unknown had poked through and nipped the handkerchief into Limbo, Saddleflap got really frightened. He didn't exactly draw a pentagon and stand in it, but

he simply hated the way in which we all apprehensively edged away from him and crossed our fingers in the air. And when a black cat shot across the stage from nowhere just prior to a sudden fusing of all lights, while we staged a panic rush for the doorway, that settled it.

Major Saddleflap is now rather proud, but greatly afraid, of his mysterious power, and says it's not fair on people for him to do any more conjuring. We don't mind how he puts it; the great thing is he no longer conjures.

Neither does Sergeant Meek—at least not in Saddleflap's presence. For we feel that realisation of the fact that Meek's brother is a professional conjurer and that Meek is going in for it himself when he leaves the Army, might start Saddleflap off again.

A. A.

"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

This year, Christmas Day falls on a Wednesday. Boxing Day will be Thursday."

Financial Paper.

The day after Boxing Day will, we are able to add, be Friday.



PARADISE FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS WITH WEAK IMAGINATIONS.

At the Play.

"OUR OWN LIVES" (AMBASSADORS). MISS GERTRUDE JENNINGS has a new

play at the Ambassadors Theatre. It is called Our Own Lives, and it is a superb delight from start to finish. From the first moments when the curtain rises on the select hotel in Venice, kept so smoothly yet so very much against the grain by the gallant Mrs. Everard (Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), there is a richness of play and a swift current of action between a magnificent assemblage of characters which make the evening a gathering and progressive joy.

It is a characteristically modern piece in this-that Mr. and Mrs. Everard, while not prepared to make any great sacrifices for each other, will do anything for their daughter, Rosemary (Miss Rosalyn Boulter). They will even try living together again because Rosemary rather hates a life which alternates every

six months between Venice and the purlieus of the British Museum. Mrs. Everard is even ready to forgo her devoted Owen Lang (Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON) because of her daughter's wishes. But the Everards have been separated for ten years, and, although there is no other woman in Dennis Everard's life, there are books. He is a real bibliophile, at once a lover of old books as things and a happy student with a slowly-moving Magnum Opus.

There are some signs of deficient sympathy with scholars and collectors on the part of Miss GERTRUDE JENNINGS, and her touch is not always sure, but it must all be forgiven her for the sake of the magnificent character which she and Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY have given as a permanent possession to the English stage. He is called Henry Lambeth and he is a triumph. Red-faced and stumpy and testy, he has obviously come straight from his books, and he lives so contentedly in his chosen world that it becomes much more real than the play. It was almost uncanny this sudden intrusion into a delightful comedy of someone who

did not belong to the world of the and mild aversion from books of Mrs. theatre at all, but just was himselfthe kind of man we meet any day in a second-hand bookshop, if we are men, and not women with the tolerance for



OUR OWN WIVES. (KEEP THEM AT A DISTANCE!)

Dennis Everard MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY. Camilla Everard MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.



COUNTING THE TIME AND HOLDING THE COUNT.

Count Conrad Ferrari . MR. JACK MELFORD. Vicky MISS AILEEN MARSON.

Everard.

Henry is sure that the new arrange. ment will not work, and Henry of course is right. The hotel is no place for a

scholar. Mr. BALIOL HOL. LOWAY showed us a scholar so ageing and frail that it was rather hard to remember that his young romance was only twenty years before, but so engaging that we entirely understood the weakness of his character. He was profoundly indolent and his indolence made for good-nature in the small change of life, but he would use no effort either to earn or to make his marriage a success. All this Mr. HOLLOWAY made clear in a hundred little gestures.

Miss VANBRUGH was happier in having to show a very attractive nature, which she did with studied ease, so that we could watch large sacrifices being assented to without any words having to be spoken. Here was someone of great intelligence and charm, and a little too much easy good-

Lady TREE as the trying old Duchess of Stroud gave a great character-sketch which would almost stand by itself as a turn, and was deservedly applauded, even in a play where the level of acting is strikingly high.

"VICKY" (GARRICK).

It may be some faint consolation to the relics of the HABS-BURG family that their decline has brought so much happiness to one section of the community the dramatists. For these have discovered a seemingly inexhaustible lode in the hardships and enduring loyalty of the Viennese aristocracy, a loyalty which, as the stage has shown us time and again, is so strong that it brings the Princesses and the Generals leaping to attention in their pantries and their taxicabs on all the anniversaries of the old régime. It would have been a thousand pities if the mere triumph of democracy had killed all the glamour of Vienna, city of romance; and the dramatists are to be congratulated on continuing to find glamour there every time they approach it.



Sword-swallower. "HILDA, HAVE YOU BEEN SLICING ONIONS WITH THIS SWORD?"

This is a slight little comedy on familiar lines. Parts of it skip over the border into farce, parts are rather thin, and parts do what they can to shock us in a simple sort of way. But the spirit is light and lively, and the duet between Miss AILEEN MARSON and Mr. JACK MELFORD, which is the central core, is a delightful essay in the post-war school of romantic acting.

The Baroness von Petrin (Miss Barbara Everest) has emerged from the political upheaval with a small tobacco-dive and two daughters, and is equally incompetent to direct any of the three. Lou (Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor) is a gold-digging blonde whose behaviour in no way suggests her distinguished ancestry; most unsuitably she is married to the mildest of Government clerks, a man who sees a rollicking evening in the fret-sawing of cigar-boxes. Very different is Vicky (Miss Marson), just done with school and an entrancingly purposeful little person.

When Lou announces her intention of going off to Ostend with a philandering Count, it is Vicky, horrified at her sister's cold-blooded greed, who takes the situation in hand by vamping the

Count with schoolgirl arts and endeavouring to head him off. She even goes so far as to spend the night in his flat, with all modesty, locking him into his bedroom and sitting up with an alarm-clock to make certain that he is late for the Ostend train. Not until the morning does she discover that she has been dogging the wrong Count, a virtuous young man addicted only to fast motor-cars and constantly embarrassed by the goings-on of his old father, whose Christian name is the same. Lou has a row on the train and comes home: Vicky and the young Count (Mr. MELFORD) are left, bound not for Ostend but matrimony.

Vicky's ingenuousness and the verbal misunderstandings arising from it are rather overdone, but Miss Marson's acting has a naturalness which is most refreshing; and Mr. Melford's youngman-about-town balances her very sympathetically. The other parts are taken well if without brilliance.

We were a little grieved, my colleague and I, that, although the tobacco-shop had a rack full of such organs as the Petit Parisien and the Populo di Roma, one grave omission was remarkable. La Stampa was not there.

From the Agony Column.

["Celia.-Regret poor dinner.-J.L."]

Was the kind of fish
Not sufficiently swish?
Was the soup insipid and clammy?
Did the two sorts veg.
Turn her appetite's edge?
Was the leg of the chicken gammy?

Was the cheese too ripe?
Or the entrée tripe?
Or the bombe not properly frozen?
Or the pear she chose
Not one of those

Which a connoisseur would have chosen?

Did the grape of the vine
Not produce good wine
At the restaurant where he took her?
Was the napery soiled?
Or the waiter oiled?

Was that one of the things that shook her?

It may have been so;
We do not know;
But the dinner went wrong, that's
certain.

Poor lass! Poor lad!
Over things so sad
It is better to draw the curtain.

My Murder Story.

EVERYONE who employs the pen must now and then have wished to share the spoils of the writers of detective stories. Whatever his ordinary task, whether novelist of normal life, philosopher (look at "FATHER Brown"), biographer, historian, sociologist (consider those Coles), poet, or essayist, before him is always the fascination of inventing a chain of circumstances in which, at the beginning, a living fellow-creature is by some lethal process converted into a body, and not until the end is the perpetrator of the crime discovered. That is what the public want to read about, and that therefore is what we want to write about.

Sometimes the body remains where it fell, mutely refusing to divulge the identity of the murderer; sometimes there is a problem as to the cause of death; and sometimes there is a complete disappearance which in time prompts those suspicions of foul play that lead to inquiries, to detection and to the gallows or the chair. But always there must be an outraged public and swift investigations either by the officer within the Force, such as Inspector French, or without it but working with it, such as Colonel Gore. Always with tobacco and often with intuitive wives.

No matter what the preliminaries, murder must be committed, and when the time is ripe and the secret is revealed, justice must be done, when the finished book will be returned to the library and exchanged for a new one almost exactly like the last. But different enough. Instead of being called, say, The Murder at the Sixth Tee, it will be called The Murder at the Seventh Tee.

Anyway, that is the kind of book which we all want to write, for whereas what we normally produce may sell eight hundred copies, crime stories sell eight thousand.

If I have led you to suppose that, because the titles of this kind of work can be not too dissimilar, their plots are alike, I have misled you. There is, among detective novelists, a constant expenditure of grey matter in the attempt at originality, so that one continually marvels at the many ways in which human beings can become bodies. One of the best is for the victim to be pushed into a kiln of quicklime; and indeed it would be perfect but for the circumstance that someone always sees it and very likely, thinking it rather odd, looks at his watch. But what I mean to say is that

new forms of murder are constantly being devised by the blameless men and women who flood the market with these books, the ranks of whom all writers, and I among them, are so eager to augment.

It was in the course of considering the question for myself and compiling a mystery that should run to the necessary three hundred-and-fifty pages and make some real money, that I have hit on a plot which I am certain is not hackneyed and which I am going to work out with the closest care. There will of course be in it a man who must be got out of the way. I cannot say yet why I dislike him so much or why he impedes me so much, but he must be got out of the way. Choosing, therefore, my time-on the eve say, of his departure for Peru on, say, a botanical mission to be carried out alone-I contrive to kill him. How I do this does not at the moment matter, but of course I first put on my gloves. But at some place when there is no one to overlook and note the time, I kill him, and, having dug the right kind of hole, bury him and his luggage in it.

So much for the first part. I then, having often recapitulated the sequence of events and found no incriminating flaws, await the time when the disappearance will begin to be noted. At first, of course, as he is on his way to Peru he will not be missed. Then, arriving there, as he is on a botanical expedition in the darker parts of the Peru hinterland he will not be missed. But later will come the time when he should again be among us and when his non-arrival should in the usual way cause suspicions to be aroused, rumours to be rife and fingers to be pointed. It is then that I ought to play my cards with the utmost circumspection and be always on the watch; it is then that inevitably the little overlooked piece of evidence will crop up and give me

That is what would happen in the books. But the difference between my story and all the others-my own startling novelty-is that my victim is never missed. The fact that he does not write, that he is not encountered by anyone in Peru, and that he never returns, excites no comment whatever. He is, in short, never missed; and if a body is not missed, where are you? Murder is in vain. I even walk over the spot where he and his clothes and his luggage are decomposing. I hold picnic-parties there. Laughingly I refer to his mysterious absence; but no one minds. It is, you see, not even the unravelled mystery; it is no mystery Could anything be more at all. original?

That is my new kind of murder story. I thought it out purely as a literary exercise, but I wonder if the case is unique. E. V. L.

As Others Hear Us.

Identification.

"I ALWAYS love an orchestra with my meals, I must say. Don't you?" "Oh, yes. At least—what did you say?"

"I said I liked the ORCHESTRA."

"Oh, the orchestra. Yes, I like an orchestra in a restaurant, I must say, only it's so difficult to hear oneself speak. What's this thing they're playing now? I know it frightfully

"So do I. I know it as well as any-

"It's a thing one's always hearing all over the place. Like *The Blue Danube*."

"Oh, it's not The Blue Danube. The Blue Danube is quite different."

"I meant it was like The Blue Danube. Not really The Blue Danube, of course."

"No, it's not The Blue Danube. Not for a minute."

"No, that's what I said. It isn't The Blue Danube. But it's exactly like something."

"There! I know that bit as well as anything."

"So do I. I know it perfectly."
"We'd better settle what we'll have to eat. Could it be Faust?"

"No, not in the least. More like one of the musical-comedies, if you ask me."

"Not GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, that I'll swear. Oh, dear, I do know it so well."

"'Willow, Tit-willow, Tit-willow.' I think hot buttered toast, don't you?"

"That'll do me beautifully. But I shall die if I can't remember the name of this tune."

"It's something one knows so terribly well, too."

"The Belle of New York. No."
"Oh, no; that was 'They Always
Follow Me,' or something. Old Uncle
Edward used to sing it, I remember,
completely out of tune. It always
makes me think of him. He was so
fond of music, dear old man!"

"The Arcadians."

"No, because that was the year Monty and Nina got married, and I know it always makes me think of my bridesmaid's frock; it was one of the best frocks I ever had—a perfectly heavenly blue-green glacé with a little wreath, and Monty gave us all aquamarine pendants."



Post-Office Lady (to neglected customer). "You've been hanging about here for a long time, haven't you ?"

"How marvellous! Look here-if we think of something quite different I daresay we shall suddenly remember. You know how one does.

'Of course it might be one of those perfectly modern things, like HENRY HALL on the wireless.

Isle of Capri.

"My dear! Isle of Capri isn't in the least modern. It's been over for simply ages. Why, we've had Red Sails in the Sunset since then.'

"So we have. some more tea?" Wouldn't you like

"In that, please." "Really in it?"

"Yes, in it, please. Really. Oh, dear, oh, dear!

"Yes, I know. Isn't it frightful? I know it so absolutely well, too."

"I believe it's something to do with some film, if you ask me.

"No, it doesn't sound to me like a film exactly. Still, it might be. There now! that bit is frightfully familiar.'

"I nearly got it then. It was on the

tip of my tongue."
"My dear! I believe we're completely wrong and it's out of one of the operas. Something one knows too well for words.

"I said Faust."

"Not Faust at all. You've put it out of my head again-I'd just got it."

"Wait a minute!"

"Have some more toast?"

"Wait a minute!

""Can I speak yet?"

"I'd just got it! It was on the tip of my tongue. Not In the Shadows, surely?"

"I've never heard In the Shadows in my life."

"Good gracious me! Of course you

have. It goes like thiscan't sing it against the orchestra, and anyway I've rather forgotten how it goes, but I know it always makes me think of Miss Winterstring and the dear old Vicarage.

"Oh, does it? Like me and The Honeysuckle and the Bee. It always reminds me of a governess we had when I was ten years old, who used to do the most marvellous crochet-work.

"It's funny how music always takes one back, isn't it? I believe this is something quite old, myself."

I don't; I think it's sort of classical. Let's ask. I don't mind.—they've just finished, and I shall go mad if I don't

"I see. Thank you very much. . . . Yes, I see. A Musical Pot-Pourri, was E. M. D.

Study.

A LEARNED man, but wan with toil, For whom repose had long been lacking, He put some cocoa on to boil And started on his packing.

Before him lay a time of peace, One of those tours of so-called pleasure

Which promise sunshine, meals, and Greece And, for a fortnight, leisure.

Of clothes he had small store, and those Ill-fitted to a costly liner: Details of suiting, shirts and hose To him were purely minor;

But reverently he packed away Some chosen books by men of leading By which to pass each idle day With some agreeable reading.

None of that light and airy stuff Which only ignorance can suffer, But modern Science (pretty tough) And modern poets (tougher)

And others, each a noble book Or maddening, as you chanced to rank it; And, having stowed them in, he took His cocoa up, and drank it,

And paused awhile, as one who thought How splendid the pursuit of lore is, And hauled them out, and went and bought Some cheap detective stories. Dum-Dum.

Children's Books.

COMES Christmas again with its feast of intellectual cheer for the young, the very young and the would-be young. And not too jolly intellectual either, but just sufficiently stimulating, enthralling or rib-tickling to make an hour in the arm-chair a pleasure as well as a necessity when we fall away like ripe leeches from the groaning board.

And first the picture-books, for is not a picture-book to be prized over all other books? Do you remember Babar, Jean de Brunhoff's little elephant? Kind Messrs. METHUEN have brought him back again, and his wife Celeste too, and my! what adventures they do have! But not more than Bill of the Black Hand (CAPE, 5/-), The Turf-Cutter's Donkey (Dent, 5/-), Pogo, the Circus Horse (EYRE AND SPOTTIS-WOODE, 5/-), Peter Puppy (METHUEN, 2/6), Argh, the Tiger (COUNTRY LIFE, 7/6), and pretty carnivorous, if you ask me, Horace Hedgehog (COLLINS, 5/-, and speshully desirable), Felix Fox (Collins, 5/-) whose Frolics, recorded by Sir Francis Burnand of the Old Firm, well bear re-telling, Sir Benjamin Bulbous, Bart. (Blackwell, 5/-), Mr. Hermit Crab (Heinemann, 7/6), Mr. Tootleoo (Faber and Faber, 5/-) Angus (twice), a bad dog belonging to John Lane, who will give him away to any good home for a couple of bob, and Mr. Rhoddy Dhu, whom you may have met before and will certainly want to meet again, especially if you have a "Scottie" of your own (METHUEN, 3/6).

Will I tell you what befalls all these brave bipeds and quadrupeds? Certainly not; nor have I space to reveal the names of the good souls who have reported their adventures. Pester Papa! Besiege Uncle Benjamin! Abandon, if need be, all thoughts of that new rabbit-hutch, but by hook or-well, no, we can't have any crook at Christmas, so make it hook-see that Santa Claus or someone weighs in with at least a brace of them.

But, good gracious! we've scarcely begun. Here is a whole sheaf of pretty story-books practically given away by Messrs. Blackwell at 1/3: Fortune for Tuppenny, The Basement Bogle, The Fruit Stoners, Jacka-Biddy-Tippet, And I Dance Mine Own Child-why, the titles alone ring as sweetly as the names of old folk-dances. And look at all these story. books, real, almost grown-up story-books, that you just can't put down even to go and wash for tea: The Mystery of C2 Casemate (HUTCHINSON, 3/6), The Red Spears of Honan (CHAMBERS, 3/6), The Highway (NELSON, 2/6), Garram the Chief and Garram the Hunter (JOHN LANE, 5/each), Wings above Billabong, The Marlcot Mystery (WARD. Lock, 3/6 and 2/6 respectively)—here is meat for young he-men. As for the young misses, if they can be pried loose from more adventurous fare, there are Joy's New Adventure. The New House at the Chalet School and Through the Green Door (CHAMBERS, 3/6 each), and—specially recommended— Pomona's Island (NELSON, 5/-), while, common to either sex. like artifex and opifex, are Mary Poppins Comes Back, with pictures by MARY SHEPARD (LOVAT DICKSON, 5/-), The Green Island (Allen and Unwin, 7/6), Children Alone (HEINEMANN, 7/6) and The Adventures of Mr. Goodenough

(BLACKIE, 2/6)

And what of all the Christmas Annuals and Omnibuses and all those engagingly fat books that contain More Than One Story? Well, Uncle HUTCHINSON, who is a whale on Annuals, offers you a Boys' Annual (3/6), a Girls' Annual (3/6), a Children's Annual (2/6) and a Children's Hour Annual (3/6), which you'll be glad to know is compiled by no less a person than "UNCLE MAC" of the B.B.C. There is 12a, Toy Street (BLACKWELL, 6/-), which you'll have to hide from the grown-ups, and The Walt Disney Omnibus (JOHN LANE, 3/6), which will whet your appetite for the Real Thing; and there is The Princess Elizabeth Gift Book (HODDER AND STOUGH-TON), surely the best five-shillingsworth on the market, which you can be firm about-you might even scream for it-because the money all goes to the Princess Elizabeth Hospital for Children. I must not forget Enid Blyton's Green Goblin Book (NEWNES, 3/6), 52 Stories for Children, A Century of Boys' Stories and A Century of Girls' Stories, and All the Year Round Stories, all published by HUTCHINson at 3/6. And don't let me forget Higgledy-Piggledy Tales (WARNE, 2/-), a Peter Fraser book (and what a little Peter Fraser!) for the Much Younger Set.

And now for some new editions of old favourites and a few books for Persons with Serious Tastes. We can offer you The King's Book (RAPHAEL TUCK, 3/6), very far-flung and with a picture of Mary having a little New Zealand lamb that is well worth the price of admission. Here again the money goes to a Deserving Cause, so you can insist on having this book as well as all the others you want. There is a "Rex Whistler" Hans Andersen (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 7/6), and Four Tales from Hans Andersen (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 3/6), which the Syndies (and, let me tell you, Syndics must be taken seriously) have caused to be charmingly illustrated by GWEN RAVERAT. The Golden Spinning Wheel (NEWNES, 5/-) abounds in fairies, princesses and all that goes with them, or after them, and Wondrous Deeds of Bygone Days (RAPHAEL TUCK, 3/6) is replete with heroes and dragons and other Nordic desiderata. Better still, All the Puck Stories are gathered together for you by Messrs. MacMillan (10/6)—the Puck of Pook's Hill stories that you have read so often and will so often read again. Told Again (Blackwell, 3/6) is another collection of old tales that lose nothing, I can assure you, through being retold by Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE.

Coming now to More Informative Publications, we have The Story of the World, Vol. II. (MULLER, 7/6), one of those books that make History agreeable (yes, it really can be



"WHAT WAS THAT NAUGHTY WORD YOU SAID JUST NOW?"

"I DON'T KNOW, MUMMY. I SAID IT SO QUICKLY I COULDN'T HEAR IT MYSELF."

done). The Picture Book of Trains (Ward, Lock, 1/6) tells you all about trains, and Tell Me Why (Ward, Lock, 5/-) tells you all about everything, from icebergs to how to can peas. Ask Me Another (Werner Laurie, 3/6) contains three thousand conundrums for the conundrum-minded, New Conjuring (John Lane, 2/6) will make a Maskelyne of you in almost no time, and The Children's Holiday Book of Verse (Arthur Barker, 7/6) will almost make a Young Reciter of you, which Heaven forbid! The Children's Garden (Newnes, 5/-) tells you all you want to know about gardening—or at any rate all you need to know, which is to keep your great feet off papa's saxifrages.

And now for the Animal Kingdom. What would Christmas be without animated nature? My first choice is *This Little Pig* (The Ward Gallery, 2/6), a very wee pig (for very wee persons) who went to Unimaginable Lengths, if you know what they are, to get his curly tail straightened

out. Three for an Acorn (Blackwell, 3/6) concerns a squirrel, a magpie and a rabbit, Johnny Crow's New Garden (Warne, 4/6) concerns all manner of beasts, as also does The Animal's Broadcasting House (Muller, 3/6), Joc and Colette at the Natural History Museum (Burns Oates, 3/6), only here the animals are stuffed, Hedgerow Tales (Methuen, 5/-) and Picture Tales of Many Lands (Blackwell, 5/-). Warrigal (Hutchinson, 3/6) is a wild horse, Babbity Bowser (Blackwell, 4/6) is a singularly ill-conducted cat, The Wanderings of Mumfie (Murray, 5/-) concern a small elephant—perhaps I should say an effermeflunt, and Sea Ponies (Country Life, 8/6) is all about ponies. So is On'y Tony (Country Life, 3/6), who is lucky to have such beautiful portraits of his ponies drawn for him.

And that is the lot—at least it has got to be, for all my space is used up. But if you can't find what you want in this assortment you must be a very difficult child to please.



Film-producer. "Now what can I do for you?"

Aspiring Novice. "I'd like to be groomed for stardom!"

Boots and Shoes.

In a row in the cupboard they stand, Polished and cared-for-such homely things, Yet as I look at them Each pair brings its memories. Those little slippers-soft old leather and fur-Many a time, sitting crouched in the hearth, Looking up now and then into his face, Have I kicked with those well-worn toes The cold cinders into place. There are many others there Framing their pictures for me-Dainty little street shoes Dark-blue suède with ridiculous heels-A luncheon here and a matinée there, London-the Park in the Spring; Silver kid-can my feet be really so small?-Dancing, music, soft lights and the touch of his hands, Side by side through the garden under the moon-Oh, little silver shoes! Wide strong brogues, still smelling of peat, Distant hills have I trodden in you,

The heather and rock of the Hebrides,

Friendly shoes-they'll grow old-

East-Coast links and the shale of the Pyrenees;

Old and shabby and still be worn; Tall brown boots-agony to take on and off, The greatest of friends to wear-A willing horse on his toes as he feels the turf of the Downs, The long steady gallop, the rhythmical beat of his feet, Clickety-click on a chalky bit and thud, thud, thud on the thyme; Then come up to the wind and the view; Stand there and drink it in; Turn in the saddle—"Glorious!" you cry to him; Sunlight and shadow chase themselves over the Downs While the larks sing. So you jog home and the mists come up With a woody smoky scent; Creak of leather and jingle of bit; Then tea and toast in front of the fire. Have you washed your hands?" They smell of leather and horse. Booted legs stretch out in absolute ease, And you lazily smile at him. All memories now-never mind; Not even real memories-boots and shoes.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Chinoiserie.

Mr. LEIGH ASHTON of the Victoria and Albert and Mr. BASIL GRAY of the British Museum are to be warmly congratulated on producing the ideal introduction to Chinese Art (FABER AND FABER, 21/-). This delightful volume takes you over the field dynasty by dynasty, indicating the secular and religious background of the craftsmen and their public, and ending each section with exquisitely-chosen illustrations of ceramics, lacquer, ivory, jade, enamels, carpets, tapestries, and pictures and detailed notes on their provenance and technique. At once sure-footed and adventurous, the method vivifies not only Chinese civilisation but its foreign repercussions. Thus KUBLAI KHAN of COLERIDGE's opium dream turns up as the patron of Persians and through them of "blue-and-white"; and CAN GRANDE, of the laughing effigy at Verona, is found dressed for his burial in Chinese brocaded silk. Of immense general interest are accounts of the cultured unworldly society in which great work throve and of the virtuosity that ended by impoverishing the nation as a whole. Chinese pottery has strikingly influenced contemporary English craftsmen; and "one of the most healthy branches of modern art" should rereceive new impetus from Mr. Ash-TON's inspiring accounts of porcelain and stoneware.

More of Matty Wilmot.

Everyone who met Miss Matty Wil-Mot a year ago when the Marchioness of Londonderry and Dr. H. M. Hyde introduced her to us in *The Russian* Journals of Martha and Catherine Wilmot will be charmed to find her again in their new book, More Letters from Martha Wilmot: Impressions of Vienna, 1819– 1829 (MACMILIAN, 21/-) Our Martha

1829 (MACMILLAN, 21/-.) Our MARTHA = is married; she has three children; her husband, a pleasant person, one gathers, with a claim to fame as having officiated at the burial of Sir JOHN MOORE, is chaplain to the British Embassy in Vienna. She has much to tell us of the great and their doings and dresses, of her encounters and economies, and of a journey into Italy. It is a lighter book than its forerunner, and if Vienna at this period is not as strange and interesting as Russia, Matry, a keen observer and dashing writer, does not fail to make the most of her material. History, as usual, repeats itself: in 1820 "Italy has taken it into its head to turn things topsy-turvy The many admirers of CATHERINE's wit and charm will be more than grieved to see her death recorded among the family news which often breaks into that intimate language of MATTY's, where a handkerchief is a "snufftickle" and the French governess, good at renovations, "jerrycumfumbles" the children's clothes.



THE MAN WHO ASKED IF THERE WERE ANY REDUCTION ON THE CHRISTMAS CRUISE RATES IF HE BROUGHT HIS OWN GALA GADGETS.

Revolving Revolutions.

Mr. H. A. L. FISHER gives to the Third Volume of A History of Europe (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 18/-) the subtitle "The Liberal Experiment," because the period he now covers, between 1789 and 1935, has been spanned by the rise, the almost complete triumph and the partial decline of the doctrine of free government by free peoples. The writer easily and convincingly fashions into the links of an inevitable sequence factors so diverse as the launching of Napoleon's Civil Code, the effect of the Crimean War in loosening Austria's grip on Italy, the maintenance of America's Monroe Doctrine by the British Fleet, the degradation of the Prussian Parliament by Bismarck, and even the influence of the Czech vote in Chicago on the Wilsonian Treaty of Versailles. Intentionally or not, the principal figure in the story, generally heroic, always

illuminated, is France, with wicked uncles brooding and skulking in the East, and this country appearing as a rather erratic fairy godmother. Mr. FISHER'S survey is so logical, so balanced, that the coming of the Great War itself and the recent rise of the "demon of economic nationalism" appear as calculable effects following due cause, while the hope for human happiness in the future is offset by equally weighty dangers of catastrophe.

The Praise of Coffee.

Coffee, "the milk of chess-players and thinkers," has been medically sanctioned by the famous Radcliffe and hymned—if I remember rightly—by the still more celebrated Bach. But it has been reserved for our own time to produce The Saga of Coffee (Allen and Unwin, 15/-) from its discovery, as inducing a wakeful mood in the goats of the Red Sea littoral to its recent large-scale destruction "in the berry" by the Brazilian Government. Between these two extremes of caprine appreciation and human mishandling, how chequered has been the career of the beneficent shrub! And how skilfully this and its concomitant phases of civil-

isation have been interwoven and recorded by Herr HEINRICH EDUARD JACOB! Five years' labour and a vast bibliography have produced a volume as entertaining as it is erudite. Not for nothing have coffee's devotees been men of exceptional intelligence, foes to Bacchic excesses and beer-swilling, connoisseurs and conversationalists, and men of action, like GEORG KOL-SHITSKY, the Polish spy, who brought coffee (and croissants) to Vienna. Finally the economic drama, staged in Java, Ceylon, Africa, Brazil and the auction-rooms of Venice, Marseilles,

Amsterdam and London is, with all its suicidal follies, an amazing and instructive spectacle.

A Record of Youth.

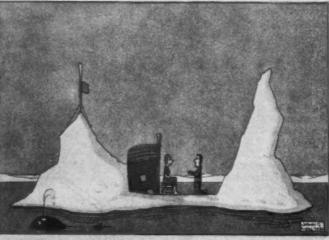
It was a fortunate day when the Earl of LYTTON yielded to persuasion and allowed Antony (PETER DAVIES, 9/-), which at first had been intended for private circulation only, to reach a wider public. Those who do not take the opportunity offered to them will miss what Sir James BARRIE in a Foreword calls happily "a galleon of treasure."
For here we have not only ANTONY KNEBWORTH revealing himself in a series of delightfully spontaneous letters. but also a picture of a harmonious family. Quite rightly Lord Lytton says that the chief value of these letters lies in the fact that they are a faithful record of all the developments through which his son passed. From his childhood, even from his infancy, Lord KNEBWORTH showed a physical courage and an originality of mind that were full of promise for his future. Fortunate he was, for no one, as he freely acknowledged, could have had wiser or more sympathetic parents; but to read his letters is to be aware of his natural charm and to recognise, as one of his most intimate friends has written, that his life was "glorious, clean, unselfish and honourable."

In the Heights.

There can be no doubt that Mr. F. S. SMYTHE knows how to write about climbing, and to the many who feel drawn towards mountains everything (or very nearly everything) in his book, The Spirit of the Hills (HODDER AND STOUGHTON. 20/-) will be welcome. The one thing about which I am doubtful is the Preface. Here he attempts to explain why people go mountaineering, and that, as he more or less confesses, is unexplainable. To say that "mountaineering is a search for beauty" seems to me to be putting it far too much in the terms of the pulpit. And even when he reveals that he means by it that the mountaineers find in climbing what others find in music, art, literature, philosophy or religion, it still sounds a bit highflown. Moreover, his stories of his own experiences, many of them thrilling, do not on the whole seem to indicate that the search for beauty has been his own primary aim. The joy of doing something rather difficult appears to be far more what he was after. All the same, he has taken some exceedingly beautiful photographs.

A Norwegian Hero.

In his study of Roald Amundsen, Explorer (METHUEN, 5/-), Mr. TURLEY SMITH has given us a welcome sequel to his volume on Nansen of Norway. AMUNDSEN was predestined to exploration from his early youth; the furor Arcticus was in his blood, and throughout his life he pursued this aim with unswerving concentra-tion. His name will always be linked with that of NANSEN, his hero and lifelong friend. His career was clouded with disappointment and controversy, but, even more than by his journey to



"MISS ABERCROMBIE, WHY ARE YOU SO COLD?"

the Pole, it was crowned and glorified by his death in a gallant attempt to rescue the man with whom he had been acutely at variance.

A Managing Lady.

Unsupported by Superintendent Mitchell on this occasion, Mr. E. R. Punshon's Bobby Owen has a chance to play a lone hand in Death Comes to Cambers (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), and with quiet efficiency he proves himself able to solve the mystery. Lady Cambers was an excellent woman in her way, but she irritated her husband and others by an overwhelming desire to direct and arrange their lives. Even so it is possible to think that she did not deserve to be strangled. Yet this was the fate in store for her, and when Bobby got to work on the case he found a perplexingly large number of people who for one reason or another resented her domination. As is Mr. E. R. Punshon's laudable habit, he does not permit the atmosphere of crime to obliterate characterisation.

Mr. Punch lifts his right hand to Thoughts on Things, by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, illustrated by G. S. SHERWOOD (METHUEN, 6/-), and Uncommon Law, an "omnibus" collection of A. P. HERBERT'S Misleading Cases (METHUEN, 7/6).



"DEAR ME! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE. I'M AFRAID THAT WOULDN'T DO FOR COLONEL FITZGORE."

Dining Out.



dlewell rang up just now," said Edith. "He is giving a small dinner-party for men only and he wants you to go. Says he is frightfully sorry, but, owing to his sec-

retary's carelessness, your name was left out of the list. In other words, one of the people he wanted has dropped out at the last minute and he wants to fill the table."

"I suppose I ought to refuse with hauteur," I said, "but Colonel Coddlewell's dinners are usually pretty good, and it will give me a chance to wear my new evening-suit before the moths get at it."

"You'll have to wear your old evening-suit," said Edith, "because, as you know very well, the men are putting a new floor in our bedroom. Your new evening-suit is in the bottom drawer of the walnut chest-of-drawers in your dressing-room, and the men have put all the heavy furniture out of our bedroom in your dressing-room.

You can't get at your new evening-suit without hacking your way through a forest of wardrobes and things."

"I'll try to climb over the top," I said.

"I'll try to climb over the top," I said.
I tried to climb over the top, but I was still on the edge of the forest when I put my foot through a mirror and Edith called me back.

"You'd better fetch MacFadyen and move all the furniture into your study," she said.

MacFadyen is a jobbing-gardener and a very good jobbing-gardener, but he turned out to be a very inferior furniture-remover. He is about a head taller than I am, and he managed it so that most of the weight rested on me, while he merely steered, and we fouled the bank so often that the wall-paper in the passage looked as if a battle had been in progress. At last, however, when my little study was crammed to the door, I was able to fight my way through to the walnut chest-of-drawers in my dressing-room.

In the bottom drawer there was nothing but a tea-cosy, an old dressing-gown of Edith's, and a pair of brown shoes.

"There appears to be some slight misunderstanding," I said to Edith. "Is it a dinner-party I am going to or am I going to a fancy-dress ball as the Emperor of Abyssinia?"

"I'm terribly sorry," she said, "but I remember now that I thought if we left your new evening-suit in the cardboard-box it would get less creased, so, as the box was too big to go in the bottom drawer of the walnut chest-of-drawers, I put it in the cupboard in the study."

I looked at MacFadyen and MacFadyen looked at me. But I am an English gentleman, and MacFadyen comes of an ancient Scottish line, so we resisted the temptation to fell Edith to the earth with an occasional-table, and moved the furniture back from the study to the dressing-room.

In due season we won our way through to the cupboard and found the box. Somehow I expected when I opened the box to find a hundredweight of coal or a set of snooker-balls, or perhaps the dead body of a favourite aunt; but patience was this time rewarded, and there, in all its glory, was my new evening-suit.

Half-an-hour later I was smirking at myself in front of the glass, thinking how distinguished I looked, when Edith came in and said that Colonel Coddlewell had just been on the phone again.

"He says he forgot to mention that it is his annual tenants' dinner, and that as some of the tenants haven't got evening clothes, he wants everybody to wear lounge suits."

The Stars with the Courses.

(Ships of a certain American line are being advertised as equipped with "dining-rooms with roll-back domes which open to the sky.")

My shipboard tastes are simple ones. I like to loaf in peace; I do not look for floral fêtes or talkies (pre-release); I shoot no plaster pigeons, but I must confess I sigh For dining-rooms with roll-back domes which open to the sky.

I do not want a perky corps of bell-boys at my beck; I hardly need electric-lifts to take me to the deck; I'm not a son of Sybaris, yet none the less I cry For dining-rooms with roll-back domes which open to the

sky.

tehold I sit at eventide beneath the dark sky's bowl:

Behold, I sit at eventide beneath the dark sky's bowl; I've drained that charmèd turtle-soup, I wait my lemon sole; The Pleiades flash down on me, and Algol, feigning stealth, Blinks redly at the junketing; I drink his demon health.

My wine-glass holds the firmament; the stars are mine to swallow.

Ah! thank you, waiter! Let me see . . . Long Island duck to follow.

The Silver River of the sky glows brighter than Times

(I fear this Heidsieck monopole shows stars which are not there.)

You mock at my imaginings? I may as well confess Astronomy my weakness is, gastronomy no less. Oh, give me leave to end my days, to eat and drink and die In dining-rooms with roll-back domes which open to the sky!

Charivaria.

"'It is not growing like a tree,'" writes a paragraphist,
"'In bulk doth make man better be,' as Dr. Johnson tritely
observed." O rare Sam Johnson!

* * *

"There is nothing in Britain to approach the spectacle of a herd of wild buffaloes stampeding," asserts a trans-Atlantic visitor, who has never, apparently, waited for a London bus on a wet day.

* * *

The linen ordered for the liner Queen Mary is reported to include ninety-two thousand serviettes. It may not be too late to countermand them, with the explanation that napkins were intended.

* * *

We sympathise with the dear old lady who wanted to know if the defeat of Germany by England at football recently put us at the top of the League of Nations.

* * *

"Kissing a horseshoe is said to bring luck," states a playwright. Provided of course one doesn't attempt this when the horse is still wearing it.

+ + +

A tiger in a European Zoo has just been fitted with slippers because of cold feet. Nevertheless we shall still go on believing that a leopard cannot change its spats.

* * *

"The general effect of glasses," says an optician. "is to

make the face look broad." But it all depends of course upon the number of glasses.

* * *

In some homes heated by modern systems an interesting ceremony is that of lighting the electric Yule-log.

* * *

"When the first child born to a couple is a girl, it is often followed by a boy," claims a statistician. Especially when it grows up.

A new Shanghai studio is being besieged by film-struck Chinese girls. Taking, in fact, the Wong turning.

* * *

The newly-invented mechanical cotton-picker, which is thought likely to supersede negro labour, would no doubt be operated in combination with the mechanised coon-song.

* * *

A politician declares that only fools are sure of anything. Is he quite sure of that?

* * *

To the worried taxpayer who says he doesn't know what to make of all these income-tax forms, may we answer, "Has he tried spills?"?

* * *

"Amassing a fortune," declares a financier, "is largely a matter of pluck." And especially of choosing the right people to pluck.

Tinklers.

Soon the winter quarters of the tinklers will be garrisoned, For see them on the southward road, a motley cavalcade Of covered carts and caravans, and shelties all caparisoned With pots and pans and wickerwork, the gear of tinkler trade.

Their forebears' rocky fastnesses are refuges no more to them,

Loch Enoch boulders stand forlorn in mountain mist and rain:

But still men leave the lonely caves along the western shore to them,

And ancient tinkler ashes there will soon be warm again. For Little Egypt's folk will fill Kirroughtrie and Dirk

Hatterick's

And Sawney Bean's and Catebraid and all the caves

about,

And Reids and Shaws and Dicks and Faas and Marshalls and Macatericks

Stuff sacks across the cavern mouths to keep the winter out.

There will they bide till April come to bid them venture forth again:

On modern roads in ancient trails their caravans shall fare,

Through Rhins and Shire and Stewartry before they rumble north again

By the Bailiary of Carrick and the Sheriffdom of Ayr.

Then look to see the tinkler's cart; and, haggling over things in it,

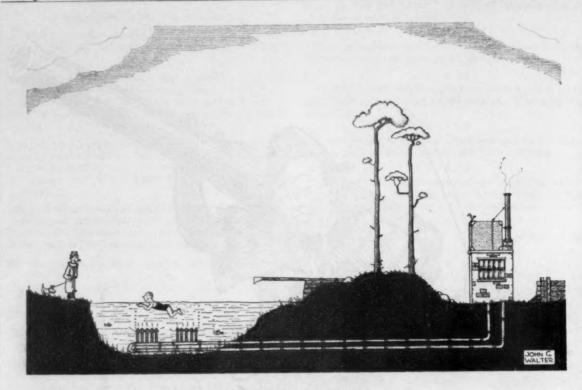
If you should see a cooking-pot or stumble on a stew,

Yet be not overmuch surprised to find a pair of wings in it That fluttered in your doo'cote once when they belonged to you.



THE JOLLY JAP TAR.

"THIS PEACEFUL AND UNAMBITIOUS PERSON DESIRES TO REDUCE ALL ARMAMENTS EXCEPT THOSE OF A DEFENSIVE TYPE."



THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND BATHER WHO DIDN'T PLAY THE GAME.

Trade Papers.

UNLIKE most people, I like to listen to other people's "shop," provided that I can understand a reasonable part of it. For in this way one learns how wide is the world and how many the cares of men.

So, when a Trade Paper comes my way my heart leaps and I have a good read. In these organs one discovers the kind of thing that is really worrying the fellow-citizen—things which seldom penetrate into the national dailies or even the "locals."

How refreshing, for example, to open a weekly paper and find that the leading article is not about Abyssinia or the socialisation of the banks, but is headed—

"FURUNCULOSIS IN BRITISH WATERS."

This is The Fishing News, which is one of my favourite "tradies." For it ranges from grim stories of storm at sea to the troubles, equally important, of the fried-fish shop.

Did you know, by the way, that "practically half the fish brought into this country finds its way into fried-fish shops" (per Alderman W. J. HEAD, of Yarmouth)? No.

Indeed, we know nothing. We pass a fried-fish shop and think, if we think at all, that the job looks easy. Well, it isn't, as a brisk article, headed "With the Frier—By the Chipper," will show you. I should have thought, for example, that more fried fish was sold in winter than in summer; but no, the trade is now suffering "the natural seasonable decline," and midsummer was the time.

But then-

"All August, when we could move a lot of fish, we couldn't get what we wanted."

And now, when "the big rush is over for another year," there are plenty of fish:—

"If we had seen a market supplied like this in the second week of August, for instance! . . . It is a long, long time since we saw plaice so cheap. . . . We had all the plaice in the world on offer and there was far more available than the whole frying and retail trades wanted. . . .

All summer (on the other hand), plaice of all sizes and most qualities were fairly expensive. . . As the demand for plaice persisted from the hotels and seaside boarding-houses the price all summer kept above the level of the average working frier.

There are many friers who use plaice, and it is one of the most popular frying fish. But unless the customers of the friers are fairly well-to-do it is not much fun paying anything up to eight or nine shillings a stone. You can't pay eight shillings a stone for small plaice and then try to sell them as twopenny or even threepenny fishes."

A sad dilemma, you perceive: How to make the people eat fried fish at the times when fish are plentiful and various. I hope that the Planners have the question in hand; but it is the sort of question that Planners forget.

And the writer is not thinking only of his own interests. He says, with evidently real sympathy:—

"It must be wearying for the average fried-fish shop customer to get codling fillets day after day and month after month without change and with no variation."

From the same article, by the way, I learn that the haddock is called, in the trade, a "jumbo."

Another article which keenly interested me was headed—

"KIPPERERS HAVE A REAL GRIEVANCE." from which I cull the following thoughts:—

"Are the returns received by the kipper manufacturers commensurate with the tremendous amount of work and worry which is entailed by their branch of the industry? If any kipperer is asked this question, his answer is an emphasic No.

answer is an emphatic No. . . . Is the kipperer to be blamed for the

introduction of dye into the industry? To a certain extent, yes, but to a greater extent, no.

For some unaccountable reason the fishtrade does not lend itself to the team spirit."

Indeed, all the information about fish-frying fascinates me. Carelessly, I had never given a thought to the technique of manufacturing chips; but the article on "Frier Equipment Maintenance" throws an exciting light:—

"I know of one frier who has been using a —— chipper for over two years and only used one set of blades. These are still good to-day, and I should say they have chipped getting on for 300 tons of potatoes.

It would be interesting to know if this is a record. . . ."

And, last, there is this appealing sentence:—

"There are many kipperers whose only desire seems to be left alone . . ."

The Fancy Goods Trader deals with problems of equal difficulty:—

"How many retailers who still describe their businesses as 'Stationer and Printer' appreciate the fact that this designation is a misnomer? Where is the stationer who has not followed the trend of the times and become in reality a fancy goods dealer. . .?"

This reminded me that I had never known why a man who sold pen, ink and paper was called a "stationer." My researches reveal that it comes from "stationarius" (mediæval Latin), which meant a tradesman (chiefly a bookseller) who had a station or shop, as opposed to an itinerant vendor. So that even "fancy goods dealers" have at least some historical authority for calling themselves stationers.

But, though upon this point he is a stickler and would prefer to see "The Gift Shop or some such title which would more clearly indicate the merchandise that is being stocked," I cannot acquit the editor of *The Fancy Goods Trader* of indifference to "The Word War":—

"It is almost a truism that profits are insured through three avenues. . . ."

And here is a Not Very Happy Metaphor:—

"And now to make hay out of the General Election, which, coming in mid-November, will, we prophesy, clear the ground for the biggest and brightest Christmas ever,"

The Undertakers' and Funeral Directors' Journal is also, and worthily, concerned with words and

In October the "Official Organ of the Trade" went back to its original title of The Undertakers' and Funeral Directors' Journal (it used to be The Undertakers' Journal), and thus re-



HERR HITLER, WHO IS A KEEN WEEK-END GARDENER, HAS PRODUCED A HORTI-CULTURAL MASTERPIECE JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS.

sumed the campaign of forty years ago against the description "undertaker, which when analysed is meaningless as applied to this most solemn and sacred of all duties.

"The Journal was thus playing a lone hand in its endeavour to clothe the undertaker in a new suit that would, had it been accepted and worn, have made a transformation of a desirable kind."

"But," and this is the sad ironical part of this affair, "what the English undertaker refused the American undertaker accepted by gradual stages. Funeral Directors in America were not known as such fifty years ago—they were Undertakers. . . .

"The name of Funeral Director is therefore essentially English; it is the fault of the Trade here that the term Undertaker is still the vogue. . . ."

And now the American F.D. (or "mortician—which does not appear to be so readily accepted") is teasing his British colleague for (a) being old-fashioned and (b) not using the term which the Briton invented fifty years ago. Very hard. Heigh-ho!

A. P. H.

Vegetarian News.

"Grass has lasted well this year and some men are still getting a good bite out of it." Local Paper.

"Can you tell me of a good bleaching cream to use on the back of my neck?"

"Beauty" Column.

What's wrong with soap?

Book Ends.

I can now thumb my nose at the short-sighted tutors who kept me in Prep. School for twelve years and point to my scholarly work as a critic and fancier of last sentences of novels.

It was Knut Hamsun's August, I believe, that first gave me the idea of collecting book endings. As I recall, I had idly flipped the leaves of that volume to the last page (thus saving valuable time which I used to spend in the study of first, second and third sentences of novels) and glanced at the concluding phrases:—

"Some little plants dry up. Some little children die. Then a fresh rumour of herring up at Eidsfjord."

I remember thinking it was a very inconsiderate herring that would let itself be rumoured about while little children were dying and little plants were drying up. I wrote a letter to Mr. Hamsun about this deplorable fact, but I have the feeling that I dropped the note into a fire-alarm box instead of a letter-box.

Early in my engaging literary study, I discovered that the "Weather Report" ending is by far the most popular. It seems that authors use the sun in various ways to get such effects as bliss, joy, happiness and optimism. As, for example:—

"A golden ray of sun came through the hosts of leaden rainclouds,"

These words, which conclude STEPHEN CRANE'S Red Badge of Courage, illustrate the Optimistic Weather Report. On the other hand, there is the Pessimistic Weather Report, which uses clouds, low barometric pressure, distant thunder, darkness or rain, as in ROMAIN ROLLAND'S Jean-Christophe, which finishes:—

"Rain fell. Night fell."

This last might also be classified with my "Things Falling" endings, in which category I put the horrible fate of a character at the very end of Arnold Bennett's Lord Raingo:—

" His jaw fell."

I have often been tempted, against my better judgment, to read this novel, because I am curious to know the events leading up to the fall of the aforementioned jaw. Perhaps it was the atrophy of the facial muscles. Perhaps he was showing off before his guests. Or was he merely in the habit of amusing himself by sitting before a mirror, dropping his jaw and laughing fiendishly as the snap of the joint echoed through the musty halls of his castle?

Indeed Arnold Bennett has no end of neat tricks with which to top off his novels. Take the last sentence of his Clayhanger:—

"He braced himself to the exquisite burden of life."

There is something to try on your old dulcimer.

I have a sub-division under "Blessed Events" called the "Well, well" ending. In this section I place the last sentence of G. B. STERN'S Mosaic:—

"I know that you will be delighted to hear that I have just had a letter from Pearl, and that next year there will be a baby in China."

I quoted this ending to an acquaintance, whose sole comment was: "Well, well! That's great news for China,

what with its present birth-rate." The thing that disturbed me the most was the fact that this *Pearl* person had neglected to say whether the baby was a man-child or a woman-child—an important point with us Orientals.

In the same division I have the conclusion of LIGGET REYNOLD'S Sweet and Low:—

"'Oliver,' she shouted, 'we're going to have a child.' "

Instinctively when I first read this sentence I hastily said, "Oh, my dear, why didn't you tell me? Everything will be different from now on." On maturer observation my concern changed to censure, and I decided that the young lady was being very inconsiderate of poor Oliver's nerves. Her procedure should have been merely to busy herself in the knitting of little things. The rest would be up to Oliver.

Still among my "Blessed Events" there is Honoré de Balzac's Grenadière, a robust example of the non sequitur:—

"Then he bowed his head and resigned himself to a sailor's life, for—was he not a father?"

Maybe he was, and maybe it was two other men, but nevertheless I see the above as dismal paternity. Le Sage's Gil Blas, on the other hand, is an example of gladsome paternity:—

"Heaven has deigned to send me two smiling babes , . . . and if ever husband might venture so bold an hypothesis, I devoutly believe myself their father."

This is a happy thought, but a sinister doubt seems to lurk behind the words. It may occur to you, as it did to me, that it is just such darksome thoughts which so often threaten the security of the home.

Some endings are so individual that they defy classification. I call these "Miscellanea" and no harm is done. I have relegated to this section the annoying finish of ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S Fräulein Else:—

" I'm flying . . . I'm dreaming . . . I'm sleeping . . . I'm drea . . . drea—I'm fly . . . "

Don't try to understand it. Merely pass quietly to the very un-Russian ending with which Dostoevski polishes off his *Brothers Karamazov*:—

"Hurrah for Karamazov!"

Where, you say, is the famous pessimistic ending of the Russian novel? Theoretically, you say, there should be at least two suicides in the last sentence. For my part, I feel that the ending would be justified only if $Mr.\ Karamazov$ were being carried off the cricket-field on the shoulders of his admirers.

One of the most pathetic of my odd bits is the finish of BLAIR NILES' Condemned:—

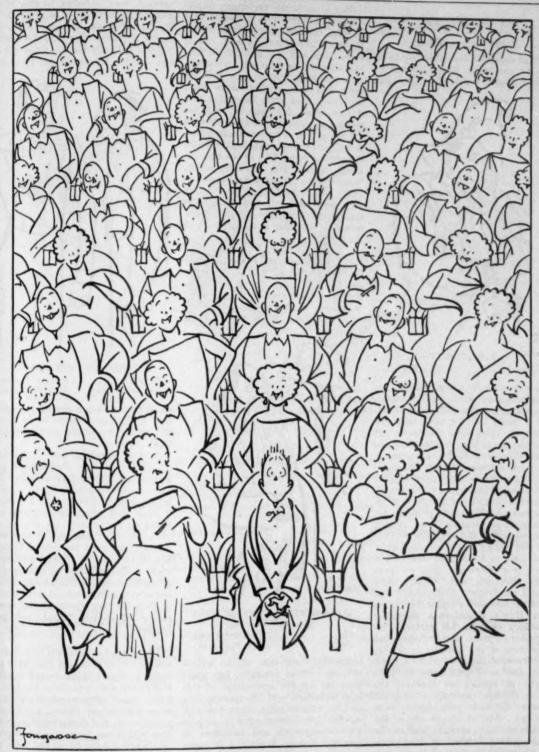
"'It would be horrible,' Michael moaned, 'to go on believing in nothing . . .'"

A horrible fate indeed! He might at least believe in the dole, or in capital punishment, or that love is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

Among my "Miscellanea" I have always shown a preference for the prosaic end of one of Christopher Morley's novels. Its cold practicality seems to leave no more to be said. I refer to the last sentence of Swiss Family Manhattan:—

"I think I'll take some bicarbonate of soda."

I think I will too.



NIGHTMARE.

"NOW, YOU, SIR, IN THE FRONT ROW OF THE STALLS-LET'S HEAR YOU SING THE CHORUS BY YOURSELF."

At the Pictures.

MORE BRITISH FILMS.

I was delighted the other day to be able to commend the excellence of Moscow Nights, which, although it has



A FIRE-FIGHTER.

Oswald Rob Wilton.

a French actor in a principal part, is British. But I doubt if, without foreign assistance, the film industry is ours. And I doubt this for more than one reason, the chief being that we do not seem to possess the performers for the parts. Whereas in Hollywood there are actors and actresses who are film actors and film actresses only, over here we seem to think that anyone who has vitality on the stage must also have it on the screen. A fallacy and a pathetic one.

Take, as an example, those amusing inconsequential back-chatters, FLANA-GAN and ALLEN. At the Palladium, a music-hall, to which they belong, and which is crowded by their admirers every afternoon and evening, they control the house. Every word and gesture is followed, whether it proceeds from Bud's mischievous schoolboy effrontery or from his partner's incorrigible surprise. But transferred to the screen, as the pair are in A Fire was Arranged, they are futile. For one thing, neither of these drolls has been taught to speak; for another, the totally different technique which the cinema demands has never been acquired. And as no one else in the picture is funny enough, and as the fire-brigade with which to fight genuine arson consists only of chorus-girls in tights, an ancient manual engine, and Rob Wilton, it is no wonder that the audience is at a loss.

But there is one performer, impersonating a director so desperate that he stops at nothing to get the insurance money, who seems to have an idea of film-acting, and that is ALISTAIR SIM; and there is one admirably humorous idea satirising the modern building craze, and that-so fast do we move to-day-is that while FLANAGAN and ALLEN were doing their ten years for robbing a jeweller there has been time for the growth of a new suburb with a new department store the financial misfortunes of which lead to the incendiarism of the title. This we know, because when the discharged prisoners hurry to the field where, just before they were arrested, they buried the stolen diamonds, they find that shops now take the place of the daisies and the grass.

Although the story of Come Out of the Pantry is laid in New York and there are far too many "shots" of skyscrapers, this too is a British film; and since Jack Buchanan is the leading man and Jack Buchanan has in-



CONTORTIONAL CONVERSATION PIECE.

Ches. CHESNEY ALLEN. Bud Bud Flanagan.

numerable fans, this will be widely welcomed. And naturally, for, apart from the capable insouciance of this agile comedian and his tapping feet and his audible voice, there are such surefire ingredients as a gay young peer who, anonymous and penniless in America, has to become a footman until the new sinews of pleasure can arrive from Europe. When it is added that his steps as a footman are guided by his father's, the marquis's, old

servant, now a butler to one of the Four Hundred, who is played by RONALD SQUIRE, no one need fear undue frivolity. For RONALD SQUIRE can act not only for the stage but for the screen. He makes the most of a



A LORD AND HIS MASTER.

Eccles Ronald Squire, Lord Robert Brent . Jack Buchanan.

small part and his timing is perfect. And I liked once more to be within the comforting shade (so to speak) of FRED EMNEY.

Another excellent actor, who finds no place on the (fourpenny) programme, is the unshaven hobo. But when it comes to high lights, they all belong to Jack Buchanan. I thought, however that, when, for the purposes of removing our gravity, he affected not to know the meaning of the word "livery," he went too far. I thought also that when a greedy millionaire gives a dinner-party he usually augments his meagre kitchen staff and does not serve cold boar's head, even though it gives the new footman the opportunity of saying "Alas, my poor brother!"

I hope that no one will deduce from this article, or from any that have preceded it, that I think everything that Hollywood does is perfect. Far from it I find myself often wondering why, for some of its output, there is any English public at all, and deploring the circumstance that our taste can be so poor; and when I have to sit out such importations as the latest Mickey Mouse about Pluto in hell, and the adventures of the children known as "The Gang," I know not where to look. E. V. L.



"YES, THANKS, IT'S GETTING COLDER, BUT YOU HAVE TO WAIT TILL AFTER CHRISTMAS BEFORE IT'S REALLY INVIGORATING."

Modern Folk Songs.

The Flower-Show.

[Inspired by the following dialogue overheard in a village inn:-

- A. There's only one thing in this country crookeder than 'orse-racin'.
- B. (after thought). Wot's that?
 A. (after a puff). Flower-shows!

To be sung to the tune of "Farewell and Adieu to You, Spanish Ladies."]

on 'em.

And some they sells sugar that's 'arf of it sand, And some they dyes sparrers for to look like canaries, But the Puddlecombe Flower-Show it fair beats the

I've 'eard of the pullin', I've 'eard of the paintin' That the racin' blokes do, an' the public is sold, But for sheer wicked devilry you can 'ave all yer

band.

orsey men, For the ornery Flower-Show it's got 'em all cold.

There's firsts, seconds, thirds, and there's 'ighly commendeds.

There's specials, there's cups, and I'm always beat, For, compared with the dodgers who carry off the prizes, A train-load of welshers is a Sunday-school treat.

I've 'eard of the pullin', etc.

There's ole Joe-now this summer 'e won in the egg-

And when 'e 'ad beat me, well, wot did I 'ear?

THERE's some as paints 'orses for to get a long price 'E 'ad boiled'em and stored'em, and the eggs as 'e won with Was the very same eggs wot 'e won with last year.

I've 'eard of the pullin', etc.

They borrows a carrot for to make up a bunch of 'em; They digs up each other's potatoes at night,

And they blows out the marrows by a trick wot is known to 'em:

I can tell you our Flower-Show is a bit of all right. I've 'eard of the pullin', etc.

Take the posies of wild-flowers: there's that Mabel 'Awkins (And 'im-that's 'er father-a sergeant of p'lice), She got up a syndicate of kids from the Infants-

Three-and-six between seven is sixpence apiece.

I've 'eard of the pullin', etc.

And as for the garden-flowers, "Don't they look beautiful!" As the toffs and their ladies up and down the tents walks: They always arrives by that train in the morning,

And, as all the lot does it, well, nobody talks!

I've 'eard of the pullin', etc.

J. C. S.

The Way to the Annexe.

FROM what he told me I quickly gathered that the man in the writing-room was no stranger to the hotel. He seemed to know it from basement to attic. Even the proprietor was no more than "Robinson" to him. And he referred to the head-waiter as "George."

"The real charm of the place," he went on, "lies in its extreme age. 'Unusual,' I think, is the word that best describes it. You've seen the main staircase, of course?"

I had, having just made my first ascent from the dining-room.

"Well," said the man, "that separates the two wings. This wing is somewhere in the neighbourhood of two or three hundred years old, and the other—with its various additions—perhaps as old or a little older. The annexe, I fancy, is older still."

Then he told me some more. He said—amongst other things—that if it wasn't Cromwell then it must have been one of the Royalist leaders who had signed something or other in one of the rooms, either before, during or after the Civil War, and that when the victorious or losing army passed through the town they left a rearguard in the barn where the stable formerly stood—if it wasn't in the stable, where the garage now stands.

"My room overlooks the garage," I

put in, rather thrilled.

And the man regarded me for a moment without speaking. He seemed to be thinking something out.

"So you are in the annexe?" he inquired presently.

And when I agreed he fell to

scratching his chin. Then—
"Look here," he began, much in the manner of those fatheads who ask people about that man's father being their father's son—"how do you usually get to your room from here?"

I explained that I had only just arrived, but that I proposed using the main staircase as before, crossing the hall and the dining-room to the sliding door at the far end—not the one near the large folding door, but the smaller of the two in the left-hand recess; then, turning right along the corridor with the short flight of steps, through the swing-door at the corner, and so viâ the small lounge into the corridor leading to the annexe and my room.

"As a matter of fact," I added, missing my pipe at that moment, "I'm about to make the journey now."

But the man stopped me, a knowing smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"I might tell vou." he said then. speaking with the calm deliberation of one who counts on being heard, "that there is a much shorter route. One has to know this old place, you know. Now, look here. See that door over there—the second beyond the couch? Well, if you slip through there, turn to your right and around the second corner on your left, ascend the short flight of stairs outside the door near the bathroom-that is, on the curveand descend the longer flight some few vards further on, that will bring you directly into the little porch adjoining the small lounge and of course the corridor leading to the annexe. Get me?"

And as I moved off to follow his instructions, thanking him as I went, he begged me not to mention it.

That was roughly at eight o'clock. At eight-ten, blinking painfully under the sudden access of light, I stepped back into the writing-room once more. The man was waiting for me.

"Well," he demanded briskly, "what do you think of it?"

And I replied, truthfully enough, that in all my experience of hotels I had never seen anything remotely resembling it.

I might have added that I hoped I never should. But I refrained. For what would it have profited me had I confessed that within thirty seconds of my closing the first door behind me I had been completely and hopelessly

"Mind you," the man rattled on, "a slow-witted bone-headed person might easily experience some little difficulty in finding the stairs leading down to the small lounge, don't you think?"

To have told the chump that I myself had penetrated to the remotest confines of the wing and discovered practically everything except his idiotic stairs would have been to invite a personally-conducted tour. So I merely shrugged. The fellow was beginning to get on my nerves. He struck me as being too self-confident—too persistent.

"You found your way back all right?" I heard him inquire.

And if from that point I lied unblushingly in my replies, I had my own very good reasons. For ten minutes by the clock, in a gloom that was almost Stygian, I had been floundering over steps into bedrooms and out again, striking innumerable matches by the way and leaving a spoor that must have crossed itself at a dozen points. I had even worked my way back under the impression that I was exploring another wing. And my nerves were frayed. I was in no mood for reminiscence. I had no wish, for

example, to compare notes regarding the number of usual offices I had visited—and revisited—before hitting upon the expedient of leaving their doors ajar for future reference. I merely wished to forget.

Wherefore, changing the subject as adroitly as I was able and muttering something about wishing to speak to the hall-porter, I sauntered out on to the stairs.

Then, hurriedly descending to the hall and crossing the dining-room to the sliding door at the far end—not the one near the large folding door but the smaller of the two in the left-hand recess—I turned right along the corridor with the short flight of steps, through the swing-door at the corner, and so, viâ the small lounge, into the corridor leading to the annexe and my room.

As Others Hear Us.

The Interview.

"Mrs. Robinson?"

"Miss Monkley-Welsh?"

"I'm afraid I'm generally called Monks, not to say Monkey. I always tell daddy I can't think how he ever got mummy to marry him with a name like that. I say, is this your club?"

"Yes, it is."

"How marvellous! I belong to the one on the other side of the road—a septic hole called The Curtis. I dare say you know it. Frightfully foul, really. I say, is it all right if I smoke? I'm afraid I always smoke like a chimney, but especially when I'm nervous."

"Oh, are you nervous?"

"Oh, well, I'm sort of on appro, aren't I? I suppose, as a matter of fact, we'd better get down to it. I rather gather from your letter that what you want is some kind of a keeper for an ancient old bird in Eaton Square. Is she your mama, or what?"

"Mrs. Crabbe is my great-aunt, but I don't-"

"Great-aunt? How marvellous! I thought they were kind of an extinct species, really, like the dodo or something. Well, it sounds too marvellous, because as a matter of fact I actually want to be in Eaton Square."

"Why do you want to be in Eaton

Square?'

"I'm writing a novel about it—a kind of satire, really, rather like EVELYN WAUGH and MICHAEL ABLEN mixed, only more up-to-date. So I thought I'd better get a job there, because mummy and daddy live in a perfectly septic hole at Wandsworth and my own flat happens to be in Highgate."

"I thought you'd had experience

"The aged? Oh, rather! Although I say it that shouldn't, I'm supposed to have rather a way with me with old crones. They eat out of my hand, literally."

"I shouldn't think my great-aunt

would quite do that.

"Why, is she frightfully hard-boiled or something? Not that I mind much. If they're tough, I simply spill all the funny stories I know till they crumple up. And if they're the old-fashioned sort—kind of your generation and mummy's—I can stage a weeping act as easily as anything."

"Mrs. Crabbe is only seventy."

"Gosh! I do hope I'll never live to be seventy. I think even fifty or sixty must be pretty mouldy. What does she do all the time?"

"My great-aunt likes to be read to, and she enjoys a game of bridge, and she often takes a drive into the

country."

"I don't mind reading aloud a bit, and if she's deaf it'll be simply grand, because daddy says I've got a voice like a pea-hen. I'm afraid my bridge is a bit sketchy, but I could read up about it or something. Absolutely O.K. about the drives. What's her car?"

"It happens to be a Steddy Six."
"They're a bit out of date, aren't they? Still, I can drive any car, practically, so as to get the maximum out of her. Some of my friends call me Hoggie—road-hog, you see. Not that I am."

"Mrs. Crabbe's chauffeur has been

with her seventeen years.

"Gosh, how awful! Hasn't she got the nerve to tell him to hop it, or what? It's the sort of thing I wouldn't mind doing a bit. I always blast the daily woman for mummy whenever I go home. Anything else?"

"Anything else?"

"I mean, any other chores? Don't go off the deep end thinking I just want to slack about and not earn my screw. I'm fearfully energetic and quite conscientious, and I'd give her the time of her life, honestly I would. When I'm in the mood I do imitations—you know, rather like RUTH DRAPER—and my other old lady simply adored them. She used to scream. She used to get her friends in for tea and then ask me to do my stuff."

"I ought to have explained that Mrs. Crabbe is a most cultivated old lady

and very artistic."

"I could take her to some of the really good films. And there's all that highbrow stuff you get on the wireless."

"She doesn't like the wireless."



Exasperating Guest. "THANKS, BUT I NEVER TOUCH ANYTHING."

"What a shock! I have mine on all day and all night, but I daresay she's a bit deaf and won't notice. Does she like music?"

"She's not musical."

"My other old lady used to adore it when I did my crooning. I expect this one will get used to it. If she's been abroad at all I bet she'll like my yodelling act."

"I don't think-"

"I say, I never asked you if she wanted any needlework done, but I'm afraid it's not terribly in my line. I'm quite keen on wood-carving, or modelling in clay, or looking after animals."

"Thank you, but I think perhaps someone rather older—"

"Oh, that's quite wrong. I'm sure

old people need the young to cheer them up a bit and keep them in touch with the times. I used to bring heaps of my own friends in to meals and things with my other old lady, and they ragged about like anything. It was marvellous!"

"Why did you leave her, then?"

"Oh, well, it was rather funny, but after I'd only been there quite a little while the old lady suddenly died."

E.M.D.

Why Be Bothered With Babies?
"Children of any age under 14 years can

be served in sealed bottles."

Notice outside Public-house.

Stick to it, Boys!

"No matter whom Mr. De Valera sent on his military quota, the Glue Shirts would not go."—Local Paper.

Among the Poets.

This is to show that we yokels have our culture—primitive perhaps, but culture nevertheless. The towns may hold more poetic genius to the square foot than Bucksfordshire does to the rod, pole or perch. But every now and then a note of the true authentic quality may be heard rising from the rickyard or the turnip-field.

In our village of Bawley such a note has risen—actually in this instance from the vegetable plot. The source of inspiration was the village cricket. Bill Barefield, digging in my potatopatch and ruminating on last season's wonderful record of nine matches won, three lost, one drawn, conceived the idea that this might be celebrated in song, such song to be sung by himself at the forthcoming Cricket Club Supper. (This important function is always for some obscure reason held in December.) Possibly, if "wicket" had not rhymed with "cricket" nothing more would have been heard of it. But "wicket" does rhyme with "cricket." Also "JARDINE" is, shall we say, a near rhyme to "garden." So, with a diffidence which was an example to all poets, Barefield one morning submitted for my consideration a really remarkable work.

The verses were too numerous to quote in full, but this will give the general idea:—

If WYATT and HOBBS and JARDINE
Had only been there and seen us
A-hitting into Briggs's garden
And a-smashing of his green-us!
Or this:—

Though Mr. Bates don't bat
Nor bowl nor yet keep wicket,
He manages the teas, and that
Is harder than playing cricket.

After much careful thought and much tact (as I like to think) on my part, we reconstructed the verses to suit the tune, which I suggested should be "Three Blind Mice." "See how they run" came in so handily, as for instance in:—

Big Joe Hunt,
See how he runs;
He runs and runs though he is so stout,
With a wave of his bat and a joyful shout—
Runs and runs till he runs you out—
Big Joe Hunt.

It is hardly necessary to say that the thing was a wild success at the Cricket Supper. But what chiefly pleased Barefield was a short poem which reached him some days later from a neighbouring village whose Vicar had been a guest at the supper:—

May rival cricketers presume to hail Bill Barefield, peerless village nightingale? Sweet Philomel, whose limpid strains have

Wafted as far as Turton-on-the-Green!

Though we are all untutored in the Arts,
Thy gentle lay has touched our rustic
hearts:

And as we till the soil and fell the tree, We murmur excerpts from thy poesy.

Bill had not been called anything like Sweet Philomel before, and, though he did not know exactly what was meant, he liked it.

A. W. B.

The Essay.

George has been a successful essayist for many years. His output, small but regular, is acclaimed by comments like these: "Good," "Very good," or sometimes, "Very good indeed." Yes, he may be considered one of the most significant of the older essayists—of his particular school. I should add that the distinguishing feature of his particular school is a green cap with yellow and pink stripes round it, and that George is nearly thirteen.

George does his homework every evening in the dining-room. But last Thursday—the day when he writes his essays—Circumstance, disguised as a man in corduroy trousers and a cap back to front, took the gas-fire away and drove him into the drawing-room before dinner. "We won't talk or disturb you," said my mother, turning the wireless off.

So George sat down at the little table in the corner and stared moodily at nothing.

"Can't you suck it instead of making that revolting noise?" asked David through his evening paper.

"I always bite when I'm thinking," said George, and he took another strip of silver paper of his stick of butter-scotch.

My mother threaded her needle. "Tell us what the essay's got to be about, George dear. Perhaps we can help you."

"A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing," said George gloomily. "Discuss the truth of this statement."

"How extraordinary!" my mother remarked. "You know I was telling you that that stupid Ellen twisted the gas-tap right off this morning? Well, I only let her try to mend it because she said she knew all about it because her brother was in the wireless-shop in the King's Road. And, do you know, it's the one we go to."

"How extraordinary!" I said. "Do you mean that the young man with the big ears is Ellen's brother?"

George bit off another piece of butterscotch.

"That's the one," said my mother.
"I went in this afternoon—we wanted a new bulb for the hall, anyhow—and you can see the likeness if you look."

"Just what," said David over the top of his paper, "has any of this got to do with the subject?"

"Well, I'm telling you, David. I said to Ellen, quite kindly of course, 'Ellen, haven't you ever heard that a little knowledge is a——'"

David put down his paper. "Learning," he sighed. "Look here, if we are going to help him, let's help him. How much have you done, George?"

"I haven't started writing yet," said George. "I've made out a rough plan. I always do. Introduction—points for and against—conclusion."

"Ah!" I said. "Now, let's think of a really shattering beginning."

George took a piece of silver paper out of his mouth. "I know how to begin. 'This saying is true in many ways.'"

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed David.
"Do they still—"

"Of course," George went on, "I could put 'There is much truth in this saying.' But I put that last week. Anyhow, it would sound too much like 'Discuss the truth of this saying,' and the Horse is awfully down on that sort of thing. Lack of originality and all that."

"I don't think you ought to call him the *Horse*, George," said my mother.

"I told you, Mother," explained George patiently. "He neighs when he laughs."

"The great thing about journalism," said David, "is to arrest your readers' attention in the very first line so that they'll have to go on with it."

they'll have to go on with it."
"That's just it," I said. "And you've got to think what's likely to arrest the attention of the sort of person who's going to read your stuff."

George peeled another piece of butterscotch. "The Horse is going to read it. He has to."

"Now," said David, "who's going to be arrested by a sentence like that? You want something sharp and sudden and funny."

"Funny, do you think?" I asked doubtfully. "Is it going to be that kind of essay? I was thinking of something rather lingering and reminiscent, like LAMB in Old China. You know, where he starts with china and goes off to something quite different. Now, suppose you began by reading it on a sundial—"

"A sundial," said David scornfully.
"Well, upside-down in somebody's
paper in the Underground, if you want
it modern. Anyhow, the sentence
could carry you back suddenly to
something, and you could wander on
just as you liked for pages and pages."

"We need only make them a page long," said George. "As long as we get one word on the bottom line it's all

right.

"No," said David, "that sort of thing has to be done superbly if it's to come off. What I should do is to start with an epigram."

"Well," I said, "think of an

epigram.

"I am," said David angrily; and we sat for some time in a silence broken only by the crackling of butterscotch.

"If," began David, "'a little

learning is-

"Of course it is," said George. "It

says so."
"This is the epigram, George," I explained, for I could hear the inverted commas round David's voice.

David opened his mouth again.

"Look!" cried my mother-"halfa-minute after six!" and she hurried over to the wireless and turned it on.

"Wireless," said George to himself, and took up his pencil. "I'll put it down as 'Against,' because the Horse doesn't like it.'

"How are you getting on, George dear?" asked my mother, raising her voice above the announcer's as the wireless warmed up.

"I've got 'Cavemen' as well,"

George shouted back.

David strode across to the wireless and lowered it. "You don't mean to say," he said, "that they still—"
"The Horse likes it if you put in

something about primitive man. shall have it as 'For,' because Wireless

is 'Against.' "

"I think wireless is a very good thing," said my mother. "Though I remember -- Oh! did you hear that? And you never brought your mackintosh back with you, George.'

"Listen," David said to me. sketch. Not an abstract essay but a concrete word-picture. Here, George, chuck me some of that butterscotch. Or even two concrete word-pictures, apparently disconnected, but unified by the title. You end very abruptly. and your reader is mystified at first until he looks back at the title, and then it dawns on him."

"Oh!" I said absently. "Such as?" "Things don't dawn on the Horse," said George. "Anyhow, I always end more or less the same way. I shall put 'Thus it may be seen that a little learning is a dangerous thing."

"'London,' " David began. "Dotdot-dot. 'Rain.' Dot-dot-dot. 'And at the corner of Great St. Andrew Street and Upper St. Martin's Lane'or wherever it runs into-stood the old man with the check cap and the peanut-barrow.' Dot-dot-dot. 'Just as he had stood for thirty-seven years.'

"Yes," I said absently. "Listen,



"THIS PICTURE 'AS ALREADY DRAWN THOUSANDS ELSEWHERE."

David. Let's have it in verse-the sort that looks like prose till you've read it through several times. You know: When life is hard for us to bear and all is weariness and care-

George rolled his silver paper up into a ball and put it in the wastepaper-basket. Then he picked up his books.

"Yes," he said to my mother, "I know I shall be frozen;" and he took the tin of acid-drops from the mantelpiece and stumped out of the room.

David and I didn't see George until we sat down to dinner.

"Well," said David, "how did you begin it after all?"

"Begin what?" said George, looking round for the salt.

" 'A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing.'

"Oh, that! Oh, I decided to do the other one. We always have two to choose from. 'Man Never is, but Always to be Blest.' "

"George," I asked, "how did you begin that?"

'How do you think?" said George.

"A macabre scene from the Fox film Dante's Inferno, which combines a modern story with a glimpse of Milton's Classic. Caption in Cinema Paper.

This reopens the old question, Who wrote "Gray's Elegy"



TRIALS OF A PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

"Now what's yee wholesale price, supposin' I gives yer an order to paint the lot of us?"

Hymen.

(Register offices are working at full pressure to deal with a big Christmas-wedding rush.)

Now the trees are standing starkly;
Rarely now the sun peeps out;
Now the robin wonders darkly
What he's got to chirp about;
Now we greet the festive season
As the year expires in gloom,
And for some unfathomed reason
Wedlock has its little boom.

Not in those more favoured quarters
Where the toppers proudly ride
And irreverent reporters
Jostle for a snap outside,
But where men must count their shillings,
Where the bowler decks the brow,
There the cooings and the billings
Reach a record climax now.

Joy be theirs, benignant Hymen,
These that bind their modest knot;
Give them what you oft deny men—
Women too—of lordlier lot;
Happy be their homes, if humble;
Nourishing, if plain, their fare;
Briefly, take them, if you tumble
To the notion, in your care.

Be their offspring as the weasel
Brisk, yet as the chicken plump;
Careless of the frequent measle,
Proof against the painful mump;
Quiet be that horde of nippers
That their sire, when home from toil,
May enjoy his tea and kippers
And his pipe, without a broil.
May he wax, an honest toiler,

May he wax, an honest toiler,
High in favour with his boss;
Never burst attend their boiler;
May they save their bit of dross;
Early may their daughters get off;
Let their sons be slow to seek
Ill companions, and be let off,
With a warning, by the Beak.

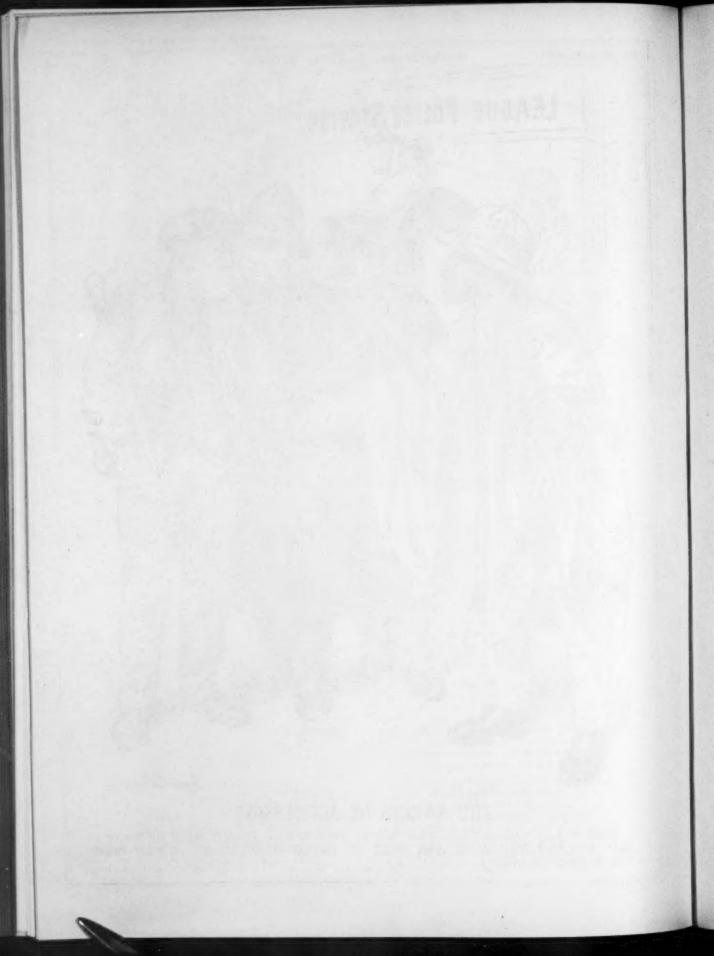
Not with tumult, not with shoutings,
Placid may their courses be
With, occasionally, outings,
And their fortnight by the sea;
And, though he may grow bald-headed,
She go creaky in the joints,
They will advertise the wedded
Life as not without its points.

Dum-Dum.



THE SWEETS OF AGGRESSION.

HAILE SELASSIE. "HAVE I GOT THIS RIGHT?—HE'S TAKEN NEARLY HALF OF WHAT I HAD AND NOW YOU GENTLEMEN WANT TO DISCUSS WHETHER HE SHOULD TAKE ANY MORE!"



Impressions of Parliament,

Synopsis of the Week.

December 9th.-Commons: Monday. Labour Amendment to the Address. Tuesday, December 10th .- Lords: Debate on Peers' Hats and the Abbots bury Swannery.
Commons: Liberal Amendment to

the Address and Debate on Abyssinian

Wednesday, December 11th.—Lords: Debate on Coal Mining. Commons: Debate on Coal Mining

Monday, December 9th .- The tragic fire at Wimpole Street has stirred up public interest in the question of getting rapid emergency services from telephone-exchanges during the night. In this particular case one caller failed to be connected, and, though other callers notified the fire-brigade without loss of time. Members were anxious this afternoon to hear the P.M.G.'s view of the matter. Major TRYON replied that he had been unable to discover the reason for the failure, but announced that he was starting an inquiry to deal with every aspect of emergency calls.

Is the Government sufficiently spinster-conscious? Sir John Birchall evidently doubts this, for he asked how much it would cost to provide all unmarried women with a pension of ten shillings a week after fifty-five. Only £12,500,000, the new Financial Secretary, Mr. W. S. MORRISON, told

him, and left it at that.

When the adjourned debate on the Labour Amendment was resumed, Mr. ATTLEE complained of the "vague intentions" of the King's Speech and himself delivered a speech in which a studied vagueness seemed the uppermost quality. In the same breath he asked if the Government were going to acquiesce in Japanese control of the whole of the Far East and protested that Europe was an armed camp; whether he was suggesting that the Far East should also be turned into an armed camp he refrained from saying.

To this charge of obscurity Sir Thomas Inskip pertinently replied that, had a Labour Government been returned to office, the discussion would not have been about the KING's Speech but about an Emergency Powers Bill which, rushed through in a day, would have turned the Ministry into a somewhat curt dictatorship."

As a result of their latest coalition the LLOYD GEORGE family have removed from the Socialist benches to those of the Opposition Liberals, and this afternoon Major LLOYD GEORGE spoke for that Party. He failed, how-



TANTALIZING.

"THE LABOUR PARTY IS WITHIN REASON. ABLE DISTANCE OF POLITICAL POWER. MR. MORRISON.

ever, to clear up the mystery of his family's attitude to Protection; for while he regretted the absence from the Speech of any reference to a conference to limit economic armaments. he blamed the Government for their cavalier treatment of his father's proposals-and those proposals, it would be a pity to forget, advocated a ruthless exclusion of foreign produce. Where, and oh where do the L.G.'s

An interesting maiden was bowled by Sir John Jarvis, who described his Jarrow experiment, by which the people of Surrey had raised a fund to assist the unemployed of this town, two new industries being started, and who believed that great things could be done by the Government encouraging industrialists. The unification of mining royalties was then hailed by Mr. HERBERT MORRISON as a notable triumph for Socialism, and finally Mr. J. H. THOMAS begged that the Government might be given a little credit for something.

Tuesday, December 10th.—This afternoon their Lordships had a little quiet fun wondering whether or not they should wear hats at Lord DE CLIF-FORD's trial, decided they should, and listened to a really eloquent speech by Lord Crawford asking that Abbotsbury Swannery might after all be left Unfortunately, where undisturbed. national defence is at stake, even royal birds with a seniority of over seven centuries must bow; and Lord Swin-TON, who made out a good case for the necessity of setting up the new R.A.F. machine-gun ranges at Abbotsbury,

produced encouraging evidence to show that birds get quickly blasés where guns and engines are concerned, and promised that as far as possible the targets would be shifted in relation to the seasonal movements of the swans.

At Question-time in the Commons Dr. BURGIN announced the award of a further subsidy of £2,000,000 to tramp shipping, and the House settled down to debate the Liberal Amendment to the Address. This was moved by Mr. GRA-HAM WHITE in a somewhat academic speech, mourning the spirit of Free Trade; and again one wondered how the Liberal Party had swallowed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S conversion to tariffs without altogether choking. Mr. CROSSLEY, who speaks very well, pointed to the undeniable benefits which have sprung from Protection, Mr. DINGLE FOOT a little too defiantly protested the utter incorruptibility of his Party, and Sir KINGSLEY WOOD pre-



TILTING AT THE QUINTAIN. MR. ATTLEE AND SIR THOMAS INSKIP.



"Now, with this appliance there will be no need for you to sit there for hours in the cold. You could GO DOWN BELOW AND KEEP YOURSELF WARM BY CHASING 'EM ABOUT.

sented a competent survey of trade

The main interest of the day came in the evening when the Labour Party, in spite of Mr. BALDWIN's statement that the Anglo-French negotiations for a peace settlement were necessarily still at a confidential stage, demanded to be told whether, as some newspapers had suggested, the latest plan sacrificed Abyssinia to Italy. Admittedly Mr. LEES-SMITH put his points with skill; and neither Mr. EDEN nor the P.M., who both replied, were able to hit back without revealing what had still, for some inscrutable reason, to be kept a secret. Mr. EDEN assured the House that every report he had read contained important inaccuracies. but was unable to deny that a concession of Abyssinian territory was part of the proposals.

Wednesday, December 11th .- As a Member remarked to-day, the time is past when coal-miners' demands for better wages were regarded by the public as the result of anti-social agitation; there seems now to be a general feeling that men who are doing a particularly dirty and dangerous job should be properly paid for it, and a general disgust with the inadequate system of mediation at present in force. This afternoon debates in both Houses reflected a common view that action

is called for to rectify wages which in some cases are below thirty shillings for five days' gruelling work, and therefore little better than the dole.



DR. DULCAMARA PRODUCES HIS PANACEA. LORD SANKEY.

There was an absence of bitterness from both debates. In the Upper House Lord MARLEY deplored a position in which owners and men were now publicly insulting one another, and urged that an impartial tribunal should be set up after an interim award of two shillings a shift (ten or twelve shillings a week); as an owner Lord Londonderry recommended reorganisation from within the industry; Lord SANKEY returned from his retirement to make a moderate and eloquent plea for the men; and for the Government Lord MUNSTER was unable to say much for fear of jeopardising the current negotiations.

The debate in the Commons followed similar lines, Captain Crookshank being unable to commit himself. In moving that the miners were justified in their claim for an immediate national increase in wages, Mr. WAT-KINS, a Labour Member, pointed out how successful the national way of settling disputes had proved in the railway industry. The most interesting speech of the day came from Mr. PEAKE, a coal-owner's son, who agreed that discussions on a national basis were needed, asked the House not to prejudice negotiations, and said that in his view it was from the big industrial consumers that the extra

money must come.

The Blurbury Diamonds.

I had just bought a brand-new Studeley-Bakestrong. It has a very large number of cylinders, an unprecedented arrangement of sprockets on the camshaft and a long tube through which you can give your orders to the chauffeur.

"Watch MacIsaacstein!" That was what Fortescue Montmorency had said as we stood together in the lounge of Blurbury Court. "Major Bodgers," he went on, "you are an old friend of the family; I feel that I can trust you. I am not the man you think I am."

For a moment I was almost too astonished to speak. I had suspected all along that he was not the man he thought I thought he was. Now I knew that he was not the man I thought he thought I thought he was either. Mastering my excitement I replied calmly, "Then who are you?"

"I am Ogden Snaggers," he replied

"I am Ogden Snaggers," he replied simply, "the world's greatest detective. I am here to protect the famous diamond necklace which the Countess of Blurbury will wear at the dance to-night."

"But would it be possible for anyone to steal the necklace?" I asked.

"Nothing could be easier," replied the great detective. "The thief would only have to approach the Countess in the crowded ballroom and snatch it from her neck."

"I suppose," I said thoughtfully, "that it would come away quite easily, I mean no secret catches or anything of that sort?"

"No," said Ogden Snaggers, "the fastening would break with the utmost ease. But watch MacIsaacstein. I have discovered that he carries a loaded service revolver under his kilt."

"Watch Fortescue Montmorency," MacIsaacstein had said as we stood together in the billiard-room at Blurbury Court. "Major Bodgers," he went on, "I feel that I can trust you. I am not the man you think I am."

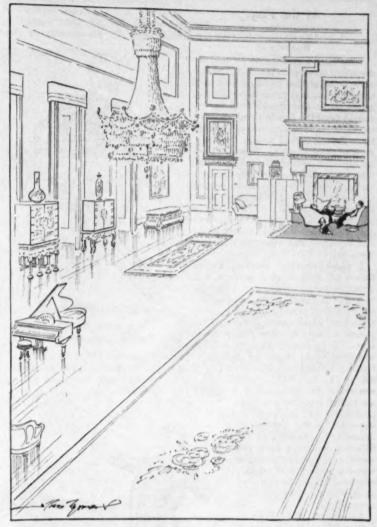
I fell backwards into the fireplace with sheer astonishment.

"And what is more," he continued, "I don't think that Montmorency is the man he thinks you think I think he is either."

"Tell me," I said, picking myself up, "who are you?"

"I am Herbert Blubster," he replied modestly, "the world's greatest detective. I am here to guard the necklace which Lady Blurbury will wear at the dance to-night."

"I know." I said. "that nothing



"It's about time the Government tackled this overcrowding problem."

would be easier than for a thief to snatch the necklace in the crowded ballroom. But how would he make his escape unobserved?"

"Ease itself," replied the great detective. "He would have his car waiting in the drive and would slip away unnoticed in the general commotion which would arise when the theft was discovered. Probably he would never be traced."

"Never be traced?" I asked thought-

fully.
"Probably never," said Blubster.
"And remember, watch Montmorency.
He carries a loaded automatic in the pocket of his dinner-jacket."

The dreamy melody of a waltz floated out into the darkness. In the

shrubbery I overtook Ogden Snaggers carrying an automatic pistol. motioned me silently past. A moment later I met Herbert Blubster carrying a service revolver. He also signed to me to pass on. Almost simultaneously two shots rang out. I hurried back to the house and made my way toward Lady Blurbury. It all happened just as the two detectives had said it would. An arm shot out from among the throng of dancers and grasped the necklace. The fastening broke quite easily. No secret catches or anything like that. In the commotion which followed no one noticed the dark figure climb into the car which waited in the drive. And I had just bought a brandnew Studeley-Bakestrong which has a very large number of cylinders. . . .

At the Play.

"A ROYAL EXCHANGE" (HIS MAJESTY'S).

I MAKE no apology to anyone for declaring once again that if a performance is advertised to begin at 8.15 it should do so, and those who choose to arrive after this time should be excluded until the first interval, as is the excellent custom at concerts. Should there be some good reason for delay, such as an accident to one of the cast, an explanation is due to the audience, who would always accept it sympathetically; but if there is no reason beyond the fact that half the audience seem to have forgotten to come, then I have no doubt that unpunctuality is not only discourteous but also exceedingly bad business. But when will managers learn this?

I speak bitterly, because, having burnt my tongue on a savoury and choked over my coffee in my anxiety to arrive in time for this piece, I was kept waiting exactly twenty minutes while heavy late-comers desecrated my patent-leathers in drifting idly to their seats. We punctual playgoers are far too little vocal about our sufferings. Great reforms have often been finally set in motion by determined and concerted pin-pricks; and I believe

we might give the managers profitably to think if we banded ourselves together to demand prompt curtains and fitted spurs to our heels and toothed lugeing-brakes to our toes in order that timely education might be extended to late seat-crashers. What about it?

Although Mr. RAMON Novarro's performance was greeted with a good deal of what one took to be film-fan applause, his experimental holiday from his studio cannot be accounted a success, and it is difficult to think of any reason why it should ever have been expected to be anything but a failure. For the arts of the stage and the screen are entirely different, and when one remembers the extreme pains with which the most accomplished of stage-actors have acquired an elementary knowledge of camera-technique, it is no

inhospitality to Mr. Novarro to sav that he never succeeded in holding us as the swaggering hero of a romantic musical comedy must if the piece is to succeed. The disconnected nature

of film-production tends to kill fluidity of acting, and after each sequence of movement Mr. Novarro seemed to be waiting for his director to stop



A BUSY BARON.

Baron Martinez . MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD.

him; he seemed afraid to let himself go, and his performance was consequently on much too small a scale to be effective.



HIS ROYAL EXCHANGE-FROM HOLLYWOOD TO HIS MAJESTY'S.

Carlos Gavilan MR. RAMON NOVARRO. Princess Sylvia Miss Doris Kenyon.

> Lagos was where the play took us, be doing this for herself. somewhat inexplicably, I thought, seeing that this was not the Lagos of the Portuguese, nor the Nigerian Lagos, nor even the one in Mexico, but an exotic

Principality where the barbers spoke French, the Christian names devolved from Spanish, and the number of blonde young Aryans in the crowd scenes would have made Herr HITLER'S Nordic heart leap for joy. It was a kind of miniature Ruritania, and its Government, its Military Adviser and its Lord Great Chamberlain, who all happened to be the Baron Martinez (Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD), were horribly embarrassed, revolution being constitutionally in the air, when the hereditary Prince shaved off his beard for a better incog. and nipped off to Paris. But, as luck would have it, there was a visiting film-star in the capital whom you wouldn't have known apart from the Prince, and very decently he took on the job, retaining the services of his publicity-man, Con Conley (Mr. EDDIE FOY), and naturally unaware, for he was not the sort of fellow to ask an intelligent question, that the Prince had left a wife, and a very attractive wife, behind him. When I tell you that the pseudo-prince was in the habit of sinking cocktails just before going to bed, and that even the Princess's lady-in-waiting thought nothing of motoring a hundred-andfifty miles with birds-of-Paradise in her hat, you can guess that a bit of a revolution and a certain amount of misunderstanding and a good deal of rather squashy love-making took place.

Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD easily gained such honours as were going, but he was overworked and had few opportunities to be funny. Miss DORIS KENYON as the Princess sang quite well but lacked force. Miss Doris Carson danced with refreshing dash and was worth a lot to the show, but one had no need to be a member of a Watch and Ward Committee to object to her "Lorelei" dress, which was asthetically most unsound. Mr. EDDIE Foy showed himself a comedian of parts and a clever eccentric dancer. And the Chorus were average. The tunes were not out of the ordinary and the lyrics were drearily cardiac.

To me the one neat moment was when Mr. WAKE-FIELD, dancing invisibly behind Miss Carson, put his arms round her and with perfect timing made up her face, so that she appeared to

ERIC.

New Problem for the M.C.C.

"EARTHENWARE DOG BOWLS. Catalogue.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD.

Intimate study of circus-promotes interviewing likely aspirants for the forthcoming Christmas productions,

Be Prepared; or, Only Violet.

An Edwardian Romance.

SCENK—Colindale Hall in the year 1908: the White Room. Lady Violet Colindale idly fingers the keys of the pianoforte. Behind her stands the Marquis des Gros-Moutons. His sensitive nostrils, intercepting the intoxicating perfume of her hair, quiver.

Lady Violet (coldly). Your nostrils are quivering, Marquis.

The Marquis (with ill-restrained passion). They are so sensitive!

Lady Violet. You are forcing me to vanish with a headache.

The Marquis (no longer able to control himself). Let me unfasten your burnished tresses, Lady Violet! Let me watch them fall at your very feet!

Lady Violet. You mean fall to my very feet.

The Marquis (anxiously). They do

fall to your very feet?

Lady Violet. Yes; but I have no intention of letting them down before I retire.

The Marquis. That will suit me admirably.

Lady Violet (gazing at him curiously). You have a polished exterior, Marquis, but inside there is a raging beast.

The Marquis (complacently). Long life to the interior, as we say in France. May I smoke?

Lady Violet. Only up the chimney. The Marquis (chagrined). I understand.

[He smokes a thick Turkish cigarette up the chimney and emerges in a smutty condition to find Lady Violet standing at the window.

The Marquis (boldly). Will you honour me by becoming the Marquise des Gros-Moutons ?

Lady Violet (serenely). Flattered though I am by your request, I have but one answer to make, and that is —No.

The Marquis. Pardon me while I pace restlessly up and down.

[He does so, The Marquis. I am a brilliant fencer and an accomplished whist-player.

Lady Violet (proudly). You do not, however, ride straight to hounds.

The Marquis (holly). You will agree that my family is an old and an honourable one?

Lady Violet (coldly). My family is as old as yours and, if scarcely as honourable, considerably better off.

The Marquis (with undisquised admiration). You are proud, you Colindales.

Lady Violet (levelly). We know our station.

The Marquis (with emphasis). Gros-Mouton fell in the Crusades.

Lady Violet (calmly). A Colindale fell at Bosworth. Seven Colindales fell in the Wars of the Roses; two fell at Waterloo—

The Marquis (concealing a sneer).

And one fell at QUEEN VICTORIA'S coronation because he was too drunk to stand.

Lady Violet (her large eyes filling with unshed tears). That is an insult. There is a good train leaving for London in forty minutes. I will have the dog-cart sent round to take your bags to the station.

The Marquis (passionately). I love you.

Lady Violet. Good evening.

The Marquis. You will not get rid of me as easily as that, Lady Violet. Lady Violet (levelly). I said "Good

evening."
[The Marquis leaves the room

feverishly. Mr. George Morden

Mr. Morden (blowing his nose in a manly fashion). Let me introduce myself. I am Mr. George Morden, secretary to the Duke of Weymouth.

Lady Violet (a warm blush suffusing her cheeks). And I am Lady Violet, the Duke's cold but lovely daughter.

Mr. Morden (modestly). I am a simple fellow with a frank open countenance. May I come in?

Lady Violet (shyly). Thank you.

Mr. Morden. I would like to smoke.

Lady Violet. You may smoke anywhere.

Mr. Morden. But suppose your father complains of a disagreeable smell?

Lady Violet (with flashing eyes). He

will put it down to the Marquis.

Mr. Morden (simply). Lady Violet,

you are a Colindale, I am only a Morden; nevertheless I love you. Lady Violet (blushing to the very roots

of her hair). I am as cold as ice, Mr. Morden, but I am melting rapidly.

[They embrace.

Lady Violet (gaily). I have just refused the Marquis.

Mr. Morden (firmly). Good. He is only after your money. Let me see, how much is it now?

Lady Violet. Two-hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds.

Mr. Morden (heartily). That is a very reasonable figure. (He turns away suddenly.) I cannot marry you, Violet. You are wealthy; I am poor.

Lady Violet (anxiously). Do not let my money come between us, George. I will give it all away.

Mr. Morden (laughing melodiously). There is no necessity to do that. I was only joking. (He takes out a bag of biscuits.) Poor as I am, I am yet able

to give you a little token of my love. Will you accept a biscuit?

Lady Violet (tenderly). I will not eat it. I will slip it into my corsage.

[She does so. Mr. Morden kisses her —an honest, manly kiss. The Duke of Weymouth enters; with him is the Marquis, his full lips curled in a faint sneer.

The Duke (angrily). What is this I

The Marquis (smoothly). It is Lady Violet spooning with your secretary. The Duke (to Mr. Morden, sternly).

Sir, you are not dressed for dinner.

Mr. Morden (frankly). I do not need
your dinner; I have my biscuits.

[He drops one jocularly on the Marquis's foot. The Marquis prances round in pain.

The Duke (to Mr. Morden, furiously). There is a good train leaving for London in thirty-five minutes. I will have a wheelbarrow sent round to take your bags to the station.

Lady Violet. If George goes, then I

The Duke. Violet, I command you to give up this fellow.

Lady Violet (bravely). I am going to marry him.

The Duke (icily). You will marry my friend the Marquis, and that with the least possible de—

[A Boy Scout enters hurriedly. Scout. Hold!

The Duke (irritably). Hold what? Scout (handing the Duke his pole). Hold this. Your Grace, I have some surprising information for you. This fellow (pointing to the Marquis), Marquis though he be, is a spy in the service of a certain foreign Power.

Lady Violet. What foreign Power?
Scout (crisply). That I am not at
liberty to reveal; but if I tell you that
the name of the country begins with
G and the name of its capital city
with B, you will have a shrewd idea of
the Power I refer to.

Mr. Morden (solemnly). He means Italy.

Scout (rapidly). The Marquis has been staying here not for the purpose of paying attention to your daughter but to gain possession of the plans of the new Dreadnought which you keep in your safe.

The Duke (hoarsely). Morden, run to

the safe—
The Marquis (with rasping scorn in his voice). It is too late, my friends.
The plans are in my valet's hands, and he by now has crossed the North Sea and deposited them in Berlin.

Scout (with a grim smile). Not so fast, M. le Marquis. I intercepted your valet and gained possession of the plans.



"MOVE QUIETLY, VEHA. THE MASTER IS PRACTISING FOR THE ALL-ENGLAND CIGAR-ASH COMPETITION."

The Marquis (politely). Not so fast, M. le Scout. My valet swallowed the plans in my presence. How then did you gain possession of them?

Scout (simply). I swallowed the

Lady Violet (admiringly). But how? Scout (contemptuously). With surprising case.

The Duke (to the Marquis, formally). There is a good train leaving for London in thirty minutes. I will have your bags thrown through the window.

[The Marquis leaves recklessly. Scout (to the Duke, cautiously). I will let you have the plans later.

Duke (with gruff good-nature). At your own convenience, of course.

Scout. Thank you.

The Duke (making well-bred efforts to conceal his emotion). My boy, you have maved my reputation. England is proud of you; I am proud of you; we are all proud of you. How can I repay you?

Scout. By giving your consent to Lady Violet's marriage to Mr. Morden.

The Duke (with a kind smile). Certainly, my boy; certainly, Violet; certainly, George. This has been an

auspicious day for one and all, and I am sure I am speaking for everyone here to-night when I say we shall always remember with gratitude—

All (very heartily). THE BOY SCOUTS!

The Twicer.

RATHBERRY'S municipal authorities have always taken a long time to make up their minds to do anything out of the common. "They do be forever chawin' over th' ayes an' the noes," is how impatient citizens describe their long-drawn-out discussions before they take any new step. "They make it take any new step. their occasional rule to put a daunt upon everything" is another charge levelled at these cautious individuals, who excuse themselves tactfully by the assurance that they do not wish to place any fresh financial burden upon the little town by rushing into further expense.

That is why the Cycle Parade, proposed months ago by an elderly enthusiast and appealing immediately to the many owners of bicycles, did not materialise until the second week in November. In this case the familiar

excuse seemed quite inadequate. "You wouldn't say the place could be much poverised by everyone ridin' his bike at the same time," the critics said; while old Mr. Moran relinquished his hopes of another Floral Parade like the one in which he had taken part nearly fifty years ago, his high bicycle rendered still more unsafe by drooping garlands of flowers.

It was arranged at last, however, that in view of the recent boom in cycling the proposed parade should be held in the long wide street, and the weekly half-holiday, entirely ignored by three out of the four shopkeepers, was chosen as a suitable day. Most of the arrangements were left to old Mr. Moran, as the person whose remembrance of that August day so long ago was really trustworthy. Cautiously he groped his way among discarded objects in a dark shed behind the house and brought into the light of day his solid-tyred tandem, once known locally as a "Twicer." Festooned with roses, his two brothers had ridden that very Twicer; what's more, they had got the prize. Their success had been announced by the official bell-ringer:



"LUMME, IT AIN'T 'THE LAURELS'-IT'S A BLINKIN' 'AYSTACK!"

"The first prize goes to the young fellas on the Twicer, an' it's a silver taypot to get marrit on."

Fired by these reminiscences Mr. Moran made his plans for the revival. There must be a bell-ringer of course, complete with tall hat and green sash, and he must be someone "with the full use of his tongue," as the Rathberry people say. It was too late for a Floral Parade, so they must have the bicycles disguised as objects of particular interest, with prizes for the most ingenious ideas. Some painted canvas, properly arranged, could be used to make his own Twicer look just like a lifeboat, he thought, with the head and shoulders of its crew rising above the gunwale. The high bicycle still treasured by a neighbour could be disguised as a round tower or a giraffe and could be ridden by its owner's

(As a result of his suggestion that obliging young man did try a practicerun in his grandfather's back-yard, where an unexpected contact with the clothes-line robbed him of any slight enthusiasm he may have felt. "He wasn't usened to that much elevation," his friends told Mr. Moran when describing the youth's impact with the ground. Then, seeing the old gentleman's distress, they added soothingly, "But it

wasn't the fall that hurted his showldher at all; it was the sudden stop.")

The chosen afternoon was bright but chilly, and a good deal of sarcasm was provoked among the shivering spectators by the fact that the two judges had donned for some reason or other the long linen coats worn by the umpires at Rathberry's occasional cricket-matches. "It must have been summer when them two left home," someone said feelingly.

The impromptu bell-ringer was an immediate success. The false moustache, whose temporary shelter seemed to encourage him to be even more daringly personal than usual, was hailed with cheers. "I declare to man," one spectator said excitedly, "I knew his talk but I didn't reconcile his face in the first goin' off."

Once again the Twicer was supreme. The rocking motion produced by the solid tyres and emphasised by the sou's westers worn by old Mr. Moran and his unwilling nephew was acknowledged to be lifelike in the extreme. Led by the exuberant bell-ringer, the onlookers hurried after the disguised tandem towards the short steep hill at the end of the street. "They'll want to back-wather when they come to that," they told each other.

At the top of the hill the ancient brakes retired from the contest and, rocking more violently than ever, the Twicer started on its unchecked downward career, Mr. Moran's efforts at back-pedalling only resulting in a sideward fling of his feet that sent them through the painted bows. With a sudden realisation of the sharp turn at the bottom, the breathless onlookers urged the riders to throw themselves from the machine, or rather to "lep overboard." This of course they were unable to do, but, thanks to the masterly steering of the helmsman, the scudding craft rounded the corner and came to rest gracefully beside a high grassy bank.

"Weren't ye right to stay upon it afther all?" someone said admiringly. "It's what I always used to say meself—them that sticks on comes off best."

D. M. L.

Plain Words to Youth.

"I want to see younger blood both in the House and the Labour Party. The time will come when some of us older people will have to hand over the reins, and I want youth to be always knocking at the door so that when that time comes there is an efficient second string ready to step into our shoes."

Report of Speech.
Couldn't the Ship of State have been dragged in by the heels somewhere?



"I 'EAR BILL'S IN A MENAGERIE." "WHY, 'E DON'T KNOW NOTHINK ABOUT ANIMALS."

"No, but 'e's only got to put 'is 'ead in a lion's mouth twice a day and the rest o' the time 'e 'as to 'imself."

The Big-Game Hunter Declares His Love

(though why he should allow himself so many Cockney rhymes we really don't know).

The gaily spotted leopard in the Punjaub I have pep-

The panther I have potted in Peru,

I have often shot a tiger in the jungles of the Niger,

In Canada I've captured caribou.

When out in Nicaragua I javelined a jaguar, I've boomeranged the Queensland kangaroo;

Despite a hide like lino, in Natal I've shot the rhino-But now I mean to have a shot at you.

I've hunted hippopotami, but oft before I've got 'em I Have tracked 'em all the way to Timbuctoo;

I've crushed a caterpillar, garrotted a gorilla; In Nyasa I have nabbed the nimble gnu;

The broncho on the prairie may be wide-awake and wary But I've been smarter still with my lassoo;

In the Rockies I've shot grizzly and I've shot for pots at

But now I mean to have a shot at you.

You may have heard the rumour I was eaten by a puma? I swear to you that rumour isn't true;

I have often shot a cheetah with my Winchester repeater;

In Mexico I've caught the kinkajou.

I have punctured every mammal from the polecat to the camel, The creatures I have bagged would stock a Zoo;

I have shot some goals at polo and I've shot my bolt at solo-But now I mean to have a shot at you.

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"OH, FHERE YOU ARE, DARLING!"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Great House.

MR. CHESTERTON, if I remember rightly, was the first to draw attention to the rather disappointing transition of The English Country House (BATSFORD, 7/6) from the intimate little manor, protector of the village and neighbour of the church, to a building like a vast continental postoffice or hôtel-de-ville set in a waste of park. This transition and the social changes that accompanied it have been delightfully chronicled by Mr. RALPH DUTTON; and, though he is kinder than I should have been myself to the classical barracks of the eighteenth century, he stresses the English taste for Gothic from compact stone dwellings of the time of the Crusades to the "Perpendicular" glories of Hughen-All these and their classical rivals are not only described in entertaining detail with admirable (often contemporary) plans and accounts of their builders, architects and owners, they are illustrated by over onehundred-and-thirty original and attractive photographs. It should perhaps be remarked in passing that PALLADIO'S "stucco splendours of Vicenza" are unjustly saddled with the spread of that medium in England. PALLADIO'S Vicenza masterpieces are mostly built (as he himself put it) "entirely of hardest living stones.'

A Good Englishman.

All sorts of people have been addressed by Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN. Sailors, civil servants, Baptists, artists, geolo-

gists, Shakespeareans, Scots, Empire delegates and our cousins from Worcestershire, all alike having invited him to speak, have heard words appropriate to their own domain that have hovered between the simple and the profound, set in phrases that swing from modern epigram to the idiom of Scripture. He has kept Thanksgiving Day with the Americans; has tried a little Welsh on an audience in Wales; has extolled The Boy's Own Paper; has toasted an Archbishop. The chosen speeches now assembled as This Torch of Freedom (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 12/6) show Mr. BALDWIN never at a loss for a happy turn or a friendly greeting, and wholly at his best when unfolding the treasure of things that are great—the English countryside, the English Bible, the mission of his people and the underlying ideal that may hold a man to the almost intolerable toil Politics are politics, and of Parliamentary leadership. no countryman of the writer is going to surrender his prerogative of knowing best, but there must be few of any Party who are not at least a little proud of a national leader-sportsman, farmer, fighter, patriot-who typifies the Englishman as most Englishmen imagine him to be.

Sea Creatures.

An admirable contribution to our knowledge of maritime biology is Life of the Shore and Shallow Sea (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 12/6), by DOUGLAS P. WILSON. No author can be better qualified to write such a book, for Mr. WILSON has for many years been attached to the Marine Laboratory and Aquarium at Plymouth. Each chapter has its fascination, whether the author is talking about the cycle of life in the sea, the feeding methods of sea-animals or the power

of the waves. Every page is crowded with glimpses of the private lives of sea-creatures-not that all of them enjoy lives as private as they could wish. No human householder, for instance, could live a more harassed existence than the common Hermit Crab. He is obliged to hide his defence. less body in a heavy whelk-shell, which soon becomes the resting-place for crowds of polyps, barnacles and anemones. Some of these rival the shell in bulk. Even the inside is not sacred to the owner, for a large sea-worm annexes for a sleeping chamber the smaller coils of the spire, and when the crab is at meals joins the other hangers-on, sharing the banquet and even snatching choice morsels from the crab's jaws. So insistent, in fact, may the crab's lodgers become that he is at times literally driven from his home and forced to seek the hermit-like peace he loves in another shell until the free meals which he cannot help advertising once more attract a host of "gatecrashers." This is but one example of the "lives within lives" touched upon by the author. The one-hundred-andthirty-eight photographs illustrating this lucid exposition of sea-life are all of exceptional merit and beauty.

Delius.

Without claiming to be an official or a critical biography Frederick Delius: Memories of my brother, by CLARE DELIUS (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 15/net), is of first-rate importance as a vivid and intimate record of his ancestry and early home-life-at once affectionate, candid and humorous. The composer came of German stock on both sides. His father JULIUS, who migrated as a young man to Bradford and built up a prosperous business in the wool trade, was a remarkable character, the father of a huge family whom he ruled with a rod of iron, tempered with great generosity-also shown to his employees and local charitiesthough neither he nor his Prussian wife

ever showed any interest in their son's music. The author emphatically rejects the view that his recognition in England was the backwash of foreign appreciation after he made his home in France. It was due to English musicians, above all to Sir Thomas Brecham and Sir Henry Wood. At Leipsic, where he studied in the Conservatoire for eighteen months, he found a friend and champion in GRIEG, who during a visit to England persuaded his father to consent to his son's abandoning business for music. But DELIUS was more at home in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where he numbered amongst his intimates GAUGUIN, PISSARRO, VAN GOGH and STRINDBERG. Hating all réclame, courageous in infirmity and never intoxicated by success, Delius was fortunate in the wonderful and self-sacrificing devotion of his artist-wife and the miraculous skill of his amanuensis, Mr. FENBY, in transcribing his compositions after he became blind.



"INSTEAD O' TRYIN' TO CUT YOUR OWN 'AIR, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO ME?"
"YOU MIGHT 'AVE MADE A MESS OF IT."

Spiritual Adventures of a Castaway.

Dare I suggest that we need a few devout anti-clericals to deflate the professionalism that renders the non-essentials of religion so unattractive to the young? The trouble of course is that the devout are not likely to embark on so presumptuous a course, and it is left for the disgruntled—whose books are unlikely to come the clerical way—to give the debit side of the religious account. Deliberately shirking the profounder issues of its theme but giving a clever reproduction of superficial currents, Holy Ireland (Heinemann, 7/6) relates a tragic conflict of opinion. Margaret O'Neill, unstable daughter of a Catholic household, bestows her heart on a priggish young Theosophist, and, after a series of petty subterfuges with her soul and her circle, loses her faith and gains an unprepossessing husband. With a praise-worthy attempt at equity, Miss NOBAH HOULT has endowed

the girl's overbearing father and simple-minded mother with all the integrity of the family, but allowed paternal dragooning, maternal sentimentality and ecclesiastical self-sufficiency to defeat the dearest ends of all three. Believing with *Major Barbara* that religion is a pleasant subject, I still feel that there is a useful side to this distinctly unpleasing book.

Hidden Treasure.

Mr. Julian Huxley has done us all a service in editing T. H. Huxley's Diary of the voyage in H.M.S. "Rattlesnake" (Chatto and Windus, 15/-), which he undertook as assistant surgeon and naturalist between 1846 and 1850. The history of the manuscript is peculiar, for the notebooks containing the diary were only discovered among Dr. Leonard Huxley's papers, hidden among a group of old account-books, after his death last year. It is natural to compare this journal with Charles Darwin's diary of his voyage in the Beagle, which appeared two years ago. The

two books make an interesting contrast, for HUXLEY'S is far more concerned with his own experiences than with scientific notes. Indeed the chief charm of the book lies in the light it throws on the great scientist's own personality. We read of his adventures among the Australian aborigines while the vessel was exploring and surveying round about New Guinea and the Great Barrier Reef, and of his life on board and his opinion of his messmates, and above all of his courtship of the lady whom he ultimately married in 1855. The Diary will thus appeal quite as much to the general reader as to the scientist, and its interest is very considerably en-

hanced by the sketches and water-colour drawings chosen for reproduction. HUXLEY, it is clear, might have been an artist as well as a scientist and man of letters.

A Contrast in Lives.

Two women-writers, Miss BERTA RUCK, in A Story Teller Tells the Truth (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), and Miss CICELY HAMILTON, in Life Errant (DENT, 10/6), have just published their autobiographies. Miss Ruck is all a-bubble with joy of life, faith in her kind, and conviction that this is the best of all possible worlds. She gives some very fine pages to her early days in Wales, and particularly to the remarkable Welsh grandmother whom she shares with Mr. BERNARD DARWIN. His portrait at a very early age will delight those who know him in very different times and manners. Then she goes on to tell of her work and her friends, who seem to be so many and so well known that half the world will surely buy her book in order to meet the other half. Miss HAMILTON, on the contrary, is grave, thoughtful, a little disillusioned, rather impersonal. Sincerity and reticence are the hall-mark of her book-not perhaps the qualities that make for exciting autobiography, but giving a special value to what she

has to say, for instance, of her convictions as to survival after death. In fact her book is like daily bread—plain and good—Miss Ruck's like the rich and sugared cakes one offers to visitors on high days and holidays.

Great Adventure.

In 1932 the Sikong Expedition, which consisted of four young Americans, set out from Shanghai to conquer, if possible, that extremely exclusive mountain, Minya Konka. It is really an amazing story that Mr. RICHARD L. BURD-SALL and Mr. ARTHUR B. EMMONS tell in Men Against the Clouds (The Bodley Head, 12/6) and the tale of their adventures in China and Tibet is always instructive and at times almost painfully exciting. Minya Konka, after a terrific resistance, yielded to the attack made upon it, but the experiences of Terris Moore and Burdsall, though hazardous enough as they fought their way to the summit, are eclipsed by the plight of EMMONS, when alone and hopelessly frost-bitten he tried to descend the mountain.

Many beautiful illustrations are included in this modestly written and excellently produced volume.

On Tour.

Mr. W.S. PERCY could hardly have found a less suitable title than Strolling through England (COLLINS, 7/6) for his charmingly illustrated book. "Stroll," the dictionary informs me, means primarily "to ramble idly or leisurely," and, secondly, "to PERCY is upagainst both these meanings. Surrey, for instance, is dismissed in three or four pages, and, however packed with information that space may be, I am not given the impression of

a leisurely ramble. Nor did he wander through England on foot. Nevertheless Mr Percy, can safely be accompanied on his tour, for his appreciation of beauty is keen and in his illustrations he has paid a delightful tribute to the Mother Country.

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"THE COMMENCING SALARY IS ONLY FIFTEEN SHILLINGS, BUT YOU GET A PENSION AT SIXTY."

Once again Mr. Punch has to thank the Medici Society for a large parcel of beautiful Christmas Cards and Calendars. He also wishes to acknowledge a box of seasonable goods from Messrs. Raphael Tuck; an illustrated Calendar of "Beautiful Britain" published by Country Life; Desk Calendars from the "At-a-Glance" Calendar Co.; Calendars from the Challenge Gallery and Messrs. Black-Well Lyd., and a delightful "Natural History" card issued by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, in aid of the Society's Funds.

Messrs. Methuen have recently published a new book by E. V. Lucas. The Old Contemporaries (6/-) discourses, in dialogue form, upon the author's likes and dislikes, early life and kindred matters, and forms an admirable companion to his earlier volume of reminiscences, Reading. Writing and Remembering.



"AFTER ALL, LADY MILDRED, ONE IS ONLY MIDDLE-AGED ONCE."

Titles.

"When you came past the Gorgeous-Elite to-night," said Edith, "did you notice what was on?"

"I did," I said proudly. "Remembering that you had said at breakfast that we would have a quiet evening at home to-night, I felt pretty sure that we should go to the pictures. There's a thing called *New York Dances*, with Esther Globule and Jack Sago."

"I wonder what it is about?" said Edith thoughtfully. "You can never tell from the title, because nowadays they just seem to pick the titles out of a hat. New York Dances is most unlikely to have any dancing in it, and I shall be surprised if the scene is laid in New York. It is quite probably a tale of Russia under the Czars; or it may be The Thirty-Nine Steps, which I believed has been filmed."

"We saw The Thirty-Nine Steps last week," I reminded her.

"No. Last week we saw a film called The Thirty-Nine Steps, with a practically new story, but, as the film company presumably bought the story and the title of The Thirty-Nine Steps, they have no doubt used the story in another film, and, as New York Dances is the

most unlikely title you could possibly think of for the story of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, it is quite probably it."

"I'll ring up Colonel Hogg," I said, "and ask him if New York Dances is worth seeing. He sees most of the new pictures when they first appear in London."

Colonel Hogg said at once that he had seen New York Dances, but he couldn't remember anything about it except that Esther Globule had worn a new sort of fur-coat and that he had had to buy one like it for Mrs. Hogg. "But I'll ask Mrs. Hogg," he said, and, "if she remembers what it was all about."

Mrs. Hogg couldn't remember anything about it, except that Jack Sago wore a black moustache, and she was so upset by it that she couldn't enjoy the picture at all. Mrs. Hogg belongs to the old conservative silent-picture school of film-goers, and the first article of her creed is that only villains should wear black moustaches. On being pressed further, she thought New York Dances had been one of those pictures where the jaded City man finds Peace and Esther Globule in the Old Home Town.

We were anxious to get further information about New York Dances before risking our one-and-twos, so we rang up Miss Wagg and the Johnson-Clitheroes. Miss Wagg thought she had seen New York Dances in Coventry, and that it was based on one of JACK London's Alaskan stories, but brought up to date so as to include a spectacular collision between two air-liners. Johnson-Clitheroe said he had read the review of it in The Times, and it was a musical-comedy with Bud Bumptious and his Mouth-Organ Moochers. Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe thought New York Dances was the film her sister had written to her about, saying she mustn't miss it on any account because there was a little dog in it that was a perfect

"I think we'll go," said Edith. "At any rate there seems to be a lot in it."

But we haven't yet discovered what New York Dances is about, because when we got to the Gorgeous-Elite we found that it was only showing on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, so we had to be content with a simple story of village life called Doom of Eternity.

More Oil on the Waters.

An entirely unreliable war-correspondent a long way from Addis Ababa sends us the following message:—

The Emperor of ABYSSINIA, after consultations with his advisers, has evolved a New Formula for the solution and settlement of the dispute with Italy. It has the merit that it is likely to be acceptable to all three parties, viz. Abyssinia, Italy and the League of Nations.

The text is as under:

(1) Britain to cede to Italy the whole of British Somaliland.

(2) France to hand over French Somaliland to Abyssinia.

The proposals will be published simultaneously in London and Paris as soon as they have received the sanction of Mussolini.

It is anticipated that Britain and France will welcome this solution of the problem after their unsparing and untiring efforts in the cause of Peace.

Charivaria.

"The turkey cannot fly any great distance," says a writer. A lot depends of course on how tough it is and who carves it.

* * *

According to Mr. Frank Pick, the L.P.T.B. needs another hundred-and-twenty million passengers. It would be interesting to have this stated in terms of straps.

* * *

In view of the lead given by the G.P.O. in the adornment of Christmas communications, some disappointment is felt that applications for income-tax are not even decorated with a spray of mistletoe.

* * *

Eskimo women in the Arctic are reported to be wearing fox-furs worth two hundred pounds. They little know how their lot is envied over here.

+ + +

Women's feet are said to be getting bigger. Another and more gallant view is that dance-floors are getting smaller.

An historical film of Bath is suggested—featuring Beau Arliss, of course.

The birth-rate is still declining. One theory is that posterity has got an inkling of what is in store for it.

* * *

Adaily paper reports that a hot spring has been discovered in Cornwall. Still, we suppose we shall have to go through a cold winter before it comes along our way.

* * *

Cannibals, we are told, never eat anyone who is older than twenty-five. Thank heaven we have safely passed the danger-zone!

"I love to see a bird box in a garden," writes a correspondent. We never knew that a bird could box.

* * *

"The drivers attached to Saharan caravans are the sailors of the desert," states a traveller. With no doubt a wife in every oasis.

A jaded novelist went to see a film-version of his latest novel and it gave him a splendid plot for a new one.

* * *

A University Chair of Humour is suggested. The idea of course would be to pull it away quickly as the Professor was sitting down.

Last week a policeman knocked out two armed bandits with his truncheon. For he's a jolly good feller, and so say all of us.

"There are far too many germ-carriers in this country," says a doctor. Personally we are all for making them walk,

Noël, Noël.

(For Students of French.)

It is the morning of Christmas Day. Madame Palliasse is seated at the table. There are also little Jean, little Suzanne and little Pierre. With them is Monsieur Palliasse. He is not little. He is reading a paper. Why is Monsieur Palliasse reading the paper? Monsieur Palliasse always reads the paper. But does he not comprehend that it is Christmas Day? Certainly he comprehends. Why then does M. Palliasse read the paper on Christmas Day?

It is not polite to ask too many questions.

Attention! One rings. Is it that it is the postman (facteur)? Yes, it is that it is the postman. The postman always rings twice on Christmas Day. Run, Suzanne! Run, Pierre! See what the kind postman (facteur) has brought. He has brought letters and parcels (bagages?). Let us open them.

Madame Palliasse has a card. What is on the beautiful card of Madame Palliasse? I will tell you. There is some holly, some snow and some mistletoe. Also there are a number of robins, some bells and a parakeet. Why is there a parakeet on the card of Madame Palliasse? That I

cannot tell you.

But see! Jean has an engine which runs by itself. It runs by itself along the table. Quick (sacrebleu!)—there has been an accident. Jean's engine has struck the milk-jug. No matter. It is Christmas morning and there is plenty of milk (beaucoup de lait) in the kitchen. Let your engine run again, Jean. Aha! now it has struck the tea-pot. Does not Jean's engine go well, M. Palliasse?

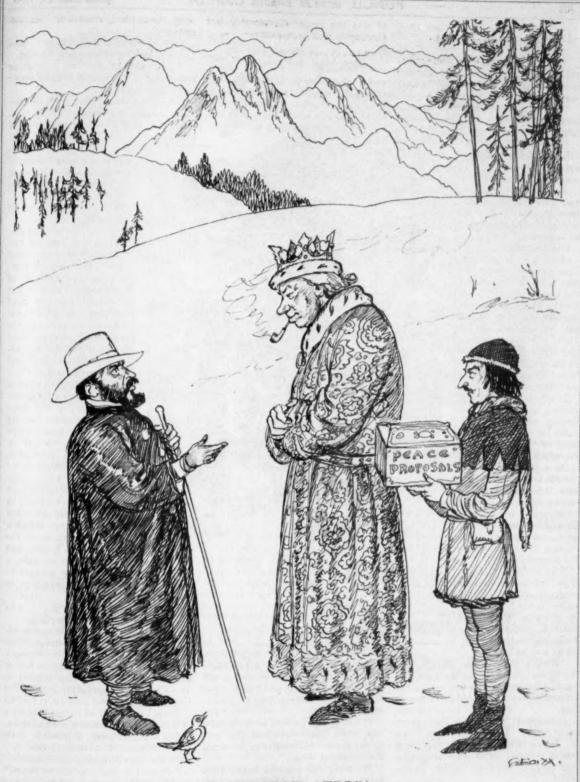
Little Pierre has a trumpet. The trumpet sounds. Pierre is pleased with his trumpet. It sounds again (a second time). Who has sent Pierre such a beautiful trumpet? It is from Uncle Jacques. Do you not think it kind of Uncle Jacques, M. Palliasse, to send Pierre this beautiful trumpet?

M. Palliasse desires some butter. Even on Christmas Day it is necessary that one should have butter. Where is the butter? On the table there is much paper. How is it possible to find the butter when there is so much paper on the table? The butter is lost. No, here it is. It was under the box in which was the admirable engine of Jean. It is full of sawdust. Pass the butter to M. Palliasse.

Suzanne is playing with a big doll (poupée), which is the present of her maternal aunt. The doll is sitting on the table. It falls to the floor. Fortunate Suzanne to have had such a beautiful poupée on Christmas morning!

Has M. Palliasse then no presents? Yes. He has three ties, twelve golf-balls (balles de golf) and some cigars. M. Palliasse does not smoke cigars or play the golf, but he wears ties.

A Happy Christmas (Joli Noël) to you, M. Palliasse! H. F. E.



IN WHITEST AFRICA.

"GOOD KING WENCESLAS, I PRESUME?"

The Calendar's Tale.

"I know someone once wrote something about a calendar somewhere in the classics," Laura said, looking worried.

"There was a one-eyed calendar somewhere," added Aunt Emma help-

"I distinctly remember the words:

'The Calendar's Story' coming somewhere in something," I said.

And what, you will ask, had raised the calendar from the ranks of mere words to the dignity of an obsession?

Charles had.

Charles, an impassioned Conservative if ever there was one, had conceived the idea of raising funds for the Party by the production and subsequent sale of an almanack for 1936. Everybody whom he knew, and many whom he did not, had to contribute a Great Thought and a shilling.

It all meant a good deal of work for Charles. Even finding eighteen substitutes for eighteen repetitions of "A Garden is a Lovesome Thing" was quite a job, and to my certain knowledge it took him three hours at the writing-table to decide which of the Great Thoughts were really great—or anyway great enough to be included in his calendar.

Nor, unfortunately, were Charles's difficulties confined to Charles. Difficulties in the home-circle, as everyone must have noticed, seldom fail to make themselves felt by all as well as by one.

"Wasn't there some johnnie who wrote something about the rain falling?" Charles recently inquired in the strangest way in the middle of breakfast.

Laura said: "You mean 'Rain, Rain, go to Spain.' I don't know who wrote it. I believe all those nursery-rhymes had a political significance originally, and Bo-Peep was really QUEEN ELIZABETH."

With far greater savoir-faire, à propos and je ne sais quoi I suggested that what Charles was really thinking

of was the rather discouraging but thoroughly well-known couplet:—

"Into all lives some rain must fall, Some days be dark and dreary,"

and I was going to add a few very thoughtful comments on the truth of this when Charles rather peevishly repudiated the whole thing and said he didn't mean anything in the least like that.

"WHY SHOULD WE SING OURSELVES TO THE BONE FOR 'IM?"

"Then," I said, "you mean 'In the falling summer rain.' I didn't know you knew about Little Women at all, but Jo was a darling, and I shall never forgive her for letting Amy get Laurie in the end."

It was a surprise, and a very painful one, when Charles received this with a curt inquiry as to what in the world I was talking about.

To reply adequately would have taken too long, and I left the next bit to Laura.

Assuming an academic mantle that I thought sat upon her inappropri-

ately, she suddenly remarked: "SHARE-SPEARE."

"Oh, I shouldn't think so," said Charles, looking thoroughly startled.

"Yes. Out of As You Like It or something. 'The rain it raineth every day.' It's a song."

"It isn't a Great Thought," Charles said, shaking his head. "And as a matter of fact I've just remembered the thing I meant. 'It never rains but

it pours,' and I want to put it in instead of one of the ones about Keeping on Smiling. It's more original, I think."

We allowed him to go on thinking so.

After what seemed lile months and months but was really only days and days, the calendar went to press-a large pile of loose sheets, very much scrawled over and held together-or sometimes not-with paper-clips. It came back looking quite different and having acquired a blue background featuring a woman (Britannia), a flag (the Union Jack), a ship (the Queen Mary), and in the foreground a sinister-looking lion (the Conservative Party? No, no . It had also multiplied itself into hundreds of thousands. Even after Charles had hung up three in the study and two in his dressing-room and I'd bought one copy for each of the other rooms in the house and Laura had taken twelve on sale or return, there seemed to be a vast number of them left.

"They'll go," said Charles—"they'll go."

And one is bound to admit that they did go. One

sometimes wondered what one's neighbours felt when, after giving us tea or even lunch, they were also invited to give Charles one-and-sixpence for 366 Great Thoughts (not a misprint for 365—Leap Year), and of course a picture of Britannia, the Queen Mary and so on.

One's guests were, if possible, even more helpless than one's hosts, and only the dear Skinningtons escaped.

only the dear Skippingtons escaped.
"So glad to find you in, my dears,"
said Lady Skippington. "I've come to
show you my new calendar that we've
just got out for the Nursing Association. . . ."
E. M. D.



A CHRISTMAS IDYLL.

Word-Skirmish.

"Definite" and "Definitely."

These creatures increase, multiply and run like dogs about the city. Behold!

"But the British Government held definite views that there should be no priority. . . . "-The Times.

"Moreover he [Mr. BALDWIN] has at the moment two definite gaps in his Treasury Bench. . . ."
"The Times," leading article.

"I still think it was a good time when you knew there was a definite manager of a theatre definitely producing plays."

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, as reported in

"The Times."

"Counsel. Did you see defendant leave the 'Green Man'

Witness. Oh, definitely."

Daily Paper.

And all the papers are full of people who definitely resign their posts, definitely conclude the negotiations, make definite decisions or definitely recover their health.

And many of us are becoming so fearful of failing to make our meaning clear that we seek the aid of "very definitely.'

There are definitely very few occasions upon which, after a definite examination, these definites can show that they are not a waste of breath, time, paper and ink. What, for example, is the opposite to a "definite gap" in the Treasury Bench? A vague gap? A nebulous gap? A gap of uncertain area? Or perhaps an "undemarcated" gap?
As a rule, when a word like this

becomes a national habit it can be shown to have filtered down from the heights of pomposity to the lower terraces of society. It starts in Whitehall and after many years arrives at Wapping. Thus "unilateral," for example, can now be heard in the Private Bar ("Your argument's unilateral, Bert"), and no doubt will soon be heard on the football field ("I like to see the old Arsenal win, but not a unilateral win-see?"). But the comical thing about "definitely" (unless I err) is that it began life among the Bright or Brainless Young Things (who said that Picasso was definitely vieux jeu), and has climbed at last on to the lips of the Great.

I was definitely surprised and relieved not to hear the Gracious Speech from the Throne begin thus:-

"My relations with Foreign Powers are definitely friendly.

Report of Progress.

On several fronts the reports are discouraging. The illicit "anticipate" (for "expect" or "foresee") is boasting and breeding everywhere, as in:-

"It is anticipated that the colliery owners in every district will be prepared to make some proposal of an increase in

"The Times" Labour Correspondent.

"To ask Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer what is the total amount of money which he anticipates will be raised. . . Parliamentary Question.

"To ask if he can state the amount of money that has been spent . . . and the anticipated amount yet to be expended. . . ."—Parliamentary Question.

Double Nots.

The cautious circumlocutory "not" is breeding very thickly too, especially in the lush fields of diplomatic forecast. The Rome Correspondent of The Times scored several in half-a-column the other day:-

"This insistence upon any premature optimism is not without significance. . .



"No, I DON'T CARE FOR READING, BUT I SIMPLY LOVE A JUGGLE."

"More informed Italian opinion is not altogether optimistic. . . ."

". . . The prospects of a favourable answer are not unpromising."

Which does not entirely fail to remind me of the far from unimpressive phrase which we used to sing under our not wholly unidentifiable olive-tree on the Gallipoli Peninsula to a chant in B minor during the last war but one:—

"In diplomatic circles no one is attempting to deny that the situation is not devoid of gravity."

"Xmas" Greetings.

Once more—too late, I fear—I bow to the desire of countless warriors and protest against this odious abbreviation. Most of those who use it have no notion of its origin; some seem to suppose that the X contains a reference to the Cross. The fact is, Bobby, that "X P" are the first two letters of the Greek word XPIETOS—CHRIST; and this abbreviation may be used in the annual decorations of churches, or in illuminated missals, or in your Christmas-cards, if these are composed in Ancient Greek. But, otherwise, you will have no excuse for using Xmas, and you must never buy a Christmas-

card which does so. To those friends who send you such cards reply that, though you welcome their good wishes, you consider their conduct unXtian; and if you meet a man so base as to wish you, in speech, "A Happy Exmas," cut him out of the book of your life. With these sadly numerous exceptions I wish a Happy Christmas to all.

A. P. H.

Jolly Fun!

I THINK it is now fairly generally realised that to be a social success at Christmas you must be able to do something—to contribute something to the general whirl of jollity and so forth. In fact, as the carol so aptly says—

"Let no one come into this hall Groom, slave nor yet marshall But that he bringes some sport withalle."

For the benefit of those who neither conjure nor play the saxophone, therefore, I have set down a few simple games which carry my personal guarantee to make any party go with remarkable rapidity, the introduction of which will make it quite certain that when next Christmas comes round

everybody will be fighting to get you to go to parties—preferably to ones which are held a long way away. Explicit:—

Brisling. Brisling is derived from the well-known game of Sardines. Hence its name. The object of the game, i.e., to provide an excuse for putting the lights out, is broadly the same as that of Sardines. The essential difference, however, is that the players divide into pairs instead, as the military phrase has it, of "proceeding independently." The lights are extinguished and one pair goes and hides and the remaining pairs make no attempt whatever to find it. The game is very peaceful and avoids all the rough blundering about in the dark which characterises Sardines.

Manslaughter. Again a variant, this time on the well-known party game of Murder. The game is announced as Murder, but, unknown to the guests, in drawing for the parts of "Murderer," "Detective" and so on, everyone is given the murderer's ticket. I have known some very brisk free fights result from the use of this simple variation.

Treasure Hunt. Played on the same principle as an ordinary treasure hunt, but with only the first clue, which doesn't really mean anything. This game is guaranteed to keep a party quiet, puzzled but happy for hours. It also saves the expense of a prize.

Picking Yourself Up in a Chair. The players sit down in ordinary diningroom chairs, raise the feet from the floor, and, grasping the seat, attempt to lift themselves and the chair off the floor by the strength of the armmuscles alone. This curious physical phenomenon, which seems quite impossible at first sight, is.

Inconsequences. This is one of those foul pursuits which involve pencils and bits of paper. There is always hope of course that there won't be enough pencils and bits of paper, in which case the necessity for playing the game at all will be avoided. If, however, the inevitable pest who haunts every party produces masses of writing materials. the game proceeds as follows:-The first player takes a speech of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD (or Sir JOHN Simon) and writes on the paper its first sentence. He then folds the paper down and passes it on to the second player, who writes the second sentence from the speech, folds it down and passes it on. This goes on until there is no more paper and then stops.

Blind Man's Bluff. The old parlourgame will be found to improve immensely if everyone is blind before it begins.

Really Dumb Charades. It is quite useless to play charades on the usual system—the system where nobody can ever think of a word. It must be realised that no one cares a hoot about the word anyway, and that the game is popular simply because it gives most of us our one chance in the year to act our favourite character-part. Accordingly, dispense with the business of an agreed word and let everyone have his or her own private word which he or she acts for all he or she is fit. The result is much more animated than the old game.

Hunt the Thimbles. An ordinary household thimble is required for the game. Let it be as ordinary as possible and made of bone or metal. If you have any extraordinary outdoor thimbles about, made of lignum-vitæ or glass, don't use them. The guests go out of the room and the thimble is placed in as prominent a position as possible. The guests then come in again. Normally everybody will see the thimble. If anybody doesn't, show it



"CAN I LEAVE EARLIER TO-DAY, MR. JONES? I WANT TO BUY SOME CHRISTMAS-BOXES FOR MY KIDS."

him. Drinks are then brought in and the party resumes its normal course. The object of the game is to see who can see two thimbles first. As soon as a guest sees two thimbles he signifies the fact by quietly lying down. The man last left standing is It, He or a Teetotaler. And anyhow he's quite clearly lost or won, depending on which set of rules you are playing.

Laughter in Court. This game needs a little preparation. (a) Take a fair sample of the common Funny Man or Party Pest, lead him aside before the thing begins and point out to him that you are depending on him to keep the party alive and happy. Segregate him

for the nonce. (b) Now take aside the rest of the party and explain that the funny man, having sustained a head injury, can no longer bear to be laughed at-will commit murder or drop dead if he is laughed at. Hence, whatever happens, his remarks must be met with perfect solemnity. If someone points out that he looks the sort of man who ought to be dead anyway, say, Yes, but you've known him a long time and have a sentimental attachment for him. (c) Now take (a) and explain to him what you have told (b). (d) Now take (b) again and explain that you have told (a) what you told them. (e) Mix (a) and (b). (f) Go home and mix one for yourself. Emily.

Anne.

Emily.

Charlotte.

Charlotte.

D

Christmas Dinner at Haworth Parsonage.

SCENE-An austerely furnished parlour. At the head of the table sits the Reverend Patrick Brontë, his daughter Charlotte opposite him, his daughter Emily at his right hand, his daughter Anne at his left. A fifth place is unoccupied. On the table are a turkey, evidently of upland breed, and other components of a moderate banquet.

Anne, you must eat, for this is Christmas Charlotte.

How can I eat while Branwell is away? Anne Mr. Broile. Name not that name, girl, on this night of nights:

He wastes our substance and our pleasure blights.

What is it? Man is born to grief. Emily Pleasure? Mr. Brontë. This bird is very tough. Is there no beef?

Charlotte, I sometimes wish we had a mother, Anne. For then perhaps our sister would not wuther

> Mr. Brontë suddenly rises from his seat and stalks out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

He's gone.

Anne. Thank God! Emily. Charlotte.

His dinner barely tasted. Just like our lives-hard, underdone and wasted. [A shot is heard.

What noise was that?

Twas Father and his gun. Shooting at shadows, wishing them his

One day he'll get him, murderous old beast!

Emily, he is your parent, and a priest. The door opens and Branwell reels in.



"NAME NOT THAT NAME, GIRL."

Anne.

Emily.

Anne.

Charlotte.

Branwell.

Charlotte.

Branwell.

Emily.

Emily.

Emily.

Charlotte.

Branwell.

Branwell.

Charlotte. No, Sir; I thought the turkey would suffice. Anne, eat a little: really, it is nice.

I cannot eat when Branwell is not here. Anne Mr. Bronte. Name not that name, I say; but pass the

beer. [Anne bursts into tears. Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean. You would not. I could weep the might-have-

been. She broods on Brussels. Emily. Mr. Brontë

Emily, the sprouts. And Branwell roistering with village louts. Seeking oblivion. Would that I were he-Free as the wind is and the moors are free. Not cribbed and cabined in this narrow room,

My cradle and my prison and my tomb. [She totters to the window and draws back the curtain.

Listen! The birds of night are on the wing How she goes on!

She is but wuthering.

Thank Heaven! He comes!

With vine-leaves in his curls.

You swine!

Tis but macassar.

Merry Christmas, girls! I've wrote a splendid poem; I'll recite it. Pray do.

Well, I for one do not invite it. A fig for that! (Declaims) "No coward soul is mine

That is not yours!

Of course it is.

You stole it from me-liar, drunkard, thief! My dear, your language staggers all belief.

Emily swoops upon him and cuffs him violently several times.

Take that, you brute, and that, and that, and that

[She rushes from the room. Anne dissolves in renewed tears. Branwell subsides into a chair and goes to sleep.

I somehow felt this party might fall flat. F. B.

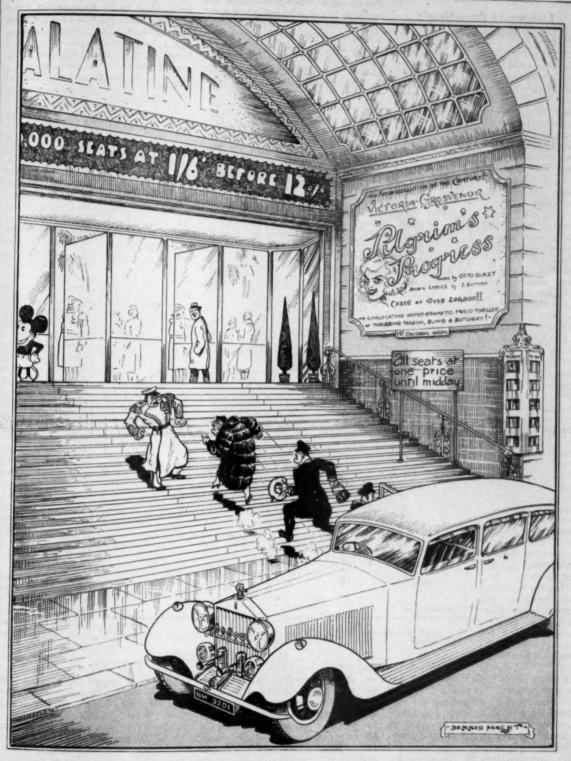
Anne. Charlotte.

Emily.

Anne.

Emily.

Charlotte.



"DON'T TELL ME IT'S GONE TWELVE!"

Lieutenant Swordfrog's Motor-Bike.

A SHORT while ago our Lieutenant Swordfrog and his platoon were ordered away from barracks at Havershott for two months on a special job. We never

found out what the job wassomething to do with military footpaths, I believebut it seemed that the men had to be spread about in little posts of two or three over a very wide area, while Swordfrog daily-and nightly-superintended their goings-on. He himself said it was work of the utmost importance, requiring the services of a thoroughly reliable subaltern; but when we asked why, instead of getting a billet near the most important of his posts, he apparently was intending to take up quar-ters in the Grand Hotel, Carchester, some distance from all of them, he got somewhat huffy and started to talk about the value of centralised control and his not being allowed to disclose the exact nature of the duty. when the day after his departure we got a hasty note asking us to for-ward his white waistcoat and tails, we sent them

off, C.O.D., marked "Urgent—Secret Military Stores." All we got back was a rude postcard. However . . .

The first thing Swordfrog did—the first thing, that is, after apparently getting in touch with several local damsels for the Grand Hotel Dinner-Dances—was to apply to the Command for the allocation of "Motor-cycles, War Department, Officer-visiting-hisvery-far-apart posts, for the use of, 1."

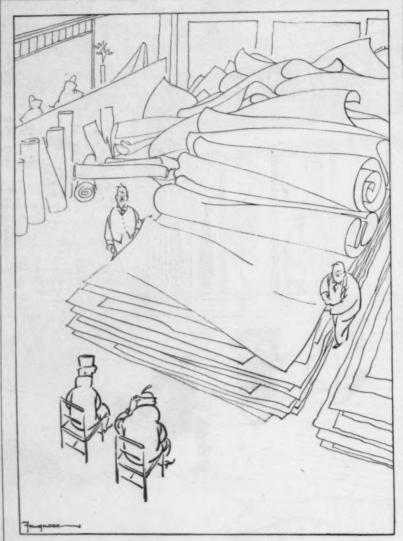
The answer to this was that none was available but that he could hire a car locally instead.

Now even Swordfrog, though used to the open-handed methods of the Army, was a little staggered at the idea of proceeding round his posts in an expensive limousine with liveried He ought of course to have known better than to try to save the Army expense. All he got was a raspberry on blue foolscap. The Army, it seemed, didn't buy motor-cycles like the—locally, by ones, in five minutes. They bought them by the gross from big firms in the North and with formal

contracts for a financial year somewhere away in the future. To buy a single unmilitary motorcycle would mean, it seemed, about as much trouble as raising a new Division, what with fresh Army Forms, authorities, the creation of a new Department to deal with civilian motorcycles owned by the War Office and what notand presumably they felt they'd rather have the new Division. In short, in so far as that suggestion was concerned, Swordfrog was told to go and jump in the lake. He was asked, however, as compromise between hiring a car and buying a motor-cycle, to let them know forthwith the cost per week of hiring a motor-cycle locally for the two months required.

Of course correspondence had by then shortened the period by a fortnight, during which Swordfrog told us he'd got pretty footsore—we agreed, danc-

ing is hard on the feet—so he immediately opened negotiations with a Mr. Huggs, motor-cycle-monger. Mr. Huggs undertook to hire him a nice "little mo-bike for two-ten a week." This was agreed to; and, as Swordfrog put it, he was able to get three times the work done. Mathematics and a knowledge of Swordfrog tell us he might have chosen any other multiple—it'd all have been the same.



"AND NOW MAY WE SEE SOME A LITTLE THICKER STILL—UNLESS THE RAIN'S STOPPED?"

chauffeur-personally we think he was

also afraid of the expressive glances of his hard-boiled platoon-sergeant—so

he wrote again, tactfully suggesting

that authority (plus cash) be given him

to purchase a motor-cycle locally.

Over a period of two months, he pointed

out, this would actually be cheaper,

and the Army would end up in posses-

sion of a valuable motor-cycle instead

of a mere car-hire receipt.

Indeed there is a rumour that at the first post he visited after acquiring the motor-bike he was sternly told by a young lance-corporal that no questions could be answered without permission of their officer, who was away on leave!

The weeks passed swiftly and—except a request for more dress-shirts and his lavender spats—we received no serious communiqué from the Front. At the end of the time Swordfrog's platoon returned to Havershott and marched up from the station under the platoon-sergeant. The sergeant said Mr. Swordfrog would be along that evening; he had had to stay behind to settle up a few matters. Captain Bayonet said, "Quite right too; the regiment has always had a name for doing the honourable thing," but it turned out later he thought the sergeant had said "settle up a few mothers."

That night Swordfrog himself arrived—on a motor-cycle. He seemed very worried, and, after greeting us, drew Holster aside to ask his advice.

"And this is the bike I had on hire all the time," he concluded. "I've er—brought it back. "

"So I see," said Holster. "Well, if you want my advice, I should change the number-plate at once and block out the number of the engine; and then there's the magneto, that's registered too—"

"I haven't stolen it," snapped Swordfrog.

"You've bought it then? Pleasant associations have—"

"No. Yes. No. I mean, the Army hired it for me at two-poundsten per week for six weeks, which was what the man said. But it appears that price was for hire-purchase, so, the price being fifteen pounds, the Army's apparently bought it as well. But I can't tell them that, because they told me not to do it, and anyway said they wouldn't have it."

"Then the regiment," said Holster, "of course must take the blame—and the machine. We'll find it useful for going down from the Mess to turn out the Guard." He coughed diffidently. "And, if you still want my advice, the first thing I should do, now you're back in the Army again, is to take that soft pink cushion off the carrier."

Swordfrog, hurriedly unstrapping it, was heard to mutter something about the importance of always being accompanied by his orderly when making the rounds of his posts.



Stern Parent (who has waited up). "A CONCERT AT THE READING-ROOM AND LAST NIGHT THE BAZAAR! WHAT NEXT--PLAYBOY!"

Veni Vidi Vici.

Was ever any finer,
I pause to ask myself,
Than this, my ninety-niner,
Discovered on a shelf?
It surely was the best nut
That ever schoolboy swung,
My conker (or horse-chestnut),
Though hitherto unsung.

Those were the days, my brothers, Of cut and come again, When nine-and-ninety others Were lightly laid in twain; We stood with legs a-straddle, We smote with cunning force; They split from helm to saddle (That's metaphor, of course).

This conker badly battered,
With length of greasy twine,
Commemorates the shattered—
The ninety and the nine.
We struck with careful science
Against the timid foe,
We yelled a brave defiance
In battles long ago.

Ah! could I but be younger,
Turn back the bygone page
(Indeed I do not hunger
For placid middle-age),
I'd challenge all and none dread;
With one tremendous clout
I'd top the level hundred—
A century, not out!



Skittish Lady (interrupting long and dull story by distinguished Admiral). "On, you effervescent old salts!"

A Song of Retribution.

(Being variations on one of Mr. Shakespeare's airs.)

TAKE, O take Those socks away That mine aunt hath knitted me, And those ties of tartan, Are they what they seem to be? Now this handsome pipe, my pet, Much the polish I admire, But-I will not smoke it yet-Put it, Sweet, upon the fire. These new slippers Worked in wool By my cousin's kindly hands: The design-how beautiful! Yellow ground With scarlet bands. They shall dazzle summer's sands; Put them with my bathing-kit. And-this scarf? My heart expands! How did Dora Think of it?

Checkered, counter-checked And striped— Spotted also, you observe? Not exactly stereotyped; Wear it? I have not the nerve.

But my slippers bring again, O bring again! Patched, and patched And patched in vain, Bitten, scratched and down-at-heel; But their loose, accustomed feel Greatly comforteth my feet. Fill my pipe-my briar, Sweet. Here beside the fire, Sweet, Let us plan a rich surprise. Bill it was Who sent this book "From the Author"—darn his eyes! We forgot his present? Look-Bill shall have my tartan ties!



WANTED-A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

CINDERELLA (sadly). "AFTER ALL, I DO THE ROUGH WORK FOR BOTH OF THEM."



Off by Heart.

"May the watchmaker come up?" said Umberto, and introduced him, you might say, in the same breath.

Angelo is my watchmaker when I am in Florence. United in the first instance over the heart-beats of my watch, we cemented our friendship by giving mutual assistance in the matter of language. Mere stutterers in the other's tongue, we expound eloquently the grammar and idiom of our own.

As he entered my room I was called

to the telephone.

Precipitevolissimevolmente!" said Angelo as I prepared to descend three flights to the telephone.

Sounds like the mid-day whistle, What does it mean?" I asked, the linguist conquering the telephonist.

"It means," said Angelo, "Go more quickly as you wish."

He stood on his toes and made a high swooping gesture with his arms, looking rather like a Valkyrie disguised as an Italian watchmaker.

I went more quickly as I wished and

"I wish you would write that for me," I said. "It seems a useful phrase."

Angelo, I found, was no lighthearted scribbler. If he put pen to paper one almost felt the occasion demanded seals, witnesses and dotted lines. "Writing," he seemed to say, "shall be undertaken in no wanton wassailing spirit." He detached a sheet from his pocket-book as if it were gold-leaf and examined his pen with the air of a man who is bitterly aware of the sleeveless errands an unfilled pen can contrive. When he drew in a chair and took up a position for writing he did not slouch, crouch, lounge, loll, lean, slump or sprawl. He did not trace cryptic buttoned-up symbols on the paper and call it caligraphy. Angelo. I fear, had not known the advantages of our best educational establishments. He had, one felt, been trained rather in the pothook, the light-up-thick-down, the never-lift-the-pen school. We both held our breath till the séance ended.

Ecco, Signorina," he said modestly. surveying the work of art. "It is idle, he seemed to reflect, "to say that all men are equal when I can produce such a pearl, and others only the scandalous down-at-heel efforts of the Signorina."

"Splendid!" I said. "I must learn that off by heart."
"Eart?" said Angelo.

"Heart," I said, laying my hand on that organ and breathing roughly.

Angelo made a supreme effort, and

I decided to let the next aspirate die unborn. After all, this ridiculous affectation of deep breathing could be added to the substructure of language at any time. I simply could not have Angelo bursting the tape every time an aspirate occurred.

"On my 'eart," he said.
"Off," I said firmly; "and by heart,"
I added rather as if I had a cold in my

"Ah!" said Angelo. He appeared to have accepted the idiom.

"It is strange," he said reflectively, "this phrase. What does it mean,

Signorina?"

Well," I said, "let me see. It's quite easy. It means—well, I learn it by heart. You see—off by heart. It's at my finger-ends. I mean to say it's an idiom-by heart or off by heart. Like a parrot—understand?

"Yes," said Angelo politely. "It is

to speak like a parrot.

"No!" I said. "Hang it all! Look here, Angelo. For example, you are a little boy in school, and your master tells you to learn a poem.

"Pocsia," said Angelo brightly.

"Yes, a poesy if you like. And you learn this poesy and then say it without the book-senza il libro-in fact, off by heart," I said triumphantly as one who has climbed Mont Blanc and rests

from his labours.
"A memoria!" cried Angelo from his height on Mount Everest.

We lay panting on our respective

"Exactly, from memory," I said loftily. "They mean the same thing." Angelo stood up to go. "Signorina,"

he said, "you will not forget my phrase.

"Pre-cip-ite-vol-iss-ime-vol-mente," I

said carefully. 'You must learn it," said Angelo, smiling confidently, his hand at his left side, "as you say, Signorina, on my

Odd Names.

The quest of strange names has been popular ever since DICKENS, who is said rarely to have invented not even his most grotesque examples. Lord Frederick Verisopht was no doubt assembled on the Thackerayan descriptive model, and Dotheboys and Eatanswill come under the same heading; but Pecksniff, Chuzzlewit, Snevelliei, Sweedlepipe, Grewgious and their kind were, I am assured, all noted and copied down. And I heard the other day of a Bargery over a shop, which serves as evidence. Why, by the way, should Gargery and Bargery be comic and Margery pretty Why can initial letters do so much? Sometimes the novelist's compliment was repaid, as in the case of Dombey and Son, who once were, and perhaps still are, London tailors; but I never knew whether this was chance or design. A fellow-clothier, Alexander the Great, certainly assumed his style.

DICKENS, of course, had to set to work for these names to pass into the language, often as symbols. Granted that he came across the name of Pecksniff, the original gentleman with this appellation may have been the most transparent, the most singlefaced: it was left for DICKENS to transform him into the arch-humbug. Whoever was the first Mr. Micawberand to employ this name was in itself a stroke of genius, before it had been dealt with at all-whoever was the first Mr. Micawber may have been wholly without resilience. Was he, we wonder? And we wonder also if there is a Mr. Micawber in real life to-day. Pickwick was a real name is well attested; and that some at any rate of the genuine Pickwick family, weary of comic comment, changed their name, is known. Did others whom DICKENS endowed with a new, wider and indeed universal character change their names too? What chance would a Mr. Pecksniff have to-day?

While not neglectful of shops (and, of course, house-agents, who can hunt in very curiously named couples), I have been finding lorries very entertaining. I rode for a long while, the other day, behind a vehicle lettered Boyes and Anger, and thought steadily of headmasters, and then, meeting with another van entitled Tingle, Jacobs, I thought of headmasters again.

But, for a return to the grotesque, there is probably nothing to surpass the names of fields, and in the current number of Sussex Notes and Queries I find a number of them. Some have retained their form through the ages; others change with new ownership or bad pronunciation. A boy I knew, for instance, always thought that a field called the "Eight-acres" was really called the "Hay-takers"—a very natural error-and never thought of it as anything else. For all I know, it is only as the Hay-takers that villagers refer to it to-day. In 1412 a man named THOMAS JOOP held land at Hartfield, and at various times since a field there has been called Old Joopes, Gipepoopys, Gibiupes, Jibjucks and Jade Junks. Dickens, I think, might have taken Joopes from that assortment, and, as a matter of fact, CHARLES LAMB, quite innocently, did once begin a story called Juke Judkins.

Meanwhile, I wonder if any reader of Punch can assist the writer of the



"WELL, YOU WISH TO SEE ME?"

article in Sussex Notes and Queries who asks for a clue to the origin of any of the following names: The Oneal, Angry Field, Venus Field, War Bugs, Sir John, The Dwin, Virgils Mead, Diogenes Meadow, Staggers Aven, Crooked Neals, Judas, The Delval, Tory Field, Leopards, Raw Bones, The Otie, Harnicle, Will the Weavel, The Waxes, Owls Entry, Neviletts?

I wish I could help him. The Oneal holds the suggestion of an Irish farmer; but beyond that I can think of nothing. Harnicle is probably the name that DICKENS would have fastened on; it is not too remote from Tite Barnacle. And there I stop.

E. V. L.

The Publicity 'Gent.

Just a year ago the disused granary in one of Derreen's two side-streets flung open its doors and ejected a large placard announcing the amazing fact that the long low building had been transformed into a cinema. At the same time it provided Peter Foley with a belated career, described by him as that of Publicity 'Gent. "I never thought to see the day," he says proudly, "when Derreen would have a stationary picture-house."

This description of the new venture was not at all as contradictory as more accustomed patrons of the movies might think. It meant only that, having depended for years for their film-thrills upon the occasional visits of O'Toole's Travelling Cinema, the village now possessed a picture-house of its own. Even if, in direct contrast to the talkies of larger towns, the Derreen films are still of the silent variety and have been referred to in all good faith as the Unspeakables.

It took the cement-floored building some time to adapt itself to the sudden change from grain-store to cinema. The piercing yells with which Mrs. Dolan announced the fact, during a performance, that one of the dispossessed mice had run across her feet, were all that was needed to rob the first patrons of their self-control, already tottering.

"Weren't we bad enough at the time lookin' at Tornada Tad," her neighbour said crossly, "an' we not knowin' what in the universal world that gun-man would be at next? But when she gev the two roars in me very ear I was a corpse only to stiffen, an' what else would I do only bawl wid the rest of them?"

After that, nervous ladies were

advised to keep their feet off the floor until the former occupants of the building should have realised once and for all that the granary was a thing of the Just as in more important theatres ladies are requested to remove their hats, so in Derreen ladies were advised to keep their feet a little raised -a most uncomfortable position that nothing less than the dread of mice would have made worth while. Mrs. Dolan talks about it still. "Be the time the fella had the whole entire posse left for dead," she says of Tornada Tad, "I used to think I had as manny pairs of feet as one of them senthrypeeds.

By the time the tip-up seats had replaced the comfortless benches of those very early days and an exhausted pianist had been granted the erratic support of a fiddler and a banjo-player, Peter was well settled in his important job. In his capacity of Publicity 'Gent he walked up and down the pavement outside, dressed in an assortment of garments that, altering with the coming of each new film, are believed by the go-ahead management that receives them from city headquarters, where already they have done their advertising work, to convey a strong hint to those outside of the nature of

the film on view. In this belief they are unduly optimistic, for Peter has ideas of his own. For instance, if the evening is very cold and the latest film is a romance of the South Seas, he augments his quite inadequate costume with the warmest garments of any other rig-out that has not yet been sent back. If, on the other hand, there is a sudden rise in temperature and the current film is an Arctic production, he discards part of his disguise, with bewildering results.

"He has so manny bits of things upon him," a passer said this winter, "that the divil himself wouldn't know the mastherpiece of his cos-tume." Then, being a warm admirer of the stationary cinema and all its works, he added hastily, "Still an' all, you'd like to be lookin' at Pether, for he does be terrible heterogaynius."

It was unfortunate that in December's first bitter spell the film chosen from among those available was one in which a sparsely-clad young giant swung himself from bough to bough in a tropical forest, clad only in a pair of tattered shorts and a necklace of scarlet berries. Bitterly Peter reminded

himself of the Esquimaux picture shown during the warm muggy spell in October, when, with the "vapour rising off of him," he had patrolled the footpath, securely wrapped in a hot and hairy imitation of fur.

Shivering a little, he went into the little room where his costume is kept during the day, together with forgotten items of other costumes. From a dark cupboard he collected as many of these as he could get, each marked with its chalk X as something that must sometime be sent back. He put them all on: the heavy clogs of his spell as a French Revoluter, the burnished helmet of the Viking costume, the boxing-gloves that advertised the prize-fight thrills, and, best of all, the short driving-cape of another hero. Then, as a sop to appearances, he donned the scarlet necklace and began his patrol.

In the operating-room a horrible discovery was made—the wrong film had been sent, and an official rushed out to recall Peter who, he believed, was assuring Derreen that Tarzan's acrobatics might now be seen.

A vicious attack with the cloth he carried banished the name of the film that had not come from the blackboard outside the door. Then, as the Publicity 'Gent walked past in the light of the street-lamp, the identification-marks on his garments showing plainly, the official gasped with delight and, seizing his chalk, wrote the title of the substitute. It was The Mystery of Mr. X.

D. M. L.

Eskimo Love-Lament.

I BUILT an igloo for my love,
Most admirably placed,
Snug, up-to-date and quite above
The standard tribal taste.

My ardent wooing would, I felt,
Have thawed a berg, but oh!
The heart of Florence failed to
melt—
She would not be my Floe.

My fate is sealed, but I must bear
The Arctic chill she's shown,
And, since my meals she will not
share,
I blubber all alone. W. K. H.



"THE P'LICE, 'M!

At the Play.

"MARY TUDOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

THE keynote of Mary Tudor at the Playhouse is struck in the Prologue when the young Princess Mary allows herself to be persuaded by Thomas Cromwell into signing a repudiation of her mother and her conscience, under fear of death and from a hope that great good may one day come. The play follows, and shows the gathering sorrows of her brief reign. We do not go to her deathbed and the loss of Calais, but when the curtain falls, although she has some two years of life before her, the large outlines of her tragedy have taken shape. Her husband, whom she loved—Philip of Spain -has left her, her hopes of a child have been disappointed and she is weak with the disease that is to kill her soon.

To audiences who have but one hazy idea about Mary—that she was a great persecutor of Protestants and so "BLOODY MARY"—the dramatist, with sure touch and instinct, seeks to find and present the unknown woman

behind the Queen. What Mr. WILFRID GRANTHAM has set out to do, Miss Flora Robson enables him to achieve. She shows us a woman of high character, straightforward in speech and action, starved of affection and very much alone.

The dramatist has selected incidents—the suspicion aroused by the young Princess Elizabeth, the coming of Philip and his coldness, the terrible disappointment about the non-existent child, which combine a general significance for history with right material for moving and often poignant scenes. He never forgets, as brief history-books do, that for Kings and Queens, as for everybody else, the life that matters most is the private life that centres in a few relationships.

The play is most skilfully produced; the crowd outside seems to be a real crowd, whose voices come up from below the window, and the palaces never seem empty.

Distant bustle and stir are well suggested. But the main credit for a note of reality which few historical plays achieve lies with the admirable

skill with which just those moments and situations are selected with which the stage can deal. Great affairs, the preliminaries of the Spanish



THE DIGNIFIED "PERM."

Bishop Gardiner, Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

match, the threat from Wyatt's rebellion, the Emperor's insistent advice that politics and not religion shall be the avowed reason for all repression



FATHER WAS A PLAIN-SPOKEN MAN."

Mary I. Miss Flora Robson.

Princess Elizabeth . . Miss Joyce Bland.

—these things stay in the wings or cross the stage briskly, while the personal history of the *Queen* holds its centre.

There are splendid scenes between Mary and her young sister, Elizabeth (Miss JOYCE BLAND). Miss BLAND is demure and feline and sly, stonewalling with unblenching reiterations of correct sentiments of duty and affection the attempts of the elder sister and Queen to reach behind her defences to her heart and establish a real and deep relationship.

Miss Robson never betrays the royal dignity, but she reveals behind it the woman craving for love and mystified by the double-dealing of mankind and the way her modest plans for a little happiness meet everywhere with thwarting and defeat.

She had her Ladies-in-Waiting (Miss Annie Esmond, Miss Mary Hinton and Miss May Agate act these parts and show us the devotion and the distance of the best of Tudor subjects admitted to a precarious intimacy with their sovereign), and in forwarding the love-affair between one of them—Jane Dormer and the Spanish Count de Feria—the Queen comes nearest to a light-hearted enjoyment of life. But there is little

lightheartedness — too little indeed had the play been in hands less sure than those of Miss Robson. But she is so alive and fights so hard that we are held entranced. There is no weakness here, although there is defeat.

Philip (Mr. Marius Gor-ING) is sufficiently unattractive, and his Spanish gentlemen like England as little as England likes them. But Miss Robson enables us to see them through the Queen's eyes as well as through our own; they stand for the future, for the new life of married happiness which this isolated woman of nearly forty so desperately hopes is about to begin.

If Bishop Gardiner (Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON) was unconvincing in his beard and rapid strut, and the Lord Mayor of London rather of the pantomime alderman type, these things fitted well with the play, for they represented those public matters

which lay outside that inmost circle of feeling into which Miss Robson led us with so firm and exquisite a touch.

D. W.

At the Pantomime.

"SLEEPING BEAUTY" (VAUDEVILLE).

The word "pantomime" is apt to call up in many people's minds (and with good reasons) a dreary picture of a large stage decked about with dismal groves of property-trees through which

troops of smug elves and overheated little animals pursue each other interminably; something between Whipsnade and the bottom of our garden on the opening day of the fairy season. So that I hasten to say that this production of M. CHARLOT'S is utterly different, and adults may shepherd their juniors to it with no misgivings whatever on their own account and every confidence that little Tom and young Gwladys will cackle themselves joyfully to a standstill.

In pace, variety and spirit it is a musical comedy adapted to children's needs, pro-duced with notably good décor and dresses and with the utmost liveliness. How very wise it was of M. CHARLOT to have a small intimate stage and to let his scenicartistsripon a generous scale! The lighting, too, is very intelligently used, not to plunge

the stage into Celtic twilight, as was the older way with pantomime, but to get really beautiful effects. All through there is a nice sharp note of burlesque which the young people round me much appreciated. The modern child likes his pixy-stuff not too dreadfully ingenuous.

The axis, kernel and hub of the whole thing is Miss Nellie Wallace, and Miss Nellie Wallace at her very best

and silliest, avoiding the indecorous in word or deed with praiseworthy restraint but entirely uncramped in style. The little girl with the snub nose on my right, myself, my kind collaborator, the attractively hiccupping little boy on his left, and Uncle Tom Cobley and all, we lay back and wept at Miss Wallace, and every time we thought that

like Mr. Douglas Byng), and a splendid one as a fashionable dressmaker. When in difficulties she had an entrancing way of sinking through the floor in a puff of smoke and crying "Going down" with all the haughtiness of a lift-girl.

Miss GERTRUDE MUSGROVE made a

charming, merry little Queen, and the throne was shared with her by that talented young comedian, Mr. GEORGE BEN-SON; Miss NANCY BURNE was a creditable Beauty, and Mr. PATRICK WAD-DINGTON was a Prince handsome and melodious enough to wake any Court from slumber. Miss Progy RAWLING'S Silverwings admirably combined good looks with efficient anti-witchservice; Miss ROSALIE CORNEILLE played Beauty's rival with delightful dash and humour, and to the onerous task of Chamberlain to an eccentric sovereign Mr. ALEC DUNBAR brought a plastic face and a fine propitiatory manner. Mr. BERT Coote's study in senility was too much emphasised to be quite in keeping with the general gaiety. The music by Mr. DEN-NIS VAN THAL IS light and pleasant, and Mr. DESMOND CARTER'S lyrics are well-pointed. In fact, the piece

is to be strongly recommended. Erro.



PLEASURES OF THE WITCH.

Carabosse (the Witch) . . . Miss Nellie Wallace.

she must have reached the end of her wardrobe she nipped out and was back again in a minute in an even more staggering outfit. She was the wicked witch, who had laid the curse on poor Beauty; her up-to-date method for making Beauty prick her finger was to introduce herself into the palace as a spinning-wheel saleswoman and let Beauty play about with the bobbin; and her other disguises included one for la chasse (in which she looked absurdly

An Impending Apology.

"She . . . has been especially helpful to the younger generation of players, who have learnt to look upon her as a dire necessity to their success."—Australian Paper.

Wonders of the Aquarium.

"GENERAL IN A TANK.

NATIVES' ASTONISHMENT."

News Headline.



More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., The Cedars, Roughover, Captain Roughover Golf Club.

14th November, 1935.

MY DEAR WHELK,—I was talking to a friend of one of the executors of the late Anthony Olders and he told me that the old boy had died worth over half-a-million and had left the Club approximately five thousand pounds in his will.

This is one of the best things that ever happened and will enable us elderly members to have a bit of comfort in our old age.

I shall let you know my suggestions for spending the money in due course.

Yours sincerely, ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Ralph Viney, late Captain Roughover Golf Club.

14/11/35. DEAR SIR,-I had often hinted to Olders when I was Captain that he should leave the Club something, and I flatter myself that the members have me to thank for the legacy. If you had only been civil to him occasionally he might have made it £10,000.

Yours faithfully, RALPH VINEY.

P.S.—Now that the Club is to come into all that money for Heaven's sake have the blotting-paper changed in the Writing-Room.

From Abraham L. Script, Stockbroker, Roughover.

November 14th, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK, -So glad to hear about the Club being left all that money. What about a few holes of golf

to-morrow afternoon? We haven't had a game together for years.

Perhaps you could get two members of your Finance Committee to make up a four-baller-much more sociable, don't you think?

Yours sincerely, A. L. SCRIPT.

P.S.-Would you all have lunch with me?

From Ephraim Wobblegoose, House Steward, Roughover Golf Club.

Friday.

MR. WHELK, SIR,—Having heard the news I trust you will not think it impertinent of me to bring to your notice the fact that I have not had a new suit since 1924. Would the Club

"Now we'll 'ave 'Good King Wenceslas'—an' none o' that there 'ot playin', 'Arry,"

also run to underclothes for me. I am still wearing an Army issue vest (August, 1917)

your obedt servt,

E. WOBBLEGOOSE.

From Lucian Eaves, Architect, Roughover.

18th November, 1935.

DEAR SIR,-I am taking the liberty of enclosing a plan for a modern and up-to-date Club-House, together with full particulars, specifications, etc., etc. The cost, as you will see, is only £5,000, which includes my fee.

Yours faithfully, LUCIAN EAVES.

P.S. (Private) .- You will notice that the Secretary's Office is to be panelled in best Japanese oak, which, together with the parquet flooring and an electric clock set above the antique design fireplace, will make it quite the best room in the Club.

McWhigg, Glenfarg, From Angus Roughover.

18/11/35.

SIR,-Now that the Club will have some money to play with, might I suggest that the subscriptions be reduced? They are far too high. Also the charge for caddies and second-hand golf-balls.

Yours faithfully.

A. McWHIGG.

From the Reverend Cyril Brassie, The Rectory, Roughover.

18th November, 1935. DEAR MR. WHELK,-I was very glad

to hear of the thoughtfulness of the late Anthony Olders in leaving all that money to the Club, and I do hope,

Whelk, that you will not allow the Committee to lose their heads and throw the money about recklessly.

For years now I have been writing in the Suggestion and Complaint Book about the erection of a new Bicycle Shed for the less wealthy members, and I do hope that on this occasion my plea will not be overlooked.

Yours sincerely,

CYRIL BRASSIE.

From William Ragwort, The Dairy Farm, Roughover

18/11/35.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to my offer of 12/5/32 to sell the Club the Meadows for the sum of £1,200, kindly note that the price will now be £2,200.

Faithfully yours,

WM. RAGWORT.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club (per David Raikes, groundsman).

SIR,—please Sir, this seems a good occasion to ask if I might have a new watering-can. If all right please hand bearer an order for same made out to Messrs. Bugloss and Stitchwort in the High Street.

yours, Sir,

FRANK PLANTAIN.

P.S.—David Raikes wants a new broom-handle but he is to speak personal about this when he delivers this note.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

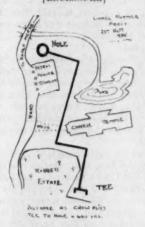
November 19th, 1935.

DEAR WHELK,—This is great news about the money, and I presume you are going to reconstruct the course; it wants doing badly as some of the holes are terribly out of date.

Might I suggest that when you call in a golf architect for a report and plans you bring to his attention the enclosed design of the 6th hole (treble dog-leg) at Kuala Merah Golf Club in the F.M.S. It was always rated the best out there, and it would be a great feather in your cap if you could get it remodelled for Roughover.

Yours sincerely, L. NUTMEG.

[ENCLOSURE]



From Messrs. Writ and Scrivener, Solicitors, Roughover.

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with the Last Will and Testament of the late Anthony Olders, I have much pleasure in informing you that the deceased gentleman has left the sum of £5,000 to the Roughover Golf Club, with the following reservation:—

"That the Principal be invested in the names of the Club Trustees and the interest therefrom be devoted solely and absolutely to augment the salary of the Club Secretary (whoever he shall be) for all time."

Mr. Olders also stated in his will that this bequest was—

"In recognition of the unfailing courtesy and attention of the present Secretary, Mr. Patrick Whelk, whose salary of £150 per annum is grossly insufficient for the work he has to do."

Yours faithfully, WRIT AND SCRIVENER.



The Caddie. "YES, YOU'VE DONE IT IN ONE, BUT YOU 'IT IT ALL WHONG AGAIN."

From Lady Madge Forcursue, The Prohibition was threatened he refused to eat his curry for lunch, and is now

Thursday, 21th November, 1935.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I do hope you will not think I am an interfering old busy-body, but could you please not send worrying notes to my husband like the one that arrived this A.M., for, although he will not tell me what it is about, he has already deliberately smashed up the new cucumber-frame and also torn up a lot of my hyacinth bulbs which were coming along so nicely in pots in the drawing-room?

Yours sincerely, MADGE FORCURSUE.

P.S. (Later). - For the first time since

Prohibition was threatened he refused to eat his curry for lunch, and is now in the gun-room cleaning his old elephant-rifle—always a bad sign. Hadn't you better come along and tell him not to worry about your letter and that you will put matters right yourself?

G. C. N.

Another Apology Impending.

"Every year a Mormon festival is held especially for Bernard Shaw."

School-girl's Essay.

Eloquent Silence.

"ROME SILENT ON PEACE PLAN.
All Rome is talking about the Anglo-French proposals for a peaceful settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian war."—Daily Paper.

To the Memory of a Great Nobleman.

"Worcestershire Sauce .- From the Recipe of a Nobleman of the

GHOST from the past, O benefactor nameless, Where is your tomb? In what church hangs your hatchment?

Only your work, as triple brass enduring, Stands as your witness.

MARCUS ANTONIUS said that evil actions Live, while the good are buried with our ashes. If you did wrong the kindly earth conceals it. Still live your virtues.

Rode you to hounds? Spoke you at Quarter Sessions? Noble your rank and Worcestershire your county; Did the Spectator silent ride beside you? Were you Sir Roger?

You were no churl who keeps his treasure hidden, Freely you gave of the secrets of your still-room. LAZENBY (bless her!) spread the joyous tidings, Sharing your glory.

Eating a chump-chop slowly in the "Angel," Beer in my tankard, crust of bread beside me, Something my palate lacked of pure enjoyment Till you supplied me.

Spice of the Indies cunningly compounded, Sauce from Sabrina's blossom-scented county. Fair is your blazon proudly now inscribed on Sauce-bottle's label.

Deign to accept then, nameless benefactor, Thanks for my chop's more appetising flavour Meed all too small but written in the style of QUINTUS HORATIUS.

Ethically Impregnable.

A DAY or two before Christmas Mr. Mohican met a very conscientious man. He stood on the step with a letter in his hand, blinking, and said in dignified reproof to Mr. Mohican: "You surprise me, Sir. You do, I reiterate."

It was Mr. Mohican's turn to blink. As usual, his mind had not been on his immediate actions, and now his first thought was that he had done something odd. He looked anxiously at his hand; it held the half-crown he had meant for the postman's Christmas-box. But staring then with a more seeing eye at the conscientious man, he perceived that this was not the postman he had meant to tip. This was a very angular, pale, thin man in a cloth cap whom he

had never seen before—a temporary postman, an auxiliary.
"My conscience, anceterer," said the auxiliary postman, pointing with the letter in the presumed direction of his conscience, "wouldn't hardly allow me to do a thing like that."

"I was thinking you were—"
"I grasp that," the auxiliary postman said graciously. "But allow me to inform you you're lucky it was me. I mention no names, but some of the fellers would have prised that coin out of your hand without a backward glance, what I mean. The postman you wish to see will probably be along next delivery.'

A little overcome, Mr. Mohican murmured "Thank you," and, returning the half-crown to his pocket, he held out his hand for the letter. The auxiliary postman made no move to give it to him, but said:-

'I've always been like that-conscience, anceterer. It's been my character since I was a boy. The gentleman who used to drive Mr. Mohaes Field's furniture-van before

the old horse got so fat summed me up, I thought, in very smart style one night when he came to drink a glass of beer with my father. I was a teetotaler then and always have been; and when he heard I wouldn't so much as smell the cork out of a bottle, 'Ah!' he said, 'I can see the boy's ethically impregnable. Ethically impregnable,' he said to me, 'that's what you are.'

Mr. Mohican shuffled his feet.

"It brings it all back," said the auxiliary postman, casting his eyes upwards. "My father was a very highly educated man. He had a house in the High Street with brass ribbons to keep the curtains back.'

"Oh, yes?"

"But he never could keep a check on his invention. Mind you, honest as the day is long, but not ethically impregnable, like me. Once he was talking about a storm, and 'There was so much lightning,' he said, 'I got quite bronzed.' Now I thought about that and I saw it wasn't feasible. Lightning, allow me to inform you-

"Yes," said Mr. Mohican hastily, recognising with alarm that the son was as highly educated as the father.

Another time, when he was doing a trick with a bit of cheese and a fork stuck in a pencil, he said that 'Hey presto!' was his middle name. Now that was quite wrong too. His middle name was Herbert."

Mr. Mohican said "Tut, tut."
"What I mean, I was different," the auxiliary postman said. "Even when I was right a little tot I never used to cheat at cards. All my brothers and my sister used to have aces up their sleeves, anceterer, but I never did. They used to think I was soft. But what it was, I was just eth—"
"Ethically impregnable," Mr. Mohican nodded, putting

out his hand again tentatively for the letter. The auxiliary

postman failed to notice it.

'And so it's been at every turn all through life," he said. "Shortly after calling for the first time at the residence of the lady who is now my wife I 'ad a visit from her father. 'My garden's ruined!' he cried. 'I'll make you pay for it!' anceterer, anceterer. I made it my business to find out what was the matter. 'Allow me to ask you,' I said, 'what is the matter?' It appeared his front-gate had been left open and a conglomeration of dogs had been fighting all over his flower-beds. I had my answer. 'The gate may have been open,' I said, 'but allow me to inform you that if so,' I said, 'it was opened by other than yours truly.' He couldn't say a word. He knew I was ethically impregnable. Yes. 'Allow me,' I said, 'to inform you.' He looked at me. 'It was left open,' I said, 'by other than yours truly.' I faney that's a bit of mutton I can smell cooking, isn't it?'

Mr. Mohican jumped. "What? Oh, probably "I'm very partial to a bit of mutton myself. Though, mind you, there was a time when I was a staunch vedgy. Rigid. Not so much as the smell of a spoonful of gravy did I admit. Used to carry a clothes-peg about with me for the nose. That," said the auxiliary postman, gesticulating

with the letter, "shows you the sort of man I am."
"I knew before," said Mr. Mohican in a low tone charged with emotion, and he made a grab for the letter, thinking he might retreat with it and slam the door. auxiliary postman drew back his hand and said once more in a tone of sad reproof: "You surprise me, Sir, I reiterate. It seems to me that you must be different ethically to what I am. There's threepence to pay, Sir, allow me to inform you, on this letter before you can 'ave it.'

Mr. Mohican paid, and the auxiliary postman at last

Shortly afterwards Mr. Mohican saw him again. He was having a ride on the back of a cart loaded with beer-barrels, and he still looked ethically impregnable. R. M.



"Well, Mary, I'm bobry you're Leaving. Have you made up your mind what to do?"
"I did think of getting married, Mum, but, you see, my boy-friend's only got the old-age pension."

Animal House.

In Animal House (by which title I call A dwelling whose true name is not that at all) There are dogs on the sofas and cats on the chairs; Wherever you sit you get covered with hairs; While your progress is marked by the yelps and the miaous Of beasts you have walked on in Animal House.

There's an Old English bantam that welcomes the dawn, There's a cat that sings love-songs all night on the lawn, There's a bachelor turtle-dove making sweet moan And a puppy lamenting because it's alone; The rowdiest tavern where topers carouse Is a meeting of Quakers to Animal House.

There's a tortoise asleep in the strawberry bed (They say it's asleep, but it smells a bit dead); There are rabbits—they tell me they pluck them alive—And ferrets in hutches and bees in a hive, And goats, male and female, that merrily browse On the stockings they hang out at Animal House.

There 's a little green parrot like old Uncle Ned Without any feathers on top of his head, He 's eighty years old and he 's just laid an egg; There 's a toad and a newt and a thrush with one leg, A hedgehog, an owl and a Japanese mouse, But . . . people are nowhere at Animal House! C. F. S.



"So you were born in Paris?"

"YES, MY MOTHER WAS THERE AT THE TIME."

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Portrait of Ethiopia.

MR. W. J. MAKIN is a journalist and has the virtues of his honourable calling. His story of War Over Ethiopia (JAR-ROLDS, 18/-) is as nearly up-to-date as may be, for it includes the supersession of DE Bono by Badoglio. But Mr. Makin admits that, by reason of the severities of the censorship on both sides, there is not as yet a great deal to be said about this most deplorable of wars, which has set all Europe by its longest ears. He has concentrated, therefore, on giving the conflict a background—historical, topographical and ethnological. He witnessed the magnificent coronation of HAILE SELASSIE, whom he admires sufficiently to describe him as a Brown Napoleon; he has visited parts of Abyssinia not served by the comic-opera railway which runs from Djibouti to Addis Ababa; he has talked with indigenous chiefs and immigrant adventurers, and has had some curious adventures of his own-as, for instance, a glimpse of slaves dancing desperately by the light of the moon and the transmutation of a woman into a leopard. Out of these experiences and his knowledge of the history of the MENELIKS and the legends of BALKIS and PRESTER JOHN he has constructed a commentary which will give colour and actuality to our current reading of the newspapers, allowing us to see the protagonists in the tragedy as something more substantial than outlandish names, and to realise how fit a country is Abyssinia for a dictator to send other heroes to die in.

Nelson's Charmer.

The seedy side of traditional glories is not a pleasant spectacle, and Miss Marjorie Bowen's study of Nelson, Lady Hamilton and the political implications of their famous liaison is, for all its sprightliness of manner, an enervating book. Its chief stage is the Court of the Neapolitan FERDINANDO and his wife, MARIE ANTOINETTE's sister, to which was accredited as British Ambassador Sir WILLIAM Hamilton, Emma's complaisant husband. The object of Patriotic Lady (Lane, 15/-) is to display in their true colours not only Emma but the Bourbon suppression of the Liberal revolution in Naples, in which Lady Hamilton's devotion to the Queen and Nelson's devotion to Lady Hamilton combined with our prevailing policy to involve the English Navy. It is not perhaps easy to conceive Continental Liberalism as it must have appeared to a queen whose sister had perished by the guillotine; but I feel that Miss Bowen has been hardly fair in using her meretricious heroine as a petard to hoist the conservative stalwarts of the day. At the same time, considered as a companion-piece to the ferocious satire of GILLRAY and an antidote to the bland flattery of ROMNEY, her "coloured cartoon" has both its points and its merits.

Under the Sea.

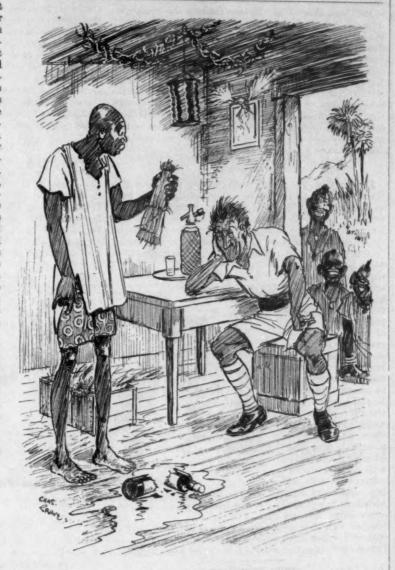
Some may remember a sensational under-sea film entitled Beneath Tropic Seas, shown in London as long ago as the year 1914. In Twenty Years Under the Sea (BODLEY HEAD, 15/-), Mr. J. E. WILLIAMSON, the instigator of that wonderful pictorial effort, gives a detailed history of how this startling display, which even modern developments in

the way of cinematography have not eclipsed, was produced. The author began life as a marine draughtsman and later became a newspaper photographer and cartoonist. The instinct for making pictures was thus encouraged until it became a passion, and it eventually led to his adapting one of his father's early inventions. This was a salvage device consisting of a tube leading down to an observation chamber commanding a view of the sea floor. Such a contrivance has only recently been turned to practical scientific account by Dr. W. Beebe, but Mr. WILLIAMSON, primarily a showman, concentrated on the deep-sea photographic chamber in order to make records of the more sensational aspects of submarine life. His adventures and achievements have become famous and his description of them here makes excellent entertainment. The reader is allowed to share the thrill of his first under-sea films, taken when the whole movie business was in its infancy. The author goes on to recount how he has "shot" hand-to-hand fights between native divers and giant sharks, pearldivers at work, and such spectacular films as Mysterious Island and Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Jules Verne's masterpiece involved the employment of an army of diversliterally submerged stage hands—and the building of a "spoof" octopus thirty feet across the arms and animated by two human divers hidden in its body. This book, which combines matter of interest to both the naturalist and the cinema-photographer, is lavishly illustrated with photographs and coloured plates.

Portrait of a Minor Prophet.

"Day by day in every way I am getting better and better." It seems a very little while since we were repeating that formula—some of us in all seriousness, some of us, to quote the book before me, "with indulgent merriment." Yet Emile Coue (Morr, 8/6) has been deed for ready, a decade.

has been dead for nearly a decade, and the time has arrived, it may be agreed, for a dispassionate appraisal of "the man and his work." To that task Mr. J. Louis Orton brings a triple qualification. For a good many years he has been pursuing a course analogous to Coué's; he was associated with him in a not very fortunate venture; and, finally, he was authorised and encouraged by Coué himself to become his biographer. Whether the magnetic little Frenchman, who had a good deal of the vanity supposed to characterise his race, would have been altogether pleased with the result is another matter. Mr. Orton is far from denying his subject's achievement, nor does he withhold admiration from a man not the smallest of whose triumphs was to relieve as well as to impress the late Lord Curzon; but he is also very insistent that Coué's intellectual limitations and moral weaknesses should be recognised. His laudable aim in



A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

THE LAST BOTTLE THAT WAS BEING SAVED FOR THE OCCASION.

short has been the unvarnished truth; and, though he has presented it with no great skill in the art of writing, he has done a useful work in setting a remarkable personality in a clear light and just proportions.

A Blue-Water Pedigree.

It is not usual for four generations of Naval officers to keep diaries of their lives at sea, but in Sea Saga (GOLLANCZ, 18/-), edited by Louise King-Hall, we have an interesting record of Service conditions from Trafalgar to 1929. Of the four writers (James, William, George and Stephen King-Hall) William shows the most charming and human character. He must have been a delightful man to serve with, whether as senior or junior. He was present at the bombardments of Bomarsund and Sveaborg in 1855, and was a sarcastic critic of the incompetence of our statesmen

in the China War of '57. His son George also became an Admiral, and was the founder of the Royal Australian Navy. With the family frankness he writes freely of the harm done to the Navy by Sir John Fisher (whose Chief of Staff he was) both when commanding in the Mediterranean and as First Sea Lord. His grandfather, James, was a Naval surgeon; he saw the "Trafalgar ships" bearing Nelson's body home, and was present at Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers in 1816. Commander Stephen King-Hall rounds off the series with his own career from cadet to Commander. I think myself the really interesting part of the book lies in its gradual change from wood and sails to armour and steam.

The New Una.

I recommend The Unambitious Journey (Chapman and Hall, 15/-) less as the travel-book it sets out to be than as a self-portrait which is also in some measure that of the author's generation. Miss Theodora Benson and Miss Betty Askwith recently spent nine weeks pottering in the Balkans, with a glance at "the Turkey," as their friend, "Salih's secretary," preferred to call it. This is Miss Ben-

son's account of the trip. She is keenly observant and can, as we know, write well, though with occasional indifference to niceties of style, but saw too many places in too short a time and compresses her account of them into too few pages to escape scrappiness. Englishwomen have travelled alone and widely in the past, but there is a quality in these girls who make friends for a day or two with sailors, waiters, village lads, walk and talk, dance and drink with them, and passon, appreciative but un-

touched—which is essentially a product of our day. Una without her lion may seem startling to older people, but her human contacts may possibly be all the happier for his absence.

Brave New Banzai.

The Japanese nation, it seems, is grossly misjudged. It really consists of innocent children, forced to stand on the defensive against the threatened tyranny of those sinister bullies, China, Russia, America and Great Britain. We must therefore be sympathetic and helpful while the Yamato race proceeds with its benevolent expansion. Such, at any rate, is the view maintained by Captain M. D. Kennedy in *The Problem of Japan* (Nisber, 15/-). It is an astonishing piece of propaganda, for in order to make his contentions even plausible the author is compelled to impute the basest motives to all the nations and their League and to explain away some extremely stubborn facts. In this he is not uniformly successful. And the events of the last few weeks in China have already falsified some of his most confident predictions.

Signs and Wonders.

"FOUGASSE" and McCullough are a powerful combination, and in You Have Been Warned (METHUEN, 5/-) a

theme has been chosen which lends itself readily to ridicule. The supplementary title of their little book is "A Complete Guide to the Road," and those of us who have studied The Highway Code will find abundant amusement in their interpretation of that document. Personally I was within easy distance of missing some of the best jokes, for they are to be found in the headings of the pages, to which, rightly or wrongly, I do not always pay attention. The drawings are invariably funny, and the second section of the book contains two chuckles on each page, which, even at this present-giving time, must be considered a generous allowance.

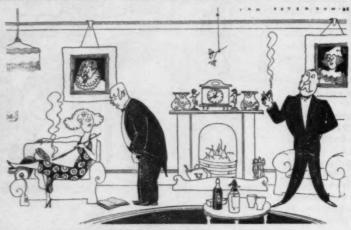
The Queer and the Crooked.

Mr. Nigel Burnaby's literary style is inclined to be hysterical, but that is of no great importance in a story that begins with a thrill and continues on the same lines from start to finish. Two Deaths for a Penny (Ward, Lock and Co., 7/6) is not an alluring title; nevertheless those who place themselves in Mr. Burnaby's hands will find a store of excitement awaiting them. As regards characterisation, subtlety may be lacking, but we are spared any amazingly-gifted deducer, and a delightful Cockney

supplies a full measure of comic relief. And for once the murderer is not allowed to commit suicide. He is rightly and justly

hanged.

With the approach of the New Year Mr. Punch wishes to remind his readers of the Punch Calendar for 1936 (McCaw, Stevenson and Orr, 2/-), containing "an appropriate quotation for every day" from his pages. The extracts consist mainly of newspaper cuttings and items from Charivaria.



"IF YOU'RE NOT USING THE MISTLETCE, MADAM, MAY WE BORROW IT DOWNSTAIRS FOR HALF-AN-HOUR?"

A Poet to His Wife.

If only you could really make me love you,
If only you could offer me a thrill,
I'd write some verses to the stars above

And use the fee to pay the grocer's bill.

If only you could make me fear to lose you,
If only you could break my bleeding
heart,

In vitriolic stanzas I'd abuse you
And ease my cruel anguish in my Art.

If only you would let my follies wound you, If only you were Heaven to my Hell,

My poems on the subject would astound you

And bring a bit of money in as well.

But as you do not seem to wish to function As well-spring of my passion's purple ink, I'll bottle up my Muse without compunction And wash the tea-things with you in the sink.



QUEER GOINGS-ON.

The turkey had gone the way of all succulent flesh. The partition of the plum-pudding was complete. We had retired to our study to brood in solitude upon the virtues of abstinence. In 1936, we had already resolved, we would eat nothing. It was to be a year of Splendid Starvation.

To us, thus nobly determined, appeared a Bearded Stranger. We inspected him closely.

"We know you," we said at last. "Despite the red robe and long white beard in which you have so cleverly disguised yourself, we recognise you at once. You are Father Christmas."

The stranger made no denial, and we continued-

"But what puzzles us is how you got here. If there had been a chimney in this room we could have understood it; but we have, as you see, only an electric fire. Surely you did not come out of that? Or is it possible," we asked apprehensively, "that you are an Electric Father Christmas?

Father Christmas smiled and shook his head.

"I came in by the door," he explained.

"Well, well," we said. "Whatever next! Have you come far?"

"A fairish way. I've been about a good bit in the last twenty-four hours, you know. France, Germany, America, Australia, the Far East—here and there, here and there."

"Of course," we said hastily—"of course. The Grand Tour. And how's business? People satisfied with what they are getting? Or have they been sending impossible demands up the chimney?"

Father Christmas began to stride up and down the room.

"Well, you'll hardly believe me," he said in considerable agitation, "but some of the bigger boys are making the most extraordinary requests. They 're actually beginning to demand—"

"Yes?" we said eagerly.

"RAW MATERIALS!" said Father Christmas, bringing his fist down with a crash on our mahogany what-not. "Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

We tried to imagine a stocking filled with Raw Materials and gave it up.

"It's most confoundedly awkward," he went on. "Manufactured goods have always been my line. Easy to get, easy to distribute. But Raw Materials—where am I to get them? Who's got the raw materials, that's what I want to know.'

"Hum!" we said. "Ha! Yes. Quite. Who's got them? Very awkward. Very awkward indeed!"

"Well, there it is. It's hard to break the habits of a lifetime, but I suppose I shall have to make new arrangements sooner or later. These boys want raw materials and they'll have to have them. If they don't find them in their stockings, you can mark my word they'll go out and pinch them. It's happening already. Look at Japan. Look at Italy."
"No, no!" we cried hurriedly. "Not on Christmas Day. Look at something else. Look at this tie our

Aunt Isabel sent us. Look at our new socks. Did you ever see such a symphony?

"Have a cigar," we said in desperation.
"In this beard?" cried Father Christmas, shocked. "It would be suicide!"

We rose majestically to our feet.

"Do you dare to tell us," we breathed, "that it is cotton-wool? That you are only a bogus Santa Claus? Impostor! Charlatan! False, false Father Christmas!"-and with a single swift movement we plucked off the unworthy beard.
"Oh!" we said, falling back into our chair again with astonishment. "So it's you, is it?"

"Who else?" replied Mr. Punch, stroking his denuded chin. "I'm fond of a little joke, you know. Though as a matter of fact I'm feeling rather serious at the moment. We were talking about Italy, you will remember, when

"All right, all right," we said hopelessly; "let us talk about Italy. Does she want raw materials, or what

"I take it she wants to expand."

"We know the feeling," we sighed, easing our waistcoat. "She wants to expand because she's getting too populous for her territory or too big for her boots—put it how you like. What does she do? She starts dropping bombs on the Abyssinians; and fifty nations agree that this is an improper thing to do. So these fifty nations say, You shan't have this and you shan't have that until you stop this aggressive and anti-social behaviour'. Well, that's a clear enough what-d'-you-call it—issue. But what happens next? Two countries, who shall be nameless, suddenly decide to offer Italy a Peace Plan under which she is to get practically everything she has been trying to get by force of arms. Now why in the name of all that's wonderful should they do that?

"Perhaps they were anxious not to drive Mussolini to desperate measures," suggested Mr. Punch mildly. "Ah!" we said. "Well, if that's what it was, we can only say that the Greeks had a word for it. Naturally nobody wants to drive Mussolini desperate if it can be helped, but if it's a question of humbling Italy or humbling the League of Nations we know which we should choose.

"I confess I'm far from easy in my mind about the whole business," he admitted. "I think we all want England to stand, as she always has stood, in the way of the aggressor. It would be a sorry affair if 1935—

our Jubilee Year-were to go down to history as the year in which we broke our bond."

"Oh, well," we said more cheerfully, for we could not bear to see him so downcast, "this is Christmas Day and we ought not to be pessimistic. Perhaps the outlook will be brighter in a day or two and everything turn out for the best. England will keep her word, the League will go on from strength to strength, MUSSOLINI will stop throwing his weight about-

"What that man wants," put in Mr. Punch decidedly, "is a sense of proportion."

"And you," we replied in great excitement, "are the very man to give it to him. Come, now, put on your beard, fly over to Italy, and-sanctions or no sanctions-pop into his stocking your

One Hundred and Eighty-Minth Volume."



